

The Dalesman's Litany

TYG 70

The musical score is written on five staves in G major. The first staff is in 6/4 time. The second staff changes to 5/4 and then 6/4. The third staff changes to 9/4. The fourth staff changes to 3/2 and then 2/2. The fifth staff changes to 3/2 and then 6/4. The lyrics are: 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 a-mang roo-its and corn. But I've been forced to work in towns so here's my li-tan-y, From Hull and Halifax and Hell, good Lord de-li-ver me.

1. 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 a-mang 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 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.