

# The Pennsylvania Miner

(a song from the 1887-88 coal strikes)

collected by Phillips Thompson

♩ = 78

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 78. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The score consists of ten staves of music, each starting with a measure number (6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, 34). The lyrics describe the hardships of coal miners during the 1887-88 strikes in Pennsylvania, including being treated as slaves, robbed of pay, starved, and shot down.

Come, lis - ten, fel - low work - ing folk, my stor - y, I'll re - late How  
6 work - ers in the coal mines fare in Penn - syl - van - ia State; Come,  
10 hear a sad sur - vi - vor from be - side his child - ren's graves And  
14 learn how free A - mer - i - cans are treat - ed now as slaves. They  
18 robbed us of our pay; They starved us day by day; They  
22 shot us down on the hill - side brown And swore our lives a - way. For  
26 years we toiled on pa - tient - ly; they cut our wa - ges down; We  
30 struck; they sent the Pink - er - tons to drive us from the town; We  
34 held a meet - ing near the mine, some has - ty words were said; A

38

vol - ley from the Pink - er - tons laid half - a - doz - en dead. They

42

robbed us of our pay; They starved us day by day; They

46

shot us down on the hill - side brown And swore our lives a - way. I

50

had a lit - tle fam - i - ly; the young - est scarce could creep; Next

54

night the hire - ling ruf - fian band a - roused us our of sleep; They

58

bat - tered in our cab - in door; we plead - ed all in vain; They

62

turned my wife and child - ren out to per - ish in the rain. They

66

robbed us of our pay; They starved us day by day; They

70

shot us down on the hill - side brown And swore our lives a - way. They

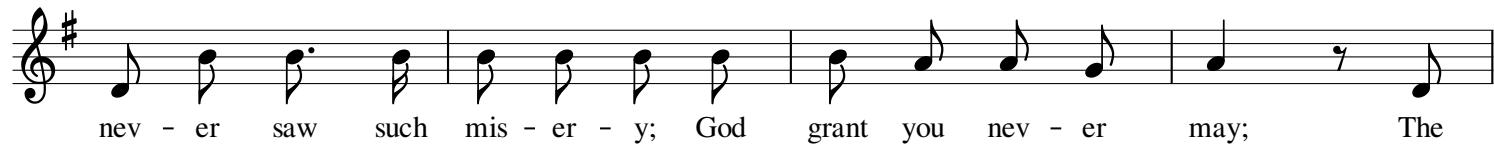
