Gaol Song

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"Step in young man, I know your face
It's nothing in your favor
A little time I'll give to you
Six months at hard labor"

To my hip fol the day, hip fol the day
To my hip fol the day, for the digee oh

At six o'clock our turnkey comes in
With a bunch of keys all in his hand
"Come, come, my lads, step up and grind
Tread the wheel till breakfast time"

At eight o'clock our skilly comes in
Sometimes thick and sometimes thin
But devil a word we must not say
It's brad and water all next day
At half past eight the bell doth ring
Into the chapel we must swing
Down on our bended knees to fall
"The Lord hath mercy on us all"

At nine o'clock the jangle rings
All on the trap boys, we must spring
"Come, come, my lads, step up in time
The wheel to tread and the corn to grind"

Now Saturday's come, I'm sorry to say
Sunday is our starvation day
Our hobnailed boots and tin mugs too
They are not shined nor they will not do

Now six long months are over and past
I will return to my bonnie, bonnie lass
I'll leave the turnkeys all behind
The wheel to tread and the corn to grind
printed in Penguin book of English folksongs
sung by Bernard Wriggly and Dick Swain
SOF