

Dark as a Dungeon

Come all you young fellows so fair and so fine, And seek not your fortune in the dark dreary mine! It will form like a habit and seep in your soul, Till the stream of your blood runs as black as the coal.

Chorus: *Where it's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew, Where the danger is doubled and the pleasures are few, Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines, Well it's dark as a dungeon way down in the mine.*

It's many a man I have known in my day Who lived just to labor his whole life away. Like a fiend with his dope and a drunkard his wine, A man must have lust for the lure of the mines.

I hope when I die and the ages shall roll, My body will blacken and turn into coal. Then I'll look from the door of my heavenly home, And pity the miner that's digging my bones!

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