74

died of cold and fam - ine there be - neath the o - pen sky, While

78



82



86



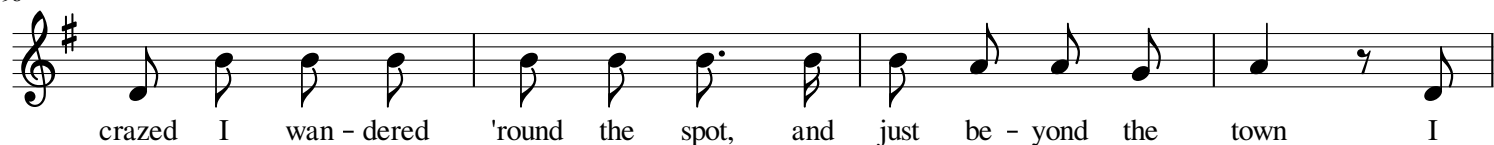
90



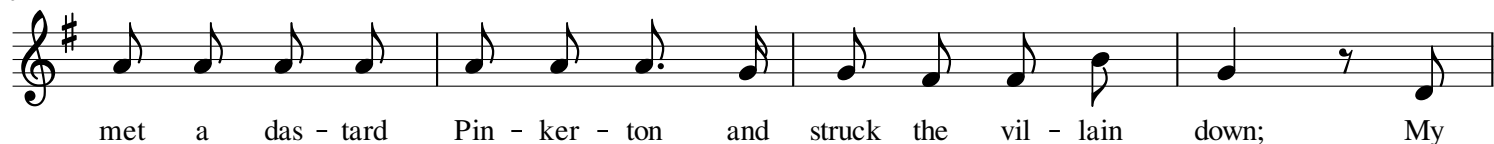
94



98



102



106



110



114




118



shot us down on the hill - side brown And swore our lives a - way. And

122




now I roam an out - lawed man; no house or friends have I; For

126



if the law can track me down, I shall be doomed to die; But

130



ver - y lit - tle should I care what may be - come of me If

134



all the land would rise and swear such things no more shall be. They

138



robbed us of our pay; They starved us day by day; They

142



shot us down on the hill - side brown And swore our lives a - way. They

146



robbed us of our pay; They starved us day by day; They

150



shot us down on the hill - side brown And swore our lives a - way.

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25 had a lit- tle fam- i- ly; the young- est scarce could creep; Next

27 night the hire- ling ruf- fian band a- roused us out of sleep; They

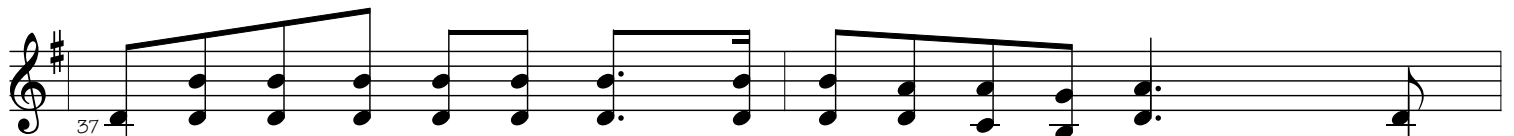
29 bat- tered in our ca- bin dorr; we plead- ed all in vain; They

31 turned my wife and child- ren out to per- ish in the rain. They


33 robbed us of our pay; they starved us day by day; They




35 shot us down on the hill- side brown and swore our lives a- way. They



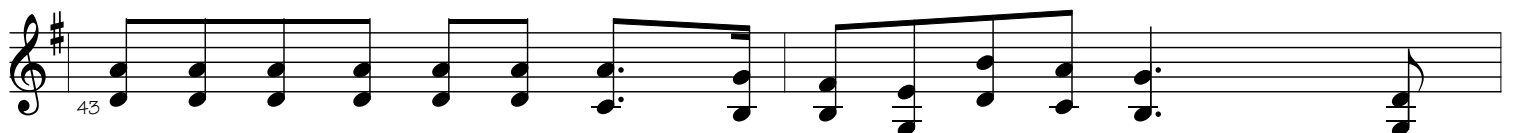
37 died of cold and fa- mine there be- neath the o- pen sky, While



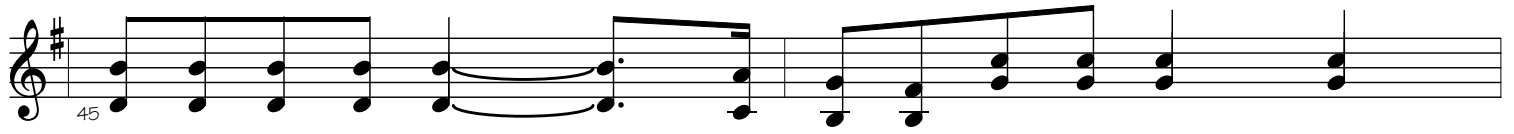
39 pit-y- ing neigh- bors stood a- round, but all as poor as I; You




41 nev- er saw such mis- er- y; God grant you nev- er may; The




43 sight is brand- ed on my soul un- til my dy- ing day. They



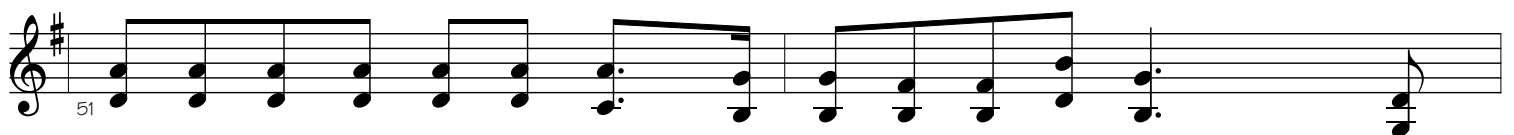
45 robbed us of our pay; they starved us day by day; They



