

DULAIS VALE

Tormented vally steeped in grief, and death and silicosis,
For generations stalked, and mauled by mercenary forces,
They came and splayed our childrens bones,
And petrified mens lungs,
With hunger as thier keen edged sword

 They cut protesting tongues,
Though these tormented years gone by
 Are softened as the memories dim,
March Hywell's storm lashed winter heights,
Still sing thier tragic hymn.

Dulais Vale, speak soft these words,
Wake not the souls that fled,
From the shrunken grey hued corpses

 Of the starved, the stone lunged dead.
May thier peace be never broken,
Leave thier epitaph unsaid.