

Chumbawamba "Colliers March"

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The summer was over the season unkind
In harvest a snow, how uncommon to find
The times were oppressive and well it be known
That hunger will stronger [?] fences break down
'Twas then from theirselves the black gentry stepped
out
With bludgeons determined to stir up a rout
The prince of the party who revelled from home
Was a terrible fellow and called Irish Thom
He brandished his bludgeon with dexterous skill
And close to his elbow was placed Bonny (?) Will
Their instantly followed a numerous train
As cheerful as bold Robin Hood's merry men
Sworn to remedy a capital fault
And bring down the exorbitant price of the malt
From Dudley to Walso (?) they trippet (?) along
And Hampton was truly alarmed at the throng
Women and children wherever they go
Shouting out 'Oh the brave Dudley boys! Oh!'
With nailers and spinners the cavalcade joined
The markets to lower their flattering design
Six days out of seven poor nailing boys get
Little else at their meals but potatos to eat
For bread hard they labor, good things never carve
And swore 'twere as well to be hanged as to starve
Such other feelings in every land
Nothing necessities coal can withstand
And riots are certain to sadden the year
When six penny loaves are three pound as up here

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