

Down in the coal-mine.

D C
I am a jovial collier lad, as blithe as blithe can be,
D A C
and let the times be good or bad, it's all the same to me.
D C
It's little of the world I know, I'm careless for its ways,
D A D
for where the Dog-star never glows it's where I way my days.

Am7 D G
Down in the coal-mine, underneath the ground,
D A C
where a glean of sunshine never can be found,
D C
Digging up the dusty diamonds all the season round,
D A D
||: *Deep down in the coal-mine, underneath the ground.* :||

My hands are horny, hard and black through working in the vein,
and like the clothes upon my back my speech is rough and plain.
Well, if I stumble with my tongue, I've one excuse to say,
it's not the colliers heart that's wrong, it's the head that goes astray.

Down in the coal-mine...

How little do the great ones care, who sit at home secure,
what hidden dangers colliers dare, what hardships they endure.
The very fire they sit beside to cheer themselves and wives,
mayhap was kindled up on costs of jovial miners lives.

Down in the coal-mine...

The cheer up lads and make the most of every joy you can,
and always let your mirth be such as best befits a man.
And let the times be good or bad, we'll still be jovial souls,
For where would Britain be without the lads that look for coals.

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Om livet i kulminerne og deres betydning for England og Skotland. Sangen er skrevet af Joseph Bryan Geoghegan, som også har skrevet 10.000 miles away. Han kom til verden i Barton upon Irwell, Lancashire i 1816 og forlod den i Bolton, January 1889.