

The Jute Mill Song (Mary Brooksbank)

Oh, dear me, the mill's gaen fest,
The puir wee shifters canna get a rest,
Shiftin' bobbins, coorse and fine,
They fairly mak' ye work for your ten and nine.

Oh, dear me, I wish the day was done,
Rinning up and doon the Pass is nae fun,
Shiftin', piecing, spinning, warp, weft and twine,
Tae feed and cled my bairnie affen 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.