

ENGLAND'S UNEMPLOYED.

Tune—Stick to your mother lad.

You working men of England who labour
now enjoy.

Oh listen to your fellow working man's cry
for employ.

For thousands now are starving here in
England you can see,

In this boasted land of freedom in this land
of liberty.

Without a home they wander, not a place
to lay their head,

With wives and little children, who daily
cry for bread,

Remember you who plenty have they once
the same enjoyed,

But now are left to starve and die the
English unemployed.

So farewell to old England, this land of
liberty,

To seek for food and shelter we must cross
the deep blue sea,

To leave the land that gave us birth, our
little homes destroyed,

God send us better fortune there the English
unemployed.

I little thought wife darling, when I asked
you for your hand,

That you would ever hunger know in this
our native land,

Or that the demon Poverty, to me and many
more

Of skilled and honest working men, would
enter at the door. ;

We do not ask for charity, but only work
to do,

Like other British workmen our hunger to
subdue,

But foreigners in England, our work from
us decoyed,
And we are forc'd to emigrate, old England's
unemployed.

Cheer up my little children there's better
days in store,

When hand in hand our little band will
reach Canada's shore,

With Reuben May's assistance, old England
we shall leave.

God bless him for his kindness! so dear
wife do not grieve,

The good Lord Mayor of London has prom-
ised us you know,

Me and my fellow workmen to other lands
shall go.

To strive with honest labour with hopes our
hearts are buoyed,

So hey, for Canada's bright shore, old
England's unemployed.

Why should Englishmen be forced to leave
their native land,

In order that a foreigner he here may take
his stand,

You boast of wealth and riches, on them
you it bestow,

While the unemployed mechanic to other
lands must go.

So farewell to this country, where men can
starve and die

While seeking for employment oh, hear
their bitter cry,

To leave the land of freedom we now are
overjoyed,

We never will return again, old England's
unemployed.

