



# The Farmers' Dream

## A CAMPAIGN SONG

DEDICATED TO  
MAJOR & MRS. MC KINLEY



Say Polly: why don't the fish bite in this infernal stream; are they dead?  
Why, Mr. Bryan, don't you see you are angling with a silver bait  
and as there are only Gold-fish in this stream, you will find them  
to be smart to bite on nothing; here's a Gold Dollar  
Billy, better try it and you'll find it will haul in  
"Sixteen to One," ten times over and not a free  
Silver Sucker among them.

R-N-S-

WORDS BY  
RENA N. SANGSTER.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

MUSIC BY  
LEANDER FISHER.

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# THE FARMER'S DREAM.

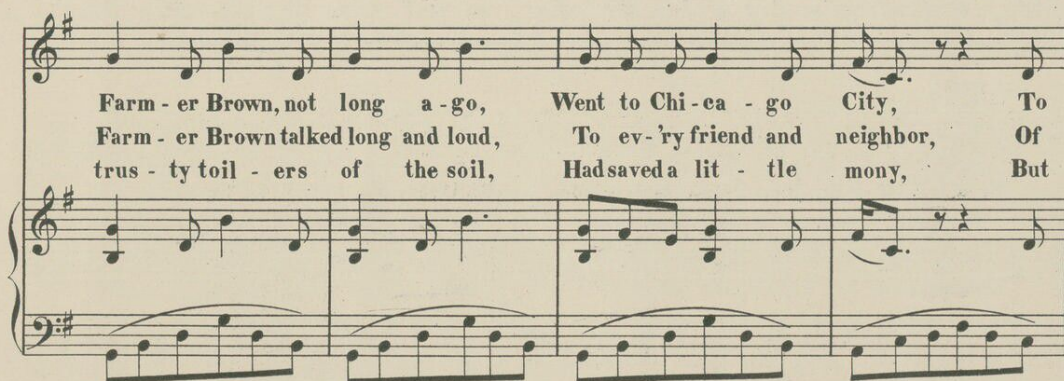
Words by RENA N. SANGSTER.

Music by LEANDER FISHER.

*Quick with spirit.*



1. Old
2. Good
3. Those



hear a speech from Bil - ly Bryan, Both a - ble bright and witty, A  
 how that west - ern chap had said, He'd do his best for la - bor, That  
 when free coin - age was de - clared, They couldn't buy the honey, For

sil - ver con - vert he be - came, Then homeward quick - ly journey'd, To  
 night Brown had a warn - ing dream, On which he gazed with horror, Six -  
 gold a - cross the o - cean sent, For for - eign goods to set - tle, Had

*cresc.*

tell his wife and chil - dren all A - bout that chap so learned,  
 teen to one had gained the day, And he be - held it's power,  
 raised the pri - ces up so high, They scarce could buy a ket - tle,

## CHORUS.

Shout for Mc Kin - ley loud and clear, He'll save our coun - try's honor,

*ff*

Hell keep the thorns from la - bor's brow, If we'll march neath his banner.

*ff*

*cresc.*

## 4.

"Sixteen to one," John would not take,  
 Such dollars are illegal,  
 And Uncle Sam, would blush to hear,  
 A slur cast on our Eagle,  
 For silver's cross will crucify,  
 The poor of every Nation,  
 While silver thorns on labor's brow  
 Will paralyze Creation.  
*Chorus.*

## 5.

Next day when Farmer Brown awoke,  
 Delusions all had faded,  
 That silver speech by Billy Bryan,  
 Had passed by him unaided,  
 But deep within he made a vow,  
 To join the ranks forever,  
 Of those who would not see mankind,  
 Stretched on cross of silver.  
*Chorus.*