

Fourpence a Day

TYG 107

Ore's a-wait - ing in the tubs, Snow's up on t'fell, _____

Can - ny folks they're sleep - ing yet but lead is reet to sell, _____

Come, me lit - tle wash - er lad, _____ come, let's a - way, _____ We're

bound down to slave - ry for four - pence a day. _____

1. Ore's a-waiting in the tubs, snow's upon t'fell,
Canny folks they're sleeping yet but lead is reet to sell,
Come, me little washer lad, come, let's away,
We're bound down to slavery for fourpence a day.
2. It's early in the morning we rise at five o'clock,
Little slaves come to the door to knock, knock, knock.
Come, me little washer lad, come, let's away,
It's very hard to work for fourpence a day.
3. Me father were a miner, he lived down in t' town,
'Twere hard work and poverty it always kept him down;
He aimed for me to go to school, but brass he couldn't pay,
So I had to go washing rake for fourpence a day.
4. Me mother rises out of bed with tears upon her cheek,
Puts me wallet on me shoulders, it has to last a week,
It often fills her great big heart when she to me does say,
I nivvor thought thaa'd 'av te work for fourpence a day.
5. And fourpence a day lad, the work is very hard,
Never a pleasant nod from a gruffy looking sod,
His conscience it may fail aye his heart it may gi'e way,
Then he'll raise us wages to ninepence a day.