

Clyde's Bonnie Banks

Christy Moore

By Clyde's Bonnie Banks as I sadly did wander
Among the pit heaps as evening drew nigh
I spied a fair maiden all dressed in deep mourning
She was weeping and wailing with many a sigh
I stepped up beside her and thus I addressed her
"Pray tell me fair maid of your sorrow and pain"
Oh 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 in the mines of high Blantyre he came
The wedding was fixed all the guest were invited
That calm summers evening my Johnny was slain
The explosion was heard, all 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
Three hundred and ten young miners were slain

Now husbands and wives and sweethearts and brothers
That Blantyre explosion you'll never forget
And all you young miners that hear my sad story
Remember your comrades who lie at their rest