

Plough and sew

The Song of the Lower Classes

Text: Ernest Jones, Chartist 1850's

Tune: "The Star of the County Down"

INTRO: 4 bars Em + last 4 bars + (Em 2 bars)

FORM: verses 1- 4: sang AB+ inst. B'

verse 5: acappella/"organ" + a tempo Em 2 bars

--> repeat verse 1 a tempo AB rit

1. We plough and sew,
we're so very very, very low
That we delve in the dirty clay
'till we bless the plain with the golden grain,
And the vale with the fragrant hay,
*Our place we know, we're so very very low,
It's down at the landlord's feet.*
We're not too low the bread to grow,
But too low the bread to eat.

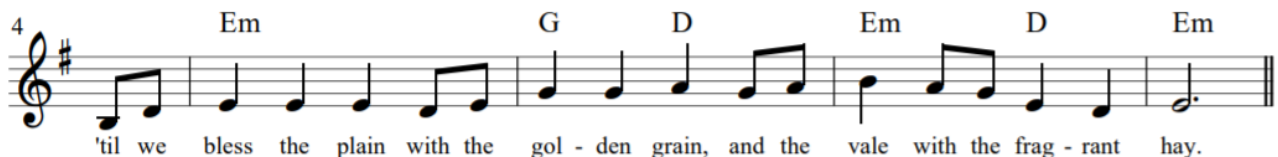
2. Down down we go,
we're so very very, very low
To the hell o' a deep sunk mine,
Where we gather the proudest gems that glow
When the crown of the despot shines.
*Whene'er he lacks upon our backs
Fresh loads he deigns to lay*
We're far too low to vote the tax
But not too low to pay.

3. We're low we're low ,
we're so very very, very low,
Yet from our fingers glide
The silken glow, the threads that flow,
Round the limbs of the sons of pride,
*And what we give, and what we get,
We know, and we know our share,*
We're not too low the cloth to weave,
But too low the clothes to wear.

4. We're low we're low as to war we go,
To fight some foreign country,
That yesterday was our greatest friend,
But today is our enemy.
*'God help our sons,' the parson cries.
'Praise them,' the papers cry.*
But when war is won, and home we come,
Who cares if we live or die?

5. **We're low we're low, 'til that happy day
We're called to a heaven on high.
Where the heaven we never had in our life
Will be there on the day we die.
If you see no worth suffering hell on earth,
For a heaven you may never know.
Why not join the fight, that one day we might
Have a heaven down here below**

A



B

