

## Down in the Old Dark Mill

By: Joe Hill

Music by Tell Taylor

How well I do remember  
That mill along the way  
Where she and I were working  
For fifty cents a day.  
She was my little sweetheart.  
I met her in the mill.  
It's a long time since I saw her,  
But I love her still.

Down in the Old Dark Mill,  
That's where first we met.  
Oh, that loving thrill,  
I shall ne'er forget.  
And those dreamy eyes,  
Blue like summer skies.  
She was fifteen,  
My pretty queen,  
In the Old Dark Mill.

We had agreed to marry  
When she'd be sweet sixteen.  
But then, one day, I crushed it:  
My arm in the machine.  
I lost my job forever.  
I am a tramp disgraced.  
My sweetheart still is slaving  
In the same old place.

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That's where first we met.  
Oh, that loving thrill,  
I shall ne'er forget.  
And those dreamy eyes,  
Blue like summer skies.  
She was fifteen,  
My pretty queen,  
In the Old Dark Mill.