

HEROES OF THE MINE

We sing of our soldiers and sailors,
Brave deeds they have done o'er foam,
But what of our lads who work down the mine?
Little of them may be known,
They start out for work in the morning,
With many a joke and a laugh,
With never a thought of danger,
As they go down the shaft.

CHORUS:

They are heroes, British heroes,
Hearts that are true and brave,
Losing their lives for children and wives,
Down in the blackened cave,
Toiling for mere existence,
Where the sun doth never shine,
Heaven protect our collier lads,
That work down in the Mine.

With scarcely a moment's warning,
A cry, it rings through the air,
Like wildfire it spreads "THE PIT IS ON FIRE",
With four hundred souls working there,
Alas! There's no hope for those Miners,
The rescuers no more can do,
They die just like true British heroes,
For home, wife and children too.

CHORUS: They are heroes, British heroes, etc.

The gallant deeds of these Heroes,
The limit, there's no one can tell,
At Pretoria pit and Whitehaven too,
Many a brave collier fell,
And, when the "Peacemaker" – King Edward,
Who through God's mercy now lies at rest
Awarded his medal of valour,
'Twas to heroes the bravest and best.

CHORUS: They are heroes, British heroes, etc.