



FARNE

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The Naughty Workhouse Lad

How thankful children ought to be
Who are with parents blest,
To nurse or dandle on their knee,
Or lay in bed to rest;
While others often in the street,
Are clad in rags all torn;
No shoes or stockings on their feet,
Dejected and forlorn

And there are parents who neglect
Their little children dear,
Though bound by duty to protect
Them from all harm and fear;
Their money in strong drink they spend,
Instead of clothes and food;
Or to their needful wants attend,
For their dear children's good.

This little tale I will relate
Is of a workhouse boy,
Who did not care for books nor slate,
But would his mates annoy;
Tho' often punished with the cane,
It seemed to no avail,
Some mischief would purpose again,
His schoolmates would assail

His teacher thought him to subdue,
Some other means he'd try,
Another course he would pursue,
To force him to comply;
The master's hands he placed him in,
Who thought he was so bad;
In the dead house he lock'd within
This naughty workhouse lad



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Within the rooms a corpse there lay,
It was another lad,
Who had departed hence that day,
Which made the youth quite sad.
And yet no terror filled his breast
About the sad affair;
But he resolved to play a jest,
On those who placed him there.

The corpse he from the coffin took,
In his own clothes he dressed,
Placed it upright to make it look,
Just like himself, distressed;
In shroud and napkin did array
Himself so ghostly white;
And then within the coffin lay,
His master to affright.

At length the master thought it right
To bring the boy some food;
Said “if I keep you here all night,
I think twill do you good.”
Here, “ take your supper, sir” he said,
As to the corpse he spoke,
And try to more obedient be,
But silence was not broke.

The master then thought him absurd,
To see he would not speak;
Said “take your supper-on my word,
I’ll keep you here a week:”
And still no attention paid
To what he had to say;
Then in a rage the master said
“I’ll now take it away.”



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The boy who in the coffin lay,
Had raised himself upright,
Then from his face he took away
The cloth that looked so white,
He said, sir, “that’s a wicked lad,
As plainly you may see;
He will not take it, he’s too bad,
Pray hand it here to me.”

The horror stricken master stood,
His quivering limbs did shake;
With fear he cast away the food
The boy would not partake.
He made a rush towards the door,
In terror fear and dread;
And as he fell upon the floor,
Was found to be quite dead.