

# Clifford T. Ward, Miner

He's in a very bad way

Someone will tell his wife

They'll run and fetch the doctor

To try and save his life.

He was the underground man

A slave to rock and mud

The self appointed cave man

The nation's life blood.

He did not own a mansion

He drove not limousine

His requirements were few to

Make more amenable the seam.

The rain has washed his body

Laid out in surface light

They'll run and fetch the curate

To try and put things right.