The Ballad of Norman Brown

A poem by Dorothy Hewett from the Australian Communist Party newspaper The Tribune (1957). It was set to music by Phyl Lobl.

Capo 2

| Am | Dm | Am |
| Bm | Em | Bm |

There was a ver-y simp-le man, Hon-est and qui _ et, yet he be-came

| Am | E7 | | Am | E7 | Am |
| Em | F♯7 | | Bm | F♯7 | Bm |

The mate of ev'-ry work _ ing _ man, And _ ev'-ry min-er knows his _ name.

Chorus:
Oh Norman Brown, oh Norman Brown
The murderin' coppers they shot him down,
They shot him down in Rothbury town,
A working man called Norman Brown.

"An honest man," the parson said,
And dropped the clods upon his head,
But honest man or not, he's dead
And that's the end of Norman Brown.

Coal bosses wiped their hands and sighed,
"It is a pity that he died."
It will inflame the countryside,
And all because of Norman Brown.

At pit–top meetings and on strike
In every little mining town,
When miners march for bread and rights
There marches honest Norman Brown.

He thunders at the pit–top strike,
His voice is in the women's tears,
With banner carried shoulder–high
He's singing down the struggling years.

A miner's pick is in his hand,
His song is shouted through the and,
A land that's free and broad and brown,
The land that bred us Norman Brown.

Last chorus:
Oh Norman Brown, oh Norman Brown,
The murderin' coppers they shot him down.
They shot him down in Rothbury town,
To live forever ... Norman Brown.