A GARLAND OF SONGS & TUNES FROM THE NORTH EAST

24 SONGS AND TUNES FROM TYNESIDE, DURHAM AND NORTHUMBERLAND ARRANGED FOR THE UKULELE

RICHARD TAYLOR & NORMAN REED

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24 songs and tunes from Tyneside, Durham and Northumberland arranged for the ukulele

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For hyperlinks to songs in this book on YouTube go to -

https://www.lowfellukes.com/news/a-ukulele-songbook-of-songs-and-tunes-from-the-north-east

Cover design by Lee Wickham

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Introduction

'A Garland of Songs and Tunes from the North East"
being a curious Collection of Songs And Tunes,
Peculiar to the Counties of
Newcastle upon Tyne, Northumberland, & Durham.

(a misquote from John Bell's "Rhymes of the Northern Bards", 1812)

Our "Garland of Songs and Tunes from the North East" follows a proud tradition of songbooks produced in the region. This stretches back to 1784, when Sir Cuthbert Sharp edited his "Bishoprick Garland", through to 1891, when Thomas Allan edited his comprehensive "Allan's Illustrated Edition of Tyneside Songs and Readings" containing 400 songs and the lives (and autographs) of local song writers. Between these two songbooks there were nearly 50 other collections published.

So, what is so special about this songbook? To start with, it is the first compilation of songs from the North East arranged for the ukulele. We have tried to give the strummer of all levels the tools to learn and play a song they may never have heard before and then take it as far as they want. This explained on page 5 in "Using the Songbook".

Also, unusually for a ukulele songbook, we have included a couple of tunes more usually played on the Northumbrian smallpipes – "Jamie Allan" and "Herd on the Hill". These have been arranged for both melody and chords to add as something a bit different in your exploration of North East music.

We have chosen two dozen songs and tunes to reflect the different parts of the region with Durham and Northumberland mining songs together with the wealth of Tyneside songs about the river and the characters who lived on it. We have taken the songs people know and love such as Geordie Ridley's "Blaydon Races" and Joe Wilson's "Keep your feet still Geordie hinny" whilst trying to introduce some less well-known pieces such as the Sunderland based "The Legend of Spottee" and Tommy Armstrong's "The Sheel Raa Flud"

You may find some of the sound clips interesting. We wanted to consistently use You Tube for you to hear the songs and tunes but there was not always a straight rendition to hand. As such you will find Brian Ferry singing "The Lambton Worm" and New England fiddler Lissa Schneckenburger playing "Jamie Allan". We have mostly managed to keep to local performers whether this be professionals such as Billy Mitchell or the High Level Ranters or local groups like the Spindlestones.

We cannot sing the songs without hearing the stories. So many of the North East songs tell of the pressures of everyday life, particularly the brutal conditions of mining and working on the river. Others are about local characters whether they be a woman who sells baked clay blocks to clean doorsteps, Cushie Butterfield, or the member of Parliament for Durham, Bobby Shafto. The people who wrote the songs were the pop stars of their days with the luckiest, such as Joe Wilson, working the many music halls, or those less fortunate, such as Blind Willie Purvis, playing in riverside public houses. We have tried to provide some of the stories of the writers of the songs in this collection.

The book is crammed full, take what you want, but whatever you do, enjoy yourself.

Richard Taylor and Norman Reed

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Using the Songbook

This book aims to provide the resources to bring the songs of North East England back to life, at whatever level you want. This may be simply to listen to the tune on YouTube and strum out the tune using the chords and lyrics. It may be that you want to use the information contained to make your own arrangement of the song.

Contained in all the songs are –

- The lyrics
- Chords for a ukulele
- A link to a You Tube track so you can listen to a version of the song / tune and
- Background information on the song / tune

For most of the tunes there are also scores which provide notation, chords and tab for playing an instrumental on the ukulele. The notation has been guided by what sounds best on a GCEA tuned ukulele with a high G string. This can limit the range of the instrument a bit but we have managed to get the tunes playable without too much going up the 'dusty end' of the fretboard. Also be careful if you are using the score to sing from as there may be a few octave jumps or thirds appearing unexpectedly.

Obviously, the chords can be used for other stringed instruments including guitar and baritone ukulele although the key for singing will change.

The only less than common musical symbol is ↓ meaning a chord is struck once – a splang.

The music of the North East was both original and borrowed heavily from other musical sources but what's changed – Billy Joel borrowed from Beethoven. These songs were sung for people to enjoy, whether this was down the pit or in the music hall. Learn them, adapt them but, most of all enjoy them!

Adam Buckham O' - Traditional

Intro: [A] O Adam [E7] Buckham O,
[D] O Adam [A] Buckham O,
[D] O Adam [A] Buckham O,
[E7] Wiv his bow [A] legs.

Verse 1: It's [A] doon the Lang Stairs,
And [D] straight alang the [A] Close,
[E7] All in Baker's Entry
[E7] Adam Buckham [A] knows.

Chorus: [A] O Adam [E7] Buckham O,
[D] O Adam [A] Buckham O,
[D] O Adam [A] Buckham O,
[E7] Wiv his bow [A] legs.

Verse 2: [A] Nanny carries watter,
[D] Tommy cobbles [A] shoes,
And [E7] Adam gans aboot
[E7] Gethring in the [A]news

Chorus: [A] O Adam [E7] Buckham O,
[D] O Adam [A] Buckham O,
[D] O Adam [A] Buckham O,
[E7] Wiv his bow [A] legs

Verse 3: [A] Adam kissed the servant lass
[D] That will never [A] do
[E7] If he dissent mind himsel
The [E7] kitty myeks him [A]rue

Chorus: [A] O Adam [E7] Buckham O,
[D] O Adam [A] Buckham O,
[D] O Adam [A] Buckham O,
[E7] Wiv his bow [A] legs

Verse 4: [A]Adam gat the lass wi' bairn
[D]That will never [A]do
[E7] If he dinna marry her
The [E7] kitty gars him [A] rue

Chorus: [A] O Adam [E7] Buckham O,
[D] O Adam [A] Buckham O,
[D] O Adam [A] Buckham O,
[E7] Wiv his bow [A] legs

Outro: [A] O Adam [E7] Buckham O,
[D] O Adam [A] Buckham O,
[D] O Adam [A] Buckham O,
[E7] Wiv his bow [A]↓ legs

Adam Buckham O'

High Level Ranters version:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JC5kbJmHhC8

Background

This song, about everyday life in Newcastle, was probably sung in the eighteenth century with it first appearing in print in a manuscript compiled by John Bell entitled 'Collection of local tunes as played in Northumberland' which can be seen as the counterpart to his published book of lyrics, 'Rhymes of the Northern Bards' 1812.

The Lang stairs mentioned in the song can be found today going from Newcastle Quayside next door to the Cooperage. The steep stone stairs were, like the chares, a notable historic feature of the Quayside but unlike the chares the stairs are concentrated in the western area of the Quayside around the castle, Sandhill and Close.

Some of the surviving stairs have impressive descents down which you wouldn't want to fall. They include Breakneck Stairs, Castle Stairs, Dog Leap Stairs Tuthill Stairs and the Lang (Long) stairs which feature in this song.

Adam Buckham O became well known during the 1950's and 1960's when many local songs were taught in school as part of the primary school music curriculum.

Blackleg Miners – Traditional

Intro: Instrumental as Chorus

Chorus: Oh, it's **[Dm]** in the evening, **[C]** after dark
A **[Dm]** blackleg miner **[Am]** goes to work
With his **[Dm]** moleskin pants and a **[C]** dirty shirt
There **[Dm]** goes the **[C]** blackleg **[Dm]** miner
[Dm] 4 bars

Verse 1: Oh, he takes his pick and **[C]** down he goes
To **[Dm]** hew the coal that **[Am]** lies below
There's **[Dm]** not a woman in **[C]** this town row
Would **[Dm]** look at a **[C]** blackleg **[Dm]** miner

Chorus:

Verse 2: Ah, **[Dm]** ↓ Delaval is a **[C]** ↓ terrible place
They **[Dm]** ↓ rub wet clay in a **[Am]** ↓ blackleg's face
[Dm] ↓ 'Round the pits they **[C]** ↓ run a footrace
To **[Dm]** catch the **[C]** blackleg **[Dm]** miner

Verse 3: Now don't go near the **[C]** Seghill mine
A **[Dm]** cross the top they've **[Am]** stretched a line
To **[Dm]** catch the throat and **[C]** break the spine
Of the **[Dm]** dirty **[C]** blackleg **[Dm]** miner

Chorus:

Verse 4: Now take his pick and **[C]** duds as well
And **[Dm]** hurl them down the **[Am]** pit of Hell
So **[Dm]** off you go and **[C]** fare you well
You **[Dm]** dirty **[C]** blackleg **[Dm]** miner

Verse 5: Now join the union **[C]** while you may
Don't **[Dm]** wait to your **[Am]** dying day
That **[Dm]** may not be so **[C]** far away
You **[Dm]** dirty **[C]** blackleg **[Dm]** miner

Chorus: Oh, it's **[Dm]** ↓ in the evening, **[C]** ↓ after dark
A **[Dm]** ↓ blackleg miner **[Am]** ↓ goes to work
With his **[Dm]** ↓ moleskin pants and a **[C]** ↓dirty shirt
There **[Dm]** ↓ goes the **[C]** ↓ blackleg **[Dm]** ↓ miner

Chorus: Acapella until last line
Oh, it's in the evening, after dark
A blackleg miner goes to work
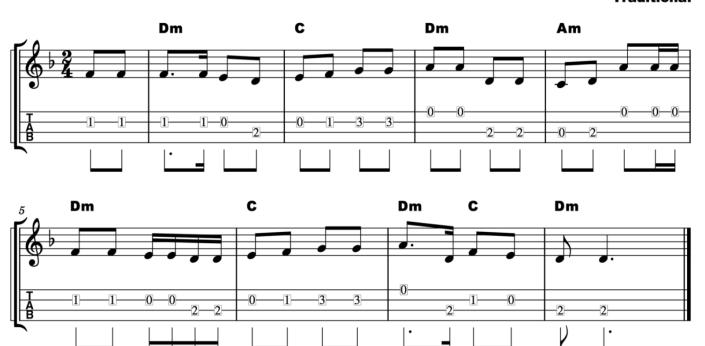With his moleskin pants and a dirty shirt
You **[Dm]** ↓ dirty **[C]** ↓ blackleg **[Dm tremolo]** miner

Blackleg Miners

Instrumental

Traditional

Richard Thompson version:
 https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FUpYgwvcek8

Background
"Blackleg Miners" is a 19th-century English folk song, originally from Northumberland. It is believed to originate from the miners' lockout of 1844. which lasted roughly 20 weeks. The lockout largely collapsed as a result of "blackleg" labour. The village of Seghill, mentioned in the song, was the site of a mass eviction of striking miners during the 1844 lockout.

The song depicts the determined, uncompromising stance against strike breakers adopted by unionised strikers. The term *blackleg* for a strike breaker has its origins in coal mining, as strike breakers would return covered in black coal dust which would give away that they had been working whilst others had been on strike.

The strikes caused bitterness both within and between pit communities, but also gave rise to expressions of solidarity such as sympathy strikes, material assistance such as food, and a feeling of belonging to a proud and powerful community of workers.

The lyrics describe tactics common for attacking strike-breakers in the 19th century. *Across the way they stretch a line/ To catch the throat and break the spine/ Of the dirty blackleg miner* describes how a rope was often stretched across the entrance to a colliery to catch strike breakers by the throat and flick them backwards, often causing them to injure themselves through falling. Strike breakers were often stripped of their clothes and working tools once caught.

The Blaydon Races – Geordie Ridley

Verse 1:   I **[C]** went to Blaydon Races,
Twas' **[G7]** on the ninth of **[C]** June.
[F] Eighteen Hundred and **[C]** Sixty-Two,
On a **[D7]** summer's efter **[G7]** noon.
I **[C]** tyuk the bus from Balmbras
And **[G7]** she wis heavy **[C]** laden.
A **[F]** way we went along **[C]** Collingwood Street,
That's **[G7]** on the road to **[C]** Blaydon

Chorus: **[C]** Oh me lads, you **[G7]** shudda seen us **[C]** gannin'.
[F] Passin' the folks **[C]** alang the road,
[D7] Just as they were **[G7]** stannin'.
[C] Aal the lads and lasses there, **[G7]** aal wi' smiling **[C]** faces.
[F] Gannin' along the **[C]** Scotswood Road;
To **[G7]** see the Blaydon **[C]** Races.

Verse 2:   We **[C]** flew past Armstrong's factory
And **[G7]** up by the Robin A **[C]** dair.
Just **[F]** gannin' doon te the **[C]** railway bridge,
The **[D7]** bus wheel flew off **[G7]** there.
The **[C]** lasses lost their crinolenes,
And **[G7]** veils that hid their **[C]** faces.
Aw got **[F]** two black eyes and a **[C]** broken nose;
In **[G7]** gannin' to Blaydon **[C]** Races.

Chorus:

Verse 3:   **[C]** When we gat the wheel put on
A **[G7]** way we went a **[C]** gyen
But **[F]** them that had their **[C]** noses broke
They **[D7]** came back ower **[G7]** hyem
[C] Sum went the Dispensary
And **[G7]** sum to Doctor **[C]** Gibbs
An **[F]** sum sought out the In **[C]** firmary
To **[G7]** mend their broken **[C]** ribs

Chorus:

Verse 4:   Noo **[C]** when we gat to Paradise
Thor **[G7]** wes bonny gam be **[C]** gun
Thor was **[F]** four and twenty **[C]** on the bus
Man, **[D7]** hoo they danced an **[G7]** sung
They **[C]** called on me to sing a song
Aa **[G7]** sung them 'Paddy Fa **[C]** gan'
Aa **[F]** danced a jig an **[C]** swung my twig
That **[G7]** day we went to **[C]** Blaydon.

