

The Hard Working Miner

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(Patrick J. "Giant" O'Neill)

Air "I'm a Man You Don't Meet Every Day"

I'm a hard working miner, you can see by my hands,
Although I am friendly and free.
A dollar a day is a very small pay
For a man with a large family.
I didn't come here, boys, to boast or to brag,
But just for to tell you my troubles,
I work day and night and the world I must fight
And load coal with my pick and my shovel.

cho: I work in the mines where the sun never shines
Nor daylight does ever appear;
With me lamp blazing red on the top of my head
And in danger I never know fear.
Just think of the poor man, who works in the mines
With the mules and the rats underground;
Where the smoke is so thick you can cut it with a stick,
And can weigh it on scales by the pound.
My face it is black from the dust of the coal,
Though my heart it is open and free;
I would share my last loaf with the man that's in want,
Though I earn it hard you can see.

Now, my kind friends, I will bid you good-bye;
I cannot stay here any longer,
I'll pick up my pack, throw it o'er my back,
And I think I will make my road shorter,
I have a wife and small family at home in the house,
And to meet me I'm sure they'll be glad,
They will stand at the door when I'm on my way home,
And they'll say to their mama, "here's dad-."

From Songs and Ballads of the Anthracite Miner, Korson