

Lloyd, The Blackleg Miners

THE BLACKLEG MINERS

Oh, early in the evenin', just after dark,
The blackleg miners creep te wark,
Wi' their moleskin trousers an' dorts short,
There go the backleg miners !
They take their picks an' doon they go
Te dig the coal that lies below,
An' there's not a woman in this toon-aw*
Will look at a blackleg miner.
Oh, Delaval is a terrible place.
They rub wet clay in a blackleg's face,
An' roond the pit-heaps they run a foot
Wi' the dorts blackleg miners.
Now, don't go near the Seghill mine.
Across the way they stretch a line,
Te catch the throat an' break the spine
O' the dorts backleg miners.
They'll take your tools an' duds as well,
An' hoy them doon the pit o' hell.
It's doon ye go, an' fare ye well,
Ye dorts blackleg miners !
Se join the union while ye may.
Don't wait till your dyin' day,
For that may not be far away,
Ye dorts blackleg miners !

*toon-raw = town-row

Note: A black-leg is a scab.
From Folk Song in England, LLoyd
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