

## Little Mesters

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### *Verse 1*

There was a time when a man relied on the skill of his own two hands  
With simple pride he'd hammer and file the steel at his command  
From the stiddy to the dolly wheel, taken through every stage  
These were the men, the artisans, that followed the cutler's trade

### Chorus

Where are those little mesters now  
To forge the steel and shape the blade  
Master cutlers of a golden age  
No finer craftsman ever found  
Where are those little mesters now

### Verse 2

In the vale beside the Don, in the workshops of Sheffield town  
Mesters made the keenest blades, knives of high renown  
The Bowie and the Barlow, with hafts of pearl and horn  
The pocket knife, a craftsman's pride, these hand made skills passed on

### Chorus

### Verse 3

When orders came from far and wide mesters could name their price  
Now who'll 'prentice to the trade, as old skills wane and die  
Dusty workshops empty now still echo with the sound  
Of parson, forge and grinding wheel and the working master man

### Chorus