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The Plodder Seam

The Plodder Seam
(Ewan MacColl)

The Plodder Seam is a wicked seam
It's part of the Trencher Bone;
It's hot and there's three feet of shale
Between the coal and the rocky stone.
You can smell the smoke from the fires of Hell
Deep under Ashton Town,
O, the Plodder Seam is a wicked seam
It's a mile and a quarter down.

Thirteen-hundred tons a day
Are taken from that mine;
There's a ton of dirt to a ton of rock
And a gallon of sweat and grime.
You crawl behind the cutters
And you scrabble for the coal,
I'd rather sweep the streets
Than have to burrow like a mole.

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