

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."