

Man of the Earth

Words by miner and poet Jock Graham collected by Warren Fahey who challenged singer/songwriter Phyl Lobl to set it to music.

By pro - fess - ion and birth I'm a man of the earth,
I bur - row in it like a mole;
I dig it and drill it, and blast it and fill it
For that great com - - mod - it - - y coal.
To some I'm a brave man, to oth - ers a knave man
A strike and at - - tack man, a black man and slack man
Who plun - ders the coun - try of coal.

It's narkin' at times to be blamed for their crimes,
And placed in the villainous role
Invented by story, press-jury and tory,
The profit-made agents of coal.
No story of men who are suffering pain;
Of heroes who starve on the dole;
Nought written or spoken of hearts that are broken:
The widows and orphans of coal.

The court is the gauge which determines my wage,
The parson looks after my soul;
My hands are my boss's, his gains are my losses;
My body is bartered in coal.
The gaps in our lines: 'Red roll of the mines!
Show death has been takin' his toll,
While snipers at maimed men and dead men and famed men
Grow fat on the blood on the coal.

By profession and birth I'm a man of the earth,
I burrow in it like a mole;
I dig it and drill it, and blast it and fill it
For that great commodity coal.
Yet through muck and mire and lung-dust and fire,
More clearly I'm seein' my goal:
Of diggin' and drillin' and blastin' and fillin';
Supplyin' a socialised coal.