

## Fiddler's Green

### "London"

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I wander through each chartered street,  
Near where the chartered Thames does flow,  
And mark in every face I meet  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man  
In every Infant's cry of fear  
In every voice, in every ban  
The mind-forged manacles I hear

London calling, big city of fear  
London calling, can't you hear?

How the Cimney-sweeper's cry  
Every blackening Church apalls;  
And the hapless Soldier's sigh  
Runs in blood down palace walls

But most through midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful harlot's curse  
Blasts the new born infant's tear,  
And blights with plagues the marriage hearse

London calling, big city of fear  
London calling, can't you hear?

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