

## **An Cafe**

### **"Durham Miners"**

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A G d C

There are many days in history of which the poet sings

F G a

Of cruel wars and famine of emperors and kings

A G d C

But the first day of October stays in my memory yet

F G a

For the things I saw in Durham town I never will forget  
Well poverty and hardship have long been a miners lot  
And some would say the Durham mine is a place that's  
best forgot

But I'm a true-born miner an I've never run away  
So with the few I joined the queue to strike that fateful  
day

D a G d a G

No one knows the tears I cried I knew I was leaving

A F G

Where will I go, I don't know, I don't know

The police came on like devils and told us we must  
cease

For Durham town was not our own for marching where  
we please

But wiser men they told us and gave us this advice  
So if we dared to disagree we'd pay an awful price  
And then the gang came over us the bosses hireling  
crew

And smiling in their viciousness their sticks and batons  
drew

That bloody day in 94 is kept well in my brain  
The screams and shouts of injured men the awful cries  
of pain

Come all you true-born miners and list' awhile to me  
That dark day in October will always precious be  
And Durhams light that miners lit will kindle far and  
wide

When the struggle's done and we've overcome  
We can hold our head with pride

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