

ARISE, YOU SONS OF FREEDOM

You working men of England one moment now attend
Whilst I unfold the treatment of the poor upon this land
For nowadays the factory lords have laid your labour low
And daily are contriving plans to prove your overthrow

CHORUS

*So arise you sons of freedom the world's turned upside down
They treat the poor man as a thief in country and in town*

The government is starving us to control the price of grain
Protecting their land owners their profits to maintain
They will not trade for cheaper corn their prices to defray
So the price of bread, so very dear, is rising day by day

What will become of England, Ireland, Scotland too
For the passing of the Corn Law Bill and the good that it will do
But when the Bill was in the House they said it would do good
For the working man it has not yet we only wish it would

How altered are the times rich men despise the poor
And pay them off without remorse quite scornful at the door
And if a man is out of work his parish pay is small
Little enough to feed himself, his wife and children all

So to conclude and finish these verses I have made
We hope to see before too long men for their labour paid
Then we'll rejoice with heart and voice an end to all our woes
But before we do Old England must pay us what she owes

Traditional: Arranged Coe, Peters, Smyth

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