

Unknown

"Dark As The Dungeon"

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DARK AS THE DUNGEON
(Merle Travis)

Come all you young fellers so young and so fine
And seek not your fortune in the dark, dreary mine
It will form as a habit and seep in your soul
'Til the blood of your veins runs as black as the coal

Where it's dark as the dungeon and damp as the dew
Where the dangers are many and the pleasures are few
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines
It's dark as the dungeon way down in the mines

It's many a man I have seen in my day
Who lived just to labor his whole life away
Like a fiend with his dope or a drunkard his wine
A man must have lust for the lure of the mine

I hope when I'm gone and the ages do roll
My body will blacken and form into coal
Then I'll look down from the door of my Heavenly home
And pity the miner a-digging my bones

The midnight, the morning, the breaking of day
Are the same to the miner who labors away.
Where the demons of death often come by surprise,
One slip of the slate and you're buried alive.

(Note: Travis composed the last verse, and used it in some concerts. It did not appear on his, or Ernie Ford's record)
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