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Title: Coal owner and pitmans wife

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A dialog I'll tell you as true as my life  
Between a coal owner and a poor pitman's wife  
As she was a traveling all on the highway  
She met a coal owner and this she did say

Derry down, down, down derry down

Good morning Lord Firedamp, this woman she said  
I'll do you no harm, Sir, so don't be afraid  
If you'd been where I'd been the most of my life  
You wouldn't turn pale at a poor pitman's wife

Then where do you come from, the owner he cries  
I come from Hell, the woman replies  
If you come from hell, then tell me right plain  
How you contrived to get out again  
Aye the way I got out, the truth I will tell  
They're turning the poor folk all out of Hell  
This to make room for the rich wicked race  
For there is a great number of them in that place

And the coal owners' selves is the next on command  
To arrive into Hell, as I understand  
For I heard the old Devil say as I came out  
The coal-owners all had received their rout

Then how does the old Devil behave in that place  
Oh Sir, he is cruel to the rich wicked race  
He is far more uncrueeller than you can suppose  
Even like a mad bull with a ring through his nose

Good woman, says he, I must bid you farewell  
You give me a dismal account about Hell  
If this be all true that you say unto me  
I'll be home like a whippet and with my poor men agree  
If you be a coal owner, Sir, take my advice  
Agree with your men and give them a good price  
For and if you do not, I know very well  
You'll be in great danger of going to Hell