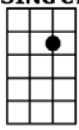


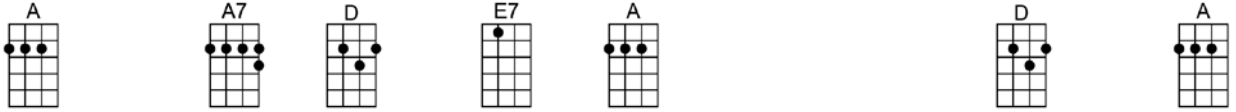
SING C#



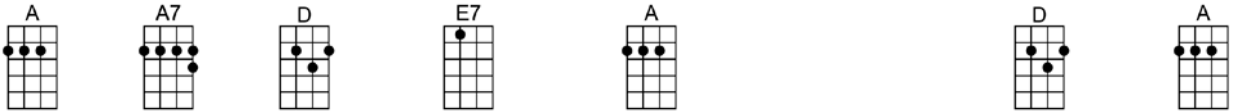
DARK AS A DUNGEON^(BAR)-Merle Travis

3/4 123 12 (without intro)

Intro: First line



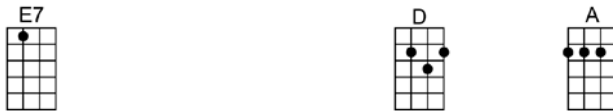
Come all you young fellas, so fair and so fine, and seek not your fortune in the dark, dreary mine.



It will form as a habit and seep in your soul till the stream of your blood runs as black as the coal



Well it's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew



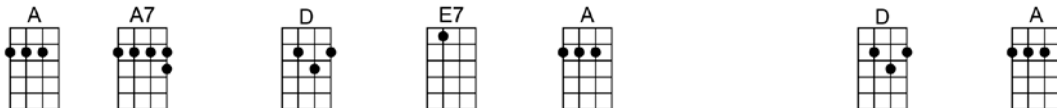
Where the dangers are double and the pleasures are few



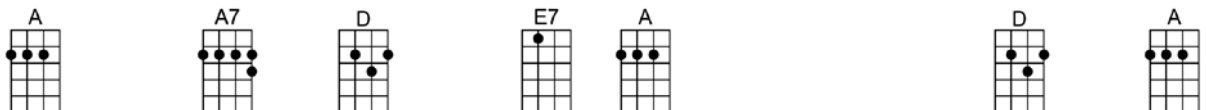
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines



Well it's dark as a dungeon way down in the mines (after last chorus, go to coda)



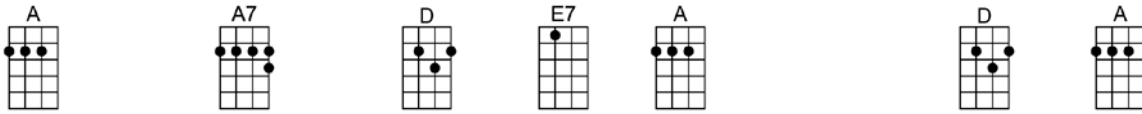
It's many a man I have seen in my day, who lived just to labor his whole life a-way



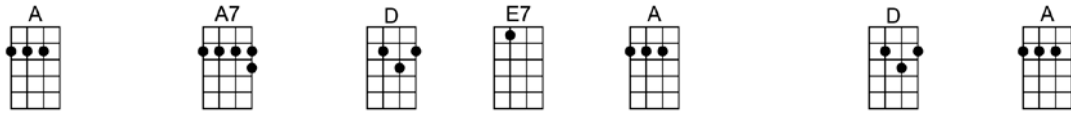
Like a fiend with his dope or a drunkard his wine, a man must have lust for the lure of the mine

Well it's dark....

p.2. Dark As a Dungeon



I hope when I'm gone and the ages shall roll, my body will blacken and turn into coal



Then I'll look from the door of my heavenly home, and pity the miner a-diggin' my bones

Well it's dark....

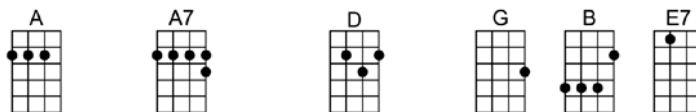
CODA:



Well it's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew



Where the dangers are double and the pleasures are few



Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines



Well it's dark as a dungeon way down in the mines

DARK AS A DUNGEON-Merle Travis

3/4 123 12 (without intro)

Intro: First line

A A7 D E7 A D A
Come all you young fellas, so fair and so fine, and seek not your fortune in the dark, dreary mine.

A A7 D E7 A D A
It will form as a habit and seep in your soul till the stream of your blood runs as black as the coal

E7 D A
Well it's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew

E7 D A
Where the dangers are double and the pleasures are few

A A7 D E7
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines

A D A
Well it's dark as a dungeon way down in the mines (after last chorus, go to coda)

A A7 D E7 A D A
It's many a man I have seen in my day, who lived just to labor his whole life a-way

A A7 D E7 A D A
Like a fiend with his dope or a drunkard his wine, a man must have lust for the lure of the mine

Well it's dark....

A A7 D E7 A D A
I hope when I die and the ages shall roll, my body will blacken and turn into coal

A A7 D E7 A D A
Then I'll look from the door of my heavenly home, and pity the miner that's diggin' my bones

Well it's dark....

CODA: E7 D A
Well it's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew

E7 D A
Where the dangers are double and the pleasures are few

A A7 D G B E7
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines

A D A
Well it's dark as a dungeon way down in the mines