

The Foxdale Miner

As performed
by the Mannin Folk

Stuart Slack

I'm a mi-ner (I'm) work-ing at Fox-dale where the mines are so damp and so cold. From break-fast to bed we go dig-gin' for lead but I'd ra-ther be dig-gin' for gold. Some-times I work at Glen Rush-en Some-times I work at Cross Vane. Some-times I find that down in the mine is do-ing some-thing to my brain. Some-times I work at Cor-nel-ly But Beck-with's the shaft that I dread, As the dust I des-pise fills my nose and my eyes, I think I would rath-er be dead.

Chords: G, C, D, Em, D7, G

The Foxdale Miner

*I'm a miner workin' at Foxdale
where the mines are so damp and so cold.
From breakfast to bed we go diggin' for lead
but I'd rather be diggin' for gold.*

Sometimes I work at Glen Rushen
Sometimes I work at Cross Vane.
Sometimes I find that down in the mine
Is doing something to my brain.
Sometimes I work at Cornelly,
But Beckwith's the shaft that I dread,
As the dust I despise fills my nose and my eyes,
I think I would rather be dead.

Chorus

And when we got paid on a Saturday
It was down into Peel that we went,
It was there, without fail, we'd drink porter and ale
Until all our money was spent.
Sometimes we'd meet the Peel 'govags'
Maybe we'd join in a fight,
Then we'd shuffle our way back to Foxdale
And wait for next Saturday night.

Chorus

If I was just forty years younger,
I wouldn't be hangin' around.
There'd be no more pay at four-pence a day
But I'd be California bound.
There would I soon make my fortune,
And return to my Island again
And I'd open an alehouse in Foxdale,
And welcome the miners my friends.

Chorus