



Saint Monday

Description

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Saint Monday is the tradition of absenteeism on a Monday.^[*where?*] **Saint Tuesday** is the less common extension of this to a Tuesday.^[1] The tradition of taking Monday off has been common among craft workers since at least the seventeenth century,^[2] when the workweek ran from Monday to Saturday as had been the custom and expectation for centuries.

Brother workmen, cease your labour,
Lay your files and hammers by
Listen while a brother neighbour
Sings a cutlerâ??s destiny:

Fare thee well ye factory darlinâ??s
Fare the well me cruel machine
Men are here to wet their whiskers
Whiskey, Gin and auld Poteen

How upon a good Saint Monday,
Sitting by the smithy fire,
We tell whatâ??s been done oâ??t Sunday,
And in cheerful mirth conspire.

Fare thee well ye factory darlinâ??s
Fare the well me cruel machine
Men are here upon Saint Monday
Whiskey, Gin and auld Poteen

Soon I hear the trap-door rise up,
On the ladder stands my wife:

â??Damn thee, Jack, lâ??ll dust thy eyes up,
Thou leads a plaguy drunken life;

Fare thee well ye factory darlinâ??s
Fare the well me cruel machine
Men are here upon Saint Monday
Whiskey, Gin and auld Poteen

(##### Instrumental â?? Middle 8 #####)

â??Ah, the bright, fat, idle devil
Now I see thy goings on,
Here thou sits all day to revel
Neâ??er a stroke oâ?? work thouâ??st done.
See thee, look what stays lâ??ve gotten,
See thee, what a pair oâ?? shoes;
Gown and petticoat half rotted,
Neâ??er a whole stitch in thy

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â??Pray thee, look here, all the forenoon
Thouâ??s wasted with thy idle way;
When does tâ??a mean to get thy sours done?
Thy mester wants â??em in to-day.
Thou knows I hate to broil and quarrel,
But lâ??ve neither soap nor tea;
Od burn thee, Jack, forsake thy barrel,
Or nevermore thouâ??st lie wiâ?? me.â?*

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CATEGORY

1. Lyrics

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