

# The poetry of brass bands

Over the years several brass bands have been immortalised in poetry. From those lauding their heroes to the ones which are critical or even insulting. From the earliest days poets have found something in the music of the bands and the people who play in them to inspire their muse. I think it is fair to say that most of the writers would not have made a career out of their works - some are certainly more William McGonagall than William Wordsworth – but nonetheless they are priceless views of the bands and bandsmen. Some examples of odes to the bands of the past are provided here for your enjoyment.

*Gavin Holman – 28 September 2017 (National Poetry Day)*

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## **Rishworth and Ryburn Valley Brass Band**

An example of praise celebrating their contest win in 1906

*Winning the "Daily Graphic" Challenge Cup and other Prizes, at the Crystal Palace, Saturday, Sept. 29th, 1906*

Up to the great, big Hall of glass,  
That stands o'er the hills of Kent;  
Beyond the roar of the city  
Well, the Ryburn bandsmen went.

They left their homes in the village,  
Two hundred miles of a ride,  
To try for a cup, worth winning,  
With a touch of fame beside.

They play'd, and they play'd superbly,  
They play'd, and they play'd their best,  
To try to carry the trophy  
From the hands of all the rest.

At night, they wired the village,  
"Tell, the Ryburn Band has won,"  
And the lads they all felt bigger,  
And the men all said "well done."

Returning, a stranger met them,  
His voice, just over the din,  
"These are not men, but lads!" said he,  
But they're men enough to win.

*Sam Mellor, Ripponden*

## Camelon Brass Band

In the Falkirk Mail of 16th November 1907 a poem appeared entitled “*Auld Camelon Band*“, of which the first verse is:

*There's Auld Camelon Band they're aye tae the fore;  
They started wi' flutes in the year '34,  
If you had only heard them their music you'd adore,  
For always their number was less than a score,  
Their auld flutes ha'e been turned into brass  
Three cheers tae the friends that gave them the cash,  
For we've all joined together to gi'e them a hand,  
and try and make good members tae the auld Camelon Band*

## Slaidburn Band

The band's tour of the outlying farms and hamlets above the village around Christmas 1903 is documented in the poem “*Success To The Slaidburn Band*“, by Ellen Cowking. It tells in 34 verses which places were visited and the names of the residents.

## Freckleton Band

Kate Hall lived in Freckleton at the turn of the 20th century and wrote poems on a wide range of topics. After her death, a book of her poems was unearthed which included several about the Freckleton Brass Band. The first few verses of her poem “*The Cup Winners*” is shown here. For the rest of the poem, and others about the band, see: Kate Hall's Freckleton Band poetry at <https://freckletonband.co.uk/the-early-twentieth-century-poems-of-kate-hall/>

Here's Good Luck to Freckleton Band  
Who won the cup again;  
And took some extra prizes  
All honour to their name.

For they well assume their laurels  
And the prizes they have won;  
What other band in the Fylde can boast  
Of the great things they have done.

What though some other band may sneer  
And jealously snide;  
They must not fear, for still they stand  
The Champions of the Fylde.

They win by their own efforts  
No subterfuge have they  
No violating contest rules  
But good straightforward play.

## **Rothwell Temperance Band**

Under the heading '*The Temperance Band*' in the Rothwell Times of May 5<sup>th</sup>, 1882, a poem of nine verses was printed, of which the following are two examples:

*Last Christmas as you all well know,  
We had the one Brass Band,  
Now you see we have got two,  
And one 'tis said won't stand*

*They say that water cannot  
Blow a note so clear  
But that is false!  
I know a man  
That's proved it many a year*

### **Those Cornets!** - (*Dedicated to Barrow upon Humber Brass Band - 1897*)

The basses, soft and mellow, never shrill,  
With proper modulations, swell and fall,  
And seldom ape the creaking of a mill,  
Or the Tommy-cat's nocturnal caterwaul.

But the cornet player blows  
A very different sort of tone -  
Discord every bit his own -  
Could you listen and restrain  
Language warm, or feel no pain,  
Well - you're constitution's made of sterner stuff than I suppose.

Those cornets, O those cornets, how they scream  
As seagulls on the startled air of night;  
I hear them now, I hear them when I dream,  
And I wish they were in Hull out of my sight,

O cruel cornet-blower,  
Blow sweeter, gentler, lower,  
Or away with your false harmony;  
'Tis like that "made in Jarmany"  
I'd heard so oft before.  
If you really can't play better,  
And I must die thus, I'll get a  
German band to kill me, though it cost a copper more.

