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