

Ashton in the War

Horsesh carts, flat caps, cotton mills, empty streets,
Moss, market, mucky mines
Ashton in the war

Fight together, die together
Wounded soldiers coming home,
Ashton Brothers "Mates" Battalion,
Will they come home from the war?

Two up, two down,
Rag and bone man, corner shop,
Outside toilets,
Gas lights flicker in the night

Narrow boards at Weavers Rest,
Working Horses take the strain,
Factory Chimneys pierce the sky,
Ashton in the war

Picture houses, skating rink,
Walks of witness through the towns
Church on Sundays, full of prayers
Ashton in the war

Revenge

I was torn from my country, my friends and family
Alone in the dark, unwanted, a refugee,
Running and hiding, France welcomed me,
Merci la France d'aujourd'hui, ma nouvelle patrie

For me it's the chemistry, the thrill of the chase,
To be the first, the best, to win the race

From Alsace, then to France, now to Eng-er-land
Traveling from country to country, will this ever end?
Working for my uncle Charles in his factory,
No favourites here, the same hard work for me

Mixing with scientists of world renown,
I dream of discoveries to gain my own crown.

Gaisman arrives, bienvenue mon ami,
A Swiss new to town, good friends we will be

More war 1914, no surprises, Germany
I will play my part patriotic, work for free,
Though now I'm British, Alsace still beckons me,
Home to Alsace-some hope I see

Suffering as Germany invaded our home,
Time now to give them some pain of their own

Trinitroluene, TNT,
In yellow sugar, revenge is so sweet

Factory Song

We have to work
We have to eat
Bread on the table
Dead on my feet

We have to work
We have to eat
No time for family
Life isn't sweet

This is our life in the war
This is our life in the war
We have to work, we are alone
This is a mans job, we should be at home Ah Hah

We **have** to beat the Germans
We're all duty bound
We're told they're getting weaker
Their trenches we pound

Canons and mortars
Our shells fill the air
Time to surrender
Revenge is so fair

This is their life in the war
This is their life in the trench
They have to fight, they're on their own

But we support them, here at home
Ah hah Ah hah Ah hah

In lab coats we're working
We've done our research
These acids we're mixing
They're costing too much
If we can reduce them
Our wages go up
Science for the future
They'll love us so much

This is our life in the lab, these days it's where we're living
This is our life in the lab, mixing, pouring, boiling, stirring
We're turning yellow
Then to green
All the colours of the rainbow we have been
5,6,7,8 Ah Hah.....

All your reactions are making us frown
Munition canaries we're yellow and down
Permission is needed, times running out
Our safety's priority! Of that there's no doubt

These wooden boards they give me the creeps
All of this acid all of this heat
Too much production too little care
The papers we need seem lost in thin air

This is our life in the war, will all this ever end
This is our life in the lab, mixing, boiling, stirring
This is their life in the trench, bombs and bullets flying
This is our life on the floor this is how we are treated

Money, science, family, revenge, safety
Money science, family, revenge, safety
Money science, family, revenge, safety
Our life in the war

Train Song

Lucian took the train down to London.
Smart suit and brief case in hand.
Hoping to achieve his mission.
Important meetings are planned.

While Gaisman sat eating his dinner.
The factories safety he planned.
Glaring and staring as scenery passed by.
Heading to London to town.

Oooooooooooooooooooooooooo aaaaaaaaaaaaaaahh

Walking ahead to the meeting
Worried that he might be late.
Pushing and shoving his way through the crowd.
What will the ministry say?

So now let's get down to business.
We're shutting your factory down.
There is nothing that you can change now.
Your business will be closed down.

It's your chance to be strong stand up to them. (x2)

I came to talk about safety.
Why have you broken your word?
We had to deal to the end of the war.
You have just let us all down.

If I go away empty handed.
My heart will be full of shame.
Destitute families will be on your hands.
Laid off (pause) your greed is our pain.

Of course I understand your distress, sir.
We could turn this situation around.
To help us sort out this mess.
Your factory in dyeing could earn you pounds.

Oooooooooooooooooooooooooo aaaaaaaaaaaaaaahh

School day

It's a school day.
Another wonderful school day.

It's a school day.
Another wonderful school day.

Dads gone away.
Mums in the factory.
I'm writing letters he never receives.
This is the way things are in our lives.
I'm writing letters. He never receives them.

It's a school day.
Another wonderful school day.

It's a school day.
Another wonderful school day.

Reading, writing, arithmetic.
Always writing on these horrible slates,
Dreaming of the future without any war.
Reading, writing, arithmetic.

It's a school day
Another wonderful school day.

It's a school day.
Another wonderful school day.

Saying grace before eating our dinner
Carrots, Cabbage, Mutton and bread
What I wouldn't give for a change of meal
I'm sure my rations should be greater than this
For what we are about to receive (pause) thank the lord

Just Another Day

Just another day
Just another day
Children go to play
Children go to play
Such a sunny day
Such a sunny day
Throw your cares away
Throw your cares away

Playing on the streets with marbles,
Come on now our work is done,
There's no hurry to go home
Skipping jumping in the sun

Just another day
Just another day
Children go to play
Children go to play
Such a sunny day
Such a sunny day
Throw your cares away
Throw your cares away
Throw your cares away
Throw your cares away

Blast

Lucien took the train out from London
The ministry got its way
He has to bring to his factory in town
Bad news for business today

These wooden boards they give me the creeps,
These wooden boards they give me the creeps,
All of this acid, all of this heat
All of this acid, all of this heat

Heat, Heat, Heat, Heat, Heat, Heat, Heat, Heat,

Gasses are bubbling, boiling too much,
Turn off the stirrer, before it blows up,
It's over spilling, look at the wood,

We should have replaced it, wood is no good,
Heat, Heat, Heat, Heat, Heat, Heat, Heat, Heat,
Look at the nitrating house roof, roof is on fire!
Fire, Fire, Fire, Fire, Fire, Fire, Fire, Fire, Fire
Fetch the hose before it's too late,
God save us all,
Everyone evacuate!

The soldiers gone, the people gone
Will Ashton ever be the same again

Reflections

Children crying, stood alone without any homes.
Boarded windows, boarded doors, cobbled streets, old pavement stones
Ash and fire everywhere, smoke up in the air
Many people died but people survived, rebuilding our town again
It was love and kindness everywhere, showing neighbours that they care.
Guidance and help which came from the mayor
Gathering for the funeral, trying to talk to God,
Family members standing by, saying their last goodbyes
Time has moved on the past is behind, new life has arrived.
Fresh glass windows with fine new doors, folks just carry on with their lives.
Stay happy with your life but don't forget the past
Remember the children, names on the plaque-

Annie Ingham, Samuel Britton, Sarah Ann Higginson, Frederick Watson, Harold Hilton,
Edwin Bibby and James Rigby