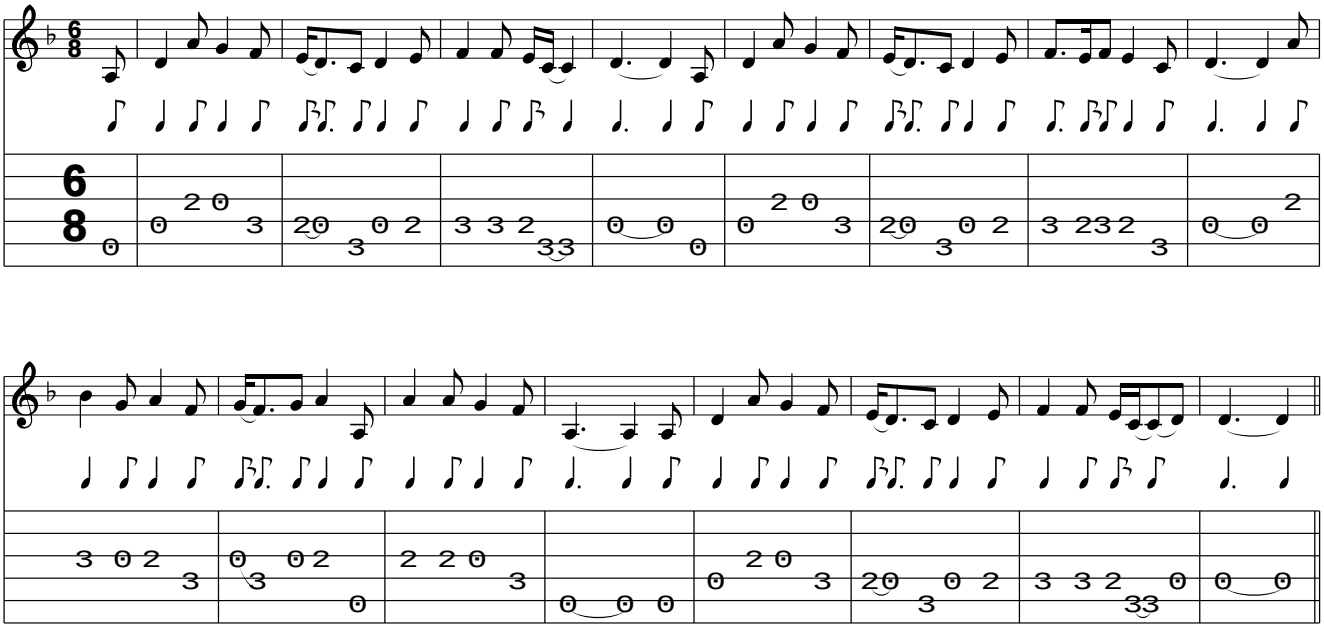Dalesman’s Litany or From Hull and Halif

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk .



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 tonges 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, Wibsley 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.