

# The Miner

*The words and major tune were collected first by O'Connor and Officer from Mrs R Sayers of Box Hill, Vic.  
The minor tune is from AL Lloyd. One could use the minor version for verses and the major version for choruses.*

## Minor Tune

Musical notation for the Minor Tune of 'The Miner'. The score is written in 3/4 time on a single treble clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, with some phrases spanning across bar lines. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: Am (A minor) at measures 1, 4, 8, and 12; G (G major) at measures 2, 5, 9, and 13; C (C major) at measures 3, 6, and 10; E7 (E7 major) at measure 7; and Em (E minor) at measure 11. The lyrics are: 'The min - er he goes and chang - es his clothes, And then makes his way to the shaft; For each man will know he's go - - ing be - - low To \_\_\_\_\_ put in eight hou - - rs of graft.'

## Major Tune

Musical notation for the Major Tune of 'The Miner'. The score is written in 3/4 time on a single treble clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, with some phrases spanning across bar lines. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: C (C major) at measures 16, 19, and 23; Am (A minor) at measures 17, 20, and 24; G7 (G7 major) at measures 18, 21, and 25; and C (C major) at measures 22 and 26. The lyrics are: 'The min - er he goes and chang - es his clothes, And then makes his way to the shaft; For each man will know he's go - - ing be - - low To \_\_\_\_\_ put in eight hou - - rs of graft.'

### Chorus

With his calico cap and his old flannel shirt,  
His pants with the strap round the knee,  
His boots watertight and his candle alight,  
His crib and his billy of tea.

The tapman to the driver will knock four and one,  
The ropes to the windlass will strain;  
As one shift comes up, another goes down,  
And working commences again.

He works hard for his pay at six bob a day,  
He toils for his missus and kids.  
He gets what's left over, and thinks he's in clover  
To cut off his baccy from quids.

And thus he goes on, week in and week out,  
To toil for his life's daily bread.  
He's off to the mine in hail, rain or shine,  
That his dear ones at home may be fed.

Digging holes in the ground where there's gold to be found,  
And most times where gold it is not,  
A man's like a rabbit with this digging habit,  
And like one he ought to be shot.