

The Blackleg Miner

Steeleye Span

Oh, it's in the evening after dark
When the blackleg miner creeps to work
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 So divvent gan near the Seghill mine
Across the way they stretch a line
To catch the throat, break the spine
On the dirty blackleg miner So he grabbed his duds, his picks as well
And they hoy them down the pit of hell
Down you go and paid you well
You dirty blackleg miner So join the union while you may
Don't wait till your dying day
For that may not be far away
You dirty blackleg miner

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