

## **Richard Thompson "Blackleg Miner"**

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It's in the evening after dark  
when the blackleg miner creeps to work,  
With his moleskin pants and dirty shirt,  
There goes the blackleg miner.  
Well, he grabs his duds and down he goes,  
To hew the coal that lies below,  
There's not a woman in this town row  
will look at the blackleg miner.  
Oh, Delaval is a terrible place,  
They rub wet clay in the blackleg's face,  
And around the heaps they run a footrace  
to catch the blackleg miner.  
And even down near the Seghill mine,  
Across the way they stretch a line  
To catch the throat, to break the spine  
of the dirty blackleg miner.  
They grabbed his duds, his picks as well,  
And they hoy them down the pit of hell,  
Down you go, we pay you well,  
You dirty blackleg miner.  
It's in the evening after dark  
that the blackleg miner creeps to work,  
With his moleskin pants and dirty shirt,  
There goes the blackleg miner.  
So join the union while you may,  
Don't wait 'til your dying day  
For that may not be far away,  
You dirty blackleg miner

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