

# The Magpie Mine

Words and Music: Nigel Harbron

Am Dm F Am G Am  
In Der - by - shire 'midst peaks and dales, there are ma - ny tales to tell, And

Am G Am C G  
this one is of mi - ning lead, some - thing its men did well. Tho'

Am Am G Am  
some pre - ferred to tend their flocks, or work as could be found, Ma - ny

Am Dm F Am G Am  
oth - ers chose to ply their trade in the dark - ness un - der - ground. In the

Am Em Am Em Am  
Mag - pie Mine, in the Mag - pie Mine, You're cursed if you work in the Mag - pie Mine.

In Derbyshire 'midst peaks and dales, there are many tales to tell,  
And this one is of mining lead - something its men did well.  
Though some preferred to tend their flocks, or work as could be found,  
Many others chose to ply their trade in the darkness underground.

*Ch: In the Magpie Mine, in the Magpie Mine,  
You're cursed if you work in the Magpie mine.*

For centuries the Magpie Mine had stood both proud and tall,  
And many a ton of lead-rich ore from its murky depths was hauled.  
But, as the Bole Vein was explored, it neared the Red Soil Mine,  
And rival workers couldn't agree the mines' dividing line.

But then the Magpie Manager took matters in his hand,  
Telling his men they'd win the day, if they'd implement his plan.  
He ordered fires to be lit below to make the enemy choke,  
For no man could continue work in such suffocating smoke.

The plan worked well as miners fled to safety above ground,  
But three men perished in the rush, their bodies later found.  
The Magpie Manager was in court his actions to defend,  
But the judge declared him innocent as no deaths he did intend.

But this tame verdict did not please the widows left behind,  
Whose lives within an hour were changed by a callous act unkind.  
And as the Magpie miners cheered, these women fashioned a curse  
That all who worked that mine would never prosper - or much worse.

And some do say the curse came true, for no-one can deny  
That from that day the Magpie Mine did never really thrive.  
For every time the mine shut down - whatever was to blame -  
Whenever it opened up its shafts, the result was just the same.

And should you ever take the time to walk the Magpie site,  
You'll find it eerily still and quiet at day as well as night.  
But nowadays around the site where miners used to tread,  
Wild flowers grow in multitude - to commemorate the dead.



**The Magpie Mine**



**Mountain Pansy (*Viola lutea*)**