

Poverty Knock

(Chorus)

Poverty poverty knock', my loom is a-saying all day
Poverty poverty knock, gaffer's too skinny to pay
Poverty poverty knock, keeping one eye on the clock
I know I can guttle when I hear my shuttle go, 'poverty poverty knock

1

Up every morning at five, I wonder that we keep alive
Tired and yawning another cold morning
It's back to the dreary old drive.

2

Oh dear we're going to be late
Gaffer is stood at the gate
We're out of pocket, our wages they'll dock it
We'll have to buy grub on the slate

3

And when all our wages they bring, we're often short of a string
While we are fratching with gaffer for snatching (?)
We know to his breast he will cling

4

Sometimes a shuttle flies out
and gives some poor woman a clout
There she lies bleeding but nobody's heeding
Oh who's going to carry her out?

5

Oh dear, my poor head it sings
I should have woven three strings
My threads are breaking and my back is aching
Oh dear, how I wish I had wings