

*Commemorating the history of bluestone mining in Kingston, NY*

## V.1

By shout and scrape of shovel  
The blue was moved from slumber  
Its well-knit cap of soil and root  
Undone and set asunder

And now the 'live' stone, bared  
To men's grasping reach and eyes  
A turn began to circle 'round  
The takers and the prize

## V.2

The Boss may work his 'property'  
The Miner -- plug 'n feather  
But each thinks it's the other (one)  
Who plays the role that's lesser

The Boss will say: "this was my due  
- I made this enterprise"  
The Miner says "hardly, friend"  
It was my arms and pride

## CHORUS

(But) 'Twas stone that drove the days  
All eyes, and lives, were bent its way  
And every lick of cut and dress  
The stone's own story tells

From fine grained rock to low born men  
And Vanderbilt's own glory  
Fate, you see, is certain dust  
And in the stone it dwells

## V.3

Those who mine for dollars  
In the veins of sheet and ledger  
Calculate from pit to dock  
their profit's proper measure

The grade 1 slabs by Rondout Creek  
As earthen coin's arrayed  
Drawn as much from flesh 'n blood  
As from the quarry face

V.4

(Yet)how many limbs bent breakin'  
From a wagon's sudden slip?  
How many eyes put out  
by the feather's errant sliver?

The red shirts shunned by settled folks  
Consigned to shebeen hollow  
Unbowed by injury and slight  
The blue runs in their marrow

CHORUS REPEAT

V.5

One hears a groaning stone boat  
Brings six and seventy cent  
As bitter bargains must be struck  
For cartage, toll and rent

And as Boss and Miner breathe their last  
That dusty rattle cough  
From one's lips gasp "too much, too much"  
While the other cries "not enough!"

6.

So soon the Boss and Miner's bones  
Are laid for root and soil  
Countless ages pass and witness  
Earth's infernal toil

Bones to dust make grain for stone  
And the vein lifts close to sun  
Soon, there's scraping on the cap  
And the circle's round begun

CHORUS REPEAT