

He'll Soon Have The Wolf At The Door - song lyrics

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He'll Soon Have the Wolf at the Door.

By Dave Dillon.

In this world's fair city it's a shame and a pity
That a poor workingman should go hungry and poor,
With millions at hand that we ne'er can command;
He'll soon have the wolf at the door.

Chorus.

Then try ev'ry man to fill his old can,
Although he is hungry and poor:
And If you don't give ", whv, how can he live,
he'll soon have the wolf at the door.

Just think of those babes, as he comes home at night,
With misery and want, yes, And more;
Their poor little feet go bare on the street,
For he can't keep the wolf from the door.

Chorus.

Then help him along, for he's never done wrong;
And don't bring him down any lower,
But cheer his poor heart and give him a start,
And he'll soon keep the wolf from the door.

There's the big millionaire, as he sits in his chair,
Adoring his silver and gold,
And little he cares how the poor man does live
Who'll soon be thrown out in the cold.

Chorus.

Then shoulder to shoulder we'll push on the wheel
With brotherly love to the core,
And united and organized labor
Will soon keep the wolf from the door.