

## Springhill Disaster

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 or sky. (x2)

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. (x2)

In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia  
Late in the year of fifty-eight  
The day still comes and the sun still shines  
(But it's) Dark as the grave in the Cumberland mine. (x2)

Three days past 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. (x2)

Listen for the shouts of the blackfaced miners  
Listen thru the rubble for a rescue team  
Three hundred tons of coal and slag  
Hope imprisoned in a three foot seam. (x2)

Twelve days passes and some were rescued  
Leaving the dead to lie alone  
Thru all their days they dug their grave  
Two miles of earth is a marking stone. (x2)