

Dark As a Dungeon

John Cowan

Come and listen, all of you fellas
So young and so fine
And seek not your fortune
Way down in the mines

Yes, it'll become- become a habit
That's attached to your soul
Till your heart and your blood run
Lord, as black as the coal

(CHORUS)

Cause it's dark as a dungeon
And damp as the dew
Where the danger is doubled
And the pleasures are so few

Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines
Lord, it's dark as a dungeon
Way down in the mines

Well, from Kingstown on up to Pikeville
Both black men and white
All miners are mules, in the company's eyes
Whether digging for precious diamonds
Or Number 9 coal
There is just no escaping that life in the hole

(CHORUS)

Well, I hope- that when I'm gone
And the ages do roll
That my body will blacken
Lord, and turn into coal
And I'll look from the door of my heavenly home
And I pity that poor miner who's been diggin my bones
Yes, I pity that poor miner who's been diggin' my bones

Lyrics submitted by Michael McGuire.