

BANKS OF MARBLE (Les Rice 1950)

I've travelled around this country
From shore to shining shore
It really made me wonder
The things I heard and saw.

I saw the weary farmer,
Ploughing his sod and loam
I heard the auction hammer
Just a-knocking down his home.

CHORUS: But the banks are made of marble,
With a guard at every door,
And the vaults are stuffed with silver,
That the **farmer** sweated for.

I saw the weary miner,
Scrubbing coal dust from his back,
I heard his children crying
Got no coal to heat the shack.

CHORUS: But the banks are made of marble,
With a guard at every door,
And the vaults are stuffed with silver,
That the **miner** sweated for.

I saw the seaman standing
Idly by the shore
I heard the bosses saying
Got no work for you no more.

CHORUS: But the banks are made of marble,
With a guard at every door,
And the vaults are stuffed with silver,
That the **seaman** sweated for.

I've seen the people working
Throughout this mighty land;

I pray we get together,
And together make a stand.

FINAL CHORUS: Then we'll own those banks of marble,
With a guard at every door;
And we'll share those vaults of silver,
That we have sweated for.

Repeat final chorus