

Collier Sweetheart

My mother said I could not have a collier
If I did it would break her heart
I didn't care what my mother told me
I had a collier for my sweetheart

But one day up Cadger's Loan
The siren screamed at Pit Four head
All of Plean ran to find out
How many living, how many dead?

Lowsing time in the Carbrook Dook
The young shotfirer fired his shot
Dynamite blew up the section
Twelve lads dead, seventy caught

Their holiday bags were lying waiting
The men were lying down below
The wee canaries they died too
Salty tears in the sad Red Rows

The young shotfirer had no certificate
My young collier gave his life
Fate was cruel to my sweetheart
And I will never be a wife

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