Chorus:

Verse 5:   We **[C]** flew across the Chain Bridge
And **[G7]** came to Blaydon **[C]** Toon.
The **[F]** bellman he was **[C]** callin' there,
They **[D7]** called him Jackie **[G7]** Broon.
I **[C]** saw him talking to sum chaps,
And **[G7]** them he was **[C]** persuadin'.
To **[F]** gan and see Geordie **[C]** Ridley's show;
At the **[G7]** Mechanic's Hall in **[C]** Blaydon.

Chorus:

Verse 6:   The **[C]** rain it poured aal the day
An **[G7]** made the groons quite **[C]** muddy
[F] Coffy Johnny had a **[C]** white hat on
They were **[D7]** shootin "Whe stole the **[G7]** cuddy"
There **[C]** wis spice stalls and monkey shows
An **[G7]** aud wives selling **[C]** ciders
An a **[F]** chep wiv a hapenny **[C]** roondaboot
Shootin **[G7]** "Noo me lads for **[C]** riders".

Outro: [C] Oh me lads, you [G7] should've seen us [C] gannin'.

[F] Passin' the folks **[C]** along the road,

[D7] Just as them were **[G7]** stannin'.

[C] Aal the lads and lasses there, **[G7]** aal wi' smiling **[C]** faces.

[F] Gannin' along the **[C]** Scotswood Road.............;

[F] To see the **[G7]** Blaydon **[C]** Races.

The Houghton Weavers' version:
 https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vlYJZFkHA7g

Background
The first Blaydon horse races were held in 1861 on a circular island in the Tyne called Blaydon Island (Dent's Meadow). The horse meetings continued annually until 1865 and later revived in 1887, but due to improvements to the River Tyne, Blaydon Island was removed, the track being moved to Stella Haughs. The Blaydon Race is now a 5.9-mile athletics race from Newcastle upon Tyne to Blaydon held on 9 June every year starting off with the singing of the "Blaydon Races".

The song "Blaydon Races" was written in the 19th century by Geordie Ridley, in a style deriving from music hall. It has become an unofficial national anthem of Tyneside and is sung by supporters of Newcastle United Football Club and Newcastle Falcons rugby club. The tune however was an old folk song called "On the Road to Brighton." Ridley sang the song at a concert in Balmbra's Music Hall on 5 June 1862. It is likely that on this occasion the song ended with the exhortation to see Ridley's show on 9 June, and that the final verse was added for that later performance. Although the account of the trip to Blaydon is a fiction, the heavy rain and missing cuddy (horses) were reported in the local press. The song was adopted as its marching anthem by the British Army Infantry soldiers of the Fifth of Foot and today it is the Regimental Song of The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, the modern descendants of The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers.

The Blaydon Races

Geordie Ridley

Buy Broom Buzzems – William Purvis

Verse 1:   [F] If you want a [C] buzzem [F] for to sweep yor [C] hoose
[F] Come to me ma [C] hinnies [F] Ye may hae yor [Bb] choose

Chorus: [C] Buy broom buzzems [F] buy them when they're [Bb] new
[C] Fine heather bred uns, [F] better [Bb] never [F] grew.

Verse 2:   [F] Buzzems for a [C] penny [F] rangers for a [C] plack
[F] If ye winnot [C] buy [F] I'll tie them to me [Bb] back

Chorus:

Verse 3:   [F] If aa had a [C] horse [F] Aa wad hev a [C] cairt
[F] If Aa had a [C] wife [F] she wad tyek me [Bb] pairt

Chorus:

Verse 4:   [F] Had aa but a [C] wife [F] Aa care not what she[C] be
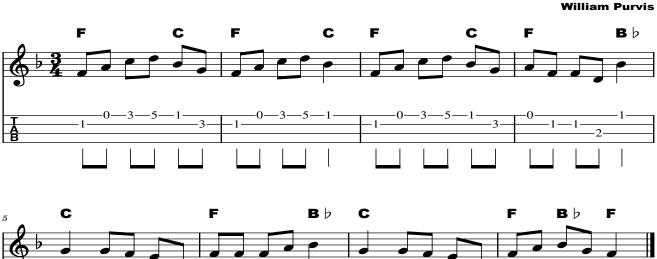[F] If she's but a [C] woman [F] that's enyuf for [Bb] me

Chorus:

Verse 5:   [F] If she lik'd a [C] drop [F] her and I'd [C] agree;
[F] If she did not [C] like it, [F] there's the more for [Bb] me.

Chorus:

Buy Broom Buzzems

Version by Jack the Lad:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5DxC71x5N_8

Background in "Songwriters"

13

Bobby Shafto - Traditional

Chorus: [F] Bobby Shafto's gone to sea
[C] Silver buckles on his knee
[F] He'll come back and marry me
[Bb] Bonny [C] Bobby [F] Shafto

Verse 1:   [F] Bobby Shafto's bright and fair
[C] Combing down his yellow hair
[F]He's my ain for ever mair
[Bb] Bonny [C] Bobby [F] Shafto

Chorus: [F] Bobby Shafto's gone to sea
[C] Silver buckles on his knee
[F] He'll come back and marry me
[Bb] Bonny [C] Bobby [F] Shafto

Verse 1:   [F] Bobby Shafto's tall and slim
He's [C] always dressed so neat and trim
The [F] lasses they all keek at him
[Bb] Bonny [C] Bobby [F] Shafto

Chorus: [F] Bobby Shafto's gone to sea
[C] Silver buckles on his knee
[F] He'll come back and marry me
[Bb] Bonny [C] Bobby [F] Shafto

Verse 1:   [F] Bobby Shafto's gett'n a bairn
[C] For to dangle on his airm
[F] In his airm and on his knee
[Bb] Bonny [C] Bobby [F] Shafto
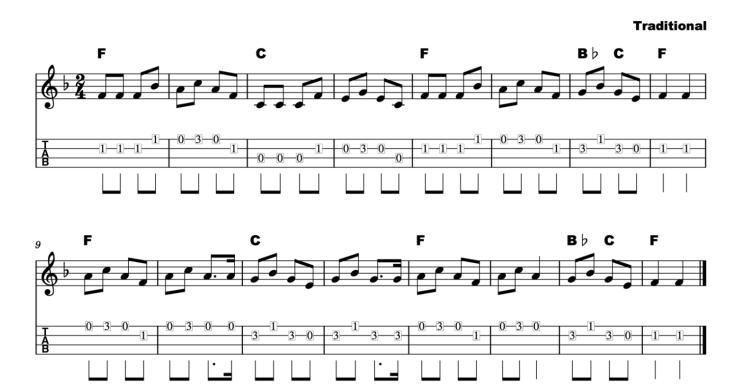
Chorus: [F] Bobby Shafto's been to sea
[C] Silver buckles on his knee
[F] He's come back and married me
[Bb] Bonny [C] Bobby [F] Shafto

Robert Shafto
Member of Parliament for
 County Durham
1760 - 1768

Bobby Shafto

Version by the Blaydon Aces:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0f31GP3bkmM

Background
"Bobby Shafto" is known both as a nursery rhyme and a song, though the majority of recordings seem to be for children. The words were first printed in 1805 in "Songs for the nursery". This version is based upon that published in John Bell's" Rhymes of the Northern Bards" (1812). It is possible that a version of the words was written about an unrelated Robert Shafto in Hollybrook, County Wicklow, Ireland.

The tune for Bobby Shafto is first referred to as "Brave Willie Forster", in the Henry Atkinson Manuscript from the 1690's. The tune is clearly identified as from the north-east of England, and whilst originally a fiddle tune, was played on Border pipes. It later appeared as Bobby Shafto arranged for Northumbrian small pipes. The song was best known as being used in the campaign for the election of Robert Shafto, in 1761, as MP for County Durham. Evidence for the Durham origin can be found in Jean Harrowven's "Origins of Rhymes, Songs and Sayings". Whitworth Hall, purchased in 1652, was still owned by the family until the latter part of the 20th century. A descendant, Miss Shafto, has written that the family knowledge has always been that Bobby Shafto owned sailing ships and sometimes sailed in them.

The perspective of the song is believed to be that of Miss Bellasyse of Brancepeth Castle, who was engaged to "Bonnie Bobby". She died aged 21, either of tuberculosis or, in this story, of a broken heart two weeks after hearing that he had, instead, married Anne Duncombe of the Taversham family of Yorkshire.

Bonny at Morn - Traditional

Verse 1:   The **[Dm]** sheep's in the meadows,
The **[C]** kye's in the **[Am]** corn,
(Thoo's **[Dm]** ower lang in thy bed,)
[Am7] Bonny at **[Dm]** morn.
The **[Dm]** sheep's in the meadows,
The **[C]** kye's in the **[Am]** corn,
(Thoo's **[Bb]** ower lang **[F]** in thy **[C]** bed,)
[Bb] Bonny **[Am]** at **[Dm]** morn.

Chorus: **[Dm]** Canny at neet **[C]** Bonny at morn
(Thoo's **[Bb]** ower lang **[F]** in thy **[C]** bed,)
[Bb] Bonny **[Am]** at **[Dm]** morn

Verse 2:   The **[Dm]** bird's in the nest,
The **[C]** troot's in the born,
Thou **[Dm]** hinder's thy mother
In **[Am7]** many a **[Dm]** turn
The **[Dm]** bird's in the nest,
The **[C]** troot's in the **[Am]** born,
Thou **[Bb]** hinder's thy **[F]** moth **[C]** er
In **[Bb]** many **[Am]** a **[Dm]** torn

Chorus: **[Dm]** Canny at neet **[C]** Bonny at morn
(Thoo's **[Bb]** ower lang **[F]** in thy **[C]** bed,)
[Bb] Bonny **[Am]** at **[Dm]** morn

Verse 3:   We're **[Dm]** aall laid idle
Wi' **[C]**keeping the **[Am]** bairn,
The **[Dm]** lad winnot work
And the **[Am7]** lass winnot **[Dm]** lairn
We're **[Dm]** aall laid idle
Wi' **[C]** keeping the **[Am]** bairn,
The **[Bb]** lad winnot **[F]** work
[C] And the **[Bb]** lass win **[Am]** not **[Dm]** lairn

Chorus: **[Dm]** Canny at neet **[C]** Bonny at morn
(Thoo's **[Bb]** ower lang **[F]** in thy **[C]** bed,)
[Bb] Bonny **[Am]** at **[Dm]** morn

Bonny at Morn

This version was arranged by Kathryn Tickell and sung by Carolyn Robson -
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GtdaHG7RKSc

Background
This song has been frequently recorded and performed, and has been popular in both Scotland and England, though its origin seems to be Northumberland. It is first referred to in Henry Robson's list of Northumbrian song and dance tunes (1800) and the tune is in the manuscript collection of John Bell (c1812). It was published in 1882, in "The Northumbrian Minstrelsy". Whittaker, in his publication "North Countrie Folk Songs for Schools" (1938), includes the note: "The line in brackets is always addressed to the lazy son who stays in bed o' the mornings, while the rest of the lullaby is crooned to the baby, winning and adored, but a hindrance to domestic duties." It is included in Benjamin Britten's "Eight Folksong Arrangements", 1976, for harp and voice, and before that (1958) he arranged it for guitar and voice.

Byker Hill and Walker Shore – Traditional

Verse 1: [Am] If I had an [C] other penny
[G] I would have an [C] other [Am] gill
And I would make the [C] piper [Am] play
The bonny [C] lass of [Em] Byker [Am] Hill

Chorus: [Am] Byker Hill and [C] Walker Shore
[Dm] Collier lads for [Am] ever more
Byker Hill and [C] Walker Shore
[Am] Collier [Dm] lads for ever [Am] more

Verse 2: Me Ginny she sits [C] ower late up
Me [G] Ginny she sits [C] ower [Am] late up
Me Ginny she sits [C] ower [Am] late up
Between the [C] pint pot [Em] and the [Am] cup

Verse 3: It's down the pits we'll [C] go my laddies
It's [G] down the pits we'll [C] go my [Am] marrers
Well try our wills and [C] use our [Am] skill
To [Am] cut them [Em] ridges down be [Am] low

Chorus:

Verse 4: Me Ginny she is [C] never near
Me [G] Ginny she is [C] never [Am] near
And when I call out, [C] "Where's my [Am] supper?"
She orders up a [Em] nother pint of [Am]beer

Verse 5: When first I come in [C] to the dirt
I [G] had no trousers [C] nor pit [Am] shirt
And now I'm getting [C] two or [Am] three
Walker [Em] Pit done well by [Am] me

Chorus:

Verse 6: Hey Ginny come home [C] to your little baby
Hey [G] Ginny come home [C] to your little [Am] baby
Hey Ginny come home [C] to your little [Am] baby
With a pint of [Em] beer all under your [Am] arm

Verse 7: The pitman and the [C] keelman trim
To the [G] dance they [C] do be [Am] gin
They drink bumbo [C] made from [Am] gin
They [Em] dance the *Elsie* [Am] *Marley*

Chorus:

Verse 8: The poor coal cutter [C] gets a shilling
The [G] deputy gets [C] half a [Am] crown
And the overman gets [C] five and [Am] sixpence
That's just for [Em] riding up and [Am] down

Verse 9: Geordie Johnson [C] had a pig
And he [G] hit it with a shovel and it [C] danced a [Am] jig
All the way to [C] Byker [Am] Hill
He [Em] danced the *Elsie* [Am] *Marley*

Byker Hill and Walker Shore

Martin Carthy version:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AcfAQFhyxis

Background

Byker Hill and Walker Shore are former coal mines near Newcastle upon Tyne. At holidays and festive times, miners of the English north-east would gather with their families to dance on the coaly green. If a piper was there, well and good. If not, they would dance to their own singing. The tunes were nearly always pipe tunes, the words, floating verses loosely strung together. The earliest known version of this collier's song is in John Bell, *Rhymes of Northern Bards*, 1812. and the song has been undergoing changes ever since with versions by singers from AL Lloyd to Bellowhead.

