

Blackleg Miner

Richard Thompson

Oh, it's in the evening after dark
That the blackleg miner goes to work
With his moleskin pants and dirty shirt
There goes the blackleg miner

Oh, he takes his pick and down he goes,
To hew the coal that lies below
There's not a woman in this town row
Would look at the blackleg miner

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Oh, Delaval is a terrible place
They rub wet clay in the blackleg's face
Around the pit they run a footrace
To catch the blackleg miner
And don't go near the Seghill mine
Across the top they've stretched a line
To catch the throat, and break the spine
Of the dirty blackleg miner

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They take his picks and duds as well
And hurl them down the pit of Hell
So off you go, and fare thee well
You dirty blackleg miner
So join the Union while you may
Don't wait 'til your dying day
For that may not be far away
You dirty blackleg miner

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