

THE BLACKLEG MINER.

① Oh its in the eve-ning af-ter dark, when the Black leg Min-er
creeps to work, with his mole skin pants and his dir-ty
shirt, there- goes the Black leg mi-ner

② He grabs his duds and down he goes
To hew the coal that lies below
There's not a woman in this town now
Would look at the Blackleg Miner.

③ Deleva is a hell of a place
They rub wet tar in the Blacklegs face
And round the heaps they run a foot race
To catch the Blackleg Miner.

④ Dither gan near the Seghill mine
For round the town they run a line
To catch the throat and break the spine
Of the dirty Blackleg Miner

⑤ They grabs his picks and his duds as well
And they hoy them down a pit of hell
Down you go and fare you well
You dirty Blackleg miner.

⑥ So join the Union while you may
And don't wait till your dying day
For that may not be far away
You dirty Blackleg Miner.