

On Cumberland's \_\_\_\_\_ Mountain  
where the pine and hemlock grow,  
There are crystal streams and fountains  
where the cold north wind do blow.  
From all nations there's no ~~presence~~  
working men just like poor asses,  
'Neath the damp carbohic acids  
Miners labor underground.

Our ore has built the steamers  
that do on the ocean sail.  
It likewise built the engines  
that do run upon the rail.  
It has filled this town with splendor,  
It has caused the world to wonder,  
Then they still oppress the miner  
While he labors underground.

The miners are united \_\_\_\_\_  
on the \_\_\_\_\_  
They have dropped the miners' wages  
till it's full fifteen per cent.  
Now the truth to you I'm telling  
They accused us of rebelling  
And refused us tent or dwelling  
While we labored underground.

As miners have joined the union  
to protect us in distress.  
And we ask not but for justice  
in this dreary wilderness.  
So let George Hardy's power perish  
*Then* And fair wages we will cherish,  
And Londonderry will flourish  
While we labor underground.

George W. Scott  
1965