

New Medicine

"Song To The Men Of England"

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Men of England, wherefore plough
For the Lords who lay you low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

Wherefore feed and clothe and save
From the cradle to the grave
Those ungrateful drones who
Drain your sweat - nay, drink your blood

Have ye Leisure, comfort, calm
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?
Or what is ye buy so dear
With your pain and with your fear

The seed ye sow another reaps
The wealth ye find, another keeps
The robes ye weave, another wears
The arms ye forge, another bears

Sow seed - but let no tyrant reap
Find wealth - let no impostor heap
Weave robes - let not the idle wear
Forge arms - in your defence to bear

With plough and spade and hoe and loom
Trace your grave and build your tomb
And weave your winding sheet till fair
England be your sepulchre

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