

Treadmill Song

Steeleye Span

Step in young man I know your face
It's nothing in your favour
A little time I'll give to you
Six months unto hard labour

Chorus:

With me hip! fol the day, me hip! fol the day,
me hip! fol the day, fol the digee, oh!

At six o'clock the screw comes in
A bunch of keys all in his hand
Step up my lads, step up in time
And tread the wheel till breakfast time

Chorus:

And at eight o'clock the skilly comes in
It's sometimes thick and it's sometimes thin
And never a word dare we all say
Or it's bread and water all next day

Chorus:

At half past eight the bell do ring
And off to the chapel boys we must swing
Down on our bended knees we fall
The Lord have mercy on us all

Chorus:

And at nine o'clock the jangle ring
And all on the trap boys we must spring
Step up my lads, step up in time
The wheel's to tread and the corn's to grind

Chorus:

Now Saturday's come I am sorry to say
For Sunday is starvation day
Our hob-nail boots and our tin mugs too
They are not shined and they will not do

Chorus:

When six long months are gone and past
Then I'll return to my bonny, bonny lass
I'll leave the turnkeys all behind
The wheel to tread and the corn to grind