

LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF IDAHO
Sixty-first Legislature Second Regular Session - 2012

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

HOUSE BILL NO. 451

BY STATE AFFAIRS COMMITTEE

AN ACT

RELATING TO STATE SYMBOLS; AMENDING CHAPTER 45, TITLE 67, IDAHO CODE, BY THE
ADDITION OF A NEW SECTION 67-4513, IDAHO CODE, TO PROVIDE FINDINGS AND A
DECLARATION REGARDING NATURAL RESOURCE INDUSTRIES IN IDAHO AND TO PRO-
VIDE FOR THE DESIGNATION OF A STATE POEM.

Be It Enacted by the Legislature of the State of Idaho:

SECTION 1. That Chapter 45, Title 67, Idaho Code, be, and the same is
hereby amended by the addition thereto of a NEW SECTION, to be known and des-
ignated as Section 67-4513, Idaho Code, and to read as follows:

67-4513. STATE POEM DESIGNATED. (1) The legislature finds and de-
clares not only that mining has been a vital part of the history and estab-
lishment of Idaho since the creation of the Idaho territory , but also that
mining, along with other natural resource and agricultural industries, has
served and continues to serve as a pillar of commerce in this state. In
commemoration of the fortieth anniversary of the sunshine mine disaster in
Shoshone county, the legislature designates the following poem as a memorial
to the victims of the sunshine mine disaster and as a tribute to all miners of
this state.

(2) The poem "We Were Miners Then," which was authored by former Idaho
governor Philip E. Batt in 1972 in response to the sunshine mine disaster, is
designated and declared to be the state poem of the state of Idaho, provided
that credit is given to former governor Batt for authoring the poem as fol-
lows:

"Our tongues have not tasted the bitter dust
The roar of the drills has never reached our ears.
Unfelt to us is the darkness of the shafts.

Yet we are Idahoans
And we were miners then.

We are farmers
We run the water from melted snows
Onto parched desert soil.
The planted seeds take root and grow
The harvest fills our granaries
The pits are strange to us
But we are Idahoans
And we were miners then.

We are loggers
We are your neighbors
We share the high country with you

1 But we sing our song
2 To the buzzing of the chainsaw
3 And do our dance on the spinning logs.
4 There's no room in the mine
5 For our trees to fall
6 But we are Idahoans
7 And we were miners then.

8 We are cattlemen, innkeepers, merchants,
9 Men of the law and men of the cloth
10 Ours are a thousand trades
11 But only you go into the bowels of the
12 Earth to do your daily chores.

13 Yet we are all Idahoans
14 And we were miners then.

15 Yes, we were miners;
16 We waited in spirit at the mouth of the pit
17 Ached in unison at the news of the dead
18 Joined the jubilation at the rescue of the living
19 Marvelled at the poise of the tiny community.
20 And we became strong
21 The flux of the widows' tears welded
22 Your strength into our bodies.

23 And we were all Idahoans
24 And we were all miners
25 And we were all proud."