**Poverty Knock**

Chorus: 'Poverty poverty knock, ' my loom is a saying all day
Poverty poverty knock, gaffer's too skinny to pay
Poverty poverty knock, keeping one eye on the clock
I know I can guttle when I hear my shuttle go, 'poverty poverty knock'

Verse 1: Up every morning at five, I wonder that we keep alive
Tired and yawning another cold morning
It's back to the dreary old drive.

Verse 2: Oh dear we're going to be late
Gaffer is stood at the gate
We're out of pocket, our wages they'll docket
We'll have to buy grub on the slate

Verse 3: Sometimes a shuttle flies out

And gives some poor bugger a shout

There she lies bleeding, Nobody’s heeding

Who’s going to carry her out

**King Cotton**

See how the lint flies over the moor-land

See how the smoke in the valley clings

See how the slate roofs shine in the drizzle

This is the valley where cotton is king

Sleep is washed from their broken faces

Tattered clothes on the flesh does cling

Dust in the lungs and their bodies twisted

This is the valley where cotton is king

Work all day to the looms hard rhythm

Toil and sweat till your tired bones ring

Crawl back home as the gaslight flickers

This is the valley where cotton is king

This is the land where children labour

Where life and death seem the self same thing

Where many work that a few might prosper

This is the valley where cotton is king

**Sheffield Grinder**

To be a Sheffield grinder it is no easy trade.
There's more than you'd imagine in the grinding of a blade.
The strongest man amongst us is old at thirty-two.
There's few who brave such hardships as we poor grinders do.

And every working day, we are breathing dust and steel,
And a broken stone can give us a wound that will not heal.
There's many an honest grinder ground down by such a blow.
There's few that brave such hardships as we poor grinders do.

There's many a poor grinder who's thus been snatched away,
Without a moment's warning to meet his judgement day.
Before his judge he must appear, his final doom to know.
There's few who brave such hardships as we poor grinders do.

There's many a poor grinder whose family is large,
With all his best endeavours cannot his debts discharge.
When children cry for bread, oh, how pitiful the view,
Though few can bear such hardships as we poor grinders do.

**Gresford Disaster**

You've heard of the Gresford Disaster,

Of the terrible price that was paid;

Two hundred and forty two colliers were lost,

And three of the rescue brigade.

It occurred in the month of September

At three in the morning the pit

Was racked by a violent explosion

In the Dennis where gas lay so thick.

Now the gas in the Dennis deep section

Was heaped there like snow in a drift,

And many a man had to leave the coal-face

Before he had worked out his shift.

Now a fortnight before the explosion,

To the shot-firer Tomlinson cried,

"If you fire that shot we'll be all blown to hell!"

And no one can say that he lied.

Now the fireman’s reports they are missing

The records of forty-two days;

The collier manager had them destroyed

To cover his criminal ways.

Down there in the dark they are lying.

They died for nine shillings a day;

They have worked out their shift and now they must lie

In the darkness until Judgement day.

Now the Lord Mayor of London's collecting

To help out the children and wives;

The owners have sent some white lilies

To pay for the poor colliers' lives.

Farewell all our dear wives and children

Farewell all our comrades as well,

Don't send your sons down the dark dreary pit

They'll be doomed like the sinners in hell.

**Schooldays over - Ewan McColl**

Schooldays over, come on then john
Time to be getting your pit boots on
On with your sack and your moleskin trousers
Time you were on your way
Time you were learning the pitman's job
And earning a pitman's pay.

Come on then Jim, it's time to go
Time you were working down below
Time to be handling a pick and shovel
You start at the pits today
Time to be learning the collier's job
And earning a collier's pay.

Come on then Dai, it's nearly light
Time you were off to the anthracite
The morning mist is on the valley
It's time you were on your way
Time you were learning the miner's job
And earning a miner's pay

**All Along the Rossendale**

1.   The cotton mills are closing down all over Lancashire

From Burnley to the Mersey from Oldham to the Wyre

And all along the Rossendale you can hear the weavers cry

As the wind across the Pennines moans a low and deathly sigh

2.   Save our sheds from unemployment that's all that we demand

We're clemmin' and we're starving with no money in our hands

Redeployment is the answer from Whitehall's empty mouth

Bring your friends and family there's a job for you down south

3.   And meanwhile for the last time the factory whistle blows

The profit margin's falling and capital's run low

And the stockbrokers of Altrincham are selling all their shares

Don't give a damn for the working man, no one really cares

4.   As the sun sets over Pendle and the rain begins to fall

The Government at Westminster ignores the weavers call

And the glory that was England dies beneath those coal black hills

A vision of Jerusalem and those dark satanic mills

**Dirty Old Town**

1. I met my love by the gasworks croft

Dreamed a dream by the old canal

Kissed my girl by the factory wall

Refrain: Dirty old town, Dirty old town

2. Clouds are sailin’ across the moon

Cats are prowling on their beat

Springs a girl in the streets at night

Refrain: Dirty old town, Dirty old town

3. I heard a siren from the dock

Saw a train set the night on fire

Smelt the spring on the smoky wind

Refrain: Dirty old town, Dirty old town

4. I’m gonna make a good sharp axe

Shining steel tempered in the fire

I’ll chop you down like an old dead tree

Refrain: Dirty old town, Dirty old town

**Knocker Up**

A pal of mine once said to me,

Will you knock me up at half-past three?"

And so promptly at half-past one,

I knocked him up and said, "O John,

I've just come round to tell ya

I've just come round to tell ya

I've just come round to tell ya

You've got two more hours to sleep!"

**Dalesman’s Litany**

1. It’s hard when a man can’t find his work in the place he was bred and born

When I was young I used to lie among the stoops and the corn

But I was forced to flee to the town and that’s my litany

From Hull and Halifax and hell oh Lord deliver me

2. I’ve been in Sheffield late at night it was just like being in hell

Furnaces thrust great tongues of fire just as the cold grey fell

I’ve worked dark coal down Barnsley pit as dark as ebony

From Sheffield, Barnsley, Rotherham o Lord deliver me

3. I’ve been where fogs crept o’er Leeds brig as thick as doss house soup

I’ve seen where folks is stowed away like chickens in a coop

I’ve seen snow float down Barnsley beck as black as ebony

From Hunslet, Allbeck, Whipsey Slack oh Lord deliver me

4. And now my life it is all done to the moors I will go back

There’s forty miles of Emsley moor ‘twixt me and the coal pit slack

And oft at night as I sit by the fire I’ll laugh and shout with glee

From Hull and Halifax and hell o Lord deliver me