The song seems to be two songs in one with the miner recounting his own experience of working in the pit where he seems to have done well contrasting with his wife who seems more interested in drinking than her domestic responsibilities.

Coaly Tyne – Traditional

Verse 1:   Tyne **[G]** River, running **[D7]** rough or smooth,
Makes **[G]** bread for me and **[C]** mine;
Of **[G]** all the rivers, **[D7]** north or south,
There's **[C]** none like coaly **[G]** Tyne.

Chorus: So here's to coaly **[D7]** Tyne my lads,
Suc **[G]** cess to coaly **[C]** Tyne,
Of **[G]** all the rivers, **[D7]** north or south,
There's **[C]** none like coaly **[G]** Tyne,

Verse 2:   Long has Tyne's swelling **[D7]** bosom borne
Great **[G]** riches from the **[C]** mine,
All **[G]** by her hardy **[D7]** sons uptorn--
The **[C]** wealth of coaly **[G]** Tyne.

Chorus:

Verse 3:   Our keelmen brave, with **[D7]** laden keels,
Go **[G]** sailing down in **[C]** line,
And **[G]** with them load the **[D7]** fleet at Shields,
That **[C]** sails from coaly **[G]** Tyne.

Chorus:

Verse 4:   When Bonaparte the **[D7]** world did sway,
Dutch, **[G]** Spanish, did com **[C]** bine;
By **[G]** sea and land proud **[D7]** bent their way,
The **[C]** sons of coaly **[G]** Tyne.

Chorus:

Verse 5:   The sons of Tyne, in **[D7]** seas of blood,
Tra **[G]** falgar's fight did **[C]** join,
When **[G]** led by dauntless **[D7]** Collingwood,
The **[C]** hero of the **[G]** Tyne.

Chorus:

Verse 6:   With courage bold, and **[D7]** hearts so true,
Form'd **[G]** in the British **[C]** line;
With **[G]** Wellington, at **[D7]** Waterloo,
Hard **[C]** fought the sons of **[G]** Tyne.

Chorus:

Verse 7:   When peace, who would be **[D7]** Volunteers?
Or **[G]** Hero Dandies **[C]** fine?
Or **[G]** sham Hussars, or **[C]** Tirailleurs?
Dis **[C]** grace to coaly **[G]** Tyne

Chorus:

Verse 8:   Or who would be a **[D7]** Tyrant's Guard,
Or **[G]** shield a liber **[C]** tine?
Let **[G]** Tyrants meet their **[D7]** due reward,
Ye **[C]** sons of coaly **[G]**Tyne.

Chorus:

Coaly Tyne

Unknown

Traditional - adapted 'Auld Lang Syne'

Mike Tickell's excellent version, note the modern optimistic update to the lyrics:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rZgnjp54npw

Background

From Georgian times the Tyne was best known for the industry that grew up on its banks principally shipbuilding, chemicals manufacture, and the mining and export of coal. But coal was predominant (the river is hymned as "the coaly Tyne"), millions of tons being exported each year at the river's peak.

By the early nineteenth century the state of the river was impeding trade: it was shallow and shoaly, with low tide and droughts often holding up colliers for weeks on end. Change only came once a combination of commercial and municipal interests had wrested sovereignty of the river away from the Newcastle council in 1850, vesting it in an independent body. Shoals were dredged, rocky outcrops blasted away, the river bed deepened, piers constructed at the mouth, and the Tyne Bridge in Newcastle was demolished and replaced by a hydraulic swing bridge.

The Collier's Rant - Traditional

Verse 1:   As **[Dm]** me an' me **[C]** marra was **[Bb]** gannin' to **[A]** wark,
We **[Dm]** met wi' the **[C]** devil, it **[Bb]** was i' the **[A]** dark;
Aw **[Dm]** up wi' mi **[C]** pick, it be **[Bb]** ing i' the **[A]** neet,
Aw **[Dm]** knock't off his horns, like **[A7]** wise his club- **[Dm]** feet.

Chorus: **[Dm]** Foller the horses, **[F]** Johnny me laddie,
[Dm] Foller them through, me **[A7]** canny lad, oh!
[Dm] Foller the horses, **[F]** Johnny me laddie,
Oh **[Dm]** lad lye a **[Bb]** way, me **[A7]** canny lad, **[Dm]** oh!

Verse 2:   As **[Dm]** me an' me **[C]** marra was **[Bb]** puttin' the **[A]** tram,
The **[Dm]** lowe it went **[C]** oot, and me **[Bb]** marra went **[A]** wrang;
[Dm] Ye wad ha' **[C]** laughed had **[Bb]** ye seen the **[A]** gam,
The **[Dm]** De'il tyeuk me marra, but **[A7]** aw gat the **[Dm]** tram.

Chorus:

Verse 3:   Oh **[Dm]** marra, oh **[C]** marra, **[Bb]** what dost thou **[A]** think?
I've **[Dm]** broken me **[C]** bottle and **[Bb]** spilt a' me **[A]** drink;
I've **[Dm]** lost a' me **[C]** shin-splints a **[Bb]** mang the greet **[A]** stanes;
Draw **[Dm]** me to the shaft, lad, it's **[A7]** time to gan **[Dm]** hyem.

Chorus:

Verse 4:   Oh **[Dm]** Marra, oh **[C]** Marra, where **[Bb]** hest thou **[A]** been?
[Dm] Drivin' the **[C]** drift **[Bb]** frae the low **[A]** seam,
[Dm] Drivin' the **[C]** drift **[Bb]** frae the low **[A]** seam,
[Dm] Ha'd up the lowe, lad, De'il **[A7]** stop oot thy **[Dm]** e'en!

Chorus:

Verse 5:   Oh **[Dm]** marra, oh **[C]** marra, this is **[Bb]** wor pay **[A]** week,
We'll **[Dm]** get penny **[C]** loaves, and **[Bb]** drink to wor **[A]** beek;
And we'll **[Dm]** fill up wor **[C]** bumper, and **[Bb]** roond it shall **[A]** go,
[Dm] Follow the horses, me **[A7]** Johnny lad, **[Dm]** oh!

Chorus:

Verse 6:   **[Dm]** There is me **[C]** horse, and **[Bb]** there is me **[A]** tram,
Twee **[Dm]** horns full o' **[C]** grease will **[Bb]** myek her to **[A]** gan;
[Dm] There is me **[C]** hoggers, like **[Bb]** wise me half- **[A]** shoon,
And **[Dm]** smash me heart, marra, me **[A7]** puttin's a' **[Dm]** deun!

Chorus: **[Dm]** Foller the horses, **[F]** Johnny me laddie,
[Dm] Foller them through, me **[A7]** canny lad, oh!
[Dm] Foller the horses, **[F]** Johnny me laddie,
Oh **[Dm]** lad lye a **[Bb]** way, me **[A7]** canny lad, **[Dm]** oh!

The Collier's Rant

Version from Unified Films:
 https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WmL6bcTMn1s

Background
This is probably the oldest song in the collection having been first sung when Cromwell ruled (about 1650).

The story is based on the superstition that the deeper men mined the closer they trespassed on the devil's territory. It also highlights the way in which miners looked out for their marra – their workmate, who shared the work and their wages. In the song the lantern goes out so it would be pitch black and the only way to find your way around was to follow the pit ponies who instinctively knew the road.

The Cullercoats Fish Lass – Words: Ned Corvan Tune: Traditional

Intro/chorus:	Will ye **[D]** buy, will ye **[A]** buy, will ye **[E7]** buy maw fresh **[A] f**ish?
Verse 1:	Aw's a **[A]** Cullercoats fish-lass, se cozy an' free Browt **[D]** up in a cottage close **[A]** on by the sea; An' aw **[E7]** sell fine fresh fish ti **[A]** poor an' ti rich Will ye **[D]** buy, will ye [A] buy, will ye **[E7]** buy maw fresh **[A] f**ish?
Chorus:	Will ye **[D]**buy, will ye **[A]**buy, will ye **[E7]** buy maw fresh **[A] f**ish?
Verse 2:	Byeth **[A]**barefoot and barelegged aw trudge mony a week, Wi' a **[D]**creel on mee back an' a **[A]**bloom on mee cheek; Aw'll **[E7]** supply ye wi' flat fish, fine **[A]** skyet, or fresh ling, And **[D]** sometimes penny**[A]**wilks crabs an **[E7] l**obsters aw **[A]** bring.
Chorus:	Will ye **[D]** buy, will ye **[A]** buy, will ye **[E7]** buy maw fresh **[A] f**ish?
Verse 3:	Aw **[A]** work hard for mee livin', frev a friend aw ne'er begs, An' aw **[D]** huff the young gents when they **[A]** peep at mee legs; Aw's **[E7]** healthy an' hansom, quite **[A]** willin' and strong, To **[D]** toil for my **[A]** livin', cryin' **[E7]** "fish", the day **[A] l**ong.
Chorus:	Will ye **[D]** buy, will ye **[A]** buy, will ye **[E7]** buy maw fresh **[A] f**ish?
Outro: (emphasis on bu-uy)	Will ye **[D]** buy, will ye **[A]** buy, will ye **[E7]** buy maw fresh **[A] f**ish?

Judy Dinning Version:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1Rlv_ejTi4M

Background

This song describes the daily experience of women, known as Fishwives or lasses, in the fishing village of Cullercoats in the North East of England. They would travel daily inland as far as Hexham and Corbridge on the new local railways selling from door to door, carrying creels of fish on their back. They became famous for their fishwife costume, and were painted by the many artists who set up a colony in Cullercoats.

The song was written and performed locally in music halls by Ned Corvan, (1827-1865) who dressed as a fish lass, and between each verse he would engage the audience with patter. Ned Corvan was a talented writer, singer, performer and artist, commemorated by a Blue Plaque on the site of the Royal Olympic Concert Hall, now part of Newcastle Central Station.

The Cullercoats Fish Lass

Ned Corvan

Traditional

Cushie Butterfield – Geordie Ridley

Intro: [G] [D] [G]

Verse 1:   Aa's a **[G]** broken hairted keel man and Aa's **[D7]** ower heed in **[G]** luv
Wiv a **[D]** young lass from Gyetsid and Aa **[A7]** caall hor me **[D]** duv
Hor **[G]** nyem's Cushie Butterfield and she **[Am]** sells Yalla **[D]** clay
And hor **[G]** cousin is a **[Am]** muckman and they **[D]** caall him Tom **[G]** Gray

Chorus: She's a [G] big lass an' a bonnie lass an' [C] she likes hor **[D7]** beer,
An' they **[G]** caall hor Cushie **[Am]** Butterfield and Aa **[D]** wish she was **[G]** heor

Verse 2:   Hor **[G]** eyes is like two holes in a **[D7]** blanket bornt **[G]** throo
An' hor **[D]** broos iv a mornin' wad **[A7]** spyen a yung **[D]** coo,
An' when **[G]** Aa heer hor shootin'   "Will ye **[Am]** buy ony **[D]** clay?"
Like a **[G]** candyman's **[Am]** trumpet, it steels me **[D]** yung hart **[G]** away

Chorus: She's a [G] big lass an' a bonnie lass an' [C] she likes hor **[D7]** beer,
An' they **[G]** caall hor Cushie **[Am]** Butterfield and Aa **[D]** wish she was **[G]** heor

Verse 3:   Ye'll **[G]** oft see hor doon at Sangit when the **[D7]** fresh harrin comes **[G]** in,
She's like a **[D]** bagfull o' saadust tied **[A7]** roond wiv a **[D]** string
She **[G]** weers big goloshes tee, an' hor **[Am]** stockings once was **[D]** white,
An' hor **[G]** bedgoon it's **[Am]** laelock, an' hor **[D]** hat's nivver **[G]** strite

Chorus: She's a [G] big lass an' a bonnie lass an' [C] she likes hor **[D7]** beer,
An' they **[G]** caall hor Cushie **[Am]** Butterfield and Aa **[D]** wish she was **[G]** heor

Verse 4:   When Aa **[G]** axed hor te marry us, she **[D7]** started te **[G]** laff:
"Noo **[D]** nyen o' yor monkey tricks, for Aa **[A7]** like nee sic **[D]** chaff";
Then she **[G]** started a' bubblin' an' **[Am]** roared like a **[D]** bull,
An' the **[G]** cheps on the **[Am]** Keel ses Aa's **[D]** nowt but a **[G]** fyeul

Chorus: She's a [G] big lass an' a bonnie lass an' [C] she likes hor **[D7]** beer,
An' they **[G]** caall hor Cushie **[Am]** Butterfield and Aa **[D]** wish she was **[G]** heor

Verse 5:   She ses the **[G]** chep 'et gets us 'ill heh te **[D7]** work ivvery **[G]** day,
An' **[D]** when he comes hyem at neets he'll heh te **[A7]** gan an' seek **[D]** clay
An' **[G]** when he's away seekin it Aa'll **[Am]** myek baals an' **[D]** sing,
O **[G]** weel may the **[Am]** keel row that [D] ma laddie's **[G]** in.

Chorus: She's a [G] big lass an' a bonnie lass an' [C] she likes hor **[D7]** beer,
An' they **[G]** caall hor Cushie **[Am]** Butterfield and Aa **[D]** wish she was **[G]** heor

Little Billy Fane's version:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mspTzu8MPM0

Background
"Cushie Butterfield" is one of the best-known Geordie folk songs written in the 19th century by Geordie Ridley, in the style of the music hall popular in the day.

