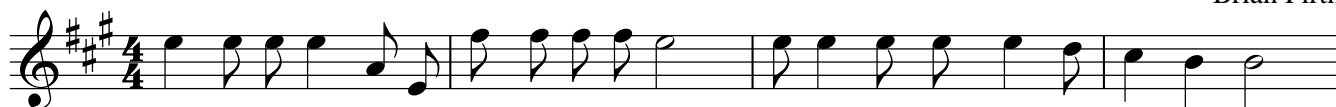


# Tobacco Song

TYG 103

Words and music by  
Brian Firth



Off to the pit with a whist-le and a grin, Five in the morn-ing, I ain't slept in,



This is me life, me on - ly thing, With me half ounce of bac-ca and me old snap tin.



Black twist, brown twist, pig - tail - 'll do, It's the thing for me, lad, if not for you,



Ain't no job in this blackhole I can't do, When Ah nick in me marth a nice big chew.

1. Off to the pit with a whistle and a grin,  
Five in the morning, I ain't slept in,  
This is me life, me only thing,  
With me half ounce of bacca and me old snap tin.

Chorus: Black twist, brown twist, pigtail'll do,  
It's the thing for me, lad, if not for you,  
Ain't no job in this black hole I can't do,  
When Ah nick in me marth a nice big chew.



2. Step off the cage with me new trainee,  
 “Wanna learn the ropes, lad, stick wi’ me,  
 To be a filler ont’ face, like me you’ve gorra do,  
 But first you’ve gorra cut off a nice big chew.”

Chorus

3. “Nivver ’ed none before, Jim,” says he.  
 “With it what to do tha’ll ’ev to show me.”  
 “Steady, lad, don’t worry. Here’s what you do,  
 First you spit one out and then swallow two.”

Chorus

4. “Spit one, swallow two makes me stomach queer,  
 Think I’m gonna be bad like I do wi’ too much beer,  
 Me ’ead starts spinning, Jim, on thee Ah’ll ’ev to lean.”  
 “Chew it that way, me lad, tha’ll allus end up green!”

Chorus

5. After ’alf an hour the lad’s alreight;  
 It’s on to the face from out of the gate,  
 Soon I’ve shown all tricks a collier will do,  
 Then with a smile he’s asking for a chew.

**NB:** verse 4 is sung to a combination of the tune of the verse and the chorus