

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Duw, It's Hard

Duw, It's Hard
(Max Boyce)

In our little valley
They closed the colliery down,
And the pithead baths is a supermarket now.
Empty gurneys red with rust
Roll to rest among the rust
And the pithead baths is a supermarket now.

CHO: 'Cos it's hard, Duw, it's hard
Harder than they will ever know.
And it's they must take the blame,
The price of coal's the same.
And the pithead baths is a supermarket now.

They came down here from England
Because our output's low.
Briefcases full of bank clerks
That had never been below.
And they'll close the valley's oldest mine
Pretending that they're sad.
But don't you worry, Butty bach,
We're really very glad.

My clean-clothes locker's empty now,
I've thrown away the key.
And I've sold my boots and muffler
And my lampcheck 153.
But I can't forget the times we had,
The laughing midst the fear,
'Cos every time I cough I get
A mining souvenir.

I took my old helmet home with me,
Filled it full of earth,
And I planted little flowers there -
They grew for all their worth.
And it's hanging in the glasshouse now,
A living memory,
Reminding me they could have grown
In vases over me.

But I know the local magistrate,

She's got a job for me,
Though it's only counting buttons
In a local factory.
We get coffee breaks and coffee breaks,
Coffee breaks and tea.
And now I know those dusty mines
Have seen the last of me.

FINAL CHORUS

'Cos it's hard, Duw, it's hard
Harder than they will ever know.
And if ham was underground,
Would it be twelve bob a pound.
And the pithead baths is a supermarket now.
Aye, the pithead baths is a supermarket now.

From the album "Max Boyce: Live at Treorchy",
recorded 23rd Nov 1973. EMI One-Up OU2033.

An early example of a song addressing the coming of the
"post-industrial" world, and the disappearance of heavy
industry. Max worked eight years underground, so knows
what he's talking about

VRH