

They Can't Keep The Workingman Down - song lyrics

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They Can't Keep the Workingman Down

Words and Music by John Fletcher.

Kind friends your attention I'll ask for awhile,
And some facts I'll endeavor to show;
The world is a net-work that's made very small
But it snares us as through life we go.
Of troubles and trials we all have our share.
And oft heartless men gain renown;
But the way that they do it, I'll now tell to you-
'Tis by keeping the workingman down!

Chorus.

Then hold up your head,
And the world" never dread-
Don't care for its sneer or its frown;
Stare fate in the face,
If your heart's in its place?-
They can't keep the workingman down!

The man who is working his wages will spend.
With his comrades so happy and gay;
And scarcely before the week comes to an end
His wages have all passed away.
But if he would lay by a dollar or two,
And place it in some bank in town;
He would then wink his eye, tell his boys on the sly,
That he can't keep the workingman down.-Chorus.

We'll just take this house as it stands here to-night,
And compare it, for that is my plan;
The roof's aristocracy, so are the walls-
The foundation the hard-working man.
We take off the roof, and the walls still remain.
Take walls, the foundation is sound;
But you take the foundation the workingman made,
And the structure then falls to the ground!-Chorus.