John the Little Mester

Oughtibridge Primary School

Robin Garside



In Oughtibridge down by the river, I made up my penknives from steel. I forged them all in my workshop, And I ground them all on my wheel

Chorus

With a bang and a tap on my Stiddy, I pin up the parts of a knife, The handle is horn, brass or rosewood, It'll last you the rest of your life.

I'd polish the parts on my linisher,
 And punch in my mark on the tang,
 I'd carefully put in a nail mark,
 And hammer until my ears rang.
 Chorus

- 3. Firstly I take up the bolsters, For they are the first things I made, I'll put in the springs and the linings And then I can put in the blade. Chorus
- 4. And then when I finished a penknife I'd sell it for a only a 'Bob',
 Little Mesters don't make lots of money,
 I never got rich at this job.
 Chorus
- 5. My knives were sent all over, To Portugal, France and to Spain, America, Greece and Germany They all knew the Sheffield name. Chorus