

## Bronze and Brass

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Now, Brass is the son of the Copper man  
Who came out of the valley fair,  
And Bronze is his sister neat and trim,  
With fire in the red of her hair.  
And they both went out when the world was young,  
To earn their daily bread,  
And they stood for hire at the autumn fair,  
Where old man Stone lay dead.

*For Gold is a king on a mighty throne,  
With a sceptre in his hand,  
And Silver's a queen sitting by his side,  
Who watches over the land.  
And Iron is a man with a pike in his hand,  
Who can answer the bugle call,  
But Bronze is the woman who sees us fed,  
And Brass must pay for all.*

Then Gold came up from the riverside,  
And Silver down from the hill,  
And Iron marched in from everywhere,  
You can hear him marching still.  
The three contended in their pride,  
And never a one would yield,  
While Bronze she toiled below the stairs,  
And Brass tilled over the field.

*(Chorus)*

Then Gold placed the crown upon his brow,  
For all the world to see,  
And Silver said "I am white and pure,  
There is none so fair as me!"  
Then Iron strode out in his uniform,  
With the medals at his breast,  
But Bronze just smiled as she nursed the child,  
And Brass just longed for rest.

*(Chorus)*

Now, Gold are the thoughts in a wise man's head,  
As he ponders how things could be,  
And Silver's the tongue that leads us on  
To a future that none can see.  
And Iron is the strength that can stand up tall,  
And bring all these things to pass,  
But still Bronze will be there with our daily fare,  
And wherever there's muck, there's Brass.

*(Chorus)*