

Come cropper lads of high renown,
Who love to drink strong ale that's brown
And strike each haughty tyrant down
With hatchet, pike and gun.

Chorus:

Oh the cropper lads for me,
The gallant lads for me,
Who with lusty stroke the shear frame broke,
The cropper lads for me.

Who though the special still advance
And soldiers nightly round us prance,
The cropper lads still lead the dance
With hatchet, pike and gun.

And night be night when all is still
And the moon is hid behind the hill,
We forward march to do our will
With hatchet, pike and gun.

Great Enoch still shall lead the van,
Stop him who dare, stop him who can.
Press forward every gallant man
With hatchet, pike and gun.