

**The Gresford Disaster
from A.L. Lloyd’s “Come all ye bold miners”.

You’ve heard of the Gresford disaster,
The terrible price that was paid;
Two hundred and forty-two colliers were lost
And three men of the rescue brigade.

It occurred in the month of September,
At three in the morning that pit
Was racked by a violent explosion
In the Dennis where dust lay so thick.

The gas in the Dennis deep section
Was packed like snow in a drift,
And many a man had to leave the coal-face
Before he had worked out his shift.

A fortnight before the explosion
To the shot-firer Tomlinson cried;
“If you fire that shot we’ll all be blown to hell!”
And no one can say that he lied.

The fireman’s reports they are missing,
The records of forty-two days;
The colliery manager had them destroyed
To cover his criminal ways.

Down here in the dark they are lying,
They dies for nine shillings a day;
They’ve worked out their shift and it’s now they must lie
In the darkness until Judgement Day.

The Lord Mayor of London’s collecting
To help both the children and wives;
The owners have sent some white lilies
To pay for the colliers’ lives.

Farewell our dear wives and our children,
Farewell our dear comrades as well;
Don’t send your sons in the dark dreary mine,
They’ll be damned like the sinners in hell.**



**The Gresford Disaster
from A.L. Lloyd’s “Come all ye bold miners”.

You’ve heard of the Gresford disaster,
The terrible price that was paid;
Two hundred and forty-two colliers were lost
And three men of the rescue brigade.

It occurred in the month of September,
At three in the morning that pit
Was racked by a violent explosion
In the Dennis where dust lay so thick.

The gas in the Dennis deep section
Was packed like snow in a drift,
And many a man had to leave the coal-face
Before he had worked out his shift.

A fortnight before the explosion
To the shot-firer Tomlinson cried;
“If you fire that shot we’ll all be blown to hell!”
And no one can say that he lied.

The fireman’s reports they are missing,
The records of forty-two days;
The colliery manager had them destroyed
To cover his criminal ways.

Down here in the dark they are lying,
They dies for nine shillings a day;
They’ve worked out their shift and it’s now they must lie
In the darkness until Judgement Day.

The Lord Mayor of London’s collecting
To help both the children and wives;
The owners have sent some white lilies
To pay for the colliers’ lives.

Farewell our dear wives and our children,
Farewell our dear comrades as well;
Don’t send your sons in the dark dreary mine,
They’ll be damned like the sinners in hell.**