

Farewell to the Rhonda

Well me father was a miner and his father was before,
and they always had been proud to work below.
But since they fell 'neath Robin's axe
all the lads - have got the sacks
and away to work in England we must go.

**Farewell the collery worker, the muffler and the cap.
Farewell you Rhonda valley girls we never will come back.**

**The mines they are a'closing and the valleys are all doomed.
There's no work in the Rhonda boys, they'll be in London soon.**

No more the chapel singing, for that long ago has left us
in the public house, no more the miners song.
For the population's dropping as the pit-wheels are a stopping
and I can't afford to stay here very long.

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Treherbert and Triorki, Donni Pandi and Tennywit,
Island Rhonda, Tom Pentrae all adieu,
for I can't no longer wait, while the parliament debates,
so a fond farewell I'll bid to all of you.

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