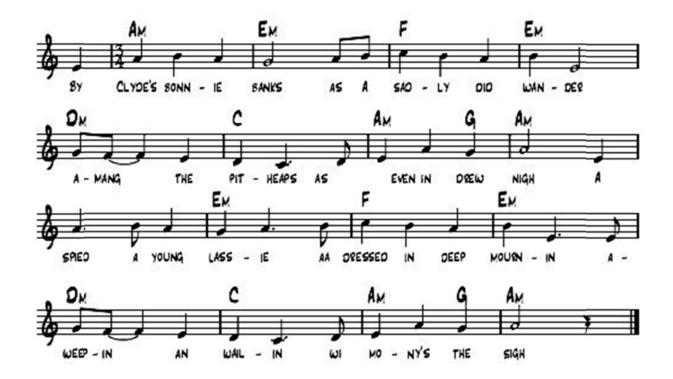
THE BLANTYRE EXPLOSION



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

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