

JUST LEAVE US ALONE

We don't need your license, permission to be,
In the home of the brave and the land of the free.
No permits are needed, it's easy to see
All we ask of you, is just leave us be.

Our forefathers left Europe many years ago,
And came to America, to plant and to grow.
In Europe persecution is what drove us out,
They hammered us bad with government clout.

They beat us and hung us, some were skinned alive,
And boiled up in oil, like a bunch of French fries.
We were drowned and pounded, to make us submit
To the official religion, how they interpreted it.

But we fled to America, to the land of the free
To put down new roots, and it worked, you can see.
We're peace-loving people, small farmers most,
But now again seems, like we're government toast.

It looks like we're fallin' on hard times again.
This time seems the leaders, are trying us to skin
By economic pressure, make us change our ways,
Make us comply, to the regulation daze.

For years we've sold food to all who would buy,
Do our best to keep it whole, we always would try
So now all we're asking, in our place in the sun,
Is just for some peace, and just leave us alone.

Just leave us alone, is all that we ask,
Let each of us get on, with what is our task.
We get up each morning, and do our own thing
As we're working along, sometimes we sing.

We're producing the food that many folks like,
Most of the stuff does a body real good.
Maybe some of our bakin' is just a tad sweet,
But the bread that we bake, is a pleasure to eat.

And all that we ask, is just leave us be
Is that just too hard? Something you can't see?
We're the small time farmers, in love with our land
And the animals we raise, with a skilled, gentle hand.

We pasture our stock, cows, chickens and pigs,
Sheep, horses and goats, green grass they all dig.

People come to our farms, they line up to buy
The stuff we produce, we can look in the eye
Of each of our customers, friends, neighbors too,
And be sure it's the best, I'm just tellin' you.

We're like the King's food taster, in those days of yore,
who checked out each thing, makin' absolutely sure,
There was nothing that threatened, the life of the king.

And all that we ask, is to leave us alone
As we grow food to eat, boil the broth from the bone.
We pay our school taxes, then have our own schools
And most of the time, stick close to the rules.

We take stuff to market, vegetables, cheese and meat,
And meet with our customers, a firm handshake to greet.

We take care of each other, no public welfare we need,
Just leave us alone, is now what we plead.
We don't want your handouts, no bailouts we need
Just leave us alone, we now again plead.

Written in response to the FDA visit at the
Dan Allgyer farm at 5AM one morning several weeks ago,
by Jonas K. Stoltzfus, with input from Judith H. Stoltzfus
and Liz Reitzig May 13, 2010