

Canny Miner

Soprano

It's ___ up in the morn-ing and ___ out a-fore dawn, wi' your mole skin breeks ___ and your

Alto

It's ___ up in the morn-ing and ___ out a-fore dawn, wi' your mole skin breeks ___ and your

Bass

4

S

pit ___ boots ___ on; and the sleep in your eyes ___from the night just gone. He's a fine lad, a canny lad, the-

A

pit boots ___ on; and the sleep in your eyes ___from the night gone. He's a fine lad, a canny lad, the-

B

8

S

mi - ner

A

mi - ner

B

2. It's out of the frost and up through the toon,
 Wi' your breath like smoke in the morning gloom,
 And you meet wi' your mates at the pithead soon,
 He's a fine lad, a canny lad, the miner.

3. Ye have your last drag o' the day at the gate,
 Then it's into the cage you crowd wi' your mates,
 Then you drop like a stone to the dark and the heat,
 He's a fine lad, a canny lad, the miner.

4. At first the road's good and you get a move on,
 But nearer the face the seam narrows down,
 And you're scabbing your back on the roof ere long,
 He's a fine lad, a canny lad, the miner.

5. There's dust in your eyes and your nose and your hair,
 And you're sweating and striving and straining for air,
 You've got corns on your hands and your knees rubbed
 bare,
 He's a fine lad, a canny lad, the miner.

6. Now it's time for your bate, so you eat it and then
 There's time for a few minutes crack wi' the men,
 Then you're back on the job and you're sweating again,
 He's a fine lad, a canny lad, the miner.

7. When you think you've worked all the hours God sends,
 And you fear that you're likely to go round the bend,
 Then it's time to come up and breathe fresh air again,
 He's a fine lad, a canny lad, the miner.