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The Corn Laws,

*A New Song;*

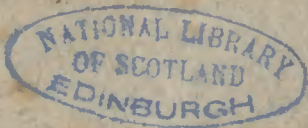
To which is added,

THE LAND OF THE THISTLE.



GLASGOW.

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NEW CORN LAWS—A Song.

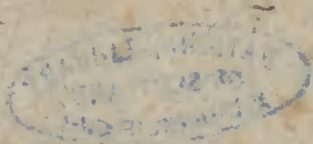
Tune.—*The Factor's Garland.*

In the year eighteen hundred and fourteen, we hear  
That a new corn bill on the stage did appear,  
But so many petitions against it were sent,  
That our great corn lawyers saw meet to repent.

Meantime they a grand committee did appoint,  
To examine the matter, and all things disjoint,  
For farmers and Landholders all should make rich,  
If trademen of all kinds should die in a ditch.

Next season this grand committee did report,  
That no farmer could live without shutting each  
port,  
When the quarter of grain was sold under four  
pounds,  
Unless the landholders would lower their grounds.

O then, said the Landholders, we must proceed  
To get a bill pass'd with all possible speed,  
For we are determin'd our rents to uphold,  
As we must still ride in our chariots of gold.



But petitions against it were sent in so fast,  
That the table could not them contain at the last;  
So they were oblig'd to pile them in the hall,  
Yet still they proceeded in spite of them all.

For statesmen and landholders all did agree,  
To starve the poor tradesman, you plainly may see;  
Yet without such people they never could stand,  
And that they will find, when they're forc'd from  
this land.

Ye statesmen and courtiers pray be not so fast,  
On your constituents such insults to cast,  
But feelingly ponder the case of the poor,  
Whose fervent petitions are now at your door.

For twenty long years we great hardships have  
borne,  
By laws made for raising the price of the corn,  
Of which it appears many thousands of bolls  
Have in granaries been kept till unfit for our  
mouths.

Ye judges and rulers, a word in your ear,  
There are many old laws in our country, I hear,  
For punishing those who provisions forestall,  
Pray execute these, and relieve us from thrall.

It is not many years since petitions were sent,  
From all kinds of tradesmen, their wages to stent,

So that they might live by the sweat of their brow;  
But these you rejected, and why not this too?

But because ye're determin'd the poor to suppress,  
And the wealth of the Landholder still to increase,  
Such partial proceedings I ne'er knew before,  
I pray you desist from what all does abhor.

What tho' the Landholders did pay ten per cent,  
If they on the farmers did lay double rent,  
Their income was greater than when they paid none,  
And all came upon the poor tradesman alone.

For the farmers did treble the price of their cheese,  
Their eggs and their butter, their beans and their pease,  
And so from their shoulders the burden did cast,  
And all came upon the poor tradesmen at last.

A certain great courtier a traitor became,  
And ruined his country for the love of gain;  
O plague come upon him and all that he has,  
Because he deserted the poor tradesman's cause.

And faulselfy reported the minds of the place  
Which he represented, to his sad disgrace,

But better I ne'er did expect from the man;  
Now I the poor turn-coat no farther will scan,

But leave the poor mortal to bear his disgrace,  
In hopes that a better will soon fill his place;  
But thanks to Lord Archibald, who always prov'd  
true,  
And the good of his country kept still in his view.

But I trust the Prince Regent will yet interfere,  
When he sees the nation against it so clear,  
And ne'er give consent to this much hated law,  
And make its abettors of him stand in awe,

And the constitution keep still on the base,  
Which king William laid, while the world did  
gaze,  
Admiring the structure as they past it by,  
But never could reach to a summit so high.

This beautiful fabric let no man pull down,  
That wields Britain's sceptre, or wears Britain's  
crown,  
For it was rear'd up by much labour and pain,  
And for it our forefathers bled on the plain.

Now may peace and plenty our country per-  
vade,  
And may we still flourish in all kinds of trade;

So that we in comfort our days yet may spend,  
And our constitution see pure to the end.

But what do I hear, we're completely deceiv'd,  
And of our last hopes are entirely bereav'd,  
For now the P—— R—— has sanctioned  
the bill,  
And we his poor subjects must bear all that's ill.

But let us take comfort, there's ONE above all,  
Whose ears are still open to his people's call,  
And their just petitions by him shall be heard,  
For the more they ask of him, the more's their  
reward.

He many a time has oppressors brought low,  
For proof you may look into *Judges*, and know  
How Sisera and Eglon, and many beside,  
By him were destroyed for oppression and pride.

Now let us request him to grant us relief,  
From all our oppressions, our sorrows and grief,  
For this he has promis'd, and will not deny,  
But give to his people who on him rely.

## THE LAND OF THE THISTLE.

Tune.—*Black Jock.*

YOU may talk of the land that gave Patrick his  
fame,

The land of the Ocean and Anglean Name,  
With the red blushing roses and shamrock so  
green,

Far dearer to me are the hills of the north,  
The land of blue mountains, the birth-place of  
worth,

Those bleak hills where freedom has placed her  
abode,

And those wide spreading glens where no slave  
ever trode,

Where grows the red heather,  
And Thistle so green.

Though rich be the soil where blossoms the rose,  
And bleak are our mountains, and covered with  
snows,

Where grows the red heather and Thistle so green;  
Yet, for friendship sincere, and for loyalty true,  
And for courage so bold, that ne'er foe could  
subdue,

Unmatched is our country, unrivalled our swains,  
And lovely and true are the Nymphs on our plains,  
Where grows the red heather  
And Thistle so green.

Far famed are our sires in the battles of yore,  
 And many a cairney does rise on our shore,  
 O'er the foes that invaded the thistle so green;  
 And many a cairney shall rise o'er our strand,  
 Should the torrent of war ever pour o'er our land,  
 For let foe come on foe, like wave upon wave,  
 We'll gie them a welcome, we'll gie them a grave  
 Beneath the red heather  
 And thistle so green.

Oh! dear to our souls are these blessings of hea-  
 ven,  
 The land which we boast off,—that land which  
 we live in,  
 The land of the thistle,—the thistle so green;  
 For that land, and that freedom, our forefathers  
 bled,  
 And we swear by the blood that our fathers have  
 shed,  
 That no foot of a foe shall e'er tread on the  
 grave,  
 But the thistle shall bloom o'er the bed of the  
 brave,  
 The thistle of Scotland,  
 The Thistle so green.

*D. Mackenzie, Printer*

FINIS.