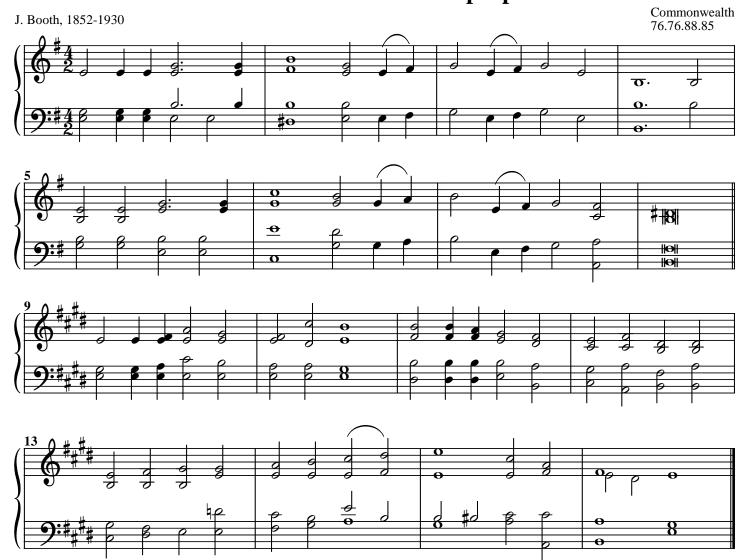
When wilt Thou save the people?



When wilt thou save the people? O God of mercy, when? The people, Lord, the people, Not thrones and crowns, but men! Flowers of thy heart, O God, are they; let them not pass like weeds away Their heritage a sunless day God save the people

Shall crime bring crime forever, Strength aiding still the strong? Is it thy will, O Father, that men shall toil for wrong? No, say thy mountains; No, say thy skies; man's clouded sun shall brightly rise, and songs be heard, instead of sighs, God save the people! When wilt thou save the people? O God of mercy, when? The people, Lord, the people! Not thrones and crowns, but men! God save the people; thine they are, thy children as thy angels fair; from vice, oppression and despair, God save the people!

Ebenezer Elliott