## **HARROGATE BAND SONG - (Cumberland Clark - 1926)**

Did you ever hear the Harrogate Band?  
Although it's so awful they think it grand,  
You can hear it as the day is dawning,  
When you take your waters in the morning.

There once was a man, I understand,  
Who said that he liked the Harrogate Band;  
I thought him the strangest man on earth,  
'Till I found out that he'd been deaf from birth.

The instruments all creak and wheeze,  
They wander off into various keys,  
It may suit some, but it's not my taste,  
For it gives me pains below the waist.

Did you ever hear that awful Band?  
There's nothing like it in all the land,  
Its' strains of music are so sad,  
It makes all good people feel quite bad.

Did you ever hear that curious band?  
The Band and the Cure go hand in hand,  
As the music is not at all too pure,  
No wonder the visitors need a cure.

They played last night for a good half-hour,  
'Till I turned pale, and the milk turned sour,  
The lights burned dim and the air went blue,  
Then the gas went out, and the cat went too.

And when they're marching through the town,  
The noise that they make really wears you down,  
The dogs join in, with all just cause,  
And citizens wane behind locked doors.

To stand that Band you need great nerve,  
If the members got what they deserve,  
They'd be taken out to a quiet spot,  
Where the visitors could shoot the lot.

*This was set to music by Donald Avison, and recorded by the Harrogate Band on their CD "Made in Harrogate", with soprano vocalist Laura Jackson, as part of the "Harrogate Songbook"*

## CARNWATH BRASS BAND

Carnwarth Brass Band, Carnwath Brass Band  
I never saw a band like Carnwath Brass Band;  
Frae Orkney to Gretna, seek thro' all the land,  
Au' ye'll no fin' a band like Carnwath Brass Band.

Carnwath Brass Band, a' are strapping young men,  
Some are six feet six, some are five feet ten;  
Little Johnnie is the crate, and Jamie wants a band,  
Yet, ye'll never fin' a band like Carnwath Brass Band;

When our band gaed to Biggar, a' the lasses were surprised  
To see a band o' men o' such wondrous size  
In uniform so fine, and in stature so grand,  
O, they never saw a Band like Carnwath Brass Band!

Their music loud and strong, re-echoed to the skies,  
The very hares and foxes were filled wi' surprise;  
Some little hills might dance, but auld Tintoc made a stand,  
Astonished with the strains o' Carnwath Brass Band!

At Biggar and Carluke, they behaved unco weel,  
Did their duty and cam' hame, without servin' the diel,  
And when they were at Linton, astonished a' the land,  
Wi the nimble footed powers o' Carnwath Brass Band.

But O! the last St John's day, they got an unco fa',  
Altho' it was winter, it was neither frost nor snaw,  
Yet they got their sells so drunk, that some could scarcely stand,  
And wasna that a shame to Carnwath Brass Band.

The laddie wi' the red cap, that thumps the muckle drum,  
Was so very fat, he could hardly gar't play dum;  
And Johnnie roared the 'Ewie' when be wasna fit to stand,  
And wasna that a shame to Carnwath Brass Band.

Our Jock's, seen often ill, but never was seen worse,  
Be was so doiled and swabble that he couldna clean his horse;  
But lay as he'd been shot at Sebastopol so grand,  
And wasna that a shame to Carnwath Brass Band.

Lazy, lien, genty Tim, got himself so clatty fou;  
He was carried third the way, like a newly stickey cow,  
In the smiddy lay in state, like a Satan's firebrand,  
And wasna that a shame to Carnwath Brass Band

Young men o' the band, tak ye my advice,  
Beware o' whisky drinkin' if ye wad be wise;  
Carry on as ye've begun, and a bairn may understand  
Ye'll no very lang be Carnwath Brass Band

## DUNNIKIER BRASS BAND - 1909

Hurrah! Hurrah! It's come at last,  
I really do declare;  
Ye'll see them marching doon the street,  
Playing the Scottish airs.  
The auld folk prance, the young ane's dance,  
And at each ither speer-  
Oh, tell me where the band comes frae?  
We'll, it comes frae Dunnikier - Aye.

