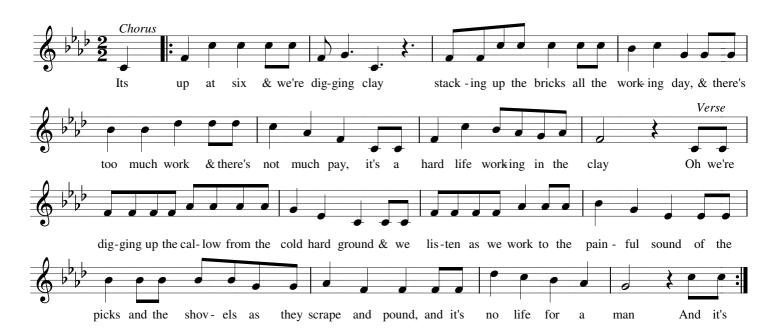
Brisk & Punchy Graeme Meek 1983



Chorus It's up at six and we're digging clay
Stacking up the bricks all the working day
And there's too much work and there's not much pay
It's a hard life working in the clay

Verse 1 Oh we're digging up the callow from the cold hard ground And we listen as we work to the painful sound Of the picks and the shovels as they scrape and pound And it's no life for a man..

(Chorus)

Verse 2 There's a frost in the air that'll weather the clay And it's puddling time with the first of May So it's into the pugmill we heave the clay And it's no life for a man...

(Chorus)

Verse 3 There's Round Green, Stopsley, and Crawley clays And there's Kensworth, Luton and Caddington greys All made by the hands of the brickworks' slaves And it's no life for a man...

(Chorus)

## Verse 4

Now it's fourty foot down to the Fletton clay But it won't stop 'em digging down all the way And very soon now there'll come the day When there's no life for a man...

No more up at six and we're digging clay Stacking up the bricks all the working day And there's no more work and there's no more pay It's a hard life not working in the clay