

# GAOL SONG

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Dm

Step in young man, I know your face,

F

'Tis nothing in your favour.

C

A little time I'll give to you.

G

Six months unto hard labour.

Dm

To my hip fol the day, Hip fol the dee,

F

C

Dm

To my hip fol the dol, fol the digee O!

Tune

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

At eight o'clock our skilly comes in,  
Sometimes thick and sometimes thin,  
And if one word we chance to say,  
To bread and water all next day.

To my hip fol the day, Hip fol the dee,  
To my hip fol the dol, fol the digee O!

At half past eight the bell doth ring,  
Unto the chapel we must swing,  
Onto our bended knees must fall:  
Lord have mercy on us all.

At nine o'clock our bell did ring,  
All on the trap, boys, we must spring;  
Come, pray my lads to be in time,  
The wheel to tread and the corn to grind.

Tune

At ten o'clock our doctor was round,  
With pen and paper in his hand,  
And if we say we are not ill,  
So all next day to the treading mill.

At twelve o'clock our beef comes in,  
Sometimes fat and sometimes lean,  
A devil of a word we must not say,  
Or to bread and water all next day.

To my hip fol the day, Hip fol the dee,  
To my hip fol the dol, fol the digee O!

Now Saturday is come I'm sorry to say,  
For Sunday is our starvation day,  
Our jackboots and our goglets too,  
They are not ready nor will they do.

Now six long months is gone and past,  
I'll return to my bonny lass,  
We'll leave the turnkeys all behind,  
The wheel to tread and and the corn to grind.

Tune x2

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