

# The Appin Tragedy 2.5

Tenor

Words: Sid Wright

Music: Sarah De Jong

Transcribed:: D. McPherson

Long and loud the whis-tle screams, Dis - as - ter at the loc - al mine.

In an - swer rush the res - cue teams, try to reach the pit on time.

Wo - men hur - ry, white of face, Bring - ing things their men \_ might need,

Doc - tors nur - ses join the race, On \_ to - ward the pit they speed.

Men dig shout fran - tic strive to clear a way, A

strewn heap gi - gant - ic Bro - ken props, rock and clay. \_\_\_\_\_

In that dark e - ter - nal night, min - ing com - rades wait, \_\_\_\_\_ Un -

til the vic - t'ry of that fight, None will know their fate. \_\_\_\_\_

Fumes of burnt ex - plo - ding gas, \_\_\_\_\_ Rock and earth and bro - ken beam, \_\_\_\_\_

Des - p'rate - ly they try to pass to - ward the black \_\_\_\_\_ and band - ed seam. \_\_\_\_\_

8 And the si - lent crowd a - bove, Wo - men chil - dren strick - en bound,

93 Wait - ing word of those they love, Somewhere deep, \_\_\_\_\_ be - neath the ground. \_\_\_\_\_

103 Each hour seems a pass - ing year, To that an - guished hud - dled crowd,

111 Hope re - ce - ding with each tear, Pray - ing still with bare heads bowed. Des -

119 pair with - in each tor - tured heart, Mis - 'ry in each tear drenched eye,

127 As each loved one stands a - part, \_\_\_\_\_

133 *Coda* Four - teen still \_\_\_\_\_ forms pass them by, \_\_\_\_\_

141 Four - teen still \_\_\_\_\_ forms pass them by, \_\_\_\_\_

149 Four - teen still \_\_\_\_\_ forms \_\_\_\_\_ pass out bye... \_\_\_\_\_