

## Ballad of Spring Hill (Spring Hill Disaster)

Peter, Paul and Mary

In the town of Spring Hill, Nova Scotia,  
Down in the heart of the Cumberland Mine,  
There's blood on the coal and miners lie  
In the roads that never saw sun or sky  
Roads that never saw sun or sky.

Down at the coal face the miner's workin'  
Rattle of the belt and the cutter's blade  
Crumble of rock and the walls close round  
Living and the dead men two miles down  
Living and the dead men two miles down

Twelve men lay two miles from the pitshaft  
Listen for the drillin' of a rescue team  
Six hundred feet of coal and slag  
Hope imprisoned in a three-foot seam  
Hope imprisoned in a three-foot seam

Eight days passed and some were rescued  
Leaving the dead to lie alone  
All their lives they dug their graves  
Two miles of earth for a markin' stone  
Two miles of earth for a markin' stone

In the town of Spring Hill you don't sleep easy  
Often the Earth will tremble and groan  
When the Earth is restless, miners die  
Bone and blood is the price of coal  
Bone and blood is the price of coal