



THE TRADESMANS' NEW HYMN

When nature in a voice of pain,
Speaks of her want and woe,
The voice is heard—but heard in vain,
As our misfortunes show.

For many weeks we work have sought,
But work we can't procure;
Sad distress has been our lot,
To go from door to door.

How must the wretched parent feel,
When their children cry for bed;
How keen the pain of hunger then:
They surely must be fed.

Look then on us in our distress,
Nor think us much to blame,
In God alone we put our trust,
For poverty's no shame.

May want upon you never frown,
Nor in your dwelling come;
May Heaven pour its blessing down,
On every friendly soul.

Lord give us grace that we might be,
Closely united unto Thee;
On Thee we wait—for thou hast power,
To raise us friends in this distressing hour

Thou Lord, can't make the meanest soul,
An object of Thy care;
Regard the feelings of my heart,
And hear a tradesman's prayer.

Our Saviour died upon the Cross,
Our sins and grief to bear;
For his sake, Lord, turn not away,
But hear a sinner's prayer.

My lot seem'd hard—'twas so ordained,
My faithfulness to prove;
The child was taken far from home,
To learn a Saviour's love.

In darkness long my soul remained,
A rebel bold was I;
But love subdued my stubborn heart,
And proved that God was nigh.

So if the Saviour has made me free,
Then am I free indeed,
My soul is rescued from its chains
For this did Jesus bleed,

Lord Jesus, Thou hast shed Thy blood,
For thousands such as we,
Many despise a poor tradesman's lot,
But to thy Cross we flee.

To the Humane & Sympathising Public.

This is to Certify that the Bearers are a party of Tradesmen who have been thrown out of employment by the rapid improvements in Machinery, as one man and a boy can now do the work of ten men. We are Comb-makers, and in this, our trade, it has caused the deepest depression, and this being the state of things, we are compelled, with many others, to throw ourselves upon the charity of the humane and benevolent public, until such times as our trade flourishes.

We offer these few verses for sale, with the earnest hope that you will become a purchaser.
Old Tortoiseshell Combs Repaired equal to New.

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