This song pokes fun at one of the many (at the time) whitening-stone sellers – the Yella Girls. These were a rowdy group of women and Geordie Ridley had to leave the area for a while when the song initially caused consternation with the real 'yella' stone sellers.

Yella clay is likely to be a mixture of sandstone and pipe clay which was made into balls or bricks and sold to clean the clean and decorate the stone steps leading up to the front door of the many terrace houses in the area. It was also used to clean stone fireplaces. Much of the yella clay was produced in Windmill Hills in Gateshead but sometimes the clay sellers bought their supplies from Willie Trummel who transported the clay to the quayside on a little pony. Willie used to paint his cuddy (pony) any colour which took his fancy. It didn't seem to bother the little creature and it was reported, at the time, that it preferred to be blue.

It seems that this became the last song written by Geordie Ridley.

The song was first published in 1862 by Thomas Allan in his book of a collection of Tyneside songs. The music was by Harry Clifton (1832–1872) originally composed and performed by him as "Pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green", though possibly not published in the original version until a year or two after the words to "Cushie Butterfield" had appeared in print.

Ladies of the Kee

The 'Yella Girls' could always be encouraged to take part in any intemperate behaviour but there were plenty of others who would help a sailor enjoy his shore leave. Two of the most notorious were Squinting Meg and Oyster Mally as immortalised by a short ditty from Henry Robson.

> While strollin' doon sweet Sangit Street
> An owld shipmate I chanced to meet
> To the sign of the Ship ah hauled him in
> T' drink a gud glass, til the tide comes in
>
> Ah tuk in tow young Squinting Meg
> Whie knaas very fine how t' shake hor leg
> Me mate houled Oyster Mally in
> And we jigged them aboot til the tide came in
>
> We boosed away til break of day
> Then asked "what shot we'd hev t' pay"
> 'Ye've drank" said the Host "nine pints of gin'
> So we paid him his due, cos the tide was in

Dance to thy Daddy – Words: William Watson

Tune: Traditional

Verse 1: Come **[G]** here, my little Jackey,
[Am] Now I've **[A7]** smoked my **[D7]** backey,
[G] Let's have a bit crackey
[Am] Till the **[D7]** boat comes **[G]** in.

Chorus 1: **[G]** Dance to thy daddy, **[Am]** sing to thy **[D7]** mammy,
[G] Dance to thy daddy, **[Am]** to thy **[D7]** mammy **[G]** sing;
[G] Thou shalt have a fishy **[Am]** on a **[A7]** little **[D7]** dishy,
[G] Thou shalt have a fishy **[Am]** when the **[D7]** boat comes **[G]** in.

Verse 2: **[G]** Here's thy mother hummin',
[Am] Like a **[A7]** canny **[D7]** woman;
[G] Yonder comes thy father
[Am] Drunk – he **[D7]** cannot **[G]** stand.

Chorus 2: **[G]** Dance to thy daddy, **[Am]** sing to thy **[D7]** mammy,
2,3,4,5 **[G]** Dance to thy daddy**,** **[Am]** to thy **[D7]** mammy **[G]** sing.
[G] Thou shalt have a fishy **[Am]** on a **[A7]** little **[D7]** dishy,
[G] Thou shalt have a **(2)** haddock **[Am]**when the **[D7]** boat comes **[G]** in.
                                (3) codling
                                (4) mack'rel
                                (5) salmon

Verse 3: **[G]** Our Tommy's always fuddling,
[Am] He's so **[A7]** fond of **[D7]** ale,
[G] But he's kind to me,
I **[Am]** hope he'll **[D7]** never **[G]** fail.

Chorus 3:

Verse 4: **[G]** I like a drop mysel',
When **[Am]** I can **[A7]** get it **[D7]** sly,
And **[G]** thou, my bonny bairn,
Will **[Am]** lik't as **[D7]** well as **[G]** I

Chorus 4:

Verse 5: **[G]** May we get a drop of't
[Am] As we **[A7]** stand in **[D7]** need;
And **[G]** lang may the keel row
That **[Am]** brings the **[D7]** bairns their **[G]** bread.

Chorus 5:

Dance to thy Daddy

William Watson

This version is by Alex Glasgow, arrangements by David Fanshawe.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2OiYLjQE3f4

Background

"Dance to thy Daddy" was first published in Fordyces' "The Tyne Songster", (1840, though it may have been written as early as 1826.) This collection of songs was in the form of a "chapbook"; cheaply produced street literature. There is no information on the origin of the tune, but William Watson, who worked for John Richardson at St Nicholas' Churchyard, Newcastle, wrote a number of songs, many of which were popular at the time, but this one has outlasted the others. Talent seemed to run in his family as one brother, Nathaniel, was a fine flute player while another, John, was a well-regarded glass engraver.

Though a Northumbrian song, it has been found in Scotland and the USA, and used as a dance, jig, and lullaby and is often performed. Its popularity was boosted in 1976 with the BBCTV series "When the Boat Comes in", with Dance to thy Daddy as the theme tune, and later it was part of an advertising Campaign for Young's fish.

Dinnet Clash the Door – Words: Joe Wilson Tune: George F Root

Verse 1:   Oh, **[A]** dinnet clash the door! aw've **[D]** tell'd ye that **[A]** before.
Can ye not let yor muther hev a **[E7]** rest?
Ye **[A]** knaw she's turnin aud, an' for **[D]** eers she's been se **[A]** bad
That she cannet bear such **[E7]** noises i' the **[A]** least.

Chorus: Then oh, lass, dinnet clash the door se,
[E7] Yor yung an' yor **[A]** thowtless as can **[E7]** be,
But yor **[A]** muther's turning aud,
An' ye **[D]** knaw she's varry **[A]** bad,
An' she dissent like to **[E7]** hear ye clash the **[A]** door,

Verse 2:   Just see yor muther there, sittin **[D]** feeblee i' the **[A]** chair,
It's quiet that she wants to myek her **[E7]** weel;
She's been yor **[A]** nurse throo life,been
yor **[D]** guide i' peace an **[A]** strife,
An' her cumfort ye shud **[E7]** study an' shud **[A]** feel!

Chorus: Then oh, lass, dinnet clash the door se,
[E7] Yor yung an' yor **[A]** thowtless as can **[E7]** be,
But yor **[A]** muther's turning aud,
An' ye **[D]** knaw she's varry **[A]** bad,
An' she dissent like to **[E7]** hear ye clash the **[A]** door

Verse 3:   She once wes yung an' strang but bad **[D]** health 'ill put foaks **[A]** rang,
An' she cannet bear the noise that once she **[E7]** cud;
She's **[A]** narvis as can be, an' what **[D]** ivor else ye **[A]** de,
Ye shud study what ye **[E7]** think 'ill de her **[A]** gud!

Chorus: Then oh, lass, dinnet clash the door se,
[E7] Yor yung an' yor **[A]** thowtless as can **[E7]** be,
But yor **[A]** muther's turning aud,
An' ye **[D]** knaw she's varry **[A]** bad,
An' she dissent like to **[E7]** hear ye clash the **[A]** door

Verse 4:   So dinnet clash the door, or myek **[D]** ony idle **[A]** stir,
For the stir 'ill only cause your muther **[E7]** pain;
As **[A]** quiet as can be de yor **[D]** wark, an' let her **[A]** see
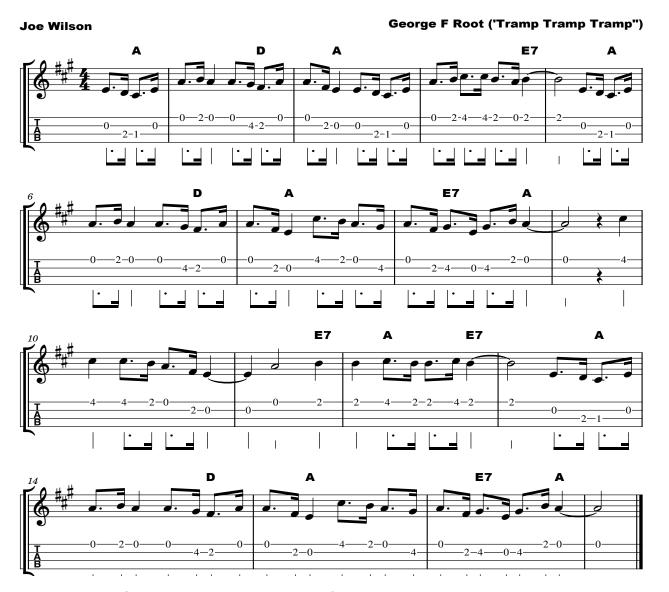That ye'll nivor give her **[E7]** causes te com **[A]** plain.

Chorus: Then oh, lass, dinnet clash the door se,
[E7] Yor yung an' yor **[A]** thowtless as can **[E7]** be,
But yor **[A]** muther's turning aud,
An' ye **[D]** knaw she's varry **[A]** bad,
An' she dissent like to **[E7]** hear ye clash the **[A]** door

Dinnet Clash the Door

Joe Wilson

George F Root ('Tramp Tramp Tramp")

Version by Spindlestone at the Bridge folk club, Newcastle:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wm1tiJRI-5U

Background

The words of this song are by Joe Wilson, one of the most successful Tyneside songwriters of his time. He endeared himself to his audience in Victorian Tyneside with songs which described everyday life and characters. "Dinnet Clash the Door" is an absolute classic of this style – who else could write an entire song about beseeching a young woman to stop banging the door shut as it was upsetting her ailing mother?

The other feature of this song was typical of Tyneside many songwriters - borrowing the tunes of their songs from other sources. The tune used for "Dinnet Clash the Door" is "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! (The Prisoner's Hope)", one of the most popular songs of the American Civil War. George F. Root wrote both the words and music and published it in 1864 to give hope to the Union prisoners of war. The tune was so popular that not only was a Confederate version written but also it was used for the hymn "Jesus Loves the Little Children", the theme tune for the Irish football team and appeared in the Laurel and Hardy Film "Sons of the Desert" amongst many others.

Elsie Marley - Traditional

Chorus: [C] Di ye ken Elsie Marley hinny?
The wife that sells the [Bb] barley hinny?
She [C] lost her pocket and all her money
A [Bb] back o' the [C] bush i' the [Bb] garden, hinny

Verse 1:   [C] Elsie Marley's grown se fine,
[C]She won't get up to [Bb] serve the swine
But [C] lies in bed till eight [G] or nine,
[C] Di ye ken [G] Elsie [Bb] Marley hinny?

Chorus: [C] Di ye ken Elsie Marley hinny?
The wife that sells the [Bb] barley hinny?
She [C] lost her pocket and all her money
A [Bb] back o' the [C] bush i' the [Bb] garden, hinny

Verse 2:   [C] Elsie Marley is se neat,
It's hard for one to [Bb] walk the street,
But [C] ev'ry lad and lass [G] ye [C] meet
Cries [C] Di ye ken [G] Elsie [Bb] Marley, hinny?

Chorus: [C] Di ye ken Elsie Marley hinny?
The wife that sells the [Bb] barley hinny?
She [C] lost her pocket and all her money
A [Bb] back o' the [C] bush i' the [Bb] garden, hinny

Verse 3:   [C] Elsie Marley wore a straw hat,
But now she's getten a [Bb] velvet cap
The [C] Lambton lads [G] mun [C] pay for that
[C] Di ye ken [G] Elsie [Bb] Marley hinny?

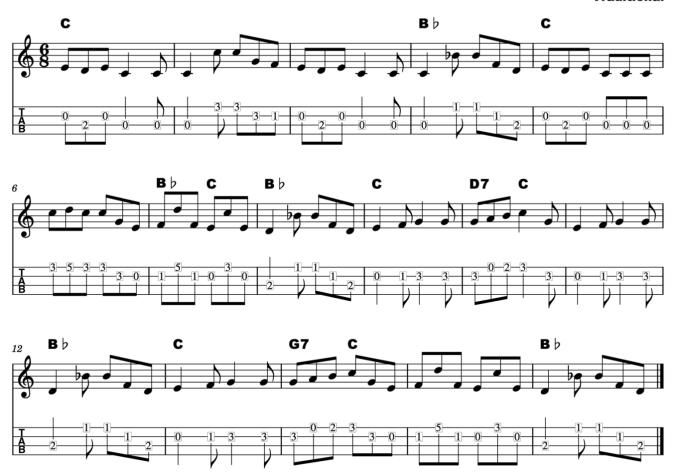**Chorus:**   [C] Di ye ken Elsie Marley hinny?
The wife that sells the [Bb] barley hinny?
She [C] lost her pocket and all her money
A [Bb] back o' the [C] bush i' the [Bb] garden, hinny

Elsie Marley

Version by Ushna - https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JX2wAY_j1es

Background

There is a surprising amount of detail on this song, which perhaps reflects the popular nature of the tune and the fame accorded to Elsie (Alice) herself. Elsie, born 1713, was the wife of an innkeeper at the Swan Inn, Picktree, where she was an "ale wife", responsible for brewing the ale, as done by women before her through the centuries. She was well known in her lifetime; indeed, one source mentions a racehorse named after her, and both the tune and lyrics may have been written especially for her. Following her death in 1768, the Newcastle Evening Chronicle reports that "Thursday night ...... Alice Marley, ... remarkable for the celebrated song composed upon her, was found in a pond ..." She had been ill for some time, and apparently fell in by accident, and drowned.

The song is based upon a real event, where her pocket was picked whilst in Newcastle, paying bills and visiting the fair. She was apparently a convivial, very popular and witty host as the song suggests, while the Lambton family were well known and powerful, two of whom served as MP's.

