

Halty Saterdaâ€™™ Morn (feat. Colin Ross)

Johnny Handle

Halti Saturda (Johnny Handle)

Chorous

Halti Saturda, Halti Saturda,
Theyâ€™™ve got no need of hurrying,
If you cough or sneeze at the top of the street,
By the bottom youâ€™™ll be ready for burying.

They come in from Slaggy, Lambley and Park,
And plenty from Halti who think its a lark.
From Melkridge and Henshaw, and from Bardon Mill,
With bags and their baskets, their shopping to fill.

Thereâ€™™s some doon from Alston that travelled by train,
From The Wall with their tractors, and the noise is a pain,
From Gilsland and Greenhead, along on the bus,
All gathering and gobbin, whey they make such a fuss.

Iâ€™™ve just been to Bourkets to get some fresh scones,
â€œHave you heard what they say? Tell us whatâ€™™s gannin onâ€•.
â€œWhey noo itâ€™™s the police, I knew he was barred,
And still she gans after him, she must be reet madâ€•.

Have ye been doon the Coop, mind thereâ€™™s some stuff marked doon,
And Armstrongs has dropped the price on them new goons,
Ahm off to Riddles, my feet is no use,
Till I get meself sorted with a new pair of shoes.

spoken

â€œMind, have you seen the like, sheâ€™™s just like a tart?
I expect them high-heels will slip doon on the clarts,
Hello there Maggie, my sisterâ€™™s fine,
Noo her manâ€™™s back at wark, heâ€™™s putting in some timeâ€•.

â€œMam gan doon the greenshop howay get us a treat,
I like all them bottles and jars full of sweetsâ€•.
â€œAhâ€™™ll reet pet here a shilling, Iâ€™™ll gan in the back.
For a sup of hot tea to catch up with the crackâ€•.

The men folk for baccy, they call in at Youngs,

By Oliver and Snowdon, they clash their bit tongues.
To Jacksons the smiddy, weeâ€™ll call in their forst,
Then to pub or to club to slake that bit thorst.

Thereâ€™s plenty of choice all around Halty Toon,
The New Inn or the Railway, as you start to gan roond,
The Black Bull, or Comrades, and Manor Hotel,
The Workmens or the Spotty, theyâ€™ll all dee you well.

Soon the bags is all filled with the grub for the week,
And the folks is all getting the news that they seek,
Theyâ€™ll all toddle back to their hyems very soon,
From a trip oot to Halty and a canny walk roond.

Note: Halti -- Haltwhistle (The Centre of Britain)

Slaggy - Slaggyford

Park -- Park Village

The Wall -- Hadrian's Wall country

Last train from Alston -- May 1976

Lyrics Submitted by Phil Harley

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