

The Increase Of Crime - song lyrics

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THE INCREASE OF CRIME.

I've been thinking, Uncle Sam, I've been thinking,
And my thoughts I can scarcely define;
I've been thinking why people can wonder
At America's increase of crime.
Cries old Uncle Sam: It's a poser.
There is something I can't understand;
I would give up a trifle to know, sir.
Why crime should increase in our land-
We have plenty of gold, I am told, sir;
We have heap? laid away in store, sir,
Guarded with bolts and bars, sir,
And still there is an increase of crime.

It's quite true what you say, Uncle Samuel,
We have gold laid away In store,
Mouldy with mildew and rust, sir,
And guarded with heavy iron doors;
While you, like a dog in your manger,
Your gold to yourself you confine,
When a little would make a great change, sir,
In this terrible increase of crime-
For expenses you don't care a jot, sir;
Politicians you feed a whole lot, sir,
While the poor man with hunger may rot, sir,
And still there is an increase of crime.

Can you wonder at crime-can you wonder,
When you meet the police, on their beat.
Arresting the poor car-monger
For earning his bread in the street?
While the thief on the corner stands grinning
In the broad open light of the day;
Your pockets he will pick for a Binding,
And the law cannot touch him, they say-
While he laughs with contempt and derision,
Defies all your police division,
This poor carter you cast into prison.
Uncle Sam, can you wonder at crime?

It's quite true what you say, Uncle Sam, sir,
Temptation is hard to resist,
Jast look at our poor needle girls, sir.
Trying their best to subsist;
Can you wonder at their prostitution.
When blood-sucking firms barely give
Enough to ward off destitution?
Although she is poor, she must live-
There 1b our poor servant girl, God defend her.
With feelings as pure and tender
As our proud city ladies, remember-
Uncle Sam, can you wonder at crime?

Just think while you are drinking your wine, sir,
How the poor of our land they are fed,
While you with your rich folks can dine, sir,
'Tis a God-send for them to get bread;
Go visit the house of the poor, sir.
Such sights you will never behold-
The prison dens go and expose, sir.
Then scatter your hoardings of gold-
When a little would soon break asunder
The chains that the poor sufferer is under,
Go list to that great voice of hunger,
And never mote wonder at crime.

THERE'S NONE WILL FORGIVE LIKE A MOTHER.

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Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by L. C. Wegefath.

There's a white-haired mother waiting in a cottage far away,
And she listens for the footsteps that so long have gone astray;
In the city's whirl and splendor is the child who left her care;
And while teardrops softly gather, in her heart she breathes a prayer;
And while teardrops softly gather, in her heart she breathes a prayer.

Chorus.

There's none, while we live, like a mother;
There's none will forgive like a mother;
Whate'er we may do, she is faithful and true,
There's none will forgive like a mother.

O'er the mantel hangs a picture that she gazes on with tears,
'Tis the face of her own darling, she has never seen for years;
Sin has sullied now those features, and has tarnished that fair name,
But unto that loving mother, oh! her child is still the same;
But unto that loving mother, oh! her child is still the same.- Chorus.

At the door she hears a footstep, 'tis her poor returning child;
How that mother's heart is throbbing with its joy so pure and wild;
Let the whole world scorn her darling, yet her arms are open still,
Though a father may turn from us, yet a mother never will;
Though a father may turn from us, yet a mother never will.-Chorus.