

6.—Come, all you worthy Christians.

Moderato.

Come, all you worth - y Christ - ians, that were so ve - ry poor, Re -
 mem - ber how poor Laz - arus laid at the rich man's door, A -
 beg - ging of those crumbs of bread which from the ta - ble fell, The
 Scrip - ture doth in - form us, he now in Heaven do dwell.

The time it will soon come when parted we all must be.
 The only thing that doth remain is enjoying our misery.
 Where (? for) we must all an account give, both great as well as small:
 Remember, all good people, that God has made us all.

Oh! Job he was a patient man, and a rich man in the East;
 How he was brought to poverty! His sorrows did increase:
 He bore it with great patience, and never did repine;
 He always trusted in the Lord, and soon got rich again.

Come, all you worthy Christians that dwell within this land,
 Don't spend your time in rioting: remember you're but man.
 Be watchful of your latter end; be ready when you're called.
 There's many a changes in the world, some rises and some fall.

Though poor, I am contented, no riches do I crave;
 For they are all but vanity on this side of the grave.
 Although many roll in riches, their glass will soon run out;
 No riches they brought in this world, nor none can they take out.

Mr. Hills says that this carol was sung at Christmas time at Lodsworth, Sussex, many years ago. December 1899.—W. P. M.