

Trimdon Grange Explosion

Thomas Armstrong, 1882

♩ = 100

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in 6/8 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 100. The lyrics are: "Lets not think a - - bout to - - mor-row, Lest we dis - ap - poin - ted be Our joys may turn to sor - row As _ we all may dai - ly see To - - - day we're strong and heal - thy But _ how soon there comes a change As we may see from the ex - - plo - sion That has been at Trim - don Grange".

Lets not think a - - bout to - -

mor-row, Lest we dis - ap - poin - ted be Our

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heal - thy But _ how soon there comes a change

As we may see from the ex - -

plo - sion That has been at Trim - don Grange

Let's not think of tomorrow,
Lest we disappointed be;
Our joys may turn to sorrow,
As we all may daily see.
Today we're strong and healthy,
But how soon there comes a change.
As we may see from the explosion
That has been at Trimdon Grange.

Men and boys left home that morning
For to earn their daily bread,
Little thought before the evening
They'd be numbered with the dead;
Let us think of Mrs Burnett,
Once had sons and now has none -
With the Trimdon Grange explosion,
Joseph, George and James are gone.

February left behind it
What will never be forgot;
Weeping widows, helpless children
May be found in many a cot.
Little children kind and loving
From their homes each day would run;
For to meet their father's coming
As each hard day's work was done.

Now they ask if father's left them,
And the mother hangs her head,
With a weeping widow's feelings,
Tells the child its father's dead.
Homes that once were blessed with comfort
Guided by a father's care
Now are solemn, sad and gloomy,
Since the father is not there.

God protect each lonely widow,
Help to raise each drooping head;
Be a Father to the orphans,
Never let them cry for bread.
Death will pay us all a visit;
They have only gone before.
We may meet the Trimdon victims
Where explosions are no more.