

# 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

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

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.