

Song of the Lower Classes

words: Ernest Jones

tune: 'Otford'

We plough and sow, we are so
 bless the plain with gol - den

low, that we delve in the dir - ty clay. Till we
 grain, and the vale with the fra - grant hay.

Our place we know, we are so low, Our place we know, we
 We're not too low the bread to grow, We're not too low the

place we know, we are so low, Our place we know, we
 not too low the bread to grow, We're not too low the

are so low, down at the land - lord's feet.
 bread to grow, too low the bread to eat.

are so low, down at the land - lord's feet.
 bread to grow, too low the bread to eat.

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