

The Canary Girls

The alarm clock rings, and I stir from my slumber,
Clocking on at work, I'm just a number.
From 6 'til 8 on my daily shift,
My fellow workers laugh and joke, giving me a lift.

Come into the factories and do your part,
The advertising posters told you it was smart,
To do your duty for your fellow man,
And release men to fight for King and country wherever you can.

Every day on the shop floor I stand at a conveyor,
Of shells and landmines, I am a purveyor.
Varying sizes go trundling past,
Their contents can create a mighty blast.

With steady hands pour in the hot TNT,
Add the tube to hold the detonator carefully.
Make sure its level, tidy and clean,
Or the supervisor makes a right old scene.



It's hot, heavy work that's in no way glamorous,
But we girls didn't know, and so were clamorous,
To do our bit to support 'our boys' in the fight,
With the tools of their trade, timely and right.

The toxic poisons of the chemicals we used,
Left our skin so yellow and abused.
Dry throats so sore and smarting eyes from the fumes,
Just a short break for tea or lunch, then we'd resume.

We carried on working day and night,
For months on end and showed our might.
The Canary Girls, as we became known,
Played a role for the Country we're proud to call home.