

Victorian mining disasters: Pupils' work

The Felling Disaster

Once there was a disaster
That happened in a mine
It killed 92 people,
But some they didn't find.

Survivors brought out and
Names being called,
The town was in tears
And miners in pain.

They soon shut off the exits,
And hate being felt,
The people began to protest,
And the owner never knelt.

This was the disaster
That happened in the mine,
It killed 92 people
And lots they didn't find.

Stalls left and abandoned,
Houses empty and dinner cold,
Bread, fruit and vegetables,
Not being sold.

Oh, this horrible disaster,
That happened in a mine,
It murdered 92 people,
And most they did not find.

by Grace, Year 6

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The Felling Disaster

In Felling I sat as I thought of the miners,
That worked in the mine until they cried.
They were treated like slaves and rewarded like children,
For all their hard work, 15 hours a day.

I thought of the families and friends of the miners,
Who were in the mine when it suddenly blew,
As I walked through the streets of Felling I did see,
Young widows who were crying very desperately.

All over the town the explosion was heard,
And everyone suddenly ran to the site.
And then when the manager came from his office,
There were boos, there were hisses and occasional shouts.

So cry for the miners who saw all their friends die,
And cry for the women whose husbands are dead.
And cry for the sisters without any family,
'Cause 100 innocent people are dead.

by Ralph, Year 6

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The Felling Disaster

At eleven twenty five all the people were happy,
They laughed and they joked as they made their way
Through the streets of Felling smiling merrily,
Shouting out, "Apples picked only today."

At eleven thirty there came an explosion,
A bang and a crash, and a burst of flame.
All the people rushed to the site of the mine,
And they looked for somebody to blame.

The mine owner stepped forward and read out the survivors,
For the mine had exploded and many people were dead.
The people they cried, and they wept so sadly,
For their friends and relations had badly bled.

There was a fire, the manager shut the door,
So from no oxygen, the fire could go out.
All the people were angry they shook their fists,
Then they all began to shout and shout.

Only thirty people survived the tragedy,
And all the people now were very, very sad.
And for many days, they cried and they cried,
All the families called the mine owner bad.

by Hannah - Year 6
