DARK AS A DUNGEON (BAR)-Merle Travis

3/4  123  12  (without intro)

Intro: First line

A         A7        D        E7        A
A         A7        D        E7        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
A         A7        D        E7        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
E7        D        A

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

E7        D        A
E7        D        A

Where the dangers are double and the pleasures are few.

A         A7        D        E7
A         A7        D        E7

Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines.

A         A7        D        E7
A         A7        D        E7

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

A         A7        D        E7        A
A         A7        D        E7        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
A         A7        D        E7        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....
p.2. Dark As a Dungeon

A A7 D E7 A D A

I hope when I'm gone 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 a-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
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E7  D  A
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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
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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