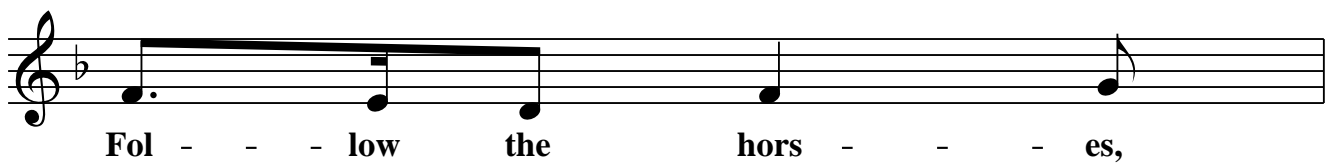
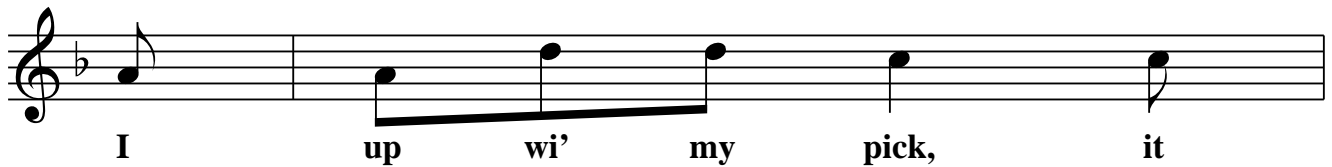
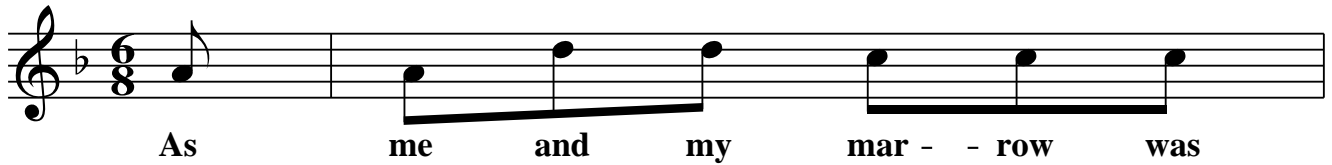


# The Collier's Rant



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.