

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Black Diamond

Black Diamond  
(M. Garvey)

Black as a miner's face  
Black as a foreman's heart  
Black as the weather when we buried them together  
Cause we couldn't tell their bones apart...couldn't tell their bones apart

Green the few dollars we earn  
Green the wet wood we must burn  
By the banks of Green River the miners' children shiver  
And they know that it soon will be my turn  
Know that it soon will be my turn

White for our sliver of soap  
White for our last ray of hope  
White for the coffin that our town has seen so often  
Carried up that wet mossy slope  
Carried up that wet mossy slope

Red for the sun we hear shines  
And red for the red danger signs  
And the fires underground that will burn the year around  
In the tunnels of the Black Diamond Mines  
Tunnels of the Black Diamond Mines..

(supposedly fires are still burning....Black Diamond is a town southeast of Seattle...very soft coal...not mined now...a graveyard with one grave and six bodies..."Morte in esplosione" is the gravestone...5 Italian..one maybe Czech???)

apr97