

The Ironstone Miners Testimonial

I came to this mine to work for a time
A living to earn for my kin
I walked the whole length of this country for work
In these boots that I wore paper thin
They gave me a job just a couple of bob
For working me hands to the bone
But I'll never regret the toil and the sweat
When I worked in the red ironstone

My names William John and I rise in the dawn
To work with my pick in the mine
If there's a big job to do they know I'll work for two
To this labouring life I'm resigned
And I don't have a care the red dust in my hair
Or I'm weary when working days done
As long as I'm able put food on the table
From working the red ironstone

And me mates never slack aye they're watching me back
For there's many a lad perished here
At night, down the dale we drink some old ale
And sing songs that would give us all cheer
On Saturday, we're beatin' f t'Lord on the moor
As the gentry, a-shooting they've gone
On Sunday, its chapel we pray for our sins
But on Monday its back to the stone

Now the moors are deserted except for the sheep
And the clatter of industry's gone
Me mates in the alum the brickworks and pots
Have left long ago for the town
And you'd never guess the joy, pain and distress
Though the scars are all plain to be seen
On some Dale-side the sign of an old iron mine
Or the litter of bricks in a stream