

The Springhill Disaster

The Dubliners

In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia
Down in the dark of the Cumberland Mine,
There's blood on the coal and the miners lie
In roads that never saw sun nor sky.
Roads that never saw sun nor sky.

In the town of Springhill, you don't sleep easy.
Often the earth will tremble and roll
When the earth is restless, miners die
Bone and blood is the price of coal.
Bone and blood is the price of coal.

In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia,
Late in the year of '58,
The day still comes and the sun still shines
But it's dark as the grave in the Cumberland mine.
Dark as the grave in the Cumberland mine.

Down at the coal-face miners working,
Rattle of the belt and the cutter's blade
Rumble of rock and the walls close round,
The living and the dead men two miles down.
The living and the dead men two miles down.

Twelve men lay two miles from the pitshaft,
Twelve men lay in the dark and sang,
Long hot days in a miners' tomb
It was three feet high and a hundred long.
Three feet high and a hundred long.

Three days passed when the lamps gave out
And Caleb Rushton got up and said:
"We've no more water or light or bread,
So we'll live on songs and hope instead.
We'll live on songs and hope instead."

Listen for the shouts of the black-faced miners.
Listen through the rubble for the rescue team.
Three hundred tons of coal and slag
Hope imprisoned in the three foot seam.
Hope imprisoned in the three foot seam.

Twelve days passed and some were rescued,
Leaving the dead to lie alone.
Through all their days they dug a grave.
Two miles of earth is a marking stone.
Two miles of earth is a marking stone.