

## Unknown

# "Coal Barons Song"

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THE COAL BARON'S SONG  
(J.L. Frank)

Let them strike as much as they like,  
To us 'tis a perfect boon;  
Merrily high the prices fly,  
On monopoly's big balloon,  
Tho' they starve by bits in the inky pits,  
Tho' their children cry for bread,  
The end of the game must be the same,  
King Capital keeps ahead.

cho: The end of the game must be the same,  
King Capital keeps ahead.

Good pay? absurd! Upon my word,  
What more can the men require?  
You speak of the poor---what they endure,  
Deprived of their bit of fire,  
If we who control the price of coal,  
Reduced at this time of year,  
Our dividends, my worthy friends,  
Would rapidly disappear.

cho: Our dividends, my worthy friends,  
Would rapidly disappear.

I'm willing to add, their work is bad,  
And dangerous, too, to face;  
But when one stops, and reels and drops,  
There's another to take his place.  
Supply and demand, throughout the land,  
By that we will stand or fall,  
We're dealing in coals, but bodies and souls,  
Are not in our line at all

cho: We're dealing in coals, but bodies and souls  
Are not in our line at all.

Note: published 1895  
@union @mine @work  
filename[ COALBRON

play.exe COALBRON  
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