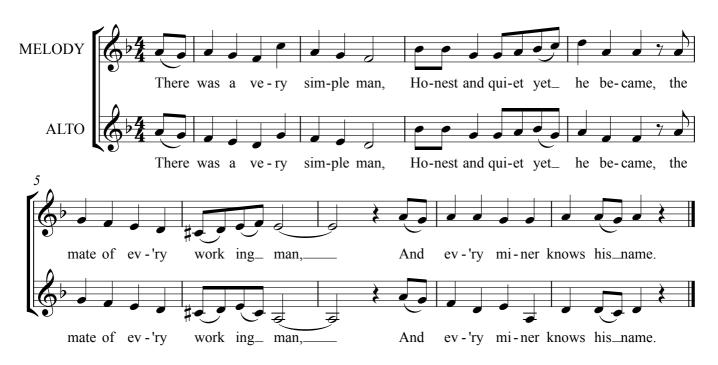
Norman Brown

Dorothy Hewett



2 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.

(Women)

3 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.

(Men)

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

(All)

5 At pit top meetings and on strike, In every little mining town, Where miners march for bread or right, There marches honest Norman Brown.

(All)

6 He thunders at the pit top strike (W) His voice is in the women's tears,(M) With banner carried shoulder high (All)*loud* He's singing down the struggling years.

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

8 *soft* Oh Norman Brown, oh Norman Brown, The murderin' coppers they shot him down, *louder* They shot him down in Rothbury town, *LOUD* To live forever Norman Brown.