BALLAD OF SPRINGHILL

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Dm
          С
             Dm C
IN THE TOWN OF SPRING HILL NOVA SCOTIA
              G
       Dm
DOWN IN THE DARK OF THE CUMBERLAND MINE,
     Dm
           G
THERE'S BLOOD ON THE COAL AND THE MINERS LIE,
    Dm C
                Dm
IN THE ROADS THAT NEVER SAW SUN NOR SKY
   C Dm A
ROADS THAT NEVER SAW SUN NOR SKY.
        Dm C
                           Dm
   IN THE TOWN OF SPRINGHILL, YOU DON'T SLEEP EASY
   Dm Dm G
   OFTEN THE EARTH WILL TREMBLE AND ROLL
         Dm G C A7
   WHEN THE EARTH IS RESTLESS MINERS DIE,
       C
                    Dm C
   BONE AND BLOOD IS THE PRICE OF COAL.
        С
                    Dm A
   BONE AND BLOOD IS THE PRICE OF COAL.
                  Dm C
    Dm C
IN THE TOWN OF SPRINGHILL, NOVA SCOTIA,
    Dm G Dm
Dm
LATE IN THE YEAR OF FIFTY-EIGHT,
     G
               C
DAY STILL COMES AND THE SUN STILL SHINES,
     Dm C
BUT IT'S DARK AS THE GRAVE IN THE CUMBERLAND MINE.
          C
                     Dm
BUT IT'S DARK AS THE GRAVE IN THE CUMBERLAND MINE.
   Dm C
                    Dm C
   DOWN AT THE COAL FACE, MINERS WORKING,
                      G
             Dm
   RATTLE OF THE BELT AND THE CUTTER'S BLADE
   Dm G
                  C
   RUMBLE OF ROCK AND THE WALLS CLOSE ROUND
               C
     Dm
                      Dm
   THE LIVING AND THE DEAD MEN TWO MILES DOWN.
          C Dm
   THE LIVING AND THE DEAD MEN TWO MILES DOWN.
    C Dm
Dm
TWELVE MEN LAY TWO MILES FROM THE PITSHAFT
   Dm
           G
TWELVE MEN LAY IN THE DARK AND SANG,
    G
           C A7
LONG HOT DAYS IN A MINER'S TOMB
             C
    Dm
                     Dm
IT WAS THREE FEET HIGH AND A HUNDRED LONG.
    Dm C
                     Dm
IT WAS THREE FEET HIGH AND A HUNDRED LONG.
         C
                      Dm
   THREE DAYS PASSED AND THE LAMPS GAVE OUT
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G Dm Dm Dm AND CALEB RUSHTON, HE UP AND SAID: Dm G C "THERE'S NO MORE WATER NOR LIGHT NOR BREAD, Dm C Dm SO WE'LL LIVE ON SONGS AND HOPE INSTEAD." C Dm Dm SO WE'LL LIVE ON SONGS AND HOPE INSTEAD." C Dm LISTEN FOR THE SHOUTS OF THE BAREFACE MINERS, Dm G LISTEN THROUGH THE RUBBLE FOR A RESCUE TEAM, Dm G C A7 SIX-HUNDRED FEET OF COAL AND SLAG, Dm C HOPE IMPRISONED IN A THREE-FOOT SEAM. Dm C Dm A HOPE IMPRISONED IN A THREE-FOOT SEAM. Dm C Dm C EIGHT DAYS PASSED AND SOME WERE RESCUED, Dm G Dm LEAVING THE DEAD TO LIE ALONE Dm G C A7 THROUGH ALL THEIR LIVES THEY DUG A GRAVE Dm C Dm TWO MILES OF EARTH FOR A MARKING STONE. Dm C Dm TWO MILES OF EARTH FOR A MARKING STONE.

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