

A Black Country Chap     A poem by Johnny Mogs

I'm a Black Country chap,  
So doe gimme no crap  
'Bout soundin' like some kinda Brummy.  
'Cus them people from Brum,  
They'm as common as they come,  
And when they spake, they doe 'arf spake funny.

If I come from Newcastle,  
Yow'd not gimme no hassle,  
About soundin' like some kinda Jock.  
If from Hereford I came,  
I'm sure yow'd refrain,  
From saying, warro Taff, where's ya flock?"

And if by some chance  
I come from French France,  
'Ud yow say, "Bonjour, est vous Belgique?"  
And if I woz Dutch,  
I'd not thank yow too much,  
If yow said I woz German, damned cheek!

Yow'd not get no thanks  
Calling Canadians, Yanks,  
It's just someat' of which they'm quite fussy.  
And Portuguese in the main,  
They doe come from Spain,  
And a New Zealand bloke ay an Aussie.

Now doe get me wrong,  
'Cus when all's said and done,  
I'm sure Brummies am really nice folk,  
But my identity,  
Is precious to me,  
And I just ay a Brummagem bloke.

Well I'm no racontu-er,  
No delusions of grandu-er,  
I ay posh, not me, no far from it.  
I come from Halesowen,  
And I've writ this 'ere poem,  
To say, I'm a Black Country chap, and proud onnit.