

GOD BLESS THESE POOR FOLK.

WORDS BY

EDWIN WAUGH.

MUSIC BY

H. W. Burrowes.

ENT. STA. HALL.

—: AUTHORS PROPERTY :—

PRICE 3/-

Liverpool.
HIME & SON,
57, CHURCH STREET.

Manchester.
HIME & ADDISON,
30, VICTORIA STREET.

Birkenhead.
HIME & SON.
18, HAMILTON SQ^R.

GOD BLESS THESE POOR FOLK.

1

Moderato.

Music by
H. W. BURROWES.

PIANO.

God
This

bless these poor folk that are striv-in'..... By means that are hon-est an'
world's kin to trou-ble, ith best on't There's mo-ny sad changes come

true,..... For some 'at to keep 'em a - live in..... This
reawnd; We wan-der a-beawt to find rest on't,..... An'th

world that we're scramblin' through: As th life ov a mon's full o'
worm yam_mers for us i'th greawnd, May he that 'll wortch while he's

feightin'..... A poor soul that wants to feight fair,.... Should
a - ble:..... Be nev - er long hung - ry nor dry;.... An' th'

nev - er be grudg'd ov his heytin',.... For th' hard_est o'th battle's his
chil_der at sit at his ta - ble..... God bless 'em wi' plenty, say

ritard.

share.
I.....

An'
An'

he that can feel it a plea - sur'.... To lee - ten mis - for - tin an'
 he that scorns ale to his vic - tual,... Is welcome to let it a -

pain,..... May his pan - try be o - lez full mea - sur',..... To
 lone;..... There's some can be wise with a lit - tle,..... An'

cut at, and come to a - gain; May God bless his cup and his
 some that are fool - ish wi' noan, An' some are so quare i' their

cup - bort,..... A theaw - san', for one that he gives; An' his
 na - tur,..... That nought wi' their sto - machs a - gree; But.....

ritard.

heart be a bum-per o' com-fort, To th' ve-ry last minute he
he that would lie-fer drink way-ter, Shall ne-ver be stinted by

lives!
me.....

One
Owd

likes to see heart-y folk wortchin',..... An' wear-y folk hav-in' a
Time, he's a trou-ble-some cod-ger, Keeps nud-gin us on to de-

rest;..... One likes to yer poor wo-men sing-in'..... To th'
cay,..... An' whis-pers, "Yo're nob-but a lod-ger;..... Get

lit - tle things laid o' their breast: Good cooks are my fa - vou - rite
rea - dy for go - in' a - way, Then let's ha' no skulkin' nor

doe - tors ; Good liv - ers my parsons shall be An'
sniv' - lin' ; What ev - er mis - for - tins be fo ; God

ritard.
o - ny poor cray - tur at's clemmin', May come have a meawth - ful wi'
bless him that fends for his liv - in', An' hounds up his yed through it

me
o'