

# The Ludlow Massacre

Christy Moore

It was early springtime and the strike was on  
They drove us miners out of our homes  
Out of the houses that the company owned  
Into the tents of the little Ludlow

We were worried bad about our children  
State troopers guarded the railway bridge  
Every once in a while a bullet would fly  
Kick up gravel around our feet

We were so afraid that you'd kill our children  
That we dug a cave that was seven foot deep  
Took the children and the pregnant women  
Down inside the cave to sleep

It was late that night the soldiers waited  
Till all us miners were asleep  
They crept around one little camp town  
And soaked our tents in kerosene

They struck a match and the blaze it started  
They pulled the triggers of their Gatling guns  
I made a run for the children but the firewall stopped me  
Thirteen children died from their guns

I never will forget the looks on the faces  
Of the men and women that awful day  
As they stood around to preach the funeral  
And lay the corpses of the dead away

The women from Trinidad took some potatoes  
Up to Wallensburg in a little cart  
They sold the potatoes and brought some guns back  
Put a gun in every hand

We asked the governor to phone up the president  
Ask him call off the National Guard  
But the National Guard belonged to the governor  
I guess he didn't try very hard

Late one night the troopers charged us  
They didn't know that we had guns  
The red necked miners shot them troops down  
You should have seen those poor boys run

We took some cement and walled the cave up  
Where the thirteen little children died  
I thanked God for the Mine Workers Union  
And then I hung my head and cried