

Unknown

"Down In The Coal Mine"

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DOWN IN THE COAL MINE

I am a jovial collier lad
As blithe as blithe can be
And let the times be good or bad
It's all the same to me
It's little of the world I know
And care less for its ways
For where the dogsdown(?) never glows
It's there I spend my days

Down in the coalmine, underneath the ground
Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found
Digging up the dusky diamonds all the seasons round
Deep down in the coalmine, underneath the ground

Me hands are horny, hard and black
Through working in the vein
And like the clothes upon me back
My speech is rough and plain
And if I stumble with my tongue
I've one excuse to say
It's not the collier's heart that's wrong
It's his head that goes astray

How little do the great ones care
Who sit at home secure
What hidden dangers collier's dare
What hardships they endure
The very fire they sit beside
To cheer themselves and wives
Mayhap was kindled up at cost
Of jovial miners lives

Then cheer up lads and make the most
Of every joy you can
And always make your murphy's such
As best befits a man
For let the times be good or bad
We'll still be jovial souls
For where would Britain be

Without the lads who look for coals

@mine @work

recorded by the Ian Campbell Folk Group

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