

Lesley Garrett

"The Collier Lad"

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I went out to get some water,
Get some water for my tea.
I caught my foot and down I stumbled;
A collier lad's come a kissing me.

My mother says I mustn't have a collier;
It would surely break her heart.
I don't care what my mother tells me,
I'll have a collier for my sweetheart.

"If you leave your collier sweetheart,
I'll buy you a guinea gold ring.
You shall have a silver cradle
For to rock your baby in"

I don't want your silks and satins,
I don't want your guinea gold ring.
I don't want your silver cradle
For to rock my baby in!

Collier lads get gold and silver,
Ferranti's lads got nowt but brass,
And who'd be married to a lad from Ferranti's
When there are plenty of collier lads... collier lads!

My mother said I could be a fine lady
If from my collier lad I'd part.
I'd sooner walk on the bottom of the ocean
Than give up my collier sweetheart, sweetheart
My collier sweetheart.

I went out to get some water,
Get some water for my tea.
I caught my foot and down I stumbled;
A collier lad's come a kissing me.
A kissin' and kissin', kissin' and kissin',
A collier lad's come kissing me!

