

# Jim Fisk Song - song lyrics

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

JIM FISK SONG.

If you'll listen awhile, I'll sing you a song  
About this ' glorious land of!the free,'  
And the " difference" I'll show!"twixt the rich and the poor,  
In a " trial by jury." you see\*-  
If you've plenty of 'stamps," you can hold up your head,  
And walk out from your own prison door;  
But they'll hang you up high, if you've no friends or gold-  
Let the " rich " go, but hang,up the poor!  
In the trials for murder we've had now-a-days,  
The rich ones get off swift and sure,  
While they've thousands to pay to the jury and Judge,  
You can bet they'll go back on the poor!

Let me speak of a man who's now dead in his grave-  
A good man as ever was born-  
Jim Fisk he was called, and his money he gave  
To the outcast, the poor and {forlorn;  
We all know he loved both women And wine,  
But his heart it was right I am sure;  
Though he lived like a " Prince " In a palace so fine,  
Yet he never went back on the poor!  
If a man was in trouble, Fisk helped him along  
To drive the " grim wolf" from the door;  
He strove to do right, though he may have done wrong,  
But he never went hack on the poor!

Jim Fisk was a man who wore!" his heart on his sleeve,"  
No matter what people would say;  
And he did all his deeds (both [tie good And the bad)  
In the broad open light of the day.  
With his grand " six-in-hand," on the beach at Long Branch,  
He cut a " big dash," to be sure.  
But " Chicago's great fire " showed the world that Jim Fisk,  
With his " wealth." still remembered the poor!  
When the telegram came that the homeless, that night,  
Were starving to death, slow but sure,  
His, "Lightning Express," manned by noble Jim Fisk.  
Flew to feed all her hungry and poor!

Now, what do you think of this " trial" of Stokes,  
Who murdered this friend of the poor?  
When such men get free, is there any one safe  
If they step from outside their own door?  
Is there one law for the poor, and one for the rich?  
It seems so-at least so I say-  
If they hang up the poor, why-damn it-the rich  
Ought to swing up the very same way!  
Don't show any favor to friend or to foe,  
The beggar or prince at his door;  
The big millionaire you must hang up also,  
But never go back on the poor!

Oh! shame on this "land of the free and brave,"  
When such Bights as this meet our eye!  
The poor in their prisons an: treated like slaves,  
While the rich in their cells they live high.

From the music archive at [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

A poor devil, 'crazy with drink," they will hang  
For a murder he didn't intend;  
But a wealthy assassin, with "political friends,"  
Gets off, for he's money to spend!  
But if thing! go on this way, we'll stand it no more,  
The people will rise up in bands;  
A Vigilance Committee we'll raise on our shore,  
And take the law in our own hands!