Four Pence A Day

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    C                                          G7    C
The ore is waiting in the tubs; the snow's up on the fell.
              Am                G       D7      G
Canny folk are sleeping yet, but lead is reet to sell.
F                           C          G
Come, me little washer lad, come let's away,
      C                            G7          C
We're bound down to slavery for four pence a day.
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It's early in the morning, we rise at five o'clock,
And the 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 four-pence a day.

My father was a miner and lived down in the town;
'Twas hard work and poverty that always kept him down.
He aimed for me to go to school but brass he couldn't pay,
So I had to go to the washing rake for four-pence a day.

My mother rises out of bed with tears on her cheeks,
Puts my wallet on my shoulders which has to serve a week.
It often fills her great big heart when she unto me does say,
"I never thought you would have worked
for four-pence a day."

Fourpence a day, me lad, and very hard to work,
And never a pleasant look from a gruffy looking Turk.
His conscience it may fall and his heart it may give way,
Then he'll raise our wages to ninepence a day.