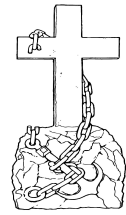


Music: KS2

Industrial Folk Songs

The Nailmaker's Strike



You nailmakers all remember well,
The last strike of which this tale I do tell,
How cold and hungry we that heavy day,
To Bromsgrove Town did take our toilsome way,
And those nail forgers, miserable souls,
Will not forget the givers of the coals,
Nailmasters are hard-hearted viles,
And the way we took it was thirteen long miles.

The slaves abroad in the sugar canes,
Find plenty to help and to pity their pains,
But the slaves at home in the mine and the fire,
Find plenty to pity but none to admire,
I wish I could see all nail dealers,
Draw such a load as we did poor nailers,
And feel such punishment and such smarts,
That it may soften their hard stoney hearts.

So as the nailers do suffer such smarts,
We hope it will soften old Pharoah's heart,
And let every nailer tell to his son,
The labours that we for our rights have done.