

# Song of the Lower Classes

Song of the Lower Classes was written by Ernest Jones, Chartist leader and poet, 1819–1869 (V. 1-3)

The song was renamed, and two verses added, by the Geordie folk singer Bob Davenport (V.4)

More verses were added in 2020 by the harmony group Windbourne (V5-6)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=12HwvPpWUx0>

We plough and sow, we're so ve - ry, ve - ry low, That we delve in the dir - ty clay  
Till we bless the plain with the gol - den grain, And the vale with the fra - grant hay  
Our place we know, we're so ve - ry, ve - ry low, 'Tis down at the land - lord's feet  
We're not too low the grain to grow, But too low the bread to eat

**We plough and sow, we are so low,** that we delve in the dirty clay,  
‘Til we bless the plain with golden grain and the vale with the fragrant hay.  
Our place we know we are so low, down at the landlord’s feet.  
We’re not too low the bread to grow but too low the bread to eat.

**We’re low, we’re low, we are so low** yet from our fingers glide  
The silken flow and the robes that glow round the limbs of the sons of pride.  
And what we get and what we give we know and we know our share:  
We’re not too low the cloth to weave but too low the cloth to wear.

**Down down we go, we are so low,** to the hell of the deep-sunk mine,  
But we gather the proudest gems that glow when the crown of the despot shines.  
Whenever he lacks upon our backs fresh loads he deigns to lay.  
We’re far too low to vote the tax but not too low to pay.

**We’re low, we’re low as to war we go** to fight some foreign country  
That was yesterday our greatest friend but today’s our enemy.  
“God bless our boys!” the papers scream, “Praise them!” the churchmen cry.  
When the war is won and home we come, who cares if we live or die?

**We’re low, so low, into boats we go** to flee war in our home country,  
And we’ll try to make a better life when we land across the sea.  
But it’s “Send them back!” the press cries out, “Back to where they came!”  
We’re far too low to feed and clothe but not too low to blame.

**We are so low but soon we know** that the low folk will arise,  
And the tyrants in their tow’rs of gold shall hear the people’s cries!  
No more shall they hold us in thrall; their lies we will not heed.  
But every heart shall hear the call, and **the people will be free!**