It's the Dunnikier Brass Band,  
It's the Dunnikier Brass Band,  
As they go marching doon the street,  
They're sae tidy, trim, and neat – and  
That's the Dunnikier Brass Band

Come on noo boys, jist rally roond,  
And aye support, yer baund;  
It'll no' be very long before  
It's heard on contest staund.  
You've got the best men roond about,  
Of that there is nae doot.  
And when your baund begins to play  
You'll hear the people shout – that

It's the Dunnikier Brass Band,  
It's the Dunnikier Brass Band,  
When you hear the public say  
That's the best we heard today,  
You'll feel proud o' the Dunnikier Brass Band

Enthusiastic men you've got  
Tae take ye by the haund;  
Stand by them - they'll staund by you  
And then you'll understaund;  
That when ye “pool” thegither, weel,  
The battle is half won.  
And when ye lift the prizes – then  
The public say "Well done!"

That's the Dunnikier Brass Band,  
That's the Dunnikier Brass Band,  
When you hear the the miners cry -  
“Good for Reid and C Mackay!”  
They've revived the Dunnikier Brass Band

## **The Contest - A Tribute To Thornley Band**

They sit around in horse-shoe style  
Instruments ready all the while  
They watch the man in uniformed hat  
With baton raised, no silly chat.  
The work's all done, rehearsal gone,  
It's now that they have practised for.  
The bandmaster keenly scans the score,  
Down comes the baton they've been waiting for.  
They play their hearts out  
Because they know the other bands are formidable foes.  
"Beethoven's works" - the test piece played,  
Opening butterflies soon allayed.  
Unison, then a great solo  
A cadenza, to make the performance grow.  
Loud applause at the end  
Greets them wildly like 'Amen'  
Of course, they won  
With points in hand  
No others could touch the Thornley  
Our silver prize band!

## **The Blanchardstown Sound - by Tommy Bracken, 1971**

They blow and they pound  
The Blanchardstown sound  
The beat is something grand,  
And for many a year  
There's always been a cheer  
For the sound of the Blanchardstown Band

The Merseyside beat  
Would bow in defeat  
Joe Loss would be struck to the ground  
The Garda Band at the races  
Would have awe struck their faces  
If they heard the Blanchardstown sound

The bands of the Army  
Would in envy turn "barmy"  
Or even retreat underground,  
No need in denying  
And no use in trying  
To compare with the Blanchardstown sound

All of the bands  
O'er the world ever played  
There's still yet one to be found,  
Like our village brass band  
The pride of our land  
Long live the Blanchardstown sound

## The Brass Band Contest or Blind Jackson for Ever

O come all ye fine Norfolk Dumplings and Joeys who live in this city,  
And I'll try just to tickle your fancy by reciting my sorrowful ditty.  
On Monday the place was alive, and folks to the Market did stray.  
And what did they go there to see, that wonderful thing a fine day.  
High and low, great and small were assembled, and round at each other did stare,  
To see the sun shining so bright, and wonder'd howe'er it got there.  
Fine weather this summer is scarce and rain comes almost every day.  
So when there's a chance of sunshire, they on with their duds and away.

“To-wit to-wo” says the Owl, I'll scheme a fine sight, yet be thrifty;  
For by laying out forty-five pounds, I can manage to double my fifty.  
So a contest of brass was soon plan'd to take place on the new Cricket ground,  
And the Norwichers glad of a change, rushed off at the very first sound.  
The schoolmaster shut up his school and sent all his boys out to play,  
But he took care to have them all come, till he pocketed all the week's pay.  
Tom French Horn has given up his shaving and intends just to live at his case,  
Because when his shop was kept open he couldn't go to such jolly sprees.

There's Dogdard who says he's a printer, who is not to be done by a trifle,  
March'd up to the ground in his plumes, but he had not to borrow a rifle.  
There was a Cockey, who wears a moustache to make him look fierce like a man,  
Was seen smoking his pipe on the ground and eying an half-gallon can.  
In the Market the bands met together, the Ipswich in light grey and red,  
The blue Cambridge chaps were all stunners; the Railway band with their head  
The Peterboroughs were no duffers. The Norwich band with their grey sacks on,  
They all of them played very well, but they had no chance with Blind Jackson.

His chaps blew so well, I heard say they did not lose a puff of their wind,  
And for fear that the wind should fize out, they were well stuffed with cotton behind.  
Well the cup and the cornet they won, and everyone thought it quite fair,  
'Xept the band which had got a thick head, and, oh! lor, how those railway chaps  
swear.  
They made sure o' winning, you see, of self-conceit they have a full share,  
If they could not afford to lose, what business had they to come here.  
They said the judges were partial, I am sure I don't know if they were;  
But if they'd asked Jenny Marshall, she'd suited em all to a hair.

