

# Hunting the Loaf song lyrics

*GOOD people I pray give ear unto what I say,  
And pray do not call it sedition,  
For these great men of late they have crack'd my pate,  
I'm wounded in a woeful condition.*

**Chorus:**

*And sing fal lal the diddle i do,  
Sing fal the diddle i do,  
Sing fal the lal day.*

*For Derby it's true, and Nottingham too,  
Poor men to the jail they've been taking,  
They say that Ned Ludd as I understood,  
A thousand wide frames has been breaking.*

**Chorus:**

*Now is it not bad there's no work to be had,  
The poor to be starv'd in their station;  
And if they do steal they're strait sent to the jail,  
And they're hang'd by the laws of the nation.*

**Chorus:**

*Since this time last year, I've been very queer,  
And I've had a sad national cross;  
I've been up and down, from town unto town,  
With a shilling to buy a big loaf.*

**Chorus:**

*The first that I met was Sir Francis Burdett,  
He told me he'd been in the Tower;  
I told him my mind a big loaf was to find,  
He said you must ask them in power.*

**Chorus:**

*Then I thought it was time to speak to the prime  
Master Perceval would take my part,  
But a Liverpool man soon ended the plan,  
With a pistol he shot through his heart.*

**Chorus:**

*Then I thought he'd a chance on a rope for to dance,  
Some people would think very pretty;  
But he lost all his fun thro' the country he'd run,  
And he found it in fair London city.*

**Chorus:**

*Now ending my journey I'll sit down with my friends,  
And I'll drink a good health to the poor;  
With a glass of good ale I have told you my tale,  
And I'll look for a big loaf no more.*