

THE POOR  
**WORKING MAN.**

Old England my country, my own native land,  
I loved thee in days that are past;  
But I'm out of employment, no work can I get,  
How long will these fearful times last.  
The cravings of hunger is hard to resist,  
As onward in life we've to roam.  
We think of the children now crying for bread,  
As we live in our own cottage home.

Then always remember the poor in distress,  
And help them as well as you can,  
And God your kind efforts I'm sure will bless,  
In aid of the poor working man.

For why should the poor man great sorrows befall,  
In his livelihood truly to gain,  
Can we say of starvation that man he shall die,  
When his character wont bear a stain.  
He has toiled like a Briton his master to serve,  
The sweat from his brow he has sent,  
And now like a dog they have sent him adrift,  
And brought his dear children to want,

There's many reductions all over the land,  
The cottager plainly can see;  
Provisions are high, and rents as well,  
A thing which ought not to be.  
Then do unto others as you would be done by,  
And brotherly love will endure;  
You know as a friend that hand you shall lend,  
To a workman although he is poor.

Let us hope better days for the poor are in store,  
Though the prospect they are dull,  
We can live in the hope of a more brighter day,  
When the workmen's own joy will be full.  
If the masters and workmen would join hand in hand,  
Better prospects there would be;  
Our children would never need to know want,  
In Old England the land of the free.

John White & Son, Printers, 8 Rose Place, Liverpool.

