

Blackleg Miner

Steeleye Span

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 divvant gang near the Seghill mine,
Across the way they stretch a line
To catch the throat and 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 and fare ye 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.