

## Dalesman's Litany or From Hull and Halif

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It's hard when folks can't find their work  
where they've been bred and born  
When I was young I always thought  
I'd bide among fruits and corn  
But I've been forced to work in towns  
so here's my litany  
From Hull and Halifax and Hell  
Good Lord deliver me

When I was courting Mary Jane  
The old Squire he said one day  
I've no room here for wedded folks  
Choose whether to wed or stay  
Well I couldn't give up the lass that I loved  
So to town we had to flee  
From Hull and Halifax and Hell  
Good Lord deliver me

I've worked in Leeds and Huddersfield  
and addled honest brass  
At Bradford, Keighley, Rotterham  
I've kept m'bairns and m'lass  
I've travelled all three Ridings round  
And once I went to sea  
From forges, mills and sailing ships  
Good Lord deliver me

I've walked at night thru Sheffield lanes  
T'was the same as being in Hell  
Where furnaces thrust out tongues of fire  
and roared like the wind on the fell  
And I've shovelled coals in the Barnsley pits  
with muck up to m'knee  
From Sheffield, Barnsley, Rotterham  
Good Lord deliver me

I've seen fog creeping across Leeds brig  
as thick as Bastille soup  
I've lived where folks were stowed away  
like rabbits in a coop  
And I've seen snow float down Bradford Beck  
as black as ebony  
From Hunslet, Holbeck, Widsley Slack  
Good lord deliver me

Well now our children are all fled  
to the country we've come back  
There's forty miles of heathery moor  
'twixt us and the coal pits slack  
And as I sit by the fire at night  
I laugh and shout with glee  
From Hull and Halifax and Hell  
Good Lord deliver me.