

# Seven Nations, Blackleg Miner

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

he grabs his duds and and down he goes to  
hew the coal that lies below  
there's not a woman in this whole town row  
who'll look at the black leg miner

Dellaville is a terrible place, where they  
rub wet clay in the blackleg's face  
round the heaps they run a foot race  
to catch the blackleg miner

and on his way to his filthy mine  
across his path they stretch a line  
to cut the throat and break the spine  
of the dirty blackleg miner

They grab his duds and his picks as well,  
throw him down to the pit of hell--down you go and fair thee well,  
you dirty blackleg miner  
so join the union if you may, don't wait  
'til your dying day because that might not be far away-----

it's in the evening, after dark,  
when the blackleg miner creeps to work.....