

First the Landsman Came Around (to the tune of "Good King Wenceslas")

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First the landsman came around
With a voice like honey
Said the gas beneath our ground
Was worth so much money.
We signed up and before long
Drills they were a-ringing
Trucks lined up a hundred strong
Boy our eyes were stinging.

Then one day came to our door
Our insurance comp'ny
Said that they cannot insure
Industrial prop'ty.
The kids got sick and for a
Buyer did we forage
No one could pay because they
Could not get a mortgage.

When our water made us ill
They gave us a buff-lo
They would give us a re-fill
'Less we said what we know.
Then after three little years
The wells stopped producing
The frackers packed up their gear
And went back to Houston.

Our money's gone, water's bad
We can't sell our prop'ty
The quick fix we thought we had
Did not turn out happ-ly.
In this life we need to leave
For our children's future
Clean water and air to breath
This should be our culture.