

It's Our City !

Sit down and get o'er thi sen,
You hide the truth in your new transparent building.
Hark the herald Sheffield sings, and HSBC ran away.
We are the people who live no dreams of others,
hardworking folks with common visions.
A city grown from fields and hills,
rivers that labour for grit.
Steel streets, not gold.
See Sheffield for it's shining mettle
and it's dulled mettle - strong to the core.

Group poem

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