

Richard Thompson, Blackleg Miner

It's in the evening after dark
When the blackleg miner creeps to work
With his moleskin pants and dirty shirt
There goes the blackleg miner

Well, he grabs his duds and down he goes
To hew the coal that lies below
There's not a woman in this town row
Will look at the blackleg miner

Oh, Delaval is a terrible place
They rub wet clay in the blackleg's face
And around the heaps they run a footrace
To catch the blackleg miner

And even down near the Seghill mine
Across the way they stretch a line
To catch the throat, to break the spine
Of the dirty blackleg miner

They grabbed his duds, his picks as well
And they hoy them down the pit of hell
Down you go, we pay you well
You dirty blackleg miner

It's in the evening after dark
That the blackleg miner creeps to work
With his moleskin pants and dirty shirt
There goes the blackleg miner

So join the union while you may
Don't wait 'til your dying day
For that may not be far away
You dirty blackleg miner