

Gunpowder Mills

As blue skies beckon across Surrey's Hills
And skylark sings in a sweet summer's day,
Though cities are raging just miles away,
No shots can be heard at Gunpowder Mills.

This pensive place thickens and silently stills,
The ruins of an industry of a bygone day,
The gunpowder barrels have been shipped away,
No shots can be heard at Gunpowder Mills.

Under the blue skies of Surrey Hills,
By the village green where children play,
Six hundred men worked an honest day,
No shots could be heard at Gunpowder Mills.

Built by East India Company bills,
They kept guns shooting in Bombay,
They kept them looting through night and day,
But no shots were heard at Gunpowder Mills.

As blue skies beckon across Surrey's Hills
Race riots rage just miles away,
They tell the foreigners to go away,
Still, no shots are heard at Gunpowder Mills.