

# Fearful Colliery Disaster



IN  
North

Staffordshire

At the Chatterley Iron Co  
Tunstall, a fearful Colliery Company's Whitfield Colliery, near  
Morning, February 7th explosion took place on Monday  
1881, with great loss of life.

For miles around the town of Tunstall,  
Hundreds are in sorrow to-day ;  
Mothers, brothers, and dear sisters,  
Heart-felt tears they cannot stay  
Over twenty fathers, sons, and brothers,  
In Whitfield pit were doomed to die ;  
For by fire and explosion,  
In the burning pit they lie.

Every one then must have perished—  
Every spirit must have fled :  
The men who had their families cherished,  
Would work no more, they all are dead.

Fatherless children, widowed mothers,  
For miles around their fate repine ;  
Loving fathers, sons, and brothers,  
Lie burnt and dead in Whitfield mine.

The miners had no chance of life  
The grief for them now can't be spoken,  
God help each child and each poor wife.  
These poor miners were beloved  
By the dear ones now alone ;  
Soon we hope they'll be recovered,  
Is the earnest prayer of every one.

Soon after three on Monday morning,  
Down the pit the fire was raging there ;  
And long before the day was dawning,  
It was a scene of deep despair.  
These brave miners, it is stated,  
Went down the horses for to save ;  
They little thought that they were fated  
In the fiery mine to find a grave.

Little ones will ask their mothers,  
When together they are alone ;  
Their mothers know they cannot answer,  
They'll cry, alas ! " Where's Daddy gone ?"  
None can tell the mothers' feelings,  
As in accents low but wild ;  
And with the little one then kneeling,—  
" I hope he's up in heaven, my child."

Each one should have took a warning,  
They knew that fire was lurking there ;  
But eternity for them was dawning,  
When the loud explosion rent the air.

cwlm/01



**Transcription of the 1881 Whitfield Colliery disaster poem**

**Fearful Colliery Disaster in North Staffordshire**

At the Chatterley Iron Company's Whitfield Colliery near Tunstall, a fearful colliery explosion took place on Monday morning 7<sup>th</sup> February 1881 with great loss of life.

For miles around the town of Tunstall, Hundreds are in sorrow today; Mothers, brothers and dear sisters, Heart-felt tears they cannot stay. Over twenty fathers, sons and brothers,

In Whitfield pit were doomed to die; For by fire and explosion, In the burning pit they lie.

Fatherless children, widowed mothers, For miles around their fate repine; Loving fathers, sons and brothers, Lie burnt and dead in Whitfield mine.

Soon after three on Monday morning, Down the pit the fire was raging there: And long before the day was dawning, It was a scene of deep despair. These brave miners it is stated, Went down the horses for to save; They little thought that they were fated In the fiery mine to find a grave.

Each one should have took a warning, They knew that fire was lurking there; But eternity for them was dawning, When the loud explosion rent the air.

Every one then must have perished – Every spirit must have fled: The men who had their families cherished, Would work no more, they all are dead.

The miners had no chance of {.....} The grief for them now can't be spoken, God help each child and each poor wife. These poor miners were beloved By the dear ones now alone; Soon we hope they'll be recovered, In the earnest prayer of everyone.

Little ones will ask their mothers, When together they are alone; Their {grief} we know they cannot smother, They'll cry Alas! "Where's Daddy gone?" None can tell the mothers' feelings, As in accents low but wild; And with the little one then kneeling,-- "I hope he's up in heaven, my child."