

***Christmas In The Mining District  
(Bergslagsjul)***

*This is a Christmas hymn from Sweden and can be found – in Swedish - on the CD Vintervisor, Westpark Music, MMCD 016, by the folk band Triakel (pronounced 'treacle') – soft sweet liquorice. The band's concerts are helped along by specially brewed real ale!*

The flakes dance in silence between the steep hills  
Of the mine country, buried in snow.  
For once the blast furnace is cool and quite still  
And the charcoal stack's heart doesn't glow.

For the first chimes of Christmas are now being rung  
On bells forged of local ore  
And a seasonal hymn of remembrance is sung  
As it has been each Christmas before.

With fists hard as Bessemer steel these strong men  
Hold the hymn-book's pages down  
And in broad, lilting dialect they sing once again  
Of the miracle in Bethlehem town.

From their tunnels and galleries the miners have come,  
Their toils and their tools put away,  
To breathe the clear air of the hills and the woods  
On this bright, blessed, Christmas Day.