

## Clyde's Bonnie Banks

Christy Moore

By Clyde's Bonnie Banks as I sadly did wander  
Among the pit heaps as evening drew nigh  
I spied a fair maiden all dressed in deep mourning  
She was weeping and wailing with many a sigh  
I stepped up beside her and thus I addressed her  
"Pray tell me fair maid of your sorrow and pain"  
Oh 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 in the mines of high Blantyre he came  
The wedding was fixed all the guest were invited  
That calm summers evening my Johnny was slain  
The explosion was heard, all the women and children  
With pale anxious faces they ran to the mine  
When the news was made known all the hills rang with mourning  
Three hundred and ten young miners were slain

Now husbands and wives and sweethearts and brothers  
That Blantyre explosion you'll never forget  
And all you young miners that hear my sad story  
Remember your comrades who lie at their rest