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

LIVEWORKSHEETS