

I am a jovial collier lad  
As blithe as blithe can be  
And let the times be good or bad  
It's all the same to me  
It's little of the world I know  
And care less for its ways  
For where the Dog Star never glows  
It's there I spend my days

Down in the coal mine, underneath the ground  
Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found  
Digging up the dusky diamonds all the seasons round  
Deep down in the coalmine, underneath the ground

Me hands are horny, hard and black  
Through working in the vein  
And like the clothes upon me back  
My speech is rough and plain  
And if I stumble with my tongue  
I've one excuse to say  
It's not the collier's heart that's wrong  
It's his head that goes astray

How little do the great ones care  
Who sit at home secure  
What hidden dangers collier's dare  
What hardships they endure  
The very fire they sit beside  
To cheer themselves and wives  
Mayhap was kindled up at cost  
Of jovial miners lives

Then cheer up lads and make the most  
Of every joy you can  
And always make your Murphy's such  
As best befits a man  
For let the times be good or bad  
We'll still be jovial souls  
For where would Britain be  
Without the lads who look for coals

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