

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Charley Hill's Old Slope

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Come all ye true born Irishmen wherever you may be,
I hope you'll attention pay and listen unto me;
It's of those true-born Irishmen that left their native clay,
To seek their destination here in Americ-a.

It was on the eighteenth day of June when flowers were in full bloom,
The small birds hopped from tree to tree nnd sweetly chimed their tune,
To my surprise, I heard a noise that gsve me a fatal stroke,
When I heard of that sad accident at Charley Hill's old slope.

In future time this cruel crime to you I will explain;
Nine upright men ventured their lives to ride upon a chain.
When near the land it made a stand the chain it quickly broke,
Which coused many a widow to mourn her loss at Charley Hill's old slope.

There was Michael Hunt nnd Ferguson, they met their fate that day,
While Jimmy Sharp and Billy Hughes in their bloody gore they lay;
Though Shannon's brains lay on the plane, a few doleful words he spoke,
Saying: "Th' Almighty Ring, may our sowls bring this day from Hill's
ould slope."

It would grieve your heart with pity for to see those miners' wives,
All looking for their dead husbands with heart-rending cries,
Their children's cries, raised to the skies, abandoning every hope;
Saying: "Our daddies dear, no more we'll see; they're lost in Hill's old
slope."

Jane Sharp she stood upon the spot with a sad and mournful cry,
Her orphans round, all on the ground, their tears I did espy,
With bitter cries she wrung her hands and her coal black hair she tore,
For her husband and two of her loving sons lay bleeding in their gore.

A lady fair stood weeping there, Mis' Donahue was her name,
With bitter cries and dismal sighs she sorely did complain,
All preesed with without relief, with trembling iips she spoke:
"Will they ever bring my husband out of Charley Hill's old slope?"

It would grieve your heart with pity to see the number of the dead,
Some with their legs and arms broken, some more with shattered heads,
Nine of those doomed lay in one room--what a dreadful sight was there!
May the God of Light, this blessed night, hear each widow's
prayer!

Bow to conclude and finish, I have no more to say,
May God look on the fatherless and poor orphans here today!
May God look on the fatherless this blessed night, I hope!
And may God have mercy on their souls who died in Hill's old slope.

From Minstrels of the Mine Patch, Korson

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