

## Being Eight

1. Being eight is not so great  
When you have to work.  
Down the mines is just the pits  
In the dust and mirk.  
We never see the daylight [0'23"]  
Underneath the ground.  
In the gloom we listen  
To that tapping sound!

2. Being eight is not so great [0'44"]  
Working in the mills.  
Under looms we gather threads  
The air it makes us ill.  
Machines can cut and break us [1'00"]  
They lurch and swing and pound.  
Terrified we listen  
To that clanking sound!

I've forgotten how to smile, [1'16"]  
I've forgotten how to play.  
Is there such a thing as childhood?  
Will we ever see the day?

3. Being eight is not so great [1'44"]  
As a chimney sweep.  
Soot and dirt right up my nose  
I'm crawling up so steep.  
I'm small but I'm a climber [2'00"]  
I'm pushed to get much higher.  
I burn and graze my body  
Hear the crackling fire!

I've forgotten how to smile, [2'16"]  
I've forgotten how to play.  
Is there such a thing as childhood?  
Will we ever see the day?