The words of the song were first recorded in "The Bishopric Garland" (Ritson 1784) while the tune is first found in several collections in the period 1751 to 1762. There are many more verses to the song, but the ones above are probably the earliest.

The Herd on the Hill – Tom Clough

The normal form of playing tunes such as this would be to play Part A twice followed by Part B twice and repeating this.

Ann Sessoms version (on Northumbrian Small Pipes) 1st Tune
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gL9q80lYcUM

Background
The 'Herd on the Hill" (The Shepherd on the Hill) is part of the rich repertoire of tunes written for the Northumbrian Small Pipes.

It was composed by Tom Clough (1881–1964), known as "The Prince of Pipers". Tom was part of the Clough family of Newsham, near Blyth, Northumberland and was the fourth generation of pipers in his family. He was very bright and was awarded a scholarship to Newcastle Grammar school but was not able to take it up as the pit foreman said he must work in the mine or his father would lose his job and the family their home. After a while underground, he was promoted to Powderman, looking after the explosives, which gave Tom time to pursue his studies.

He wrote many pipe tunes and was also a pipe maker. His three surviving recordings, are among the earliest recordings made of the instrument, and his considerable body of music manuscripts, including his own compositions, give considerable insight into the traditional playing technique and style of the instrument.

In the same way that many pipe tunes were drawn from fiddle tunes we hope that we can use a few pipe tunes to cross over to one of the more unlikely instruments – the ukulele.

Jamie Allan – Jamie Allan

Version by Lissa Schneckenburger:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wscToQUVr9E

Background

This tune was written by Jamie Allan, a celebrated Northumbrian piper and friend of the aristocracy, but also a thief, bigamist, and deserter. He was born in about 1734 at Swindon near Rothbury, in Northumberland. and died in a Durham prison cell the day before his pardon was received from the Prince Regent. There was a time some 200 years ago when Jamie was as famous throughout Britain as Robin Hood is today.

He was well known for enlisting in the army, taking the Kings bounty then deserting. He was finally caught out and faced the firing squad which he escaped through playing his pipes so beautifully. Many adventures are ascribed to Jamie Allan although few can be verified but, like Robin Hood, he is always regarded as a romantic figure, despite his obvious faults.

This arrangement does jump an octave in a couple of places otherwise it needs to be played up to the 12th fret – that is the limitation of the ukulele.

Jowl, Jowl and Listen – Traditional

Chorus: [C] Jowl, jowl and listen, lad,
And [G7] hear that coal face [C] workin'.
There's many a marrer missin', lad,
Be [G7] caas he wadn't [C] listen, lad.

Verse 1:   Me feyther aalwes [F] used te [Dm] say,
[G7] Pit wark's mair than [C] hewin',
Ye've got te coax the [F] coal alang
And [G7] not be rivin' and [C] tewin'.

Chorus: [C] Jowl, jowl and listen, lad,
And [G7] hear that coal face [C] workin'.
There's many a marrer missin', lad,
Be [G7] caas he wadn't [C] listen, lad.

Verse 2:   Noo the depitty craals frae [F] flat te flat,
While the [G7] putter rams the [C] tyum 'uns,
But the man at the face hes te [F] knaa his place
Like a [G7] mother knaas hor [C] young 'uns.

Chorus: [C] Jowl, jowl and listen, lad,
And [G7] hear that coal face [C] workin'.
There's many a marrer missin', lad,
Be [G7] caas he wadn't [C] listen, lad.

Version from Beamish Museum:
https://www.facebook.com/watch/?v=1177790315904746

This video has a full explanation of the song (I suspect for children) but is interesting. If you just want to hear the tune uninterrupted go to 2 minutes 20 seconds in. This song is mostly sung unaccompanied but try playing to a moderate calypso rhythm.

Background
This is a song from the Durham coalfields and is advice to miners about understanding and respecting the mine. To jowl is to knock the roof of the mine and listen to the sound. An experienced miner can tell by the sound whether the roof can be trusted.

The cautionary tale is that many a marrer (close friend – as close as the marrow of your bones) is missing because he didn't listen – and presumably died when the roof fell in.

Other mining terms in this song

- Hewing – cutting with a pickaxe
- Riving – splitting or tearing apart violently
- Tewing – beating
- Flat – district of the mine or a work area
- Putter – a carrier who took empty coal tubs to the coalface and removed full tubs. A putter would often be helped by a pit pony.
- Chummin – an empty coal tub

The Keel Row – Thomas Thompson

Verse 1: As **[C]** I came thro' **[F]** Sand-gate, thro' **[C]** Sandgate, thro' **[G]** Sandgate
As **[C]** I came thro' **[F]** Sand-gate, I **[C]** heard a **[G]** lassie **[C]** sing,
[C] Weel may the **[F]** keel row, the **[C]** keel row, the **[G]** keel row,
[C] Weel may the **[F]** keel row, that **[C]** my**[G]** laddie's **[C]** in,

Chorus: **[C]** Weel may the **[F/C]** keel row, the **[C]** keel row, the **[G]** keel row
[C] Weel may the **[F/C]** keel row that **[C]** my **[G]** laddies **[C]** in.

Verse 2: O' **[C]** wha's like ma **[F]** Johnnie,
Sae **[C]** leish, sae blithe, sae **[G]** bonny?
He's**[C]** foremost 'mang the **[F]** mony
Keel **[C]** lads o' **[G]** coaly **[C]** Tyne

Chorus: **[C]** Weel may the **[F/C]** keel row, the **[C]** keel row, the **[G]** keel row
[C] Weel may the **[F/C]** keel row that **[C]** my **[G]** laddies **[C]** in.

Verse 3: He'll **[C]** set and row sae **[F]** tightly.
Or **[C]** in the dance sae **[G]** sprightly
He'll **[C]** cut and shuffle **[F]** slightly;
'Tis **[C]** true were **[G]** he not **[C]** mine

Chorus: **[C]** Weel may the **[F/C]** keel row, the **[C]** keel row, the **[G]** keel row
[C] Weel may the **[F/C]** keel row that **[C]** my **[G]** laddies **[C]** in.

Verse 4: He **[C]** wears a blue **[F]** bonnet,
Blue **[C]** bonnet, blue **[G]** bonnet,
He **[C]** wears a blue **[F]** bonnet,
A **[C]** dimple **[G]** in his **[C]** chin.

Chorus: **[C]** Weel may the **[F/C]** keel row, the **[C]** keel row, the **[G]** keel row
[C] Weel may the **[F/C]** keel row that **[C]** my **[G]** laddies **[C]** in.

Outro: And **[C]** Weel may the **[F/C]** keel row, the **[C]** keel row, the **[G]** keel row
And **[C]** Weel may the **[F/C]** keel row that **[C]** my **[G]** laddies **[C]** in.

Version by the Ian Campbell Folk group:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8p4EMLI_3qk

Background
This song, sometime known as "The Tyneside National Anthem", has had a controversial history. The tune has been claimed by both Scotland and Tyneside, though there is reference to the melody on Tyneside before 1700 (Allan's Illustrated Edition of Tyneside Songs and Readings, 1891) where the melody is composed by Thomas Thompson. However, elements of the song are found across the country, and the melody is more widely known through arrangements by classical composers such as Debussy and Satie.As with the tune, there are different versions of the lyrics across the country, and several alternative Tyneside versions are included in Conrad Bladey's collection.

Sandgate is an old city gate beside the Tyne in Newcastle, densely populated, where the livelihood of most was from river traffic. "Keels" were flat bottomed boats worked by keelman, which carried coal down the river to the colliers.

Keep Your Feet Still Geordie Hinny – Words: Joe Wilson Tune: Benjamin Hanby

Verse 1
Well wor **[C]** Geordie and Bob **[C7]** Johnson both **[F]** lay in one bed
In a **[C]** little lodgin' hoose doon by the **[G]** shore **[G7]**
But they **[C]** hadn't been an **[C7]** hour asleep when a **[F]** kick from Geordie's foot
Made Bob **[C]** Johnson wake to **[G]** roar instead of **[C]** snore.

Chorus
So keep your **[F]** feet still Geordie hinny
Let's be **[C]** happy through the neet
For we may not be so happy through the **[G]** day **[G7]**
So **[C]** give us that bit **[C7]** comfort keep your **[F]** feet still Geordie lad
And **[C]** divvent drive me **[G]** bonny dreams a **[C]** way

Verse 2
Noo ah **[C]** dreamt there was a **[C7]** dancing held and **[F]** Mary Clark was there
And Ah **[C]** thowt we tripped sae neatly roond the **[G]** floor **[G7]**
Ah **[C]** pressed hor heavin' **[C7]** breast te mine whilst **[F]** waltzin' roond the room
That's **[C]** mair than Ah dare **[G]** ever dee be **[C] f**ore.

Chorus

Verse 3
Ye knaa **[C]** the lad she **[C7]** gans wi', they **[F]** call him Jimmy Green
Ah **[C]** thowt he tried to spoil us i' wor **[G]** fun **[G7]**
But Ah **[C]** dreamt Ah nailed him **[C7]** heavy and **[F]** blacked the big feul's eyes
If Ah'd **[C]** slept it's hard te **[G]** tell what Ah'd've **[C]** deun.

Chorus

Verse 4
Ah thowt **[C]** Ah set hor **[C7]** hyem that neet; **[F]** content we went alang,
Ah **[C]** kissed hor lips a hundred times or **[G]** mair **[G7]**
An Ah **[C]** wished the road wad **[C7]** nivvor end **[F]** se happy like
was Ah Ah could **[C]** Waak a thoosand **[G]** miles wi' Mary **[C]** there.

Chorus

Verse 5
Ah dreamt **[C]** Jim Green had **[C7]** left the toon an' **[F]** left his love te me
An Ah **[C]** thowt the hoose wes furnished wi' the **[G]** best **[G7]**
An Ah **[C]** dreamt Ah just had **[C7]** left the Chorch wi' **[F]** Mary by me side
When yor **[C]** clumsy feet **[G]** completely spoilt the **[C]** rest.

Chorus
So keep your **[F]** feet still Geordie hinny
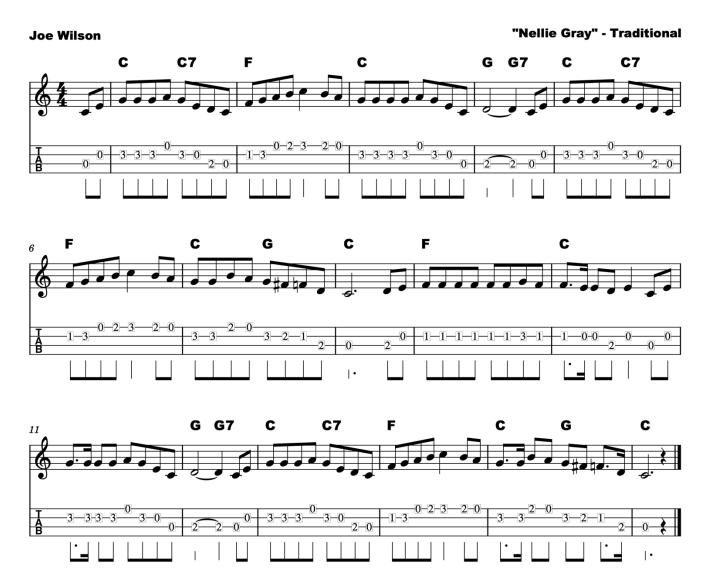Let's be **[C]** happy through the neet
For we may not be so happy through the **[G]** day **[G7]**
So **[C]** give us that bit **[C7]** comfort keep your **[F]** feet still Geordie lad
And **[C]** divvent drive me **[G]** bonny dreams a **[C]** way

Keep Your Feet Still, Geordie Hinny

Joe Wilson

"Nellie Gray" - Traditional

Billy Mitchell's version:
https://www.facebook.com/watch/?v=979189725594512

Background

The song is one of the more famous Geordie comic songs written in the 19th century by Joe Wilson, in a style deriving from music hall. Though the words were by Wilson, it is sung to Benjamin Hanby's "Nelly Gray".

At the time, many working men, particularly in the construction trades, worked away from home. They arranged for "digs" wherever the work was, and in most cases, because of the costs, they slept two or more to a bed. This song features two such Geordies who share a bed in a lodging house. One, Bob Johnson, is very unhappy with his mate Geordie for waking him up when in the middle of a dream about Mary Clark, a young woman from back home, of whom he has high hopes. His dreams are disrupted at the end of each verse by the restless "Geordie".

The Lambton Worm - C. M. Leumane

V 1: One **[C]** Sunday **[G]** morning **[C]** Lambton **[G]** went a-**[C]** fishin' **[G]** in the **[C]** Wear;
An' **[F]** catched a fish **[C]** upon his huek he **[G]** thowt leuk't varry **[G7]** queer,
But **[C]** whatt'n a **[G]** kind a **[C]** fish it **[G]** was young **[C]** Lambton couldn't **[F]** tell.
He **[C]** waddn't fash to **[F]** carry it **[C]** hyem, so **[G]** he hoyed it doon a **[C]** well.

Ch: **[C]** Whisht! Lads, haad yor gobs, Aa'll **[F]** tell ye aall and aaful **[G7]** story,
[C] Whisht! Lads, haad yor gobs, An' Aal **[F]** tell ye **[G7]** 'bout the **[C]** worm.

V 2: Noo **[C]** Lambton **[G]** felt in-**[C]**clined to **[G]** gan an' **[C]** fight in **[G]** foreign **[C]** wars.
He **[F]** joined a troop o' **[C]** Knights that cared for **[G]** neither wounds nor **[G7]** scars,
An' **[C]** off he **[G]** went to **[C]** Pales-**[G]** stine where **[C]** queer things him be-**[F]** fel,
An' **[C]** varry seun **[F]** forgot a **[C]** boot the **[G]** queer worm i' the **[C]** well.

