

Come gather 'round friends and I'll .....you a tale  
Of when the red iron pits ran a-plenty  
But the cardboard-filled ..... and old men on the benches  
Tell you now that the whole..... is empty  
In the north end of town my own ..... are grown  
But I was raised on the other  
In the wee hours of youth my ..... took sick  
And I was brought up by my .....  
The iron ore poured as the ..... passed the door  
The drag lines an' the shovels they was a-humming  
'Till one day my brother failed to come .....  
The same as my father ..... him  
Well, a long winter's wait ..... the window I watched  
My ..... they couldn't have been kinder  
And my schooling was cut as I ..... in the spring  
To marry John Thomas, a miner  
Oh, the years passed ....., and the giving was good  
With the ..... bucket filled every season  
What with three babies born, the work was cut down  
To a half a day's shift with no .....  
Then the shaft was soon shut, and my....., it was cut  
And the fire in the air, it felt .....

'Till a man come to speak, and he said in one week  
That number ..... was closing  
They ..... in the East, they are paying too high  
They say that your ore ain't .....digging  
That it's much .....down in the South American towns  
Where the miners work ..... for nothing  
So the mining gates locked, and the ..... iron rotted  
And the room smelled .....from drinking  
Where the sad, silent ..... made the hour twice as long  
As I waited for the ..... to go sinking  
I lived by the window as he ..... to himself  
This ..... of tongues it was building  
'Till one morning's wake, the ..... it was bare  
And I was left alone with ..... children  
The ..... is gone, the ground's turning cold  
The stores one by one they're all folding  
My children will go as soon as they grow  
Well, there ain't.....here now to hold them