

***We are Wednesbury, we're proud to be Wednesbury
We are Wednesbury, we're proud to be Wednesbury
Arte Marte Vigore, proud to be Wednesbury
We are Wednesbury, proud to be, proud to be
(Brendan Hawthorne)***

What's going on in the shadow of St Barts
Storytellers gather to give the town its due
A thousand years or more of history long hidden
The beauty of its treasures are now brought into view
(Keith Gwilliams)

Our proud town boasts Woden's name,
Sitting here on the River Tame,
We crafted metal and we brewed beer,
People of Wednesbury, raise a cheer!
(Loribee)

Many came from the surrounding shires;
Others from more further afield.
In pits and foundries they were hired
The town of today their efforts did yield.
(Richard Johnson)

The cock in St Bart's
Would fly if he could
Crow Wednesbury's fame
Would that he could
(Eileen Ward-Birch)

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By skill, iron, and energy this town was built to last.
The effigy of AethelFlaed, and the ghosts of the past,
to whom we owe a debt, in Stone, and history set.
We shall not forget.
(AJ Ball)

A town developed beneath the smoke,
They endured the iron yoke.
Budded from a warrior race,
(that)And to this day, keep their face. (place)
(Anne Peck)

Steam from forges, noise and whistling
Steel cranking in mills, metal tools banging
Landscape of chimneys, blackened skies raging
Hour after hour of tirelessly grafting, working
(Grace Dore)

Now chemical works meet popcorn snacks
From salt to sweet and acrid tang
Overhead many odours gather
Where the tonal notes of commerce hang
(Brendan Hawthorne)

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Time stands still in our ancient town
A silent clock watches over Market Place
Here people gather to remember good old days
For this is where we all call home
(Lynn Hawthorne)

Meet tonight at the clock tower,
Half past seven or on the hour,
Come along and sit on the benches,
Where Wednesbury chaps meet their wenches
(Mike Maynard)

Look into the eyes of this old town
Gaze deeply into its urban soul
Recognise a cry out call for change
For things beyond its control for
(Brendan Hawthorne)

If the clock on the redbrick tower didn't move its hands again
The timeline of Wednesbury would flow down the river Tame
If the Tame could talk it would speak out iron-strong
of miners, nail-makers and enamellers, repeating a lost song
(Suzan Criscentia Spence)

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The metro arrived in the town to replace the old trolley bus
that trundled along in days gone by
taking us out to bigger towns
but towns unlike Wednesbury that would never be home
(Linda Matthews)

Can a place have memories?
Can it look back, can it feel?
From woodland, to field, now tarmac and brick
What does Wednesbury think of it all?
(Jamie K. Rhodes)

Let's fly the flag of diversity
Survival and humility
Let's reach out across all divides
Of time and distance and of turning tides
(Brendan Hawthorne)

Across deserted years and through the still
Dark spaces of the night there softly comes
Your voice and old remembered words that thrill
My heart like distant drums.
(Ian Henery)

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