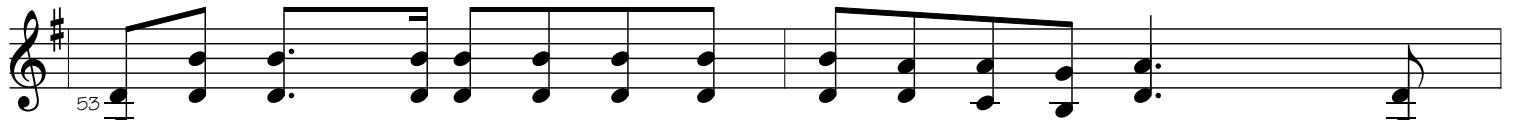
47 shot us down on the hill- side brown and swore our lives a- way. Half-




49 -crazed I wan- dered 'round the spot, and just be- yond the town, I



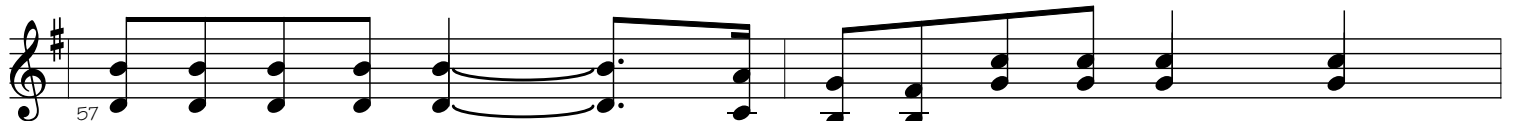
51 met a das- tard Pink- er- ton and struck the vil- lain down; My




53  
brain was fren- zied with the thought of child- ren, friends, and wife; I




55  
set my heel u- pon his throat and tram- pled out his life. They



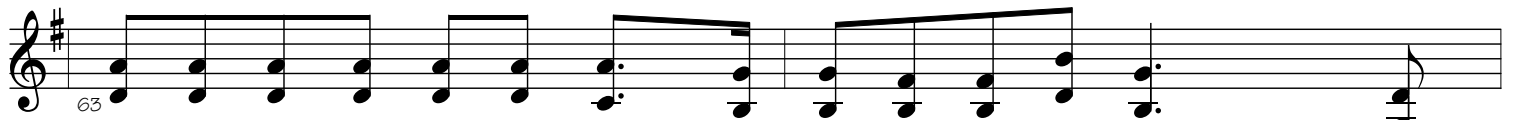
57  
robbed us of our pay; they starved us day by day; They



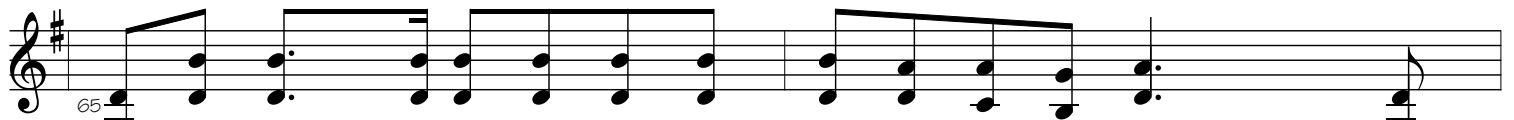
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65  
ver- y lit- tle should I care what may be- come of me If

