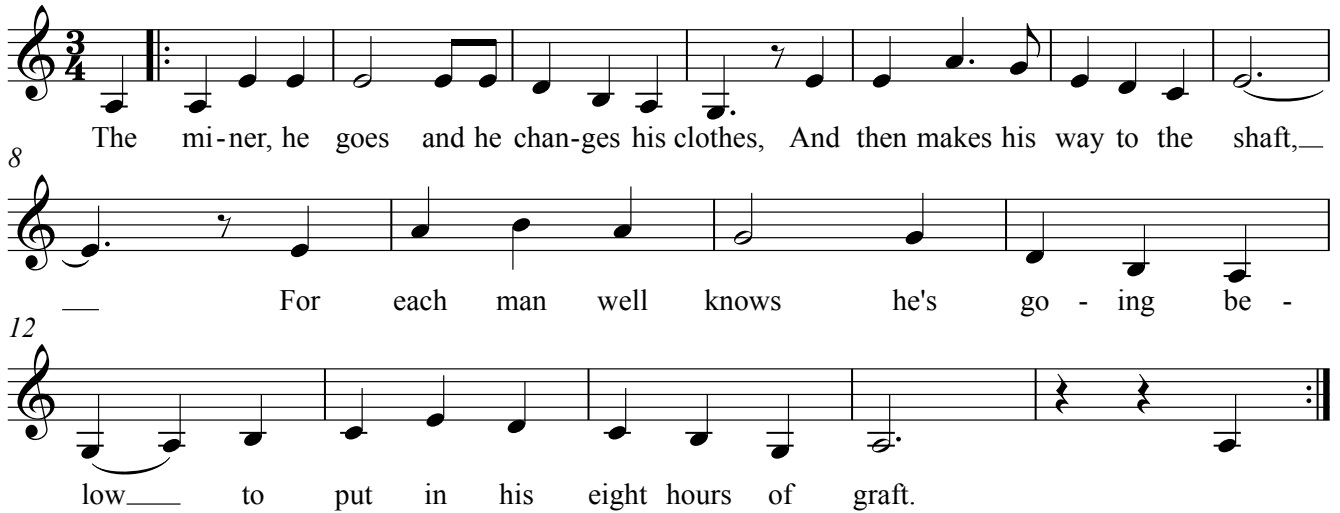


The Miner



8 The mi-ner, he goes and he chan-ges his clothes, And then makes his way to the shaft, —

12 — For each man well knows he's go - ing be -

low — to put in his eight hours of graft.

CHORUS

With his calico cap and his old flannel shirt, His pants with a strap round the knee,
His boots watertight and his candle alight, His crib and his billy of tea.

2 The platman to the driver will knock four and one, The ropes to the windlass will strain;
As one shift comes up, another goes down, And working commences again.

3 He works hard for his pay at six bob a day, He toils for his missus and kids;
He gets what's left over and thinks he's in clover, To cut off his 'baccy in quids.

CHORUS

With his calico cap and his old flannel shirt, His pants with a strap round the knee,
His boots watertight and his candle alight, His crib and his billy of tea.

4 And so he goes on, week in and week out, To toil for his life's daily bread;
He's off to the mine, hail, rain, or shine, That his dear ones at home may be fed.

5 Diggin' holes in the ground where there's gold to be found, And most times where gold it is not,
A man's like a rabbit with this diggin' habit, And like one, he ought to be shot!

CHORUS

With his calico cap and his old flannel shirt, His pants with a strap round the knee,
His boots watertight and his candle alight, His crib and his billy of tea.

With his calico cap and his old flannel shirt, His pants with a strap round the knee,
His boots watertight and his candle alight, His crib and hihs billy of tea.