



Handout 1 - The Lyrics of Nimrod Workman

42 Years

For 42 years, is a mighty long time
For to labor and toil down in that coal mine
But down in that dark hole where the bright lights did go
Back in a dark room, I were spadin' up coal
My bones they did ache me and my kneecaps got bad
Down on that hard rock on a set of knee pads
The motors were shiftin', I got sand in my hair
Both lungs were broke down from breathin' bad air

Now went to Columbus for to find a new job
They sent me to my boss man and I heard him say
"The company don't want you, compensation won't pay
For the doctors they told us, coal dust didn't get you this way."

Mother Jones' Will

Well I'm goin' to that Hart's Creek Mountain,
Goin' back to old **Blair Mountain Hill**
I'm goin' to fight for the **Union**,
'Cause I know it's **Mother Jones' Will**
Yes I know it's Mother Jones' Will

Well, our children were laying in the tents
They were laying upon the quilts
While the **thugs** were a-rambling through their tents
Pouring kerosene in their milk
Pouring kerosene in their milk