

Blantyre Explosion

Christy Moore

By Clyde's bonny banks as I slowly did wander
Among the pit heaps as the evening grew nigh
I spied a young woman all dressed in black mourning
Weeping and wailing with many a sigh
I stepped up beside her and gently addressed her
Would it help you to talk about the cause of your pain?
Weeping and wailing at last she did answer
Johnny Murphy, kind sir, is my true lover's name

Twenty one years of age, full of youth and good looking
To work down the mine of High Blantyre he came
Our wedding was fixed all the guests were invited
That calm summers' evening my Johnny was slain
The explosion was heard by 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
Thee hundred and ten Scottish miners were slain

Mothers and daughters and sweethearts and lovers
The Blantyre explosion you'll never forget
All you good people who hear my sad story
Remember the miners who lie at their rest