The Collier’s Rant

As me and my marrow was gangin to wark, We met wi’ the Deel, it was i’ the dark;
I up wi’ my pick, it was i’ the neet, I knock’d off his horns, likewise his club feet.

Follow the horses, Johnny my lad-y!
Follow them through, my can-ny lad, O!
Follow the horses,

Johnny my lad-die! O lad, ly-e a-way, can-ny lad O!

As me and me marrow was gangin to wark,
We met with the Deel, it was i’ the dark;
I up wi’ my pick, it was i’ the neet,
I knock’d for his horns, likewise his club feet.
Chorus:
Follow the horses, Johnny my laddy!
Follow them through, my cannie lad, O!
Follow the horses, Johnny my laddy!
O lad lye away, canny lad, O!

As me and my marrow was putten the tram,
The lowe it went out, and my marrow gat wrang;
How ye wad ha’ laugh’d had ye seen the fine gam,
The deel got my marrow, but I gat the tram.

Oh! marrow, Oh! marrow, Oh! what dost thou think,
I’ve broken my bottle, and spilt all my drink;
I’ve lost all my shin splints amang the great stanes;
Draw me to the shaft, lad; it’s time to gan hame.

Oh! marrow, Oh! marrow, where has te been?
Drivin the shaft fra’ the law seam;
Driven the shaft fra’ the law seam;
Had up the lowe, lad; deel stop up thy een.

There is my horse, and there is my tram;
Twee horns full o’ grease, will mak her te gan;
There is my hoggars, likewise my half shoon,
And smash my pit sark, for my putten’s a’ done.