

## Cumberland Coal

Cumberland coal used to roll  
From the pitheads to the heartland  
Through the yellow birches hardwood  
Over Appalachian stone

Cumberland coal in the hold  
Giving heft to wooden schooners  
That await the tidal waters  
From Parrsboro to sail

Cumberland coal  
Black as night  
From the dark seams  
To the cities  
To the smokestacks of the steel mills  
From the men who mined these hills

Cumberland coal in the holes  
On their hands and knees they laboured  
They were strong friends and neighbours  
To the ones above they loved

Cumberland coal claimed more souls  
Than holes left in the hillside  
Claimed more hearts too many heroes  
For these Appalachian hills

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Cumberland coal to be seen  
In fields that line the roadside  
Through the burgundy and heather  
Where it breaks the ground in spring

Cumberland coal still to dig  
From the backyard for the bootleg  
In the first breath of October  
When the wages start to go

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