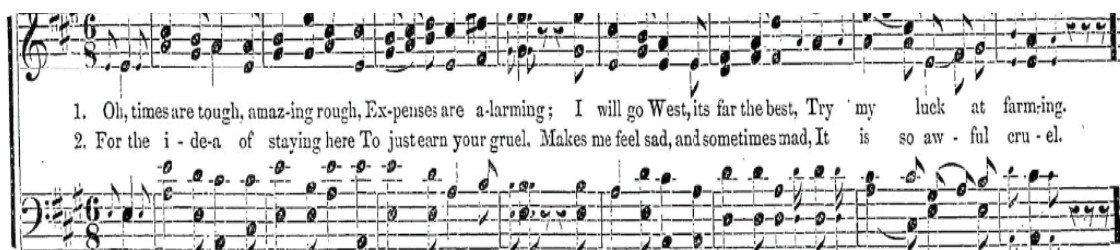
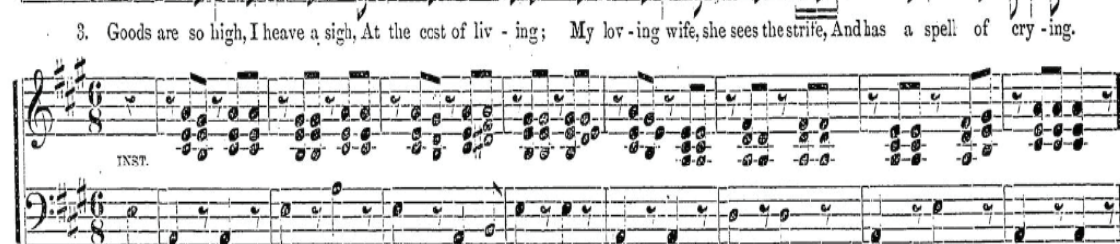


# Document A



1. Oh, times are tough, amaz-ing rough, Ex-penses are a-larming; I will go West, its far the best, Try my luck at farm-ing.  
 2. For the i - de-a of staying here To just earn your gruel. Makes me feel sad, and sometimes mad, It is so aw - ful cru - el.



3. Goods are so high, I heave a sigh, At the cost of liv - ing; My lov - ing wife, she sees the strife, And has a spell of cry - ing.

1 Oh! times are tough, amazing rough,  
 Expenses are alarming,  
 I will go West, it's far the best,  
 Try my luck at farming.

2 For the idea, of staying here  
 To just earn your gruel,  
 Makes me feel sad and sometimes mad  
 'Tis so awful cruel.

3 Goods are so high, I heave a sigh,  
 At the cost of living,  
 My loving wife, she sees the strife  
 And has a spell of crying.

4 Now there's my boys, my chiefest joys,  
 To have them in the City,  
 Amid the harm, gives me alarm  
 And I ache with pity.

5 And there's my girls, with auburn curls  
 May be slaves to fashion,  
 And lay such stress, on how to dress,  
 Becomes a ruling passion.

6 Now it's no use, I've stood abuse  
 I'll take all with dear Mary,  
 Settle down in a country town,  
 Farm it on a prairie.

7 My barns replete with corn and wheat,  
 Lots of milk and butter,  
 T'would be a shame, to here complain  
 Or a murmur utter.

8 Now we'll start with cheerful heart  
 Nor fear our journey hinders,  
 For we don't care, a single hair  
 For smoke or flying cinders

9 On end of ear, we'll shout hurrah,  
 Farewell, friend and neighbor,  
 We're going where, there's bread to spare  
 Easy time of labor.

Price  Cents.



Discount to the Trade.