

Poverty Knock

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Chord progression: F Gm Bb C7 F Gm Bb C7

Fretboard diagram (first system):

3	2 2 2	2 2 0	3	3 3 3	3 1 1	2 2 2	2 2 0	3	3 3 3	3 3 3	1
4											

Chord progression: F Bb Gm C7 F Gm F C7 F

Fretboard diagram (second system):

2 2 2	2 2 2	3	3 3 3	3 3 3	1	1 1 1	1 1	2	3 3 3	3 3	2 2	0 2 0	3

Chord progression: F Gm Bb C7 F Gm F C7 F

Fretboard diagram (third system):

2 2 2	2 2 2	3	3	3 3 3	3 1 1	1 1 1	1	3 2	3 3 3	3 3	2 2	0 2 0	3

Up in the morning at five, it's a wonder that we stay alive
 It sets me yawning to greet the cold dawning
 And back to the old, dreary drive

Oh dear, I'm going to be late, Gaffer is standing at gate
 With his hands in his pockets our wages he'll dock us
 We'll have to buy grub on the slate

Chorus:

Poverty poverty knock, my loom it is saying all day
 Poverty poverty knock, Gaffer's too skinny to pay
 Poverty poverty knock, always one eye on the clock
 I know I can guttle when I hear me shuttle go
 Poverty poverty knock

We have to wet our own yarn by dipping it in yonder tarn
 It's cold and it's soggy, it makes me feel
 And there's rats in that dirty old barn.
 Sometimes a shuttle flies out and gives some poor woman a clout
 She lies there bleeding while nobody's heading
 Who's going to carry her out?

The tuner should tackle my loom, but he just sits there on his bum
He's always busy a-courting our Lizzie
And I just can't get him to come

And Lizzie's so easily led, I reckon he takes her to bed
She used to be skinny, now look at her pinny
It's just about time they were wed

Oh my poor head how it sings, I should have woven three strings
The threads they keep breaking, my poor heart is aching
Oh God, how I wish I had wings.