

## The Blantyre Explosion

The Dubliners

By Clyde's bonnie banks as I sadly did wander  
Among the pit heaps as evening grew nigh  
I spied a young maiden all dressed in deep mourning  
A weeping and wailing with many a sigh  
I stepped up beside her and this I adressed 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 my Johnny was slain  
The explosion was heard all the women and children  
With pale anxious faces made haste to the mine  
When the truth was made known the hills rang with their mournin  
g  
Three hundred and ten young miners were slain

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