

Some say the Black Country woz gid its name
By Queen Vicky one day on a visit,
'Er looked from 'er train, and then sez, "Ere Bert,
It 'ay very clane up 'ere, is it?"

"Look at them chimneys belchin' out smoke,
And them fac'tries caked in sooty shite."
Though yow'd a thought 'er'd not put it like that,
'Coz Queens am posh and usually polite.

"Ev'rything's black," 'er sez, "even the sky,
It's a right shit 'ole of a place,
Them folks am common and covered in crap,
Doe think they've ever 'ad soap on their face."

"Tell the train driver we doe wanna stay,"
It's so cack 'ere one doe wish to look,
We ay sid such a black country 'afower."
And it's said, from that day, the name stuck.

With that 'er woz off, winda blinds shut,
As 'er train chuffed off down the track,
'Er only trip to that part of 'er realm,
'Er said, "Yow woe catch us comin' back!"

But what 'er d'ay twig, as 'er 'eaded 'um,
Woz that Black Country folk never tire,
They'd slog day 'n' night to mek the whales turn,
And help to pay for 'er empire.

Them fact'ries woz the 'eart of the nation,
Most stuff yow could buy then, woz med there,
The folks d'ay mind bein' covered in shite
And breathin' the crap in the air.

But if 'er cum back up this way today
'Er 'ouldn't 'arf get a surprise,
'Coz a cent'ry after 'er med that trip
'Er'd be shocked at the Black Country's demise.

The chimneys am gone, the whales turn no more,
The 'eart of a nation's stone jed,
Where fact'ries once stood mekin' things for the world,
They've now built shopping centres instead.