

Aberfan

Jeremy Dale



It was a bright Oct - o - ber morn - ing The aut-umn leaves were - turn-ing brown.



And - all the news that I heard that day Was a-bout a place called Ab-er - fan.

1. It was a bright October morning The autumn leaves were turning brown.
And all the news that I heard that day Was about a place called Aberfan.
2. The school bell tolls, the children running As with their friends they laugh and play
On the hill above, the tip stands silent The start of just another day
3. Unaware of the danger threatening The children gathered in the hall
They sang of all things beautiful They sang of creatures great and small.
4. The coal tip moved so swift and suddenly It crushed the school beneath its weight
For years the warnings were unheeded They left the children to their fate
5. Two thousand rescuers scrambling hurriedly But every crevice had been filled
Two hundred bodies, mainly children A generation had been killed.
6. For fifty years the tip had stood there A brutal monument to the miners' toil
They knew the dangers underground But not the ones above the soil
7. The tips have gone now, and the mines are silent The valley sides are green and wild
And yet I hear, blowing through the branches A mother weeping for her child