The Jute Mill Song
Mary Brooksbank
(as on p41 'Sidlaw Breezes' by MB)
Oh, dear me, the mill's gaen fest,
The puir wee shifters canna get a rest,
Shiftin' bobbins, coarse and fine,
They fairly mak' ye work for your ten and nine.
Oh, dear me, the warld's ill-divided,
Them that work the hardest are aye wi' least provided.
But I maun bide contented, dark days or fine,
But there's no much pleasure living affen ten and nine.

Shift and Spin
Ewan MacVicar
Shift and spin, warp and twine,
Makin' thread coarse and fine;
Dreamin' o' yer Valentine
Workin' in the mill
Keep yer bobbins runnin' easy
Show ye're gallus, bright and breezy
Waitin' till Prince Charmin' sees ye
Workin' in the mill
Oil yer runners, mend yer thread
Do yer best until you're dead
You wish you were a wife instead o'
Workin' in the mill
Used to dream you'd be the rage
Smilin' on the fashion page
Never dreamt you'd be a wage slave
Workin' in the mill
Used to think that life was kind
No it isn't, never mind
Maybe some day love will find you
Workin' in the mill
He loves you not? So what?
Make the best of what you've got
Win your pay, spin your cotton
Workin' in the mill