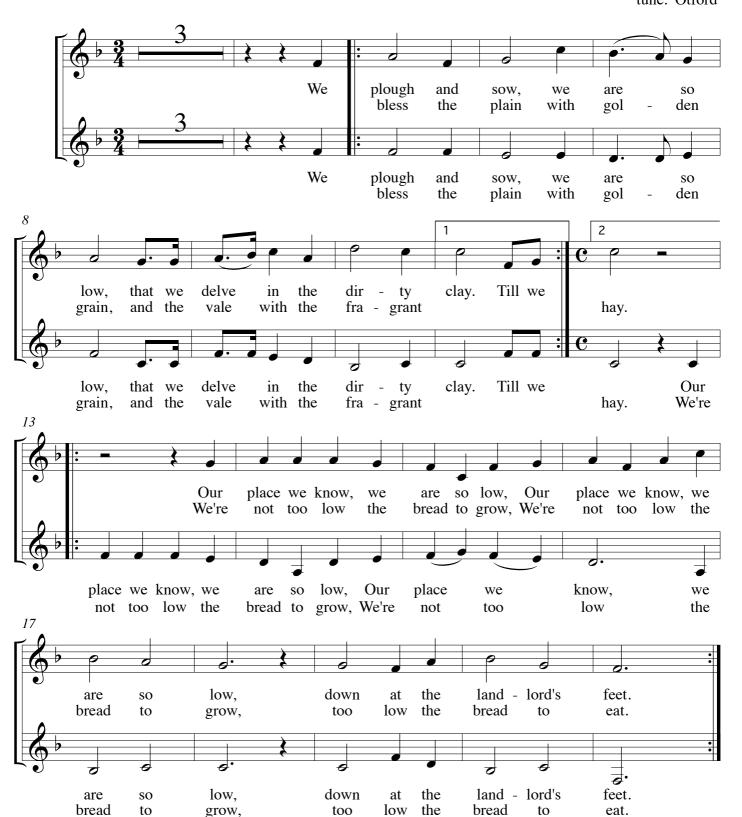
## Song of the Lower Classes

words: Ernest Jones tune: 'Otford'



Down, down we go, we are so low To the hell of the deep sunk mine, But we gather the proudest gems that glow When the crown of the despot shines. Whenever he lacks upon our backs, Whenever he lacks upon our backs, Fresh loads he diegns to lay. We're far too low to vote the tax, We're far too low to vote the tax, Not too low to pay