Ch: **[C]** Whisht! Lads, haad yor gobs, Aa'll **[F]** tell ye aall and aaful **[G7]** story,
[C] Whisht! Lads, haad yor gobs, An' Aal **[F]** tell ye **[G7]** 'bout the **[C]** worm.

V 3: But **[C]** the worm **[G]** got fat **[C]** an' growed an' **[G]** growed,
an' **[C]** growed an **[G]** aaful **[C]** size;
He'd **[F]** greet big teeth, **[C]** a greet big gob an' **[G]** greet big goggly **[G7]** eyes.
An' **[C]** when at **[G]** neet he **[C]** craaled **[G]** aboot to **[C]** pick up bits o'-**[F]** news,
If **[C]** he felt dry **[F]** upon the **[C]** road he **[G]** milked a dozen **[C]** coos.

Ch: **[C]** Whisht! Lads, haad yor gobs, Aa'll **[F]** tell ye aall and aaful **[G7]** story,
[C] Whisht! Lads, haad yor gobs, An' Aal **[F]** tell ye **[G7]** 'bout the **[C]** worm.

V 4: This **[C]** fearful **[G]** worm wad **[C]** often **[G]** feed on
[C] calves an' **[G]** lambs an' **[C]** sheep,
An' **[F]** swally little **[C]** bairns alive when **[G]** they laid doon to **[G7]** sleep.
An' **[C]** when he'd **[G]** eaten aal **[C]** he cud **[G]** an' he **[C]** has had he's **[F]** fill,
He **[C]** craaled a-**[F]**way an' **[C]** lapped his **[G]** tail ten times roond Pensher **[C]** Hill.

Ch: **[C]** Whisht! Lads, haad yor gobs, Aa'll **[F]** tell ye aall and aaful **[G7]** story,
[C] Whisht! Lads, haad yor gobs, An' Aal **[F]** tell ye **[G7]** 'bout the **[C]** worm.

V 5: The **[C]** news of **[G]** this most **[C]** aaful **[G]** worm an' **[C]** his queer **[G]** gannins **[C]** on
Seun **[F]** crossed the seas an' **[C]** gat to the ears of **[G]** brave an' bold Sir **[G7]** John.
So **[C]** hyem he **[G]** came an' **[C]** catched the **[G]** beast an' **[C]** cut 'im in twe **[F]** halves,
An' **[C]** that seun **[F]** stopped he's **[C]** eatin' bairns, **[G]** an' sheeps an' lambs
and **[C]** calves.

Ch: **[C]** Whisht! Lads, haad yor gobs, Aa'll **[F]** tell ye aall and aaful **[G7]** story,
[C] Whisht! Lads, haad yor gobs, An' Aal **[F]** tell ye **[G7]** 'bout the **[C]** worm.

V 6: So **[C]** noo ye **[G]** knaa hoo **[C]** aall the **[G]** folks on **[C]** byeth sides **[G]** of the **[C]** Wear
Lost **[F]** lots o' sheep an' **[C]** lots o' sleep an' **[G]** lived in mortal **[G7]** feor.
So **[C]** let's hev **[G]** one to **[C]** brave Sir **[G]** John that **[C]** kept the bairns frae **[F]** harm
Saved **[C]** coos an' **[F]** calves by **[C]** myekin' haalves o' the **[G]** famis Lambton **[C]** Worm

Out: **[C]** Noo lads, Aa'll haad me gob that's **[F]** aall Aa knaa aboot the **[G7]** story
Of **[C]** Sir John's clivvor job wi' **[F]** the aaful **[G7]** Lambton **[C]** Worm!

Version by Bryan Ferry:
 https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tBT7rIVTlpQ

Background

The song, based upon the Legend of the Lambton Worm, was written in 1867 by C M Leumane for a pantomime. The dialect is typical of the local area around Fatfield and Washington where the legend is supposed to have taken place.

The story revolves around John Lambton, the heir to the Lambton Estate, and his battle with a giant worm (dragon).

John Lambton was a rebellious character who missed church one Sunday to go fishing. He does not catch anything until the church service finishes, at which point he fishes out a small eel with nine holes on each side of its head. John declares that he has "catched the devil" and decides to dispose of his catch by discarding it down a nearby well. He then forgets about the creature which eventually grows up. As a penance for his rebellious early years, he joins the Crusades. Eventually, the worm grows extremely large and the well becomes poisonous. The creature terrorises nearby villages, eating sheep, preventing cows from producing milk and snatching away small children. It then heads towards Lambton Castle, where the Lord (John Lambton's aged father) manages to sedate the creature in what becomes a daily ritual of offering the worm the milk of nine good cows – twenty gallons, or a filled wooden/stone trough.

A number of brave villagers try to kill the beast, but are quickly dispatched. When a chunk is cut off the worm, it simply reattaches the missing piece. Visiting knights also try to assault the beast, but none survive. When annoyed, the worm uproots trees by coiling its tail around them, then creates devastation by waving around the uprooted trees like a club.

After seven years, John Lambton returns from the Crusades to find his father's estates almost destitute because of the worm. John decides to fight it, but first seeks the guidance of a wise woman. The witch hardens John's resolve to kill the beast by explaining his responsibility for its appearance. She tells him to cover his armour in spearheads and fight the worm in the River Wear, where it now spends its days wrapped around a great rock. The witch also tells John that after killing the worm he must then kill the first living thing he sees, or else his family will be cursed for nine generations and will not die in their beds. John prepares his armour according to the witch's instructions and arranges with his father that, when he has killed the worm, he will sound his hunting horn three times. On this signal, his father is to release his favourite hound so that it will run to John, who can then kill the dog and thus avoid the curse.

John Lambton then fights the worm by the river. The worm tries to crush him, wrapping him in its coils, but it cuts itself on his armour's spikes; the pieces of the worm fall into the river, and are washed away before they can join up again. Eventually, the worm is dead and John sounds his hunting horn three times. Unfortunately, John's father is so excited that the beast is dead that he forgets to release the hound and rushes out to congratulate his son. John cannot bear to kill his father and so, after they meet, the hound is released and dutifully dispatched. But it is too late and nine generations of Lambtons are cursed so they shall not die peacefully in their beds.

The Legend of Spottee - Traditional

Verse 1:   Come **[Dm]** Sunderland people and **[Gm]** listen to **[Dm]** me
And a funny old tale **[F]** I'll tell to **[C]** ye
A **[Dm]** boot one called Spottee, **[Gm]** lived by the **[Dm]** quay
And neither a harbour or **[F]** house had **[C]** he

Chorus: **[Dm]** Spottee was **[C]** here, **[Dm]** Spottee was **[C]** there
[Dm] Spottee was **[F]** nearly **[C]** every **[Dm]** where
[Dm] Spottee was **[C]** scary, **[Dm]** Spottee was **[C]** grand
[Dm] Spottee the **[F]** hermit of **[C]** Sunder **[Dm]** land

Verse 2:   The **[Dm]** fishwives of Whitburn didn't **[Gm]** know what te **[Dm]** dee
They daren't come along by the **[F]** sands, can't you **[C]** see
A **[Dm]** long by the sands as they **[Gm]** once used to **[Dm]** dee
So, they got in a coble and **[F]** come by the **[C]** sea

Chorus:

Verse 3:   And the **[Dm]** Wearside wives didn't **[Gm]** know what to **[Dm]** dee
They dared not come down by them **[F]** selves to the **[C]** quay
They **[Dm]** feared for their lives – for their **[Gm]** infants **[Dm]** tee
And all for this fellow **[F]** called Spo **[C]** ttee

Chorus:

Verse 4:   He got **[Dm]** coal in the day time – was **[Gm]** well known to **[Dm]** dee
And his fire at night casts a **[F]** light out to **[C]** sea
Which **[Dm]** caused a poor sloop to **[Gm]** cry 'helm a **[Dm]** lee'
And head for the rocks – oh **[F]** poor old **[C]** she!

Chorus:

Verse 5:   **[Dm]** Well, said the master. **[Gm]** What must we **[Dm]** dee?
Trust to luck, said the mate and we're **[F]** sure to break **[C]** free
But a **[Dm]** poor little lad who was **[Gm]** first time at **[Dm]** sea
Felt his heart pitter-patter so **[F]** scared was **[C]** he

Chorus:

Verse 6:   Johnny **[Dm]** Usher, the master, wished **[Gm]** Spottee a **[Dm]** way
But the rest of the crew shouted **[F]** out 'let him **[C]** stay'
We'll **[Dm]** go without wages for our **[Gm]** trip out to **[Dm]** sea
Before we go near to that **[F]** rogue Spo **[C]** ttee

Chorus: **[Dm]** Spottee was **[C]** here, **[Dm]** Spottee was **[C]** there
[Dm] Spottee was **[F]** nearly **[C]** every **[Dm]** where
[Dm] Spottee was **[C]** scary, **[Dm]** Spottee was **[C]** grand
[Dm] Spottee the **[F]** hermit of **[C]** Sunder **[Dm]** land

Legend of Spottee

Version by Richard Taylor:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PWz4drw-078

Background
The legend and song of Spottee appears in "The Bishoprick Garland" published in 1834 by Sir Cuthbert Sharp.

The story tells that Spottee was thought to be a stranded foreign sailor (some say French) who could not speak English. Other tales tell of his ship being wrecked on the rocks along the Roker coast and as he couldn't afford to rebuild it he became, in effect, shipwrecked. As he could not speak the language he could not converse with the locals and Spottee was thought by some to be a poor lunatic. He lived in a cave on Roker beach and earned his living by begging and doing odd jobs for local farmers. Spottee got his name from the spotted shirt that he wore.

Rumour has it that he eventually died in his cave and his ghost has been seen on stormy nights warning ships to stay away from the rocks, or alternatively that he (and now his ghost) lured ships onto the rocks and that his cave was a place of evil. The cave still retains the name of Spottee's Cave over two hundred years after he was considered by locals as the "boggle bo" of the children of Sunderland and Whitburn.

The Sheel Raa Flud – Tommy Armstrong

Verse 1:   Se **[D]** lang as aa live, aa' **[G]** niver for **[A]** get,
One **[D]** Saturda when it **[C]** was se wet;
[D] Iverybody was **[G]** nearly **[A]** bet,
Frae the **[D]** Saturda till the Sunda O!
The ducks did **[C]** quack an' the **[G]** cocks did **[A]** craa,
For **[D]** what was **[G]** up they didn't **[A]** knna;
It **[D]** nearly **[C]** droonded **[G]** all Sheel **[A]** Raa
That **[G]** nasty **[A]** Sunda **[D]** mornin O!

Verse 2:   Mall **[D]** Johnson tiv hor **[G]** husband **[A]** sais,
Reach **[D]** me me stockins **[C]** an' me stays;
For **[D]** God sake, let us **[G]** have me **[A]** claes,
Or **[D]** else we'aal be droonded O!
Thi claes, said **[C]** he, they're **[G]** gyen wi' **[A]** mine,
Like **[D]** Boyd an' Elliot, **[G]** up the **[A]** Tyne;
Aa've **[D]** leuked fra **[C]** five, an' **[G]** noo it's **[A]** mine,
That **[G]** nasty **[A]** Sunda **[D]** mornin O!

Verse 3:   **[D]** On the bed she **[G]** began to **[A]** rowl,
An **[D]** flung hor airms a **[C]** roond the powl,
Sayin, **[D]** Lord hae mercy **[G]** on me **[A]** sowl,
This **[D]** nasty Sunda mornin O!
The vary **[C]** cats they **[G]** ran up **[A]** stairs,
Got **[D]** on their knees te **[G]** say thor **[A]** prayers,
[D] Thinkin **[C]** they wor **[G]** gone for **[A]** fairs,
That **[G]** nasty **[A]** Sunda **[D]** mornin O!

Verse 4:   **[D]** Aa was sorry fur **[G]** Sally **[A]** Clark;
The **[D]** fire was oot, an' **[C]** aal was dark;
She **[D]** got oot o' bed wi' **[G]** nowt but hor **[A]** sark,
That **[D]** nasty Sunda morning O!
She made a **[C]** splash wi' **[G]** sic a **[A]** clatter.
That **[D]** Bob cried oot, Sal, **[G]** what's the **[A]** matter?
She **[D]** sais, Aa's **[C]** up te me **[G]** eyes in **[A]** watter
It **[G]** must be a **[A]** nasty **[D]** mornin O!

Verse 4:   **[D]** Bob jomped oot of his **[G]** bed an **[A]** 'aal,
He **[D]** went wherever he **[C]** hord her squaal,
But the **[D]** watter was always **[G]** shiftin **[A]** Sal,
That **[D]** nasty Sunda mornin O!
At last the **[C]** water burst **[G]** oppen the **[A]** door,
[D] An' weshed both **[G]** Bob and **[A]** hor;
At **[D]** Tinmuth **[C]** tha were **[G]** washed a **[A]** shore,
That **[G]** nasty **[A]** Sunda **[D]** mornin O!

The Sheel Raa Flud

Tommy Armstrong

Traditional

Version by Ian McKone:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lI4LbUCcd0E

Background

Shield Row was a village to the north of Stanley in County Durham. In the 1850s Shield Row was the site of a brewery, shops and three public houses. A West Shield Row Colliery operated nearby.

The area was prone to flooding with houses being flooded, roads being torn up and the bridge washed away. The Houghall Burn which was normally six feet wide once swelled to thirty yards.

This song by Tommy Armstrong was a light hearted account of one such flood.

