



MINERS' SONGS

Blantyre Explosion

By Clyde's bonnie banks as A sadly did wander
Among the pit heaps as evenin drew nigh;
A spied a young lassie aa dressed in deep mournin
A-weepin an wailin wi mony's the sigh.

A stepped up beside her an thus did address her:
"Come tell me the cause o yer trouble an pain."
Sabbin an sighin, at last she did answer
"Johnnie Murphy, kind sir, wis ma ain true love's name."

"Twenty-wan years o age, fu o youth an guid lookin
Tae wark down the mine at High Blantyre he came,
The weddin was fixed, aa the guests were invited
That calm simmer's evenin young Johnnie wis slain."

The explosion wis heard, aa the women an children
Wi pale anxious faces thae haste tae the mine.
Whan the news wis made out, the hills rang wi thair mournin
A hunderd an twanty young miners were slain.

Nou sweethearts an wives an sisters an brithers
That Blantyre explosion thae'll never forget;
An aa you young miners that hears ma sad story
Shed a tear for the miners wha're laid tae thair rest.