

Blue Diamond Mines 256

w: J. Ritchie ['Than Hall]

ver: 1F

Ok=Pat - email NinoUpte7@yahoo.com for changes.

m:

arr:

needs lyric fitting

Chorus 1

Chords: C, B \flat , C, B \flat

Soprano (S): I re - mem - ber the ways in the by - gone days, when we was all in our
Your You old black gold, you've ta - ken my soul, Your dust has dar - kened my
John L. U - nion had a dead, and you're sha - king bro - ken, it seems. Our they say Union is mi - ning's le - tting had its us

Alto (A):

Tenor (T):

Bass (B):

Verse 2

Chords: C, B \flat , C

Soprano (S): prime. How us and John L. gave the old man hell, down in the Blue
home. And but now that I'm old, you're tur - ning your tain back, where else you can an
day. Last week they took away my hos - pi - tal top card, and it's "why don't
down.

Alto (A):

Tenor (T):

Bass (B):

Verse 3

Chords: B \flat , C, B \flat

Soprano (S): Dia - mond mines. When the who - stole would blow 'fore the roo - ster crow, full
old mi - ner go? Well, the first it's Big Block and the then Lea - ther - wood, and
three do - llars aday? Well, you might go get down - town, of and you wel - fare a - meat, a
you leave this oldtown"? Well, you go get down - town, of and you hang a - round. Well,

Alto (A):

Tenor (T):

Bass (B):

21

S

two hour be - fore day - light. When a man done his best, and he earned his good
 now it's Blue Di - a - mond too. The pits are all closed, and it's "go find a
 li - ttle poke of it wel - fare so flour; bad. Then you tell you right now, you won't qua - li - fy
 may - be it ain't so bad. Then you come back home, and they meet you at

A

T

B

B \flat C B \flat

28

S

rest, and had se - ven - teen dol - lars at night. In the mines, in the mines, in the Blue Dia - mond
 job", what less you work for a quar - ter an hour, do? the door, and it's "what did you bring me, dad"?

A

T

B

C B \flat C B \flat C

36

S

mines, I have worked my life a - way. In the mines, in the mines, in the

A

T

B

F C B \flat

43 C F C

S Blue Dia - mond mines, Oh, fall on your knees and pray.

A

T

B

I re-mem-ber the ways
 in the by-gone days,
 when we was all in our prime.
 How us and John L.
 gave the old man hell,
 down in, the Blue Dia-mond mines.
 Where the whi-stle would blow
 'fore the roo-ster crow,
 full two-hour be-fore day-light.
 When a man done his best,
 and he earned his good rest,
 and had se-ven-teen dol-lars at night.

CHORUS:

In the mines, in the mines,
 in the Blue Dia-mond mines,
 I have worked my life a-way.
 In the mines, in the mines,
 in the Blue Dia-mond mines,
 Oh, fall on your knees and pray.

You old black gold,
 you've ta-ken my soul.
 Your dust has dar-kened my home.
 And now that I'm old,
 you're tur-ning your back,
 where else can an old mi-ner go?
 Well, first it's Big Block
 and then Lea-ther-wood,
 and now it's Blue Di-a-mond too.
 The pits are all closed,
 and it's "go find a job",
 what else can an old mi-ner do?

CHORUS: In the mines,...

Your U-nion is dead,
 and you're sha-king your head;
 they say mi-ning's had its day.
 but you're stri-pping off
 my moun-tain top
 and you pay me three do-llars aday.
 Well, you might get a poke
 of wel-fare meat,
 a li-ttle poke of wel-fare flour;
 but I tell you right now,
 you won't qua-li-fy
 'less you work for a quar-ter an hour.

CHORUS: In the mines,...

John L. had a dream,
 but it's bro-ken, it seems.
 Our Union is le-tting us down.
 Last week they took away
 my hos-pi-tal card,
 and it's "why don't you leave this oldtown"?
 Well, you go down-town,
 and you hang a-round.
 Well, may-be it ain't so bad.
 Then you come back home,
 and they meet you at the door,
 and it's "what did you bring me, dad"?

CHORUS: In the mines,...