

Christy Moore, The Ludlow Massacre

It was early springtime and the strike was on
They drove us miners out of our homes
Out of the houses that the company owned
Into the tents of the little Ludlow

We were worried bad about our children
State troopers guarded the railway bridge
Every once in a while a bullet would fly
Kick up gravel around our feet

We were so afraid that you'd kill our children
That we dug a cave that was seven foot deep
Took the children and the pregnant women
Down inside the cave to sleep

It was late that night the soldiers waited
Till all us miners were asleep
They crept around one little camp town
And soaked our tents in kerosene

They struck a match and the blaze it started
They pulled the triggers of their Gatling guns
I made a run for the children but the firewall stopped me
Thirteen children died from their guns

I never will forget the looks on the faces
Of the men and women that awful day
As they stood around to preach the funeral
And lay the corpses of the dead away

The women from Trinidad took some potatoes
Up to Wallensburg in a little cart
They sold the potatoes and brought some guns back
Put a gun in every hand

We asked the governor to phone up the president
Ask him call off the National Guard
But the National Guard belonged to the governor
I guess he didn't try very hard

Late one night the troopers charged us
They didn't know that we had guns
The red necked miners shot them troops down
You should have seen those poor boys run

We took some cement and walled the cave up
Where the thirteen little children died
I thanked God for the Mine Workers Union
And then I hung my head and cried