

The Collier Lad

Johnny Handle

Wellt's doon the shaft on a Mon-da morn And the ca-vill is the best In the

This system contains the first five measures of the piece. It features a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and two bass clef staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes.

5

Bus - ty seam with Thomp-son's in a flat called the fow-ar-teenth west Now the

This system contains measures 5 through 9. It features a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and two bass clef staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line continues with quarter and eighth notes.

face is a hun - dred and five yards long When mea-sured from neuk te - neuk And when

craal-in oe'r the scuff-lins lads keep doon or yer boun' te get stuck For the

For the

coll - ier lad is a can - ny lad and he's al - ways of good cheer Andhe

Aa can hew Aa can hew Aa can hew Aacan hew

Aa can hew Aa can hew Aa can hew Aacan hew

coll - ier lad is a can - ny lad and he's al - ways of good cheer Andhe

knaashow te work and he knaas how te shirk and he knaas how te sup good beer.

Aa can hew Aa can hew and Aa knaa how te sup good beer.

Aa can hew Aa can hew and Aa knaa how te sup good beer

knaashow te work and he knaas how te shirk and he knaas how te sup good beer.

The Collier Lad

Well it's doon the shaft on a Monda morn
And the cavil is the best
In the Busty seam with Thompson's team
In a flat called the fowarteenth west

Nso ~~And~~ the face is a hundred and five yards long
When measured from neuk te neuk
And when craalin oe'r the scufflins lads
Keep doon or yer boun' te get stuck

*For the collier lad is a canny lad
And he's always of good cheer
And he knaas how te work and he knaas how te shirk
And he knaas how te sup good beer.*

Well the shots gan off and the shovels fly
Till the belts get loaded full
And in half an hour a stone gets jammed
And the motor will not pull.
"Brokken belt!" is the cry and we aal creep out
Te the mothergate it te mend.
Geordie Haal, he's the deppity in wor flat,
Says, "Ye'll drive us roond the bend."

So we pull and we strain for te fix it again
And when it's been put straight
Tim Jones, that's the secretary of wor lodge,
Says, "It's time that ye had yer bait."
So we take wersels te a quiet spot
With a plank and a chock for a seat
And the crack at last flies thick and fast
Of the deins at the club last neet.

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