Poverty's Tears Ebb And Flow - song lyrics

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Poverty's Tears Ebb and Flow.
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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Oh, nature she gives us the snow and the rain,
The piercing, cold wind and the dew;
Misfortune she gives us both sorrow and pain,
To the many And not to the few.
The years come And go, old time moves along,
Still bearing his burden of woe;
For ever And ever 'twill be the same song,
While poverty's tears ebb And flow.

Chorus.
For ever and ever 'twill be the same song,
While poverty's tears ebb and flow;
For ever and ever 'twill be the same song,
While poverty's tears ebb and flow.

Ye fathers and mothers, ye sisters And sons,
Remember that God made us all;
Ye rich help the poor And the weak little ones,
Go And answer sweet charity's call.
For life's but a span on time's endless road,
Good deeds inculcated will grow;
Go help the afflicted and lighten their load,
Where poverty's tears ebb and flow.-Chorus.

Oh, pause in your pleasures, ye wealthy And grand,
Remember that hunger's aboard;
Oh, turn to the needy And stretch forth a hand,
Oh, now listen to sympathy's chord.
Its sweet holy strain encircles the soul
Of the ragged, the fallen And low;
So pause in your pleasures, seek charity's goal,
When poverty's tears ebb and flow.-Chorus.

The wine-cup it's laden with sin and deceit,
Be careful, my friends, how you quaff;
While merry And jolly its bitter is sweet,
There's a deep, hidden sting in its laugh.
Oh, man is a fool when drink rides the mind,
Not knowing a friend from a foe;
Bettering and trusting, he falls on behind,
When poverty's tears ebb and flow.-Chorus.