

Noah's Chainmakers of Netherton

It wor wae wot sunk the Titanic

Wae mayd sure the true links was bent

Nah , it was a bloke from up North naemed Smith

An ee was from Stoke on Trent.

Wa'yn got up airly

An we bate the metal all day

George Roper got is 'and smashed in

But the bosses jest docked half days pay.

Jimmy Jones was a gamberling mon

An at snap time eed play three card brag

If another blokes cards swoiped is game out

Yould soon see is faerce sag.

Maen come up from Owd Hill an Stourbridge

An the Lost City too

They sweated and waerked and they grafted

Roight till the knock off whistle blew.

From th'owd Swan Inn our beer carrying bloke
was Jimmy Dunn by name
But if any ale got spilt some mongrel blokes
Would give poor Jim the blame.

From Netherton, Bilston and Tippun
as well
Wae could cast yo ironmongery
or a cathederal bell.

Michael John Curran

MR Michael Potboiler Poetry

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