The Sheffield Grinder

The Sheffield grinder's a terrible blade.
    Tally hi-o, the grinder.
He sets his little 'uns down to trade
    Tally hi-o, the grinder.
He turns his baby to grind in the hull
    Till his body is stunted and his eyes are dull,
And the brains are dizzy and dazed in the skull.
    Tally hi-o, the grinder.

He shortens his life and he hastens his death.
    Tally hi-o, the grinder.
Will drink steel dust in every breath.
    Tally hi-o, the grinder.
Won't use a fan as he turns his wheel.
    Won't wash his hands ere he eats his meal.
But dies as he lives, as hard as steel.
    Tally hi-o, the grinder.

These Sheffield grinders of whom we speak --
    Tally hi-o, the grinder --
Are men who earn a pound a week.
    Tally hi-o, the grinder.
But of Sheffield grinders another sort
Methinks ought to be called in court,
And that is the grinding Government Board.
    Tally hi-o, the grinder.

At whose door lies the blacker blame?
    Tally hi-o, the grinder.
Where rests the heavier weight of shame?
    Tally hi-o, the grinder.
On the famine-price contractor's head,
    Or the workman's, under-taught and -fed,
Who grinds his own bones and his child's for bread?
    Tally hi-o, the grinder.

As sung by the Ian Campbell Group
XX