

# The Company Store

The lot of the miner,  
At best is quite hard,  
We work for good money,  
Get paid with a card;  
We scarcely can live,  
And not a cent more,  
Since we're paid off in checks  
On the company store

Those great coal monopolies  
Are growing apace,  
They are making their millions  
By grinding our face;  
Unto their high prices  
The people pay toll,  
While they pay fifty cents  
For mining their coal.

They keep cutting our wages  
Time after time,  
Where we once had a dollar,  
We now have a dime;  
While our souls are near famished,  
And our bodies are sore,  
We are paid off in checks,  
On the company store.

Though hard we may labor  
But little we have;  
We are robbed of our rights,  
Though we fought for the slave.  
Monop'ly keeps grasping  
For more and still more;  
They will soon own the earth,  
Through the company store.

We sign then a contract  
As agreed between men,  
Though it holds us like slaves,  
It never hold them;  
And when they've exhausted  
The old contract score,  
They capped the climax  
With the company store.

The old pirates and brigands  
Who fought hand to hand,  
Who would scuttle a ship,  
Or pillage the land,  
Have formed a collusion  
And all come on shore,  
And now ply their trade  
Through the company store.

But when those old worthies  
Are called to their doom,  
I think honest business  
Will enjoy a great boom;  
And when they are finally  
Called from our shore,  
I hope they'll take with them  
The company store.

-Issac Hanna , 1895