

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.....