

***Moon and Stars Yard* by Mags Chalcroft**

Two up two down in Moon and Stars Yard,
Children go to school without shoes on their feet,
Scarlet fever stalks the passageways and courts,
The medical inspector's been seen on our street,
The tap is often frozen, the privy's always blocked,
But our windows are open, our doors are unlocked,
In the picture you paint we're all idlers and thieves,
You don't see nothing but danger, dirt and disease.

**Back to back and hand to mouth,
We're living down the yard.
Arm in arm and cheek by jowl,
We're living down the yard.
We're living down the yard.
We don't want your pity,
Don't need your good regard,
We may be standing in the gutter,
But some of us are looking at the stars.**

Mother takes in work from the boots and shoes,
Sews alone upstairs in the cold morning light.
Father mixes mustard at the Carrow Road works,
Bringing home the vinegar on his apron at night.
Grandmother is scrubbing to wash away the smell
Clinging to the clutter of our lives,
Grandfather tells tales of love want and war,
Mine is the story of a family that survives.

**Back to back and hand to mouth,
We're living down the yard.
Arm in arm and cheek by jowl,
We're living down the yard.
Living down the yard.
We don't want your pity,
Don't need your good regard,
We may be standing in the gutter,
But some of us are looking at the stars.**

**We don't want your pity,
Don't tell us our life is hard,
We may be standing in the gutter,
But some of us are looking at the stars.**

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