Birmingham Lads

Birmingham Lads
(John Freeth, Charles Dibden)

This day for our new navigation
We banish all cares and vexation;
The sight of the barges each honest heart glads
And the merriest of mortals are Birmingham lads.
    Birmingham lads, jovial blades,
    And the merriest of mortals are Birminhgam lads.

With pride every heart must be glowing
Stamps, presses and lathes shall be going;
The lads to the wharf with their lasses repair
And smile at the streamers that play in the air
    Play in the air, free and fair,
    And smile at the streamers that play in the air.

Let Stratford sons boast out of all measure
The fruits of their mulberry treasure;
Such treasure for once may cause Jubilee joys
But riches spring daily from Birmingham toys
    Birmingham toys, all men praise,
    But riches sp*ing daily from Birmingham toys

The Thames, Severn, Trent and the Avon,
Our countrymen frequently rave on;
But none of their neighbours are happier than they
Who peacably dwell on the banks of the Rea,
    Banks of the Rea, ever gay,
    Who peacably dwell on the banks of the Rea.

Not Europe can match us for traffic,
America, Asia and Afric;
Of what we invent each partakes of a share,
For the best of wrought metals is Birmingham ware
Birmingham ware , none so rare
For the best of wrought metals is Bilmingham ware.

Since by the canal navigation,
Of coals we've the best in the nation;
Around the gay circle your bumpers then put,
For the cut of all cuts is a Birmingham cut,
    Birmingham cut, fairly wrought,

For the cut of all cuts is a Birmingham cut.

From Victoria's Inferno, Raven
Note: Tune written as "Warwickshire Lads. Verse written in 1780
to mark the openiong of the Birmingham Canal in 1769 RG

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