

Senghenydd

Jeremy Dale



In the town of Seng - hen - ydd the coll - ier - y's sil - ent



The pit wheel stopped wind - ing a long time a - - go



But let us re - - mem - ber that Oct - ob - er morn - ing



When four hund - red min - ers were killed down be - - low.

1. In the town of Senghenydd the colliery's silent
The pit wheel stopped winding a long time ago
But let us remember that October morning
When four hundred miners were killed down below.
2. At eight in the morning a young boy has wakened
He has to get ready to go off to school
His father and brothers had gone to the colliery.
Then there came a loud rumble that shook all the walls.
3. What was that noise Mam? the young lad he asked her
But his mother had turned as white as a sheet
She clung to the table, too frightened to answer
Outside all the neighbours ran down the street
4. Down at the pit-head the crowd quickly gathered
Gazing with dread at the terrible sight
The force of the blast had ruined the buildings
Would all their menfolk come home tonight?
5. Nine hundred and fifty went down the mineshaft
Into that hell-hole to hew out the coal
Four hundred and thirty-nine miners were killed
Leaving women and children in grief to grow old.
6. For three long weeks they searched through the workings
Risking their lives until all hope had gone
Just seventy two bodies, broken and battered,
Only known by the clothes they had worn
7. An enquiry followed, the owners were guilty
For the dangerous conditions allowed underground
Methane and coal dust had caused the explosions
The mine owners were fined just twenty-four pounds
8. Now empty chairs sit close by the table
And empty jackets that hang on the door
And empty hearts that yearn for their loved ones
Fathers and sons who will come home no more.