

THE SUFFERERS

THERE'S a breed that is born to suffer,
To carry the sin of the age,
And it matters not the condition,
And it matters not the wage,
Nor where in the wide creation
The lure of the light they see—
There's a breed that is born to suffer,
As ever the breed must be.

Not for them is the peace of pleasure,
Or the comfort of content ;
Ever they bear the burden,
Though weary they be, and bent ;
Their days are spent in labour,
Their nights are spent in pain :
There's a breed that is born to suffer,
That others may reap the gain.

They are not of one flag or nation ;
They are not of one colour or race ;
They are not of one school of thinking ;
They are not of one class or place ;