

The BANKS of the FAIR SUSQUEHANNA
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Now I came 'cross the ocean to work in the mines
Far beneath Pennsylvania's green hills
There's plenty of coal buried deep in the earth
And if I don't dig it, who will?
If I don't dig it, who will?

(Chorus)

Oh you banks of the fair Susquehanna
As I lie here all weary and sore
You remind me of all the fair rivers at home
That I never will see any more
That I never will see any more!

Eighteen hours a day with my shovel and pick
Far away from the sun and the sky
There's dust in my bones and there's grit in my lungs
It will be there long after I die
It will be there long after I die

There are Welsh and Italians who sweat and who curse
There are Chinese and Slovaks here too
But the boldest of all are the brave Irish lads
They're one hell of a hard-working crew
They're one hell of a hard-working crew!

Now we don't get to pray while we're breaking our backs
So I ask God whenever I can
To rescue me safe from this dark stinking pit
And help me once more be a man
And help me once more be a man!

- B.Black
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