Well the day was a fine treat be sure, with such squeezing and treading on corns,  
While the girls were all highly delighted to see how they handled their horns.  
George Coe made a smell and smoke with fireworks just after dark,  
And this was the point of the joke, that each maiden might pick up a spark,  
And go billing and cooing along, and what else I'm too modest to say,  
But make yourself scarce Master James, or you'll soon have the Beadle to pay.  
There's gentleman Awl he says nothing, the Alderman's forced to fight shy,  
But Rifleman Awl, with his ramrod was seen aiming at a Bull's eye.

Then success to the old Owlets' nest, where the shiners are laid up in store,  
May he ne'er turn his noughts into nines, then the money will faster in pour!  
Then success to each kind-hearted maiden, may none of them turn out forlorn,  
Who taught our brave Rifleman how they can blow the short notes on their horn!  
Success to each musical hero, who musical honour still seeks,



May he ne'er prove the truth of the poet, and "Blow wind and so crack his cheeks"!  
Then success to friend Jackson, tho' blind, that misfortune we all of us pity,  
May he long keep thus sound in this wind, for the honour of old Norwich city.

### **The Brass Band Contest - the Norwicher's Grand Spree - 20th August 1860**

You may say what you like, but I think you must own,  
Of all the grand sprees there ever was known,  
There never was one it must be confest,  
That ever exceeded the Brass Band Contest.

Why the thoughts on't alone turned the Norwichers mad,  
Though many a wild goose chase they have had;  
By hundreds they thronged, at home they couldn't rest,  
Their heads were so full of the Brass Band Contest.

For most of them expected as they very well might,  
They should certainly have seen a most splendid sight,  
For Bills were put out and by them express't,  
The grand doings there'd be at this famous Contest.

The Bands were invited from all parts of the nation,  
To come down to Norwich on this grand occasion,  
On purpose to try each other for to best,  
For a Fifteen Pound Prize at the Brass Band Contest.

And the Twentieth of August, it being the day,  
That these Sons of Apollo their skill should display;  
On the New Cricket Ground like talented boys,  
And try who was able to make the most noise.

One o'clock being the time that the Band were to meet,  
From every hole and corner, lane, alley and street,  
Away ran the Norwichers just as though they were crazy,  
Both the old and the young, the lame and the lazy.

And not only Norwichers, but also their country cousins,  
That the cheap trains had brought to the City by dozens,  
Till the Market place was so crowded with women and men  
But a more disappointed party there never was seen.

Why some of them got into a terrible passion,  
They thought to have seen a most splendid procession,  
But instead of the Bands starting off all together,  
Some of them went one way and some went another.

When they got to the ground a rare fist on't they made,  
Some blew till their eyes were fit to start from their head;  
Some blew their lips down till they couldn't make a sound,  
Their minds were so fix't on the sweet fifteen pound.

And one Cornet blower amongst the poor wretches,  
Blew so hard that he actually dirtied his breeches;  
So anxious was he the Silver Cornet to gain,  
But he found to his cost all his blowing was in vain.

For 'twas very well known before the Contest begun,  
Billy Jaxon was the chap that was fix't upon;  
The Silver Cornet to win, his lungs being the strongest,  
He was able to blow both the loudest and strongest.

As for the Norwich Cornet Blowers, each conceited fellow,  
Found young Billy Jaxon can beat them quite hollow;  
They may bounce and may swagger, and blow all they like,  
They've no more chance with Jaxon than poor old Bob Dike.

But the worst job of all I really do think,  
Is the extortionate charge that was made for the drink;  
For when in the Booth for truth I am told,  
At a shilling a bottle Mild Porter was sold.

And after the Contest came the grand Rural Sport,  
Such as Bow and Arrow shooting, and things of that sort;  
Hurdle jumping, Rope Dancing, which must be confess'd,  
Was the best part of the Spree at this Brass Band Contest.

And to finish the Sports and wind up the day,  
Of Fireworks there was a most Brilliant Display;  
Get up by George Coe, in both Red, Blue and Green,  
Such Fireworks before there never was seen.