The South Medomsley Strike – Tommy Armstrong

Intro: *In **[A]** memory of their dorty tricks in **[A7]** eighteen eighty **[D]** five.*

Verse 1:   If **[D]** you're inclined te hear a song, aa'll **[A7]** sing a verse or two,
And when Aa'm done yer gan' te see that **[D]** every word is true;
The miners of South Medomsley they **[A7]** never will forget
Fisick and his tyranny and **[D]** how they have been tret;
For in the midst of danger, these **[G]** hardy sons did toil,
[E] For te earn their daily bread se **[A]** far beneath the soil.
Te **[D]** make an honest livelihood each **[G]** miner did contrive,
But **[A]** ye shall hear how they were served in **[A7]** eighteen eighty-five.

Chorus: The **[D]** miners of South Medomsley they 're gannin te mek some stew
They 're **[A7]** gannin' te boil fat Postick and his dorty candy crew,
The **[D]** maistors should have nowt but soup as **[G]** long as they're alive
In **[A]** memory of their dorty tricks in **[A7]** eighteen eighty **[D]** five.

Verse 2:   Be **[D]** low the county average then the **[A7]** men was ten percent,
Yet Fisick the unfeelin' cur he **[D]** couldn't rest content;
A ten percent reduction from the **[A7]** men he did demand,
But such a strong request as this the **[D]** miners couldn't stand.
The notices was aall served oot and **[G]** when they had expired,
[E] Aall the gear was brought te bank, and the **[A]** final shot was fired;
Te **[D]** hurt his honest working men this **[G]** low lived man did strive,
He'll **[A]** often rue for what he did in **[A7]** eighteen eighty five.

Chorus:

Verse 3:   **[D]** Fisick was determined more **[A7]** tyranny te show,
For te get some candymen he **[D]** wandered to and fro'
He made his way te Consett, and he **[A7]** saw Postick, the bum,
He knew he liked such dirty work and **[D]** he was sure te come.
Fisick telled him what te de and **[G]** where te gan and when,
So **[E]** at the time appointed, Postick **[A]** landed with his men,
With **[D]** pollisses and candy men the **[G]** place was all alive,
All **[A]** through the strike that Fisick caused in **[A7]** eighteen eighty-five.
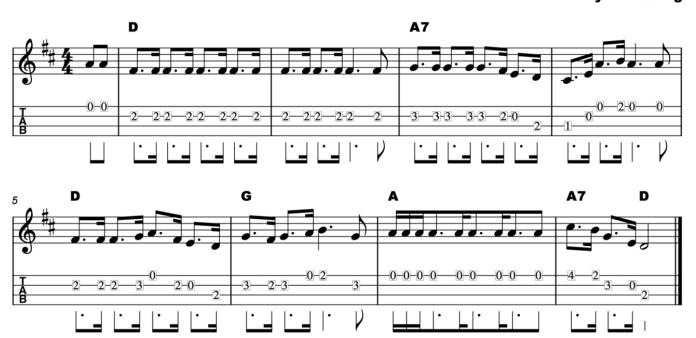
Chorus:

Verse 4:   **[D]** Commander Postick gave the word, they **[A7]** started with their work,
Though they were done at five o'clock, they **[D]** dursent stop till dark,
And when they'd done aall they could and **[A7]** finished for the day,
The bobbies guarded Postick and his **[D]** dorty dogs away.
Fisick was a tyrant and the **[G]** owners was the same,
For the **[E]** torn oot of the strike, they **[A]** were the men to blame,
[D] Neither them nor Postick need ex **[G]** pect they'll ever thrive,
For **[A]** what they did to Dipton Men in **[A7]** eighteen eighty five.

Chorus:

The South Medomsley Strike

Instrumental Chorus

Tommy Armstrong

Bob Fox & Benny Graham version:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xfm4Ki4a6nY

Instrumental:
Bars 7 and 8 can be used as an Intro and / or Outro
This instrumental chorus can replace a sung chorus as desired

Background
In late 1885 at South Medomsley Colliery, near Leadgate, Co. Durham, the masters tried to force lower wages on the men. As the miners refused to accept this, the masters tried to enforce their will through closing the pit and enforcing a lock-out. The pitmen's families managed to survive with no money through the depth of winter.

In January the colliery manager, Mr Tyzack, told the men to go back to work or their families would be evicted from their homes.

On 12th January 1886 the local police surrounded the village and about thirty bailiff's heavies from Newcastle (the candymen) were instructed to evict the families. The candymen refused saying they had been misled and 'throwing families out of their homes in winter was the last thing they would do'. There was much celebrating and the families lived through 'the Great Snow' of 1886. Sadly, Tyzack organised a second eviction in March when sixty miners and their families lost their homes.
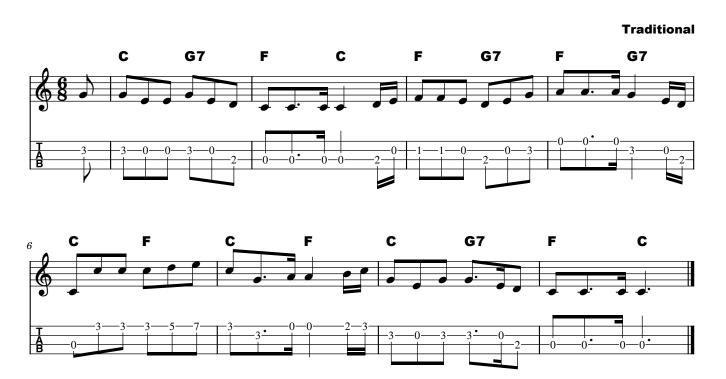
The Waters of Tyne – Traditional

Verse 1: I **[C]** cannot get **[G7]** tae my love **[F]** if I would **[C]** dee
For the **[F]** waters of **[G7]** Tyne run bet **[F]** ween him and **[G7]** me
And **[C]** here I mun **[F]** stand wi a **[C]** tear in my **[F]** e'e
All **[C]** sighin' and **[G7]** sickly, my **[F]** true love to **[C]** see

Verse 2: Oh **[C]** where is the **[G7]** boatman, **[F]** my bonny **[C]** hinny
Oh **[F]** where is the **[G7]** boatman, go **[F]** bring him to **[G7]** me
To **[C]** ferry me **[F]** over the **[C]** Tyne to my **[F]** honey
And **[C]** I will re **[G7]** member the **[F]** boatman and **[C]** thee

Verse 3: Oh **[C]** bring me a **[G7]** boatman, I'll **[F]** gi all my **[C]** money
And **[F]** you for your **[G7]** trouble re **[F]** warded shall **[G7]** be
If you'll **[C]** carry me **[F]** over the **[C]** Tyne to my **[F]** honey
Or **[C]** scull him a **[G7]** cross the rough **[F]** waters to **[C]** me

Verse 4: I **[C]** cannot get **[G7]** tae my love **[F]**if I would **[C]**dee
For the **[F]** waters of **[G7]** Tyne run bet **[F]** ween him and **[G7]** me
And **[C]** here I mun **[F]** stand wi a **[C]** tear in my **[F]** e'e
All **[C]** sighin' and **[G7]** sickly, my **[F]** true love to **[C]** see

The Waters of Tyne

A version by Katherine Tickell and Friends, featuring Hannah Rickard:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9Z5Ccit1u8M

Background
The exact location of the ferry crossing in this song is uncertain, though the reference to a "rough river" would suggest that it may be nearer to the mouth of the river Tyne than the North Tyne as has also been suggested. There were several known ferry crossings between North and South Shields, using sculler, or flat-bottomed boats, which operated until the present powered ferry crossing started in 1847.

The words demonstrate a difference between "hinny" and "honey", which some say have the same meaning. Yet common use of "hinny" places it closer to the Scottish word "hen", both used as a familiar term for good friend, and to either male or female, young or old. In the song this use seems to apply, as honey refers to sweetheart, while hinny is the good helper who is being asked to find the boatman.

The phrase "I cannot get tae my love if I would dee" is probably more akin to "for the life of me" than it is to the possibility of a tragic imminent death.

The words of this song were first included in John Bell's "Rhymes of Northern Bards" (1812) while the tune first appeared in "Northumbrian Minstrelsy", Bruce and Stokoe, (1882).

Detail from Nathaniel Buck's view of Newcastle 1745. The Guildhall, Castle, St Nicholas church and old Tyne Bridge can be clearly seen, together with keelboats and other river traffic.

Songwriters of the North East

Or, at least, a glimpse into the lives of six of the best.

Thomas Armstrong (1848 – 1920)

Thomas Armstrong was born in on the 15th August 1848 in Wood Street, Shotley Bridge, County Durham. Shotley Bridge is on the Western fringe of the Durham coalfield, along which small drift mines were worked. He started work in the mines at the age of nine as a trapper boy, and at the age of 12 had progressed to a "pony boy". He worked at various collieries in the area including Tanfield Lea colliery, near Stanley, and also worked at the collieries at Addison, East Tanfield, and Tanfield Moor.

Tommy was a short man with bow legs, possibly as a result of rickets and in later life used to walk with the aid of a stick. His health problems may have been the incentive to his song writing career. Tommy married Mary Ann Hunter in 1869 and they produced 14 children.

His life spanned the heyday of the coalfield, known as the Great Northern Coalfield, when over 2000 miners were subject to horrendous conditions at work and at home and strikes and lock-outs were not uncommon.

Tommy was very interested in the Annfield Plain concert in 1864 which included the artistes Mr McMillan, a popular comic and Joe Wilson who was making his name as a singer of Tyneside songs. Soon after Tommy wrote his first song about himself, 'The Borth of the Lad'. From this time on it would seem that Tommy Armstrong was set to become the "pitman's poet" and if this was made possible by the popular culture of the area, it was the mines and the mining industry which provided the inevitable and unrelenting background to his life and songs.

Tommy not only wrote about the miners and the conditions but also of their families. Many of his works were humorous and his songs were sold as broadsheets, printed and distributed by local printers. The last two decades of the 19th century were Armstrong's most prolific years and the strike songs reflect the high feelings of the period when the Miner's Federation was growing rapidly. The words of the songs are not revolutionary and concentrate on bread-and-butter issues. As they were sung to raise money for strikers' families, some tact was required so as not to alienate the sympathy of donors.

The aim of Tommy's song 'The South Medomsley Strike' (held in many folk circles as the greatest mining song ever written), was to put the record straight. The song identified the masters, and lambasted the Candymen who, with the aid of the local down-and- outs, ejected the miners and their families from their homes. This was a powerful song in which colliery managers and owners are described as tyrants and their accomplices threatened with boiling or hanging.

Tommy is known to have lived most of his life around Shotley Bridge, and Tantobie where he died in Havelock Terrace on the 30th August 1920 at the age of 72 years.

Edward "Ned" Corvan (1830 - 1865)

Edward Corvan was born in Liverpool sometime around 1830, but his family moved to Newcastle when he was four years old. His father died three years later whilst undergoing an operation.

Corvan was raised by his widowed mother who struggled to feed the family of four on her meagre earnings. After a brief career as a sail-maker Corvan joined Billy Purvis's Victoria Theatre. Here he tried his hand at a number of things, starting by playing the violin in the orchestra, painting scenery and bill sticking. However, he found most success in the performance of local and comic songs. Ned then went on to join the newly built Olympic Theatre where he enjoyed great success with songs such as 'Astrilly' or 'The Pitman's Fareweel'.

With this popularity Ned travelled the country singing his Tyneside songs, eventually settling in South Shields where he operated Corvan's Music Hall. After a number of years, he gave this up, largely due to his fondness for drinking the profits and returned to singing locally.

The Newcastle Weekly Chronicle reported, "As a concert hall artiste, Ned had few equals, his qualifications were so various. He was a fair singer and an excellent performer on the violin". Ned would introduce his songs with lots of patter with the audience and even drew pictures of local figures on a blackboard as part of his show.

Corvan sang about survival on the edge of poverty and other working-class experiences. He supported the seamen's strike of 1851 and gave money from his performances to seafarer's charities. He sang not only for workers, but also "on behalf of- and in effect, from within- that network of communities" from which he came, and with which he still felt an attachment. Of his vast number of compositions, the Cullercoats Fish Wife is one which has remained to this day. Corvan died of tuberculosis on 31 August 1865 at the age of 35

William Purvis (1752 - 1832)

William Purvis was the son of John Purvis, a waterman, and Margaret Purvis (who died in All Saints Poorhouse aged over 100). William was born early in the year of 1752 in Newcastle, He was either blind from birth, or very shortly after, although he often made comments from which the onlooker would think he could see.

Very rarely did he perform in the street, preferring to perform in ale houses, in which he would depend on the charity of the public, but as he seemed to bring trade and the public appeared to like his ditties this seemed an amicable arrangement. He was apparently hatless in all weathers and to most of the locals and to his clientele he was just "Blind Willie".

Willie is claimed to have written "Buy Broom Buzzems" although there has been some question whether he did. Certainly, there is no doubt that it was his signature song, often adding verses praising one ale house or another. In return he would be given food and drink.

"If you want an oyster
For to taste your mouth
Call at Handy Walker's
He's a bonny youth"

A description of Billie at the time described how when he entered an establishment, he would be offered a chair and would say "Bonny beer, bonny beer". Someone would buy a tankard and Willie would continue, "God blish the king, never sheed him, poor shoul!". He would then be, easily, coaxed into singing and playing fuelled by more beer and food. I am sure it was not an easy life but Willie outlived some of the other writers discussed here by decades, dying in 1832 at the age of 80 years. He became known later as the "ancient laureate of the Tyne" and was remembered in the songs of Robert Gilchrist and Thomas Thompson.

Geordie Ridley (1835 - 1864)

George "Geordie" Ridley was born on 10th February 1835 in Gateshead.

