

## The 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 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, fare thee 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.