

Art Bears, The Song Of The Dignity Of Labour Under

As I stood at my
Bench
And the job hurried
By-
While my hands did
Their work
A tear fell from my
Eye,
And another, and soon
Though I couldn't say
Why,
I felt such a sorrow
I wanted to
Die

My hands went on
Working
The work hurried by,
My life like a
Desert,
I empty inside,
And I shook at my bench,
And I cried and I cried
And my hands went on
Working
And the work
Hurried by