

Mum's
Uncle
Bobby

Mines of Irvingdale

207

Handwritten musical score for the song 'Mines of Irvingdale'. The score is written on four staves in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Good people all, attention pay, And listen to my tale, Of a
 terrible suffocation in the mines of Irvingdale. It was the
 month of November in eighteen sixty-nine, The miners all, they got the
 call, to go working in the mine.

- 2) The women and the children, their hearts were filled with joy,
 To see the men go to work again, and likewise every boy,
 But a dismal sight in early light did quickly turn them pale.
 They saw the breakers burning around the mines of Irvingdale.
- 3) From here and there and everywhere, they gathered in great crowds,
 Some tearing both their clothing and hair, and crying out aloud,
 "Bring forth my husband and my child, or death will surely steal
 Their lives away without delay, in the mines of Irvingdale."
- 4) A consultation then was held, to see who would volunteer,
 For to go down that dismal shaft and seek their comrades dear.
 Two Welshmen bold, with Christian hearts, their courage did not fail,
 Went down that shaft five hundred feet, in the mines of Irvingdale.
- 5) But when they reached the bottom, their course they could not make.
 One of them died for want of air, The other in great distress,
 He gave the signal to hoist him up, to tell the terrible tale,
 That all was lost forever in the mines of Irvingdale.
- 6) Great efforts then were taken to give them some fresh air,
 And when two others did go down, of them they took great care.
 They traveled through the chambers, and this time did not fail,
 In finding the dead bodies in the mines of Irvingdale.
- 7) Sixty-seven were the number that in one pile was found.
 They seemed to be lamenting their sad fate underground,
 Fathers with their sons clasped in their arms so pale,
 It was a most heart-rending sight in the mines of Irvingdale.
- 8) Now to conclude and finish, the number I'll pen down.
 One hundred ten of boys and men, all smothered underground.
 They're in their graves for their last days, their widows can weep & wa
 Their orphans' cries can rend the skies for the miners of Irvingdale.

CW.