

## THE BLANTYRE EXPLOSION

BY CLYDE'S BONNIE BANKS AS I SADLY DID WANDER  
 AMONG THE PIT-HEAPS AS THE EVENING GREW NIGH  
 I SPIED A YOUNG MAIDEN ALL DRESSED IN DEEP MOURNING  
 A WEEPING AND WAILING WITH MANY A SIGH

By Clyde's Bonnie Banks as I sadly did wander  
 Among the pit-heaps as the 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 addressed her  
 Say tell me fair maid of your trouble and pain  
 Sobbing and sighing at last she did answer  
 Johnny Murphey, 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 mourning  
 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