

The Coal Owners' Song

Words by J D Richmond, Surrey printed in the Miners' Advocate & Northumberland Recorder(1875)
Set to an original tune by Dave Johnson 2018

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The lyrics are: "Hur - - rah! let us laugh and the ru - by wine quaff, while we". The second staff continues the lyrics: "join in our fav - our - ite toast 'With plen - ty of gold and our". The third staff concludes the lyrics: "sway un - con - trolled, coal own - ers are real - ly the most." Above the staves, guitar chords are indicated: C, Dm, G7, C, C, G7, Am, C, Dm, G7, C.

As the nation we gull, with our own coffers full,
Who shall dare to dispute our dominion?
'Mid enjoyment and ease we shall act as we please,
And with scorn treat all public opinion.

There are Lords in our band we can grasp by the hand,
For we're closely united by Mammon;
Plenty Commoners too in the House to subdue
Every motion that's hostile with "gammon."

In the Coal Committees we have trusty MPs
Who the doubters beside them will cram
With their wonderful lies of demand and supplies
O! the whole is a beautiful sham.

The miners may strike, or may play if they like,
Till we add a few pence to each "score;"
It is well understood it is all for our good
We can then squeeze consumers the more.

Let the paupers endure--they were born to be poor,
Shall we make a reduction to please them?
Away with such stuff! If they can't get enough,
Why, then, let the cold weather freeze them.

If there's dullness of trade--well, our fortunes are made,
And we don't care a rush who goes under,
When we feel the desire, we can always retire
To estates which we've got with our plunder.

We are all moral men--we repeat that again--
For we're always at church on a Sunday,
Impressed with the notion that outward devotion
Will cloak all our misdeeds in just one day.

In our well-cushioned pews we can placidly muse,
And confess that we're miserable sinners;
Then, the short service o'er, we drive home as before,
To bless heaven for luxurious dinners.