


Norman Brown


Dorothy Hewett

MELODY




There was a ve-ry sim-ple man, Ho-nest and qui-et yet_ he be-came, the

ALTO




There was a ve-ry sim-ple man, Ho-nest and qui-et yet_ he be-came, the

5



mate of ev-'ry work ing_ man,_____ And ev-'ry mi-ner knows his_name.



mate of ev-'ry work ing_ man,_____ And ev-'ry mi-ner knows his_name.

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.