

# STRIKING TIMES.



CHEER up! cheer up! you sons of toil &  
listen to my song,  
While I try to amuse you and I will not keep  
you long,  
The working men of England, at length be-  
gin to see  
They've made a bold strike for their rights  
in eighteen fifty-three.

## CHORUS.

It is high time that Working men, should  
have it their own way,  
And for a fair days labour receive a fair  
day's pay.

This is the time for striking at least it strikes  
me so,  
Monopoly has had some knocks, but this  
must be the blow,  
For Working men by thousands. complain  
their fate is hard,  
May order mark their conduct, and success  
be their reward.

Some of our London Printers, this glorious  
work began,  
And surely they done something, for they've  
upset the sun,  
Employers, must be made to see they can't  
do what they like, (to strike.  
It is the masters greediness, causes the men

The labouring men of London on both sides  
of the Thames,  
They made a strike last Monday which adds  
much to their fame,  
Their masters did not relish it, but they  
made them understand.  
Before the next day's sun had set, they gave  
them their demand.

The unflinching men of Stockport, with  
Kidderminster in their train,  
Three hundred honest weavers have struck  
their ends to gain,

Tho' the masters find they are losing deal,  
the tide must soon be turning,  
They find that men wont quietly, be robbed  
of half their earnings.

Our London Weavers mean to show their  
masters and the trade,  
That they'll either cease to work, or else be  
better paid,  
'Twas in Spitalfie'ds the weavers workd with  
joy in former ages, (scale of wages,  
But they're tired out of asking, for a better

The monied men have had their way, large  
fortunes they have made,  
For things could not be otherwise, with la-  
bour badly paid,  
They roll along with splendour, and with a  
saucy tone,  
As Cobbett says, they eat the meat, while  
the workmen gnaws the bone.

The slop-sellers & tailors had an ugly dream  
The needle-women swear they'll strike be-  
fore they sew a seam.  
But as they make all our trousers before the  
evil comes, [shall show our bums  
We had better give them all they ask, or we

In Liverpool, the Postmen struck and sent  
word to their betters,  
Begging them to recollect that they were  
men of letters;  
They asked for three bob more a week, and  
got it in a crack  
And though each man has get his bag, they  
have not got the sack.

The cabmen and their masters made up their  
minds last week,  
To stop the Cabs from running, now was not  
that a treat: (very bitter pill,  
The Hackney Carriage Act has proved a  
It was no use to call ont Cab, Cab, drive  
fast and show your skill.

The Coopers and the Lock-yard men are  
all a going to strike  
And soon there will be the devil to pay with-  
out a little mike  
The farming men of Suffolk have lately  
call'd ago  
And swear they'll have their wages rose be-  
fore they reap er mow

E. Hodges, Printer, &c  
Seven Dials London

