

# Never Go Back On The Poor - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Never Go Back on the Poor.

Tune- " Don't Put Your Foot On a Man When He's Down."

In this world of sorrow, of toil and regret,  
There are scenes I would gladly pass o'er,  
But stern truth compels that each fact must be told,  
That thro' life we may check them the more.  
Is it right that a man, who has well earned his pay  
On the pipes by the sweat of his brow,  
Should wait like a beggar on Green, day by day,  
Or else home in hunger to go?

Chorus.

If a man is in trouble, remember this song,  
Go drive the grim wolf from his door;  
Assist him in need, you will seldom be wrong,  
If you never go back on the poor.

From the wild waste of waters a death-cry came,  
As dashed on the iron-bound shore,  
A noble ship struck in the darkness of night,  
And sank 'mid the tempest's loud roar.  
The captain asleep, and the men off their posts,  
With the coal and provisions run short.  
While the doomed ones they hoped for that bright Western land,  
Which in joyous sweet dreams they had sought.

Chorus.

Can it be such neglect shall by us be forgot.  
Or that money shall triumph once more?  
A good willing hand, a stout branch and a rope,  
For those who go back on the poor.

When the divers went down 'neath the wreck, to search  
For the victims that lay far below,  
"Tis only a steerage, " was oft the remark,  
As the ghastly form came up to view;  
As if only a steerage could shut out a soul,  
Because poverty claimed him her own;  
As if dollars and dimes are the standard of worth,  
And the pass to all good that is known.

Chorus.

But the White Star must change its emblem aloft,  
To blood-red, afloat and ashore.  
Till the steamer Atlantic's forgotten by time,  
With its cargo of unburied poor.

At the stands on the corner of every street,  
The aged and blind used to be,  
And work out a living to save them from want,  
From the poor-house that they might be free;  
But now stout Italians, healthy and strong,  
Each old grandmother's driven away;  
I don't think the people will stand the base wrong  
Of these people who work under pay.

Chorus.

And the newsboy or bootblack, that toils morn and night,  
To keep hunger and pain from the door,  
Have been pushed to the wall by these great organ men-  
Let us never go back on the poor.