

Miner's Washin'

John Warner (Arr. Jill Stubington, 2015)

$\text{♩} = 80$ Dm C Dm C Dm

S. I came from Dur ham in nine-ty nine Mar-ried_ a lad-die from the Coal Creek mine. The
6 fin - est lad that a girl could ev-er know Till he brought me his wash - in from the pit be - low

Chorus

10 Dm C Dm Am A

S. *Scrub bing_ the min - er's clothes Scrub- bing_ the min - er's - clothes*
A. *Scrub bing_ the min - er's clothes Scrub- bing_ the min - er's - clothes*
T. *Scrub bing_ the min - er's clothes Scrub- bing_ the min - er's - clothes*
B. *Scrub bing_ the min - er's clothes Scrub- bing_ the min - er's - clothes*

14 Dm F G Dm C Dm

S. *All piled up in a ghas - ly stack Hea-vy as lead and smel-ly and black And*
A. *All piled up in a ghas - ly stack Hea-vy as lead and smel-ly and black And*
T. *All piled up in a ghas - ly stack Hea-vy as lead and smel-ly and black And*
B. *All piled up in a ghas - ly stack Hea-vy as lead and smel-ly and black And*

18

F G Cm A⁷ Dm

S. oh the pain in my ach - ing back Scrub bing_ the min - er's clothes

A.

T. oh the pain in my ach - ing back Scrub bing_ the min - er's clothes

B.

I came from Durham in '99,
 Married a laddie from the Coal Creek mine,
 The finest lad that a girl could ever know,
 Till he brought me his washin' from the pit below.

*Scrubbing the miner's clothes, scrubbing the miner's clothes,
 All piled up in a ghastly stack, heavy as lead, and smelly and black,
 And oh the pain in my aching back,
 Scrubbing the miner's clothes.*

Now your Korumburra miner is a grimy sort of bloke,
 So I drop in his duds for an all night soak.
 I'll take me a soap and I'll grate it like a cheese,
 And chuck it in a bucket with his grubby dungarees.

I get me up before the peep o' light
 My copper for to fill and my fire for to light,
 I'll serve Tom his crib while the copper's on the boil,
 Then gird up my muscles for a day's hard toil.

It's drag 'em from the copper to the rinsing tub,
 Pound 'em with the dolly and scrub, scrub, scrub,
 Pour away the mucky water, do it all again,
 Heave 'em through the wringer and pray it doesn't rain.

Beyond Kardella, the sky's looking fine,
 Basket up the washing to the old clothes line,
 I'll bet when it's hung out and I've heaved up the prop,
 The rain'll come a pourin' and the wind will drop.

Now all you maidens who to marriage do incline,
 Never wed a laddie from the Coal Creek mine,
 A squatter might be surly, a merchant might be mean,
 A banker might be boring, but they're easier to clean.