

Hilgay Workhouse

*We're hurting and we're hungry
We can't see our family
We're in horrid Hilgay workhouse
Hoping to be free
We're held hostage, we are powerless
In pain from head to toe
We're in horrid Hilgay workhouse
But one day we will go*

Away from the wretched food, The thin and watery gruel
Away from the guardian, That demanding, gruesome ghoul!
We're not allowed to play, we're not allowed to speak
They say we only get to see our family once a week
We want better education, we want to go outside
We wish that there was somewhere that we could go and hide
We want food that isn't mouldy, warm and comfy clothes
Revenge upon the guardians and make the workhouse close

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Away from all the beatings, the blisters and the burns
Away from all the cruelty, the hot pipe punishments
We should be with our families, not beaten black and blue
We want to leave the workhouse but there's nothing we can do
We're exhausted, we're unhealthy, our beds are filled with lice

We wish that we could sleep but our bones are cold as ice
Breaking bricks and grinding corn, sweep and scrub and clean
Working till our fingers bleed, makes us want to scream

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I wish that I could be like the little bird
And fly so high in the sky and never more return
And here one future day when there's no more cruelty
I'll sing of Hilgay workhouse when my phantom is free