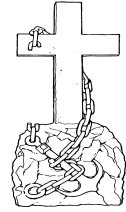


Music: KS2

Industrial Folk Songs

The Nailmaker's Lament



Come near my friends while I begin my true and mournful song
I will be very careful now lest I should speak wrong
I am a poor nailmaker, the truth I'll tell to you
I toil and labour all the week, I know it is my due

When Saturday evening comes and I've my money got
I take it very careful home and say this is my lot
My wife she casts a look at me and with a pitiful eye
Is that all? She says to me, and heaves a mournful cry

You know there is our coal and gleeds for the house and the shop fire;
Likewise the mending of the tools and changing of the iron,
My hammer and my steady too, must be pared if not steeled,
My bore and hardy must be done, or I cannot make good nails.

Out of repair our bellows are, and mended they must be;
And eighteen pence for the tree-iron for snouting, as you see.
The rent, you know it must be paid, or else the bums will come,
And then if payment can't be made, our goods will soon be gone.

I have no money for your club, then that's a sad affair;
What shall we do when sickness comes? We can't live on the air.
Well, don't be so impatient now, for I have not yet done'
The shoemaker, he must be paid, or shoes we shall have none.

Our clothing has got very bare, over and underneath;
Our children want some things to wear, they must not catch their death.
There's also butter and sugar too, tea, candles, soap and flour,
For there's no meat or garden stuff in such a house as ours.

What is twelve shillings to cut up to pay so many things?
T' would make a lawyer's head go grey to try to meet such ends."
I cannot tell, I wonder why our masters do not see,
How miserable and wretched too, we poor nailers must be.

Then do not be discouraged, there is no room to doubt,
We shall have twenty Shillings yet, by firmly standing out.
So now my poem I conclude, hoping that each will strive,
Both masters and their workmen all, to gain a heavenly prize.