

THE MURALS OF PRESTOUNGRANGE

Look at them sitting there
All dressed in black
Their faces don't hide
The pain in their back

The work that's depicted
On all of these walls
Try hard to describe
The rise and the falls

The people survived
They knew nothing more
From panning for salt
Bringing fish to the shore

The artists and children
Work well hand in hand
Telling the story
Of this changing land

The years come and go
Quite rightly it's true
There's nowhere like here
For me and for you

Here we have come
At this time of our lives
Returning to see
The artist's fishwives

The Pans it remains
An affectionate phrase
An ode to the miners
Who worked the coalface

Marion McLauchlan