The Collier Lad Is a Canny Lad

Johnny Handle

Chorus:
Oh the collier lad he's a canny lad,
Ans he's aalways of good cheor,
And he knaas how te work, and he knaas how te shork,
And he knaas how te sup good beer.

Wey, it's doon the shaft on a Monday morn and the cavil is the best,
In the Busty Seam we' Thompson's team in a flat caaled the fowerteenth west.
Noo the fyece is a hundred and five yards lang when measured from nyeuk te nyeuk,
And when craalin' ower the scufflin's lads, keep doon or your boon' te get stuck.

Wey the shots gan off and the shovels de fly till the belt gets loaded full,
Till in half an hoor a stone gans on and the motor will not pull;
"Brokken belt", is the cry and we aal creep oor te the mothergate it te mend,
Geordie Haal, he's the deppity in wor flat, says, "Ye'll drive iss roond the bend".

So we pull and we strain for te fix it again, and when it's been put straight,
Tim Jones, that's the secretary of wor lodge, says, "It's time that ye had your bait".
So we tyek worsels te a quiet spot, wiv a plank and a chock for a seat,
And the crack, at last, flies thick and fast of the dein's at the club last neet.

But it's varry hard when you're paid by the yard for te tyek lang ower yor bait,
So we craal back on, get some timberin' done, for the belts we can hardly wait.
For it's twenty-six inches high, me lads, and the work is really grand,
And the filler's pay, fower quid a day, it's the best in aal the land.

Lyrics Submitted by Ellinor Orton

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