



Blantyre (22nd October 1877)

Take me back to Blantyre
To the place that I was born
And walk with me to the Ca'ther Glen
On a cold October morn

Oh fields of old your story's told
In places far away
Of collier men, of unpaid rent
Of toil and tragedy

They came to you with hopes anew
From Erin's awful blight
And worked your mines from dawn till dune
In firedamp - naked light!

McLaughlan, Watt, McLaren, Speirs
Bill Sharp at sixty three
James Clyde our boy, alive no more
At just eleven years

Remember them your country's shame
Or forever hang your head
The husbands dear, the fathers near
The sons and brothers dead

Oh take me back to Blantyre
To the place that I was born
And we'll drink a toast to the hundreds lost
On a cold October morn