

## Black Leg Miner

**Oh its** in the evening after dark,  
when the Blackleg Miner creeps to  
work

With his moleskin pants and his  
dirty shirt,  
there goes the Blackleg Miner.

**He grabs** his duds and down he goes  
to hew the coal that lies below.

There's not a woman in this town row  
would look at the Blackleg Miner.

**Deval** is a hell of a place  
they rub wet tar in the Blackleg's face,  
And round the heaps they run a foot  
race,  
to catch the Blackleg Miner.

**Dithergan** near the Seghill mine  
and around the town they run a line  
To catch the throat and break the  
spine  
of the dirty Blackleg Miner.

**They grabs** his pick 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.

**So join** the union while you may  
and don't wait til your dying day,  
For that may not be far away,  
you dirty Blackleg Miner.

## The Appin Tragedy

Long and loud the whistle screams,  
disaster at the local mine.

In answer rush the rescue teams,  
try to reach the pit on time.

Women hurry white of face,  
bringing things their men might need.  
Doctors nurses join the race,  
on towards the pit they speed.

Men dig shout frantic,  
strive to clear a way.

A strewn heap gigantic  
broken props rock and clay.

In that dark eternal night  
mining comrades wait.  
Until the victory of that fight  
none will know their fate.

Fumes of burnt exploding gas.  
Rock and earth and broken beam.  
Des'prately they try to pass,  
toward the black and banded seam.

And the silent crowd above,  
women children sticken bound  
waiting word of those they love  
somewhere deep beneath the ground.

Each hour seems a passing year  
to that anguished huddled crowd.  
Hope receding with each tear,  
praying still with bear heads bowed.

Despair within each tortured heart,  
misery with each tear drenched eye,  
as each loved one stands apart.

Fourteen still forms pass them by  
Fourteen still forms pass them by  
Fourteen still forms pass out bye.

**Now He's on Strike 1/2**

My husband is a jovial man  
 who likes his food and grog.  
 When he's at work he eats his fill  
 and lies round like a log  
 Now he's on strike its diff'rent  
 we've had six weeks on the grass.  
 Eating runny mince and rabbit stew.  
 How much longer can it last?  
 How much longer can he last?

*Through the anger of the struggle  
 though our pay is sacrificed  
 Have a laugh about the trouble with  
 the comrade who's your wife*

To wash himself at work my bloke  
 has soap like kerosene.  
 He's not the sweetest smeller  
 you can tell where he's just been.  
 Now he's on strike the co-op store  
 is selling soap called rose.  
 Rub-a-dub-dub my man's in the tub.  
 It's much kinder to my nose.

*Through the anger of the struggle  
 though our pay is sacrificed  
 Have a laugh about the trouble with  
 the comrade who's your wife*

While he's at work I cook his tea  
 I drive the kids to school  
 I dream about our honeymoon  
 those sessions by the pool.  
 Now he's on strike its me that works  
 with the co-op on the go  
 He cooks the tea and drives the kids  
 and after work mm - mm .  
 And after work oh - ho

*Through the anger of the struggle  
 though our pay is sacrificed  
 Have a laugh about the trouble with  
 the comrade who's your wife*

At work the talk is politics  
 at home there's never time.  
 While the union waves the cherry flag-  
 my washing's on the line.  
 Now he's on strike to save his job  
 and the government's to blame,  
 I'll die my washing deepest red,  
 And never be ashamed.

*Through the anger of the struggle  
 though our pay is sacrificed  
 Have a laugh about the trouble with  
 the comrade who's your wife*

Why are our husbands out on strike,  
 there's some of us don't care,  
 but most would vote the union way  
 and take an equal share.  
 But when the strike is over  
 and it's time to go to work,  
 let's toss a coin dear husband.  
 Digging coal or ironing shirts.  
 Digging coal or ironing shirts.

**The Shadow of the Axe 1/2**

They've taken my job  
 they've taken my life  
 this town is no place  
 for me and my wife.  
 No wage and no home  
 these are the facts  
 our life has been cut  
 by the company's axe.

*The sack is the axe hanging over our  
 heads  
 in the pit in the cut at home in our  
 beds.  
 We sweat for our wage we bend our  
 backs,  
 And we live in the dark  
 (and we live in the dark)  
 of the shadow of the axe.*

The shaft is a black  
 and back-breaking place,  
 and death can be quick  
 down by the coalface,  
 but a man has a life  
 if he works under-ground  
 his days are paid  
 at night he sleeps sound.  
 Sure I got a good wage  
 neath the shadow of the axe,  
 but supporting a household  
 and paying my tax,  
 left little money for when the axe fell.  
 My labour's my life.  
 Now my labour won't sell.

*The sack is the axe hanging over our  
 heads  
 in the pit in the cut at home in our  
 beds.  
 We sweat for our wage we bend our  
 backs,  
 And we live in the dark  
 (and we live in the dark)  
 of the shadow of the axe.*

The shadow it hangs  
 like gas in the mine.  
 It won't disappear  
 in the lamp-light shine.  
 To lose your job to go on the dole.  
 The shadow of the axe hangs over your  
 soul.

*The sack is the axe hanging over our  
 heads  
 in the pit in the cut at home in our  
 beds.  
 We sweat for our wage we bend our  
 backs,  
 And we live in the dark  
 (and we live in the dark)  
 of the shadow of the axe.*

The axe it has fallen.  
 The axe has cut deep.  
 We're forced to move on,  
 find a job we can keep.  
 There's three things are sure;  
 death and the tax, and the darkness  
 the black the shadow of the axe.  
 We'll follow the highways  
 the roads and the tracks,  
 but can we escape  
 the shadow of the axe.