

# The Cropper Lads



Come crop-per lads of great re-nown, Who love to drink good ale that's brown, And strike each haught-y

## chorus



ty-rant down With hat - chet, pike and gun. The crop-per lads for me, And gall-ant lads they'll



be, With lust - y stroke the shear frames broke, The crop-per lads for me.\_\_\_\_\_