It’s hard when folks can’t find their work where they’ve been bred and born;
When I was young I always thowt I’d bide amang rooits and corn.
(rooits = roots)
But I’ve been forced to work in towns so here’s my litany,
From Hull and Halifax and Hell, good Lord deliver me.
2
When I was courtin’ Mary Jane t’ old squire he says one day,
“I’ve got no room for wedded folk so wilt ta wed or stay?”
Well I couldn’t leave the lass I loved so to town we had to flee,
From Hull and Halifax and Hell, good Lord deliver me.
3

I’ve run in Michigan in winter time, in Nova Scotia too

I’ve run in Texas and Arizona at the height of summer

Massachusetts and Georgia can be

I
I’ve worked in Leeds and Huddersfield, I’ve addled honest brass,
At Bradford, Keighley, Rotherham, I’ve kept me bairns and lass;
I’ve travelled all three ridin’s round and once I went to sea.
From forges, mills and coalin’ boats, good Lord deliver me.
4
I’ve walked at neet down Sheffield lanes, ’t was the same as bein’ in Hell;
Furnaces thrust out tongues of fire that roared like wind on t’ fell;
I’ve sammed up coil in Barnsley pits wi’ muck upto me knees. (sammed up = picked up)
From Sheffield, Barnsley, Rotherham, good Lord deliver me.
5
I’ve seen grey fog creep ovver Leeds Brig as thick as Bastille soup;
I’ve lived where folks have been stowed away like rabbits in a coop;
I’ve seen snow float down Bradford Beck as black as ebony.
From Hunslet, Holbeck, Wibsey Slack, good Lord deliver me.
6
Well now when all our children have flown, to the country we’ve come back;
There’s forty miles of heathery moor ’twixt us and coilpit stack;
And often as I sit by the fire at neet I laugh and I shout with glee,
From Hull and Halifax and Hell, good Lord deliver me.

From heat, hills and humidity Good Lord delive