

## **KING COTTON by Mike Harding**

See how the lint flies out over the moorland  
See how the smoke to the valley clings  
See how the slate roofs shine in the drizzle  
This is the valley where Cotton is King

See how houses cling to the hillside  
Hear how the streets of children sing  
Wake to the scream of the factory hooter  
This is the valley where Cotton is King

See how hunger has eaten the faces  
Tired flesh to the bones just clings  
There's dust in the lungs and the bodies are twisted  
This is the valley where Cotton is King

Sleep is washed from the broken faces  
Morning clogs on the cobbles ring  
Off to the mill, the weavers hurry  
This is the valley where Cotton is King

Work all day to the looms' hard rhythm  
Scrabble and toil till your tired bones sing  
Then you crawl back home as the gaslights flicker  
This is the valley where Cotton is King

This is the land where children labour  
Where Life and Death mean the self same thing  
Where many must work that the few might prosper  
This is the valley where Cotton is King