When the sports were all ended and ten o'clock come,  
They thought it was time to return to their home,  
And retire into bed, but they could take no rest,  
They were dreaming all night of the Brass Band Contest.

### **The Riggs of a Band Contest - at the Vickey Gardens, Great Yarmouth** 21st August 1861

*(some words are missing from the original)*

At the Vickey Gardens a short time ago,  
A Band Contest took place of which you all know,  
And great numbers of people thither did stray,  
To hear the sweet music that each Band did play.

The grounds were well filled with Apollo's selection,  
And eagerly waiting in every direction,  
The battle of musical talent to hear,  
Which after turned out decidedly queer.

Bill Ullay was first on the stage with his Band,  
Which certainly made a .....  
.....the beer was on board,  
And the spectators said that he was sure to be floored.

Then came the Sawston of Cambridgeshire fame,  
Who dashed to contest like true Briton's game,  
But were doomed by the judges to take the last place,  
Although they deserved to be fourth in the race.

Next came the Militia Artillery to test,  
Who played very well and no doubt did it their best,  
We were told e'en we came they could lick the Life Guards,  
That no other Band dare to approach them by yards.

There was Kegnick a dancing about like a showman,  
And for a man in his place it looked very uncommon,  
But like all other Germans he's full of trickery,  
And being placed third made him look very shickery.

The came Jackson's Band who appeared on the stage,  
And performed Handel's works which stands first on the page,  
With precision and taste the Hallelujah was played,  
When finished the Band were loudly hurrah'd.

Next was the Cambridge in their Jackets of Blue,  
Who intended that day to die or to do,  
The Lessee was Cambridge, the Judges likewise,  
So there is no wonder they got the first prize.

Now my dear readers comes on the best fun,  
From the Vickey Bar out flew the great gun,  
With a magnificent cup of inferior tin,  
For the best cornet player who had talent to win.

Says Vickey to Kegnick, "Up and do Battle,"  
And for the Rich Goblet give a good rattle,  
For winning my boy is out of question with you,  
You know I have told you it "should be a due".

All at once Vickey shouts "it is a walk over,"  
"Oh! no," says T. Cosgrove, not so my brave rover,  
Jackson's brave band for your Tin P.....  
And if fairly judged ..... they can win.

Then Vic in a rage, cried aloud for the Bobbies!  
And soon he intended to push Tom through the lobbies,  
But Cos. who was leary, to the people appealed,  
And Vickey's Secret he to them revealed.

Poor Vickey was done, and cleverly foiled,  
He sneaked into the bar alarmingly roiled,  
He looked like a ghost so white in the face,  
No doubt for the future he'll keep his own place.

There's his friend Correspondence! a regular duffer,  
And "Foul Play" his pal, is a shiney old buffer;  
But Cosgrove's a match for all the false crew,  
If they meddle with him, they will soon cry a go.

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Two poems on the subject of Bramley Band

### **T' BRAMLA BAND**

Who hesn't heerd o't' Bramla Band  
That's famous far an' near?  
An wins sich honor for aar taan,  
Wi' ivvery cummin year.  
At Gala, Feast, an' flaar strew,  
At Chris'mas, an' May-Day,  
At contests tew, aar Band is suar  
To carry t'prize away.

Wi' bran new clothes an instruments,  
All shining bright an' clear.  
An' lads an' lasses craadin' raand.  
The big drum int' rear.  
The men all marching breast to breast -  
Wi martial stride an' pomp -  
Who can withstand thur stirrin' strains.  
As daan't taan they tromp!

Naah wether t'Band chaps played too mich  
(For trumpets didn't rust)  
I cannot say, but suar enif  
They blew em till they bust.  
T'poor chaps wor almost fit to roar.  
For all thur brass wor spent.  
But t' Taan clubbed up an bout each man  
A bran' new instrument.

Sum wor silver, an' sum wor brass.  
An' nicely curled i't' middle.  
An' sum they went - Trom! Trom! Born! Born!  
An' sum did now't but twiddle.

An' sum hed keys, an' hoils an' lids.  
An' won, a queer consarn  
Wor two yards long, or theer abaat.  
An' slotted up an' daan.

But when they played 'em all at wunce  
An' mixed 'em weel together  
An' when the chap unpon T'big drum  
Thum! 'Mum! began ta leather  
T'effect wor rayther startlin'  
And a Captain from the Wars  
Enlisted 'em as soudgers,  
In the "Prince of Wales Huzzars".

