

COAL IS OUR FUTURE

(to the tune of the Ian Campbell Folk Group version of "Down in a Coal Mine")

Mike Delaney 12/27/18

I'm hanging on still hope
To get my job back at the mine
Trump said it's going to work
But its gonna take some time
The big machines can run themselves
No need for grunts like me
But I think it will take a turn
We'll have to wait and see

**Coal is our future
And Trump has brought it back
Mining is our savior
No longer under attack
Digging up the precious nuggets
Beautiful and clean
Coal is our future
And Trump has made it green**

The power plant still burning coal
The last one near our town
Their ash has clogged our water hole
The wells are all closed down
The plant is belching soot and smoke
But their stacks will not be fixed
They said the cost had gone too high
The upgrades were all nixed

Chorus

My brother can no longer dig
His breath used to be strong
No healthcare and no pension
The mine owners said so long
They paid themselves a hefty sum
And beat it out of town
Left us a colossal mess
A big hole in the ground

Chorus x2

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5p8OpJ6eoh4>

Composer: **Geoghan, J B**
Medium: **lithograph, coloured**
Date: **1873**

Down In The Coalmine

- [Video](#)
- [Print](#)
- [J B Geoghegan](#)

I am a jovial collier lad as blithe as blithe can be
And let the times be good or bad, it's all the same to me
It's little of the world I know and care less for its ways
For where the dog star never glows I wear away my days
Down in the coalmine, underneath the ground
Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found
Digging up the dusky diamonds all the season round
Deep down in the coalmine, underneath the ground
Me hands are horny, hard and black through working in the vein
And like the clothes upon me back my speech is rough and plain
Well if I stumble with my tongue I've one excuse to say
It's not the collier's heart that's wrong, it's the head that goes astray
Down in the coalmine, underneath the ground
Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found
Digging up the dusky diamonds all the season round
Deep down in the coalmine, underneath the ground
How little do the great ones care who sit at home secure
What hidden dangers colliers dare, what hardships they endure
The very fire they sit beside to cheer themselves and wives
Mayhap was kindled at the cost of jovial miners lives
Down in the coalmine, underneath the ground
Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found
Digging up the dusky diamonds all the season round
Deep down in the coalmine, underneath the ground
Then cheer up lads and make the most of every joy you can
And always let your mirth such as best befits a man
For let the times be good or bad, we'll still be jovial souls
For where would Britain be without the lads who look for coals
Down in the coalmine, underneath the ground
Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found
Digging up the dusky diamonds all the season round
Deep down in the coalmine, underneath the ground

As sung by [The Ian Campbell Folk Group](#).

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