

Then I'll take you up a narrow street,  
An' through a lane or two,  
An' show you where my cousins live,  
They'll be watching out for you.

Then I'll take you down to mothers,  
In courtyard number ten,  
An' show you all the shanties  
What's owned by great rich men.

Where the babies choke wid dirt an smoke  
An' the rats and cats play tag;  
An' the kiddies work the livelong day  
An' the fathers die of fag.

An' if you can remember God,  
The bairns what's in the mill,  
Jest tell the boss an headmen,  
Not to work them fit to kill.

