

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

The good old times have passed away,
As many of you know,
Poverty is on every hand,
Wherever you may go.
The poor hard-working labouring men,
Are starving day by day,
The good old times in England's gone,
Worn out and passed away.

What's to be done the question is,
Now trade is at a stand,
The poor man he is puzzled now,
To get bread in the land,
With his little family round him,
He is often heard to say,
The good old times in England's gone—
Worn-out and passed away.

'Tis hard to want a loaf of bread
When a man has tried his best—
To gain it by his labour,
But that he can't possess,
He's pledged, or sold his little store,
He wanders on his way,
Thinking of those good old times,
That's gone and pass'd away.

There's many a good and honest man,
Brought down by want we know,
The workhouse door he cannot face,
He looks on it as his foe,
Soon he goes out in the world,
Midst the happy and the gay,
Thinking of those good old times,
That's gone and passed away.

We know there's many a family,
Through want has suffered sore,
They tried their best but cannot keep,
The Wolf outside the door,
Their little home has been broken up,
Their rent they could not pay,
Though happy once those good old times,
Has gone and passed away.

There is many a loving parent,
For their children does contrive,
But in the end they are broken down,
They scarcely can survive,
Their cupboard is bare their fire grown dark
Poverty has took the sway,
It makes them think of the good old times,
That's gone and pass'd away.

When trade was bright and cheerful,
Our homes was happy then,
The mother smiled, the children laughed,
It made us happy men,
To think upon it gives us hope—
That on some future day,
The bad times we have seen of late,
Will pass and die away.

F. J.

Remember You Have CHILDREN, OF YOUR OWN!

In your path thro' life each day, you will meet upon the way

Fellow mortals upon whom this world doth frown,
Who from poverty or crime, have fallen in their time,
Or by circumstances crush'd and & stricken down;
Young men with blighted names who once had noble aims,
Young girls with shame & sorrow on their brow,
Whom a kindly word might save from a dark dishonour'd grave.

While a cruel one would drive to madness now.

Chorus:

They were once to some one dear, so don't pass them with
But speak a kindly word in cheering tone,] a cheer.
You know not what's in store, for the loved ones you
Remember you have children of your own.] adore.

The poorest in the street with as much respect should
As the millionaire who in his carriage rolls ;] meet
And the honest labouring man, with his strong & horny hand;

They too, have heart and feelings yes and souls;
And the wretched drunkard too, who perhaps was once
Respected and loved with one & all,] like you.
Tho' no doubt from care and strife or, some sorrow of
Has fallen but not quite beyond recall.] his life,

Chorus:

And the weeping child forlorn don't pass her by with scorn,
But speak unto her with a gentler tone
You know not what's in store, for the lov'd ones you adore
Remember you have children of your own.

Don't despise the wretched poor, who perhaps grim want
may lure,

To steal the bread, their darling children crave,
Be not the one to blame you yourself would do the same
With starvation at your door, you'd dare the grave;
Their family is as dear to them as any here,
Tho' their clothes may be all ragg'd torn, and old,
Dejected and forlorn, yet still their hearts are warm,
Tho' they lack the rich man's gold.

Chorus.—They are all to some &c.



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