DARK AS A DUNGEON

Words and Music by
MERLE TRAVIS

1. Come listen, you fellers, so young and so fine, Oh seek not your

2. (It's) man-y a man I have known in my day, Who lived just to

3. (The) mid-night, the morn-ing, or the mid-dle of day Is the same to the

4. (I) hope when I'm gone and the ages shall roll, My bod-y will

fortune in the dark drear-y mine, It'll form as a hab-it and

la-bor his young life a-way, Like a fiend with his dope and a

miner who labors a-way, Where the De-mons of Death of-ten

black-en and turn in-to coal, Then I'll look from the door of my

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seep in your soul, Till the stream of your blood is as black as the coal,
drun-nard his wine, A man will have lust for the lure of the mine,
come by sur-prise, One fall of the slate and you're burried alive,
heaven-ly home, And pity the min-er dig-gin' my bones.

CHORUS

It's DArk AS A DUN-GEON and damp as the dew, Where the dan-ger is dou-ble and
pleas-ures are few, Where the rain nev-er falls and the sun nev-er shines, It's

DARK AS A DUN-GEON way down in the mines. 2. It's down in the mines.
3. The
4. I
DARK AS A DUNGEON

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MERLE TRAVIS

1. Come listen, you fellers, so young and so fine, Oh seek not your
   fortune in the dark dreary mine, It'll form as a hab-it and
   for-tune in the dark drear-y mine, It'll form as a

2. (It's) man-y a man I have known in my day, Who lived just to
   la-bor his young life a-way, Like a fiend with his dope and a
   la-bor his young life a-way, Like a fiend with his

3. (The) mid-night, the morn-ing, or the mid-dle of day Is the same to the
   min-er who la-bors a-way, Where the De-mons of Death of-ten
   min-er who la-bors a-way, Where the De-mons of

4. (I) hope when I'm gone and the ages shall roll, My body will
   black-en and turn in-to coal, Then I'll look from the door of my
   black-en and turn in-to coal, Then I'll look from the door of my

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seep in your soul, Till the stream of your blood is as black as the coal,
drunk-ard his wine, A man will have lust for the lure of the mine,
come by sur-prise, One fall of the slate and you're buried alive,
heav-en-ly home, And pity the min-er a-dig-gin' my bones.

CHORUS

It's DARK AS A DUN-GEON and damp as the dew, Where the dan-ger is dou-ble and
pleas-ures are few, Where the rain nev-er falls and the sun nev-er shines, It's

DARK AS A DUN-GEON 'way down in the mines. 2. It's down in the mines.
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