

The Dying Doctor-crd

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 Doctor Leo Hayes was our company doctor
 A7 D A7
 From the big coal companies he got his pay
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 For thirty-nine years he tried to cure us
 A7 D
 And now today on his deathbed lay.
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 He called his five boys and his three daughters
 G D A7
 And at his bed we stood around
 G D
 We heard him tell the history of the coal miners
 A7 D
 And he said, "Don't let these people down."

You are all connected with the practice of medicine
 You promise you'll keep true I know
 You will do your best to help these people
 I close my eyes for I must go.
 His youngest girl was Doctor Betty
 With her face so pretty and her smile so sweet
 She walked the coal towns of Force and Byrndale
 She saw the sewage waters flowing down the street.

She saw the children drink the cankered water
 She saw the chickens fly up on the roof
 She saw the waters overflow the sewers
 And flood their gardens of victory.
 She went to the big shots of the Shawmut Company
 She did not beg and she did not plead
 She stood flatfooted and pounded the table
 Sewer pipes and bathrooms are what we need.

My daddy told me to fight to cure sickness
 But I can't cure sickness with sewage all around
 These germs kill people quicker than I can cure them
 We need a foundation under every house.
 We need a bathroom for every family
 Yes, you can set there and blink your eyes
 Three hundred miners are out behind me
 We will clean this town or know the reason why.

I quit my job as the family doctor
 I nailed up my shingle and went on my own
 I carried my pillbag and waded those waters
 I set by a deathbed in many a home.
 I saw you catch rainwater in rusty washtubs
 I saw you come home dirty up out of your pits
 Watched you ride with your coffin up to your graveyard
 With not a nickel to pay your burying debt.

On July the fifteenth from the hills around
 Three hundred miners walked down through town
 The state inspector was testing the water
 While he was working you stood around.
 One miner asked him to have a drink free
 The inspector looked out toward our pits
 He set his hat back on his head and says,
 "I wouldn't drink a drop of that on a bet."

I think of my daddy and brothers and sisters
 When we stood around his dying bed
 When I walk the streets of the company towns

I can hear every word my daddy said.
The Shawmut Company is caught in its own paws
The people not worth the money they cost
A hundred have died, three hundred not working
Thirty thousand tons of coal is lost.