

# Blackleg Miner

## Seven Nations

### Blackleg Miner

(Traditional, arranged by Seven Nations) It's in the evening after dark  
When the blackleg miner creeps to work  
In his moleskin pants and his dirty shirt  
There goes the blackleg miner He grabs his duds and down he goes  
To hew the coal that lies below  
There's not a woman in this whole town row  
Who'll look at the blackleg miner Dellaville is a terrible place  
Where they rub wet clay in the blackleg's face  
Round the heaps they run a foot race  
To catch the blackleg miner And on his way to his filthy mine  
Across his path they stretch a line  
To cut the throat and break the spine  
Of the dirty blackleg miner They grab his duds and his picks as well  
Throw him down to the pit of hell  
Down you go and fare thee well  
You dirty blackleg miner  
So join the union if you may  
Don't wait 'til your dying day because  
That might not be far away

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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