

An Cat Dubh, Durham Miners

There are many days in history of which the poet sings
Of cruel wars and famine of emperors and kings
But the first day of October stays in my memory yet
For the things I saw in Durham town I never will forget

Well poverty and hardship have long been a miners lot
And some would say the Durham mine is a place thats best forgot
But I'm a true-born miner an I've never run away
So with the few I joined the queue to strike that fateful day

No one knows the tears I cried I knew I was leaving
Where will I go, I dont know, I dont know

The police came on like devils and told us we must cease
For Durham town was not our own for marching where we please
But wiser men they told us and gave us this advice
So if we dared to disagree we'd pay an awful price

And then the gang came over us the bosses hireling crew
And smiling in their viciousness their sticks and batons drew
That bloody day in 94 is kept well in my brain
The screams and shouts of injured men the awful cries of pain

Come all you true-born miners and list' awhile to me
That dark day in October will always precious be
And Durhams light that miners lit will kindle far and wide
When the struggle's done and we've overcome
We can hold our head with pride