

# The Oaks Pit Explosion

TYG 130

There is weep - ing and wail - ing in man - y a dwell - ing, Where  
hap - pi - ness reigned but a short time a - go. For friends and rel -  
at - ions, there's num - bers left mourn - ing, In ac - cents of sad - ness, in  
ac - cents of woe. Oh, who can con - sole now be - reaved and af -  
flic - ted, Or com - fort the or - phans who sil - ent de - plore, O'er the  
cheeks of the wid - dow the tear is fast fal - ling, Her  
son, her sup - port, he a - las is no more.

Lyrics



## The Oaks Pit Explosion

1. There is weeping and wailing in many a dwelling,  
Where happiness reigned but a short time ago.  
For friends and relations, there's numbers left mourning,  
In accents of sadness, in accents of woe.  
Oh, who can console now bereaved and afflicted,  
Or comfort the orphans, who silent deplore,  
O'er the cheeks of the widow the tear is fast falling,  
Her son, her support, he alas is no more.
2. To the Oaks Pit near Barnsley on the 12th of December  
About four hundred colliers to work they did go,  
In health and in strength upon that fatal morning,  
Not thinking of danger they descended below.  
But that afternoon without one moment's warning,  
That coal pit exploded with a terrific roar.  
Three hundred and forty eight by that fearful explosion,  
Their lives they have lost, which we deeply deplore.
3. Of this dreadful disaster the news spread like lightning.  
And the people came running from both far and near,  
And the widows and orphans their cries were heartrending.  
As they called on their husbands and fathers so dear,  
While brothers and sisters in groups were seen mourning,  
And old aged parents their grey locks they tore  
And maidens lamented the fate of their lovers,  
By that fatal explosion they'll ne'er see them more.
4. Of those brave volunteers who so boldly did venture,  
Down that ill fated pit the poor sufferers to save,  
They did all lose their lives by the second explosion,  
Except Samuel Brown, that young hero so brave.  
After twenty long hours in that gloomy sepulchre,  
He got to the shaft and for help did implore.  
Mr Embelton and Mammott went down and they found him,  
And brave Brown in life to the surface they bore.
5. That direful explosion at the Oaks Pit near Barnsley,  
O'er the mining districts has cast a sad gloom.  
Of four hundred colliers in the Oaks Pit that morning,  
Now three-hundred-and-forty-eight do lie in the tomb.  
They have left aged parents with none to befriend them,  
Whose pleasure on earth it forever has fled,  
And who now will comfort the widows and orphans  
Who mourns for their friends that now sleep with the dead.