Nay, sum hed nivver ridden a hoss  
Except at Bramla Tide  
An them wor'on't willy-gigs.  
They'ed a haupn'ny ride:  
So when thur Regimentals com'  
An' they began ta don,  
They cuddn't tell what t'spurs wor for  
Unless ta hod 'em on.

They thowt if they wor fastened right  
Ta t'horse they'd somehow stick,  
An' then they cuddn't be thrawn off,  
If it began to kick.  
So off they went full trot ta York.  
Though nearly tosst ta jelly -  
They stuck ta t'pummils, an' kep'thur spurs  
Weel under t'horse's belly.

An' when they gat ta t'city walls  
They pooll'd up in a raw.  
An' "See the conquering hero comes"  
They all began ta blaw.  
An' varry weel they played it tew  
When t'horses did't prance.  
But when they heerd a lively bit  
They seemed abaat ta dance.

At last that chap wi't'slotting thing  
Wi' cheeks puff'd fit ta crack  
He thrust it aat sa varry far  
He cuddn't pull it back.  
An' t'horse bein' rayther freeten'd tew

An' feelin summat prickin'  
It started off a raumin' up  
An' then began a kickin'.

First t'instrument flew onto t'graand  
An jingled fit-ta-breck.  
Then we wor fotched all on a lump  
Reight on ta t'horses neck.  
But t'warst of all, a spur cam off  
At t'chap being' aat a plumb  
T'horse sent him flying like a shot  
Heard first into t'big drum.

They pool'd him aat bi his coit-tail  
An' sum began to chaff.  
But t'chap wor suar,  
He'd ne'er been thrawn  
If t'spur hed nut cum off  
So, reader, nivver use a thing  
Ye dunnett understand  
An' if yer tempted so to dew  
Remember t'Bramla' Band.

#### **A TRIBUTE TO BRAMLEY BAND**

The lilting tunes of Bramley Band  
No longer fill the air  
Their fame was here for all to see  
And known both far and near  
Their exploits and their exhibits  
Were always in demand  
They traversed far, and countrywide  
To corners of the land.  
The many tales that they could tell  
If they were only here  
But, oh, alas, their unsung songs  
We now will never hear.  
'Poet and Peasant' 'Hail smiling Morn'  
Are just to name but two  
Of many favourite pieces played  
These talented men could do.  
As we think back of days gone by  
Of this our Bramley Band  
Our minds will conjure up for us  
A Spectacle, oh so grand

At Whitsuntide and Carnivals  
On Sunday afternoons  
With every grand occasion  
We see these men anew  
Who blew their horns, banged their drums  
Their cymbals rang to greet  
These men most famed in uniforms  
With happy marching feet.  
And so we now this tribute pay  
As after five decades  
To the memory of the Bramley Band  
And hope it never fades.  
But then who knows what we may see  
Some day in the near future  
Another Bramley Band may start  
And fill us full of rapture

*Mabel Birley*

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On being asked to describe a brass band in 30 words, these poems were written:

**Band Practice** (*Duana*)

Power, strength and might  
the brass band gives off its golden light.  
Stirring, rousing, it's melody disperses  
filling the room with its musical verses,  
becoming polished the more it rehearses.

**Where There's Muck There's Brass** (*John Curtis*)

Ebonised men, escaping  
Bondage in the dark;  
Armed with a dragon's hoard of wrought brass,  
Create deep harmony and bring to pass  
The liquid grace notes  
Of the dulcet lark.

**Serenade** (*Bad Bill*)

The air vibrates as trumpets,  
trombones and tubas turn  
the grey morning into  
a cornucopia of golden notes.  
The brass band, bringing a smile  
to the face of the day.

**Strike Up the Band!** (*Mlou*)

Not to be crass  
but sounding brass  
shatter the crania,  
bring about mania.  
Alack and alas,  
my innocent eardrums,  
battered old heardrums,  
gotta be frayed ...  
'cause I love a parade!

**Brass Band Music Oop North Like** (*Edna Sweetlove*)

Badly played hymn tunes  
from hungover unemployed miners  
echoing down the slum streets  
barely audible  
over the sounds of Coronation Street  
on't telly  
and the neighbours uninhibited belching  
post coitally

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Also, see Stephen Etheridge's **Brass Band Poems and Working Class Culture**

<https://bandsupper.wordpress.com/2016/01/22/brass-band-poems-rhymes-about-working-class-culture/>