



THE World on Credit.

[C. Croshaw, Printer, Coppergate, York.]

Come all you brisk and jovial blades,
Who'er out of work for want of trade,
Cheer up your hearts, be not dismay'd,
Although there is no working.

Ne'er complain that you are poor,
Drink up your beer, and call for more,
The landlurd will rub off your score,
When you are paid for working.

Now since we have no work to do,
Let's go to fairs and races too,
And to the statutes let us go,
Since that there is no working.

We'll call for liquor by the way, (pay
Drink round, my hearts there's nought to
What can the silly landlord say,
He knows we've nought for working.

There's many a tradesman in the street,
That's scarce got shoes upon his feet,
There nose and chin do almost meet,
Since they've had nought for working.

Their lanthorn jaws grew very thin,
Their mouths are scarcely to be seen,
Pray, don't you think it is a sin,
Men are not paid for working.

Now to the workhouse we must go,
For something to support us through,
Alas! what can poor people do,
Since there's no pay for working.

Come, then, my lads, let's be in haste,
The poor rate now must be increased,
What shame it is in time of peace,
Men should have nought for working.

But cheer my hearts, & don't complain,
I'm sure that trade will once again,
Relieve us straight from Bondage chain,
And set us all a working.

O then the bells shall sweetly ring,
The poor shall all rejoice and sing,
What pleasant days will then be seen,
When men are paid for working.

