

Don't you put your foot
on a
man when he's down

*Written expressly for & Sung with great applause
by the Celebrated*

Annie Minnie

Composed by

G. MARSDEN.



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DON'T PUT YOUR FOOT ON A MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN.

Words by CHAS. VIVIAN.

Arr: by C. E. PRATT.

PIANO. *mf*

1. So . ci . e . ty's ways, in these cu . ri . ous days, Needs much al . ter . a . tion, I'm
 2. The poor labouring man, who tries all he can, To bat - tle his way through tife's

sure ; - - - For seldom you'll see that rich folks a . gree, With those whom mis.
 throng ; - - - Oft finds, to his cost, that cold win - ter's frost Impedes much his

4

for . tune's made poor. — — — Now this must be wrong if there's truth in my
get - ting a long, — — — The work - ing men strive in the in - dus - trial

song, For a man may be wor . thy tho' poor, — — — Then give him a
hive, Some - thing to put by from their trade, — — — Com - mer - cial de -

lift that he may make shift To keep off the wolf from his door. — —
- pression brings stern ret - ro - gression And swallows the lit - tle they've made. — —

CHORUS.

Then I give this ad . vice En . treat - ing you wont, On your heel turn a .

way with a frown, - - When a poor fel. low needs it, As. sist him but

dont Put your foot on a man when he's down. - -

3.

How many good men have again and again,
 Given way neath the worlds heavy cares.
 For want of a start from a generous heart
 Whose fortunes been brighter than their's.
 And time after time we hear of some crime
 Induced by sad poverty, keen,
 That might have been stayed, had an effort been made,
 Before he'd such misery seen.

Chorus.

4.

Misfortune's cold shade, visits every grade,
 The rich man as well as the poor,
 Then hesitate not while wealth you have got,
 To help whom you can from your store,
 Ere long it may be fate's cruel decree
 Your hopes fairest prospects to smother,
 You'll surely find then, kind, good hearted men,
 To help you as you've helped some other.

Chorus.