

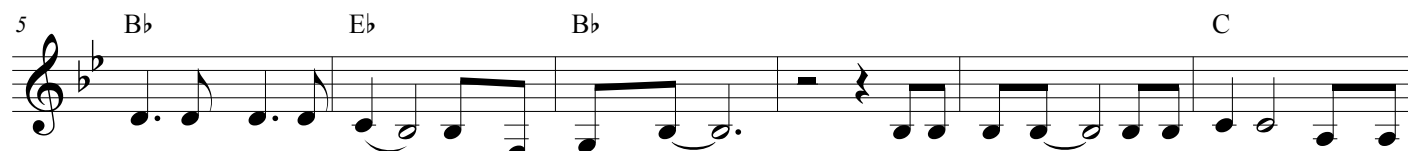
# Coal Miner's Daughter

FEMALE VOCAL

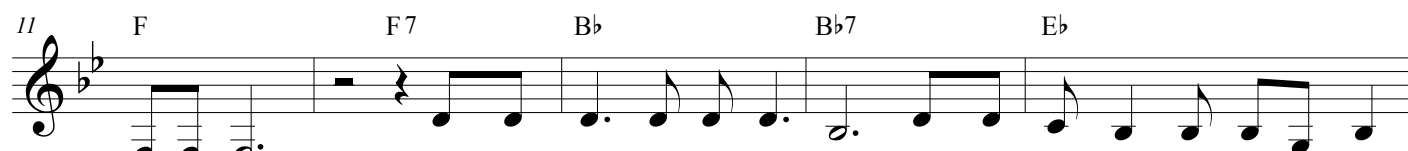
Keyboard



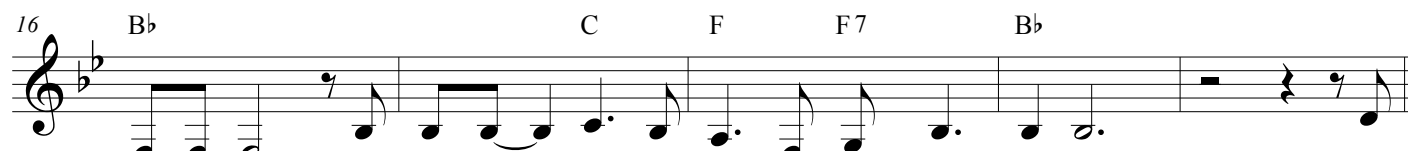
Well,



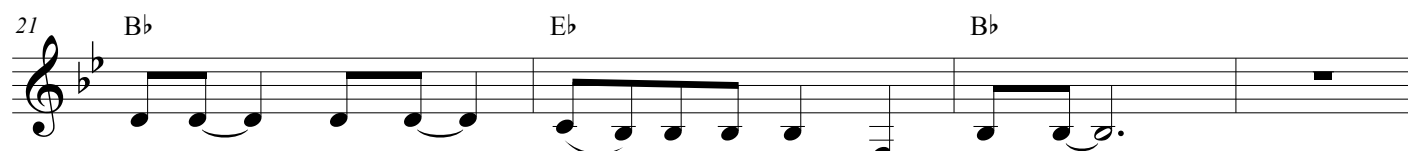
I was born a coal min-er's daugh-ter \_\_\_ in a cab-in \_\_\_ on a hill in Butch-er



Hol-ler. \_\_\_ We were poor but we had love, that's the one thing that dad-dy made



sure of. \_\_\_ He shov-eled coal to make a poor man's dol-lar. My



dad - dy \_\_\_ worked all \_\_\_ night in the Van Leer coal mine;



all day long in a field a - hoe-in' corn. Mom-ma



rocked the ba-by at night and read the bi-ble by the coal oil light. \_\_\_ And ev-'ry-



thing would start all o-ver at the break of morn Dad-dy

