The Mill's Shut Down To-day - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Mill's Shut Down To-Day.

The mill's shut down to-day, dear wife.
There's nothing here to eat,
And look, the boots I've worn a year
Are dropping off my feet;
My clothes are hardly decent, wife.
While you are ragged, too,
And famine stares us in the face-
Oh! what are we to do?

Chorus.
Oh! what are we to do, dear wife?
I cannot get my pay;
The grocer's bill is overdue-
The mill's shut down to-day.

The mill's shut down to day, dear wife,
The coal is nearly gone,
And see, there's scarcely wood enough
To kindle in the morn;
The landlord will be coming soon
To get the rent from you,
And I have not a cent to pay
The bills becoming due.-Chorus.

The mill's shut down to-day, dear wife.
The snow is on the ground;
And hark! the piercing winds without
How mournfully they sound;
The children have no shoes to wear,
They cry for milk and bread;
But, wife, the mills have stopped to-day,
How shall we all be fed?-Chorus.