

**THE GRANGE MOOR SONG**

(Spring Tide Rising 2010)

Oh now we've lived here, for seven long year  
And we have grown wonderful poor  
But I do intend, my status to mend  
Brave boys and we'll build a house on the Grange Moor

Now the farmer he keeps fat oxen and sheep  
A great goose and a fat hen  
A pig and a duck and a wife who can cook  
Brave boys and that's meat for gentlemen

When it's late in the night and the moon it shines bright  
I must make up for what I most lack  
On his ground I will creep for to steal a fat sheep  
Brave boys and I'll carry him home on my back

Why then we shall eat of good broth and meat  
And the young ones shall suck on the bones  
And when the constable comes, we'll stand by our guns  
Brave boys, and we'll swear all we've got is our own

From Arthur Laycock of Wentworth, Rotherham