

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Geordie Black

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Ma name is Geordie Black, aa'm gettin' very aad.  
Aa've hewed tons of coal in me time,  
An' when aa wes just a lad, aa could either put or hew.  
Oot the others aa could aalways tak the shine.  
Aa'm gannin doon the hill, I cannot use the pick.  
The maister hes ne pity on aad bones.  
So noo aa'm on the bank, an' aa while me time away  
Amang the bits o' lads wi' pickin' oot the stones.

Cho: Oh, me name is Geordie Black.

In me time aa've been a crack.

An' aa've warked baith in the Gyuss an' in the Betty.

An' the coals upon the Tyne oot the others tak the shine,

An' we lick 'em aal for iron doon at Hawks's.

Noo, when aa wes just a lad carried on me father's back,  
An' away he wad take me te the pit,  
An' to get in the cage an' te gan doon below  
'Twas enough te mak a youngster tak a fit.  
For te sit an' keep a door midst the darkness an' the gloom,  
Ay, mony an 'oor be messel,  
An' te hear the aaful shots that rummelled round the pit,  
An' lumps o' roondy coal come doon pellmell. (Chorus)

Noo aa'll say good neet, for it's nearly time te lowse.

An' aa've done me best te please ye, ivery one.

Young lads that's here the neet, mind, de the thing that's reet.

In this world that's the way te get on.

So here's successs te trade baith on the Wear an' Tyne!

Aa divent like te see the place se slack.

For if wor pit lies idle, ne pay-note comes teneet,

An' it grieves the heart o' poor Geordie Black.

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