

The Working Man

Words and Music: Nigel Harbron

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of seven staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols (F, C, Bb) are placed above the staff lines. The lyrics are: "Why does the wor-king man suf-fer, what-e-ver the trade that he plies? There's no fair-ness for him, what-e-ver he does, just a short life of mi-se-ry and lies. Let's think of the man in the coun-try who spends all his time on the land, The gen-try dic-tate to him all of the time and a-gainst them he daren't take a stand. Let's think of the man in the quar-ry where fal-ling rocks rain from the sky, If he's bur-ried be-neath a foun-tain of stones, they'll just say 'Twas a quick way to die.'"

*Ch: Why does the working man suffer, whatever the trade that he plies?
There's no fairness for him whatever he does, just a short life of misery and lies.*

Let's think of the man in the country who spends all his time on the land,
The gentry dictate to him all of the time and against them he daren't take a stand.

Let's think of the man in the quarry where falling rocks rain from the sky,
If he's buried beneath a fountain of stones, they'll just say 'Twas a quick way to die'.

Let's think of the man in the army who fights on behalf of the king.
If he gives up his life for his country so dear, it's regarded as just a small thing.

Let's think of the man on the ocean at the mercy of wind and of tide,
Should he fall overboard in the teeth of a gale, will anyone care that he died?

Let's think of the man in the lead mine whose body wastes day upon day,
When he goes to his grave he can't even say that he's ere had a decent day's pay.
Let's think of the man down the coal mine whose face is as black as a crow,
If he wanted a healthier living to make, where else is there for him to go?

Let's think of the man in the cloth mill who finds that he can't hear a word,
He watches as others around him converse and he can't hear the song of a bird.

Let's think of the man in the shipyard who works far above the cold earth.
Should he die at his job, then his family will find what little his life has been worth.



Cornish Tin Miners

These men are clearly enjoying their pasties - a little time before VAT was imposed on them!