Miner Hill

Johnny Pelow

Moderately, in 2

Tune: Variant of "Blue Mountain Lake"

1. Come boys, if you'll listen, I'll sing you a song, If you'll pay attention it won't take me long; It's up here at Cutting's, at Camp Number One, The boys call the firm there— Cutting and Son, Derry down, down, dey derry down.

2. Now, the camp it is run by a Fort Jackson pet; You all know him well, it's Levi Fayette, Derry down, down, dey derry down.

3. Miss Fayette is our cook, she is big and fat, She's got lots to do but she doesn't mind that. But she gets right around and she does it up well, Derry down, down, dey derry down.

4. Now, two in the morning the foreman would call To wake up the teamsters, likewise Mike, his son, Saying, “Come on there, you teamsters, and get out of that, Go and feed those big horses and throw on the straps,” Derry down, down, dey derry down.

5. There's but nine loaders, there's three in each gang; We loaded our loads and the binders we sprang. For they're all damn poor skidways up around Miner Hill, Derry down, down, dey derry down.

6. Now, there's Myron Planty, he drives the big blacks, He's on the lead and he hurries right back. And said, “Roll them on, boys, and I'll haul them away,” Derry down, down, dey derry down.

7. Arthur Binan, he drives the big bays, He's always happy while hooked to the sleighs. He works his team both early and late; Derry down, down, dey derry down.

8. But his brother, Lawrence, can't do quite so well, For his old team is all shot to hell, Derry down, down, dey derry down.

9. His little nigh mare she's not very fat, And he said, “I don't care, by the bald-headed cat!” Derry down, down, dey derry down.

10. There's but one more teamster, big George Supernault; He ought to be dealt with according to law. For he whips them poor horses, it's surely a sin; Derry down, down, dey derry down.

11. Now, whiskey and poker they do not allow; One is a nuisance, the other violates the law. So we'd say to the blacksmith, “Let's have a few pots.” Derry down, down, dey derry down.

12. Now our logs are all landed down on the railroad, When our checks are made out we'll go down the tote road, Derry down, down, dey derry down.

13. Now, some will buy a quart, and perhaps three or four; But be damned if they'd work for Fayette anymore, Derry down, down, dey derry down.

This song requires more than the customary amount of flexibility in fitting the subsequent verses to the rhythm of the first. Work through each verse carefully to keep the text clear and flowing.

*Two-line verses should begin with the third phrase (2nd measure of the 2nd line of music).