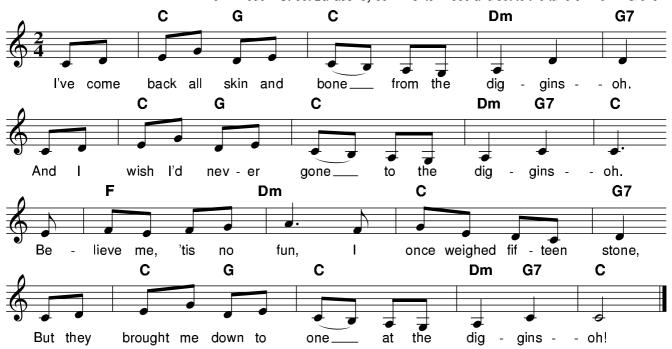
The Diggins-Oh

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



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.