

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Sugar Notch Entombment

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It was in the month of April in eighteen seventy-nine
When seven men came to Sugar Notch to work down in the mine.
The night shift was before them and honest they began
The driver came and told them that the mine was caving in.

They walked in the gangway and then sat down,
They held a consultation and the talk went all around;
Pricey held the safety lamp and Reilly he was last,
Hawkins put up his hand and shut off all the gas.

The rocks stood on their edges up against the roof,
And all of them sat quiet, afraid for to make a move.
Some were very hungry and some were very weak;
Says Johnny Green, "Let's kill the mule and have a jolly feast."

So Bill Kinney went and got his mule and tied him to a prop,
The tears came rolling down his cheeks saying, "Harry, you must drop."
On picking up the hammer, Johnny Green found it to be dull,
He hit the poor old mule ten times on the head before he cracked his skull.

Then Kinney said, "Harry, you're dead and gone; your life is gone astray,
But many a hundred cars of coal you've pulled out of this gangway,
Many a driver's drove you, but now your driving's at an end."
They hauled him in and shared him fair between the seven men.

From Minstrels of the Mine Patch, Korson

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