

# Harpers Bizarre, Down Down Down

Down, Down, Down

With Your Kind Attention a Song I Will Trill,  
All Ye Who Must Toil With the Pick and the Drill,  
And Sweat For Your Bread in That Hole At Oak Hill,  
That Goes Down, Down, Down.

"When I Was a Boy," Said My Daddy to Me,  
"Stay Out of Oak Hill, Take My Warnin'&#039;," Said He,  
Or With Dust You&#039;ll Be Choked and a Pauper You&#039;ll Be,  
Broken Down, Down, Down."

But I Went to Oak Hill and I Asked For a Job,  
A Mule For to Drive Or a Gangway to Rob;  
The Boss Said, "Come Out, Bill, and Follow the Mob  
That Goes Down, Down, Down."

The Lampman He Squints Through the Windie At Me,  
"What&#039;s Your Name? What&#039;s Your Age? What&#039;s Your Num  
&quot;Bill Keating; I&#039;m Thirty; My Check&#039;s Twenty-three;  
Mark That Down, Down, Down."

I Asked Them What Tools Would I Need in the Place.  
"Very Few," Said the Boss With a Grin On His Face;  
"One Number Six Shovel and Darn Little Space  
While You&#039;re Down, Down, Down."

With a Note From the Boss to the Shaft I Made Haste,  
Saluted the Topman, in Line Took My Place;  
Sayin'&#039;, "Gimme a Cage, For I&#039;ve no Time to Waste,  
Let Me Down, Down, Down."

"All Aboard For the Bottom !" the Topman Did Yell;  
We Stepped On the Cage, and He Gave Her the Bell.  
Then From Under Our Feet Like a Bat Out of --- Well,  
We Went Down, Down, Down.

I Groped in the Gangway; They Gave Me a Scoop.  
The "Out" Was Just Fired, Muck Was Heaped to the Roof.  
I Stooped and I Scooped Till My Back Looped the Loop,  
Stoopin'&#039; Down, Down, Down."

You Could Look At the Rib Or the Face Or the Top,  
Ne&#039;er a Sign of a Laggin'&#039; Or Slab Or of Prop;  
Some Day I Expect That Old Mountain to Drop \_  
And Come Down, Down, Down.

Last Pay Day My Buddy He Cussed and He Swore,  
In Fact It&#039;s Enough to Make Any Man Sore,  
When Your Wife Drags Your Wages All Out in the Store,  
While You&#039;re Down, Down, Down.