He started work aged 8 at Oakwellgate Colliery as trapper-boy but soon went on to the Goose Pit known as "The Gyuess" where he stayed for 10 years. Then he moved on to Messrs Hawkes, Crawshay and Co as waggon-rider. Here he stayed for a further three years, until he had a severe injury following an accident received when a wagon went out of control and crushed him. His recovery was slow and his loss of strength meant he was unfit for his regular work and instead he turned to his abilities as a singer of Irish comic and old Tyneside songs.

His first engagement was at the Grainger Music Hall where he brought out his first local song- "Joey Jones" (who had recently won the Northumberland Plate). This proved very popular. Later he performed at the Wheat-sheaf Music Hall (later the Oxford) where he was also successful. Following this he performed at the Tyne Concert Hall newly opened by Mr. Stanley where he came up with the character of "Johnny Luik-Up the Bellman". Johnny was well known locally, and his performance was very successful as his likeness to the real person was very close.

He performed in many concert halls all over the North and had a fine voice and great powers of mimicry. His songs sold well in cheap editions. He was known for The Bobby Cure (apparently a parody of a local policeman) and Johnny Luik-Up. Children sang his songs in the streets. After a short 5-year career his health started to fail. He had never fully shaken off the effects of his accident, and died at his residence in Grahamsley St. Gateshead, Friday, Sept. 9, 1864 at the age of 30. He was buried at St. Edmund's Cemetery in Gateshead attended by many friends and relatives.

Ridley was not known as a writer of songs with literary merit; instead, he is celebrated as a performer, singer and writer of songs for concert halls, which were extremely popular. Many continued to be popular in the years after his premature death, and one, "The Blaydon Races", is arguably the best known of all Tyneside songs and has become synonymous with Geordie Land, as its anthem.

Thomas Thompson (1773 - 1819)

Not one of the most well know songwriters today, Thomas Thompson wrote the words for the "Keel Row" that we sing today and also penned such songs as "Canny Newcassel"

Thomas Thompson was born in 1773 in Bishop Auckland, County Durham, the son of an officer who died of a fever when Thomas was very young. He was educated in Durham and then moved to Newcastle in about 1790. Already a well-known and respected business man, and with the threat of war with, and invasion from, France, Thomas joined up in the Newcastle Light Horse as acting quartermaster, with a quick promotion following to rank of captain.

It is not clear when Thomas wrote his famous Tyneside songs as all the family papers were lost in a shipwreck. He appears to have initially written more fanciful and romantic songs and poems but by the time Bell's "Rhymes of the Northern Bards" is published in 1812 he is writing a less fanciful song with the "New Keel Row" and "Canny Newcassel". Not many of Thompson's songs remain, another being "Jemmy Johnson's Wherry". A contemporary described his work as, "… excellent specimens of the Newcastle dialect happily expressed and pregnant with wit and humour."

Thomas Thompson was married and had a son Robert born in 1812. He built and lived in Cotfield House, Windmill Hills, Gateshead. Thompson became a successful merchant trader and in 1801 was trading as a general merchant trading as Armstrong, Thompson & Co. He was also known for his voluntary work in the area.

He died on 9 January 1816 aged 42 at his home from exertion, cold and fatigue after trying to protect his property from flooding by the River Tyne.

Joe Wilson (1841-1875)

Joe Wilson was an extraordinarily prolific and talented songwriter. His songs focused on everyday events in the lives of ordinary people, as well as the eccentric characters and important events   It is this homely approach, which provides a picture of the lives of the great mass of the working class of Tyneside, which has endeared him to so many, both locally and across the world, where his lyrics, written in local dialect, bring back vivid reminders.

He wrote hundreds of songs, and once he had committed a song to paper, he rarely returned for editing or improvement. Like so many of this era on

Tyneside, the songs were designed for the music hall, and he would often use well known tunes, sometimes adapted, for his lyrics.

He was a gifted wordsmith, and wrote his autobiography describing his life up to 1867. Here are a couple of extracts:

"At fowerteen aw went te be a printer. Sang writin' had lang been me hobby, an at sivintteen me first beuk was published. Since that time, it's been me aim te hev a place i' the hearts o' the Tyneside people wi' writin bits o' hyemly songs aw think they'll sing. At twenty-one aw started business for me-sel as a printer; and at twenty-two aw myed me first success i' publishing, wi' 'Wor Geordy's Account o' the Greet Boat Race atwixt Chambers an' Green;' an' next aw browt oot me first number o' *Tyneside Sangs*. Later on i' the syem eer aw wrote 'Aw wish yor muther wad cum,' throo seein' me bruther-in-law nursin' the bairn the time me sister wes oot, nivor dreamin' at the time it wad turn oot the 'hit' it did."

"Me first professional ingagemint wes a' Pelton, i' December 1864; me second at the Oxford Music Hall; an' me thord at the Tyne Concert Hall, Newcassil. Since then, aw've been i' nearly ivry toon i' the North, an', aw's happy te say, wi' the syem success aw've had i' me native place."

Joe married in 1869, and after successful performances across the region, he decided to settle down as landlord of the Adelaide Hotel. However, he soon became disenchanted with the behaviour of drunken guests, an experience which led him to sign the pledge, giving up alcohol and also the hotel. His health then began to fail, and he died of tuberculosis, aged 33, in his residence in Railway Street.

The Language of the North East

The songs of this Garland all belong to the North East of England, once known as Northumbria. However, it requires little comparison of the songs to realise that they do not all use exactly the same language. There are small and sometimes not so small, variations. The same word can be spelt slightly differently from one song to another or even have a completely different meaning. For instance, whilst "cuddy" is an abbreviation for Cuthbert in Northumberland, it is a horse in Durham.

There are a number of reasons for this. One is that the songs were written at a time when most working people were illiterate, and attempts to capture the sounds of words depended on who was writing them down. Another is that those responsible for editing songs may have had a wider education, and could have normalised some of the words to make them comprehensible to a wider public. However, all of the songs have in common a dialect which makes them all quite different in sound and language from Standard English, or from English as spoken in other regions of the country. This is no accident, as they are all the descendants of Northumbrian Old English.

The Kingdom of Northumbria gave rise to some of the oldest surviving English texts, e.g. Caedmon's Hymn and Bede's Death Song. (7th and 8th Century). Viking invasions led to a division in language development, with Teeside as the main boundary. The Angles brought their language to the north of Northumbria in the 5th century, influencing the dialects of Durham and Northumberland whilst Norse made its mark predominantly in the south – what is now Yorkshire.The dialects found in County Durham and Northumberland, at the time of the songs in this collection could be divided into three broad groups –

- Geordie – found in the communities around the River Tyne.
- Mackem – found in Sunderland and around Wearside
- Pitmatic – found across the former mining communities in Northumberland and County Durham.

The region would also include dialects from Teesside, Cumbria and lowland Scotland but the songs in the Garland do not cover these areas.

Geordie is the legacy and development of the language spoken by Anglo-Saxon settlers who established themselves in the region after the end of Roman rule in Britain in the 5th century. The Angles, Saxons and Jutes who arrived became the dominant force politically and culturally over the native British with the language developing into what has been described as Northumbrian Old English. Geordie words are 80% Angle in origin as opposed to 30% in standard English. The unique way in which Geordies and Northumbrians pronounce certain words is also often Anglo-Saxon in origin. Geordie words like 'dede', 'coo', 'cloot', 'hoos', 'wrang', 'strang' and 'lang' are in fact the original Anglo-Saxon pronunciations for 'dead', 'cow', 'clout', 'house', 'wrong', 'strong' and 'long'.

Makem as a term is fairly modern and often used as an insult for people from Sunderland. At the time of the songs in this collection people from Sunderland were simply referred to as Geordies. To people outside the region, the differences between Makem and Geordie dialects often seem marginal, but there are many notable differences. There is even a small but noticeable difference in pronunciation and grammar between the dialects of North and South Sunderland (for example, the word *something* in North Sunderland is often *summik* whereas a South Sunderland speaker may often prefer *summat* and people from the surrounding areas prefer *summit*).

Pitmatic, colloquially known as "yakka", is the dialect of the former mining areas in County Durham and around Ashington to the north of Newcastle upon Tyne. The difference in development from other Northumbrian dialects, such as Geordie, is due to mineworker's jargon used in local coal pits.

The dialects in the North East continued and developed through the region's relative isolation. In modern times with instant communications, transport and media, dialects and accents have persisted but have blended with Standard English to the point where Geordie is frequently voted most attractive regional accent in the country.

With this kept in mind below is a local family 'party piece' recitation and a glossary of a brief selection of north eastern words which may help the ukulele player to understand our region, our language and our songs.

Faar-off Fields

As well as local songs, the North East has a strong tradition of dialect recitation, particularly in Northumberland. The Northumbrian Language Society, not only has recitation evenings, but holds competitions at local festivals such as at the annual Morpeth Northumbrian Gathering.

The poem below made regular appearances at a local family's gatherings, "…my father used to recite it, with a Northumbrian burr on the r and with a suitable sense of drama it had people in stitches."

When aw wes jist a little lad I used to learn an' note
Sum sayins whaat me Grannie had an' wan o' thum aw'll quote
If ony thowt to gan awaa an' leave their native scene,
Ti them wi saddish leeuk shi'd say, "Aye faar-ff fields aar green."

"Faar-off fields aar green, lad, faar-off fields aar green,
But when ye reyt up an' lyuk thor's mebbee nowt but weeds an' muck,
An' claggy holes wheeor ye get stuck;
Aye, faar-off fields aar green."

Hoo cheeorful is thi gallint tar when rowlinhyem he sails;
On morchant ship or man o' waar, thi luv of hyem prebails,
An' this a sailor sayd ti me-ow'r aal thi wawld he'd been,
"Theeor's nee plyace leyke Newcassil Quee, though faar-off fields aar green."

"Faar-off fields aar green, lad, faar-off fields aar green,
I've oftin syailed across thi leyne an' seen sum ports an' cities feyne,
But nowt ti beat the coaly Teyne
Though faar-off fields are green."

Heard and learned in 1933 by Robert W Hawdon

Glossary

A
aad (old)
aall (all)
aa'll (I will)
aan (own)
aa's (I am/is)
aboot (about)
agyen (again)
ahint (behind)
ain (own)
airm (arm)
alang (along)
amang (among)
ansor (answer)
axed (asked)
aud (old)

B
backey (tobacco)
bool (bowl)
becaas (because)
behint (behind)
belang (belong)
belaa (below)
bund (bound)
bord (bird)
baall (ball, bawl)
bornt (burnt)
byen (bone)
blaa (puff, blow)
blon (blown up)
blyem (blame)
bowt (bought)
broos (eyebrows)

C
caad (cold)
caal (call)
cairt (cart)
canny (friendly)
chep (man)
claes (clothes)
claggy (sticky)
clarts (mud)
clivvor (clever)
cowp (overturn)
coble (boat)
crack (chat)
crood (crowd)
cuddy (donkey, pit pony)
cull (silly person)

D
de (do)
div (do)
dee (die)
deed (dead)
dis (does)
divvent (don't)
doot (doubt)
dorty (dirty)
dreed (dread)

E
een (eyes)
eneuf (enough)
elwis (always)
eftor (after)

F
faall (fall)
fash (bother)
feul (fool)
fund (found)
fethor (father)
foak (folk)
frae,frev (from)
fyul (fool)

G
gan (go)
gaffor (foreman)
gars (to cause or make.. someone to do something)
glee-eyed (squint)
goonpooda (gunpowder)
groons(grounds)

H
haad (hold)
had away (go away)
heed (head)
hes (has)
he', hev (have)
hoggers (pitmen's hose)

I
isteed (instead)
inte (into)
ivvory (every)
iv (in)

K
keek (peek)
ken (know)
kittle (tickle)
kitty (gaol)
koondy,kundy (hole for marbles)
knaa (know)
kye (cow)

L
lairn (learn)
lang (long)
laa (low, law)
lee (lie)
leet (light)
leeve (live)
leish (spruce)
lowp (leap)
luik, leuk (look)

M
ma (my)
mair (more)
mang (among)
marcy (mercy)
marra (mate)
maw (my)
mony (many)
mun (must)
myed (made)
myek (make)
mesel (myself)

N
neet (night)
nivvor (never)
nowt (nothing)
nowther (neither)
nyem (name)
nyen (none)

O
oney (only)
onny (any)
oot (out)
ower (over)
owt (ought, anything)

P
pairt (part)
penka(marble)
plack (coin)
prood (proud)

R
raa (row)
ranger (small brush)
reet (right)

S
sair (sore)
sang (song)
se (so)
shool (shovel)
sic (such)
skyet (skate)
skyul (school)
slaa (slow)
spelk(splinter)
spyen (dry up the milk)
stane (stone)
strang (strong)
stud (stood)
syun (soon)
sowt (sought)
swally (swallow)

T
ta'en (taken)
taal (tall)
t te, tiv (to)
tee (too)
theesel (thyself)
thoo (thou)
thor's(there is)
thowt(thought)
thraa (throw)
toon (town)
troot (trout)
tyun (tune)
twe (two)
tyek (take)

V
varry (very)

W
waal (wall)
waak (walk)
wad (would)
waddn't (wouldn't)
wairsh(tasteless)
wark (work)
warse (worse)
watter (water)
weel (well)
wes (was)
wettor (water)
whe (who)
whisht (quiet)
wilks (whelks)
wey (why)
wi', wiv (with)
wor (our)
wrang (wrong)

Y
yor (your)
yorsel (yourself)
yowl (howl)
yung (young

For more information on the language and examples of written and spoken dialect visit the Northumbrian Language Society's web site - https://northumbrianlanguagesociety.co.uk/

Part of Low Fell Ukes contribution to the Ukulele Community

https://www.lowfellukes.com

All profits from this songbook will be donated to Integrating Children a local charity which provides service to improve the emotional and physical wellbeing of children and young people with disabilities.

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