

# The Apprentice Diallers

Terry Armitage

TYG 97

Got me dud - ley and me snap tin, got me cap lamp and me dial, I've  
left me tal - ly on the bat - t'ry rack. There's Ken - ny, me and Mal - colm stood at  
up - cast num - ber three, — It'll — be nigh on six hours — 'fore we're back. —  
We are ap - pren - tice dial - lers, keep yer gates and fac - es true, In  
Mel - ton - field and Park - gate East and West. When the tre - pan - shear - er's turn - ing and the  
coal it is a - churn - ing, We all know York - shire coal it is the best. —

1. Got me dudley and me snap tin, got me cap lamp and me dial,  
I've left me tally on the batt'ry rack.  
There's Kenny, me and Malcolm stood at upcast no.3,  
It'll be nigh on six hours 'fore we're back.

CHORUS: For we are apprentice diallers, keep yer gates and faces true,  
In Meltonfield and Parkgate East and West.  
When the trepan-shearer's turning and the coal it is a churning,  
We all know Yorkshire coal it is the best.



2. I'm sitting on the paddy and the driver's spanned the wires,  
 The engine's started and the rope's away.  
 We're heading for 323's our traverse for to do,  
 400 yards of face to thurl today.

CHORUS

3. I'm spragged across the scraper, crouched in 3 foot 6 of seam;  
 There's noise and dust and bedlam all around,  
 With me back against a Dobson and me eye up to the lens,  
 Six-hundred-and-fifty yards underground.

CHORUS

4. Now you Durham men come down here with yer tales of skinny seams,  
 Hand digging on yer belly for yer pay.  
 When you tek yer shovel on to t' face and it is upside down  
 You must go off to turn the bugger round right way.

CHORUS

5. Well there's Yorkshire Main and Brodsworth, Hickleton and Markham Main,  
 There's Highgate, Goldthorpe and there's Rossington;  
 And each pit's turning twenty-thousand tons of coal a week;  
 It'll be a hundred years before we're done.

CHORUS

8. Well it's twenty years hereafter and the winding gear's all gone,  
 And Kenny, me and Malcolm's on the dole;  
 For the grocer's daughter's government that plays with people's lives  
 Are pretending there's no market for our coal.

7. And some day in the future when yer need the coal again,  
 And the colliers trained to win it are all gone,  
 You'll curse the bloody Tories and their lying cheating stories,  
 And you'll feel the nuclear poison creeping on.

FINAL CHORUS:

For we were apprentice diallers, kept yer gates and faces true,  
 In Meltonfield and Parkgate East and West.  
 Now the trepan-shearer's dying and the good coal it is lying,  
 For we all know Yorkshire coal it was the best.