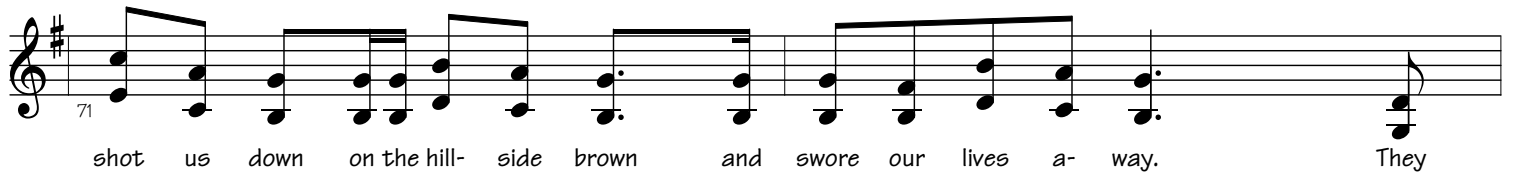


67  
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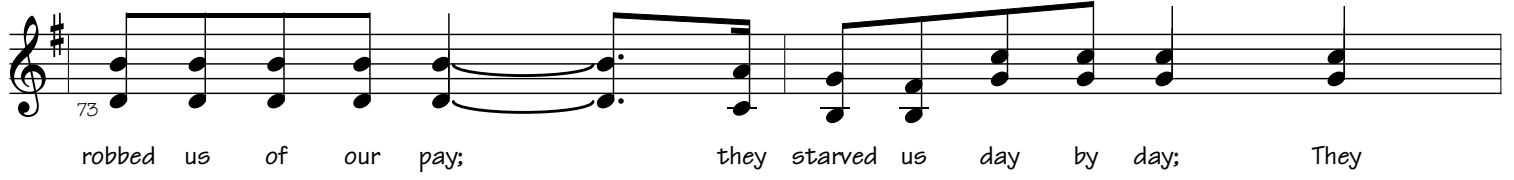


69  
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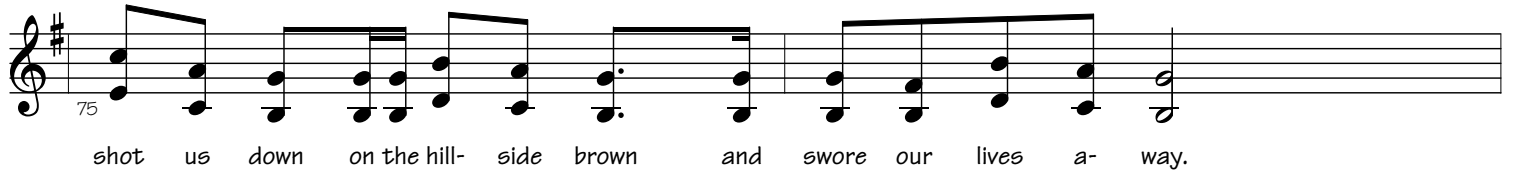




71 shot us down on the hill-side brown and swore our lives a-way. They

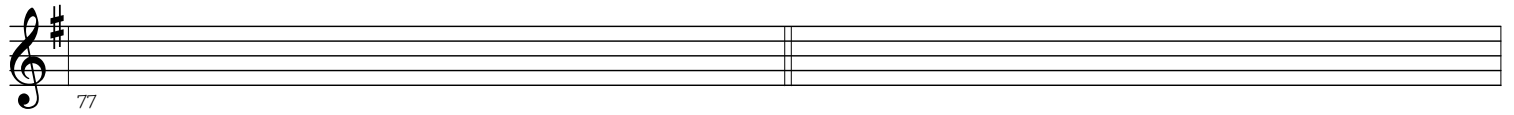


73 robbed us of our pay; they starved us day by day; They

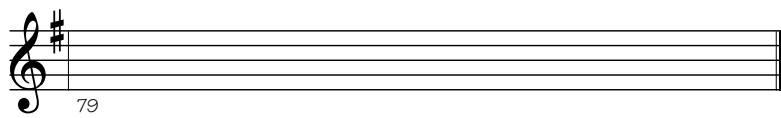


75 shot us down on the hill-side brown and swore our lives a-way.

G



77



79