

The Blantyre Explosion

By Clyde's bonny banks as I sadly did wander,
Among the pit heaps, as evening drew nigh,
I spied a fair maiden all dressed in deep mourning,
A weeping and wailing, with many a sigh.

I stepped up beside her, and thus I addressed her,
"Pray tell me, fair maid, of your trouble and pain."
Sobbing and sighing, at last she did answer.
"Johnny Murphy, kind sir, was my true lover's name.

"Twenty one years of age, full of youth and good looking,
To work down the mines of High Blantyre he came.
The wedding was fixed, all the guests were invited,
That calm summer's evening young Johnny was slain.

"The explosion was heard, all the women and children
With pale anxious face made haste to the mine.
The news was made known, the hills rang with their mourning.
Two hundred and ten young miners were slain.

"Now children and wives, and sweethearts and parents,
That Blantyre explosion they'll never forget.
And all you young miners who hear my sad story,
Shed a tear for the victims who're laid to their rest."