

The Prince of Darkness

(Words: Brian McNeill. Music: Ed Miller)

Em C Em
I was born in the village of Kilkenzie,
G D Em
And my father was an elder o' the kirk,
C G D Em
And on the day I turned fourteen, he looked me in the een
C D Em
And told me it was time I was in work;
C G
For employment was a way to beat the devil,
C G
And I must challenge him wherever he was found;
C G D Em
But if I wanted decent pay, there were five different ways:
C D Em
North, south, east, west or down.

CHORUS:

C G D
I used to battle wi' the Prince o' Darkness.
C G D
I used to steal away his heart through a four-foot seam.
C G D Em
And when they asked if I was poor, I'd tell them, "Aye, sure,"
C D
But they never had to teach me how to dream.

Em C Em
Oh, the first time I went in, then I was shakin'.
G D Em
I was just a laddie frightened o' the dark,
C G D Em
But wi' a cutter in my hands, I soon became a man,
C D Em
I was surely never frightened o' the work.
C G
I learned to listen for the creakin' o' the timbers,
C G
To watch the air around the candle flame,
C G D Em
And on ev'ry sweated turn I knew how many risks were run,
C D Em
And that danger was a miner's middle name.

CHORUS

Em C Em
 I went down in Newtongrange and Kirkcaldy,
 G D Em
 Sweatin' blood for seven bob a week;
 C G D Em
 And in the shuttle and the cage, I learned the spirit of the age
 C D Em
 From men who never turned the other cheek;
 C G
 And when my father asked if I was still for Jesus,
 C G
 Was he my help and my Savior down the mine,
 C G D Em
 I said I'd bow my head in prayer if I turned and found Him there
 C D Em
 At my shoulder on a union picket line.

CHORUS

Em C Em
 Now I work in the Mining Museum.
 G D Em
 Show the tourists what my job used to be;
 C G D Em
 And when they ask about my clan, I tell them I'm a workin' man,
 C D Em
 And the union is clan enough for me.
 C G
 It gave me brothers fae the Rettin tae the Rhondda,
 C G
 And comrades fae the Rockies tae the Vans
 C G D Em
 But there's nae coloured freer race when ye're sweatin' at the face
 C D Em
 Wi' a pick or a shovel in your hand.

CHORUS

Em C Em
 Ah, but now we've a government in London,
 G D Em
 And the New Labour Party's won the day,
 C G D Em
 And they come back to find their roots in their sharp Italian suits,
 C D Em
 And when the cameras are gone, so are they.
 C G
 And they whisper that socialism's dyin',
 C G
 Ye cannot sell it at the supermarket till;
 C G D Em
 But where there's fifty lads like me, we'll make bloody sure they see
 C D Em
 That ideas are the hardest things to kill.

CHORUS