The Miner (poem)

E. A. Beeby

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Abstract
Here on the bord I work and dream, Map out the mighty feats of steam, My diamonds make; My Sovereignty is here, no rival brooked I make my tally of the skips I’ve booked And then my pay I take.
Illawarra Unity

THE MINER

by E.A. Beeby

Here on the bord I work and dream,
Map out the mighty feats of steam,
My diamonds make;
My Sovereignty is here, no rival brooked
I make my tally of the skips I’ve booked
And then my pay I take.

Black diamonds in past ages thrust
Beneath the strata that divide the crust
Of sunlit earth from seam;
For the grand lords on Earth’s finance
I gather, while the shadows dance
And flit like phantoms of a dream.

Strong children of my flesh and bone
Play ‘neath the smile by Nature thrown
Across the hill and vale;
No thoughts of me while thus they play,
Hid from the light of Heaven born day,
Judged by my weight and scale.

Yet in mists floating through the bord
I sing as gaily as the lord
In tinsel yacht or motor car;
The wages of my toil are earned
By strength which many a rich fool spurned
Till he became a falling star.

I toil in patience till the day
When comes my call to meet earth’s clay
And Death’s last legacy;
Meanwhile the fleets shall come and go
Cross oceans that the Earth’s lords know
But I shall never see.

Urged by black diamonds from South Coast
Speed records making for the boast
Of those on deck above;
Who no not the stoker’s hell,
Men struggling there for breath and spell
"Gainst heat their strength to prove.

While diamonds white around the hearts
Of Earth's lords' daughters play their parts
In grand society"
While reigneth wealth, its store untold,
Uncounted silver and uncounted gold
Of greatest majesty.

Still miners work for diamonds black
To send the vessel o'er the track
Of oceans wide;
To set the wheels of industries
Revolving through the centuries,
Defying time and tide.

Yea in the bord I work and dream,
Map out the mighty feats of steam,
My diamonds make;
My Sovereignty is here, no rival brooked,
I make my tally of the skips I've booked,
And then my pay I take.

In the mist floating through the bord
I claim the right to be the lord
Of earth's dark majesty;
Till Death's last blast for me shall sound,
My soul shall then reach higher ground
Above life's travesty.

This poem was published in the *South Coast Times* on May 6th, 1905.