

LAY VAR THA POOR COLLIERS

How cheervull it is ta zit roun tha vire
On a cwould winter's nite wen starms za dire
Is blowin an moanin zich a dismal zound,
An wen tha white snow lays thick on tha ground;
How cosy it be of a shiverin nite,
Wen woold fiather vrost da nip and da bite,
Wen brothers an sisters run wom vrum their toil,
An roun tha warm hearth ull cluster and coil;
Bit ah, wen roun tha girt vire we zit,
Do ess think ov tha colliers in tha girt pit.

How nice it be too, on a wet starmy nite,
Ta zit ael aroun tha coal vire za brite,
An rade a tha doins of ower fiathers a woold,
Wat vires they made ta keep out tha cwold;
How they cut down girt trees in vorest var fuel,
Zich monsters they wur, especially at yule,
An drag'd be stout yeomen inta tha girt hall,
Ta make a bright blaze at tha woold vestival;
In they ther vine days aroun thay did zit,
They know'd nought of tha coals down in tha girt pit.

Now in this ower day aroun we da zit
Be a coal blazin vire as comes vrim tha pit;
Bit zeldim we think a tha leabour an toil
Ta get thease girt boon down under tha zoil.
Tha Squire zits in his girt mansion za vine,
And by tha coal vire a drinks his woold wine,
An tha poor simple cotter da zit in his cot,
An drinks tha brown yale as valls to his lot;
Bit squire or cotter, wen be tha vire ya zit,
O think a tha colliers down in tha girt pit.

An zoo let us ael wen zit be tha vire,
Think of tha poor miner at his black work za dire,
Who is riskin his life down in tha dark pit,
That cheervully we roun tha vire med zit;
An wen tha tale coms a zarrer an woe,
As offen it do, we very well knaw;
Then let us ache one do ael in our pow'r,
Help widders an orphans in terrible hour;
Var offen wen roun tha bright vire we zit,
We rade of explosions down in tha girt pit.