D OF A WORKING MAN



I left the land to try and earn some pay, They say there's work in Lancashire today, I've torn me hands and broke me back, Humping cotton and toting sacks, But I've not seen much of gold and silver coin.

Chorus:

TM Hey, hey, a working day, C Fourteen hours to earn your pay. 1

hey, hey a working day,

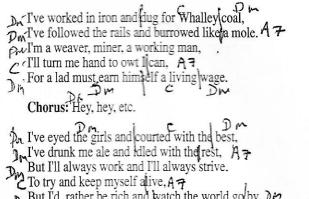
Cotton and coal and steam. Din

Pm From Preston, Bolton, Oldham and by Colne, I've tramped the roads and never been along, 17 Ye seen men die in falls of stone,
And watched men starve to skin and bone,

In England's pure and green and pleasant land.

Chorus Hey, hey, etc.

DoThere are looms I know that are just never still, With men to work all hours to earn their fill. 42 Dm With women grafting and children too, To earn enough to see them/through, A 7 While the masters they get richer every day.



But I'd rather be rich and watch the world go by. Din Chorus: Hey, hey, etc.

Alan A. Bell March 1973

Chorus: Hey, hey, etc.

