

# Ludlow Massacre

Jack Elliott

It was early spring time that the strike was on  
They moved us miners out of doors  
Out from the houses that the company owned  
We moved into tents at old Ludlow I was worried bad about my children  
Soldiers guarding the railroad bridge  
Every once in a while a bullet would fly  
Kick up gravel under my feet We were so afraid they would kill our children  
We dug us a cave that was seven foot deep  
Carried our young ones and a pregnant woman  
Down inside the cave to sleep That very night, you soldier waited  
Until us miners were asleep  
You snuck around our little tent town  
Soaked our tents with your kerosene You struck a match and the blaze it started  
You pulled the triggers of your Gatling guns  
I made a run for the children  
But the fire wall stopped me  
Thirteen children died from your guns I carried my blanket to a wire fence corner  
Watched the fire 'til the blaze died down  
I helped some people grab their belongings  
While your bullets killed us all around I will never forget the looks on the faces  
Of the men and women that awful day  
When we stood around to preach their funerals  
And lay the corpses of the dead away We told the Colorado governor to call the President  
Tell him to call off his National Guard  
But the National Guard belong to the governor  
So he didn't try so very hard Our women from Trinidad they hauled some potatoes  
Up to Walsenburg in a little cart  
They sold their potatoes and brought some guns back  
And put a gun in every hand The state soldiers jumped us in a wire fence corner  
They did not know that we had these guns  
And the redneck miners mowed down them troopers  
You should have seen those poor boys run We took some cement and walled that cave up  
Where you killed those thirteen children inside  
I said, "God bless the Mine Workers' Union"  
And then I hung my head and cried

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