

The Diggins—Oh

From "Modern Street Ballads" by John Ashton 1888 and set to the tune of "Kelvin Grove".

I've come back all skin and bone from the dig - gins - oh.

And I wish I'd nev - er gone to the dig - gins - oh.

Be - lieve me, 'tis no fun, I once weighed fif - teen stone,

But they brought me down to one at the dig - gins - oh!

I built a hut with mud at the diggins—oh.
That got washed away by flood at the diggins—oh.
I used to dig, and cry that it wouldn't do to die,
Undertakers charge too high at the diggins—oh.

A crown a pound for steaks, at the diggins—oh.
Ditto chops, and no great shakes, at the diggins—oh.
Five "hog" a small pig's cheek; If a herring red you'd seek,
One will keep you dry a week, at the diggins—oh.

They tied me to a tree, at the diggins—oh.
With my nuggets they made free, at the diggins oh.
I escaped from bodily hurt, though they stole my very shirt,
I had to paint myself with dirt, at the diggins—oh.

But now I'm safe returned from the diggins—oh.
Never more I mean to roam to the diggins—oh.
It some peoples' fortune mends. Much upon the man depends—
I'd sooner be here with friends than at the diggins—oh.