

1911

# MID-RHONDDA STRIKE.

—\*—

## A SONG.

*One Penny each, or what you are pleased to give.*

### Proceeds to Relieve the Distress amongst the Mid-Rhondda Miners.

Brothers in toil, in kinship dear,  
We ask your kind attention,  
While in our simple, honest song  
Our woes we briefly mention.  
Come down with us awhile to see  
The depth of our disasters,  
And wounds got from the iron hand  
Of iron-hearted masters.

Bare are our cupboards, bare our homes,  
Our hunger's oft appalling!  
Our wives are pale, our children dear  
For bread are loudly calling!  
This weary wandering is no joy,  
With winter wild prevailing;  
But where's the heart can bear the cry  
Of hungry children wailing?

Distress and woe reign where we dwell,  
With all our foes combining  
To make black night, in which we see  
No star of hope yet shining.  
Work got elsewhere is quickly lost,  
Through trickery unexpected;  
The door of every mine is locked,  
And we at once rejected.

We colliers oft are called black slaves,  
Bound down with chain and fetter;  
And truth to tell, the lot of most  
Is very little better.  
Crumbs thrown to dogs are all we get,  
What wonder we are sad men,  
When graceless under-gaffers drive  
And bully us like madmen!

Have pity! Oh, have pity! ye  
In fortune's sunshine basking;  
Be not to piteous pleadings cold;  
'Tis help to live we're asking!  
The poor are used to help the poor,  
When struggling for a living;  
So ye, be sure if getting's blest,  
'Tis far less blest than giving.

Translated by AP ARWYSTL.

(CHUGHES, H.W.)

W.  
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