

Poverty Knock

Jim Moray

(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'

Up every morning at five, I wonder that we keep alive

Tired and yawning in the cold morning

It's back to the dreary old drive.

(Repeat chorus)

Oh dear we're going to be late

Gaffer is stood at the gate

We're out of pockets, our wages they'll dock it

We'll have to buy grub on the slate

(Repeat chorus)

And when our wages they'll bring, we're often short of a string

While we are fighting with gaffer for snatching (?)

We know to his breast he will cling

(Repeat chorus)

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?

(Repeat chorus)

Oh dear, my poor head it sings

I should have woven three strings

My threads are breaking and my back is aching

Oh dear, I wish I had wings

Poverty poverty knock

Poverty poverty knock

Poverty poverty knock

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlrics.com/>