

Blackleg Miner

Seven Nations

It's in the evening after dark
When the blackleg miner creeps to work
In his moleskin pants and his dirty shirt
There goes the blackleg miner

He grabs his duds and down he goes
To hew the coal that lies below
There's not a woman in this whole town row
Who'll look at the blackleg miner

Dellaville is a terrible place
Where they rub wet clay in the blackleg's face
Round the heaps they run a foot race
To catch the blackleg miner

And on his way to his filthy mine
Across his path they stretch a line
To cut the throat and break the spine
Of the dirty blackleg miner

They grab his duds and his picks as well
Throw him down to the pit of hell
Down you go and fare thee well
You dirty blackleg miner
So join the union if you may
Don't wait 'til your dying day because
That might not be far away