

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Bonny Gateshead Lass

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I'll warrant you, you've never seen me lass, her name I cannot mention,
for fear you'll gan and tell her how I like her so I dee!
Well it's just for lads and lasses for to whisper their affection.
The bonniest lass in Gateshead's bonny face has bothered me.

Well the first time I saw her, well I thought I didn't know her,
but I'm sure I'd seen her face before, I couldn't think of where,
her blue eyes met mine in passing, up the High Street in the morning,
and her look was so entrancing, that me heart was mine nee mair.

Well I didn't see her for a week then one night at the Bridge End,
I stamped upon her gown, and the gathers they come away,
she told us I was clumsy and I said that I was sorry, and I humbly begged her
pardon,
I was licked for what to say.

So I walked on by her side just as if I had a right to de,
the conversation first was shy but then it turned first class.
We talked about the weather and she mentioned that her father
was a puddler down at Hawks', oh me bonny Gateshead lass.

She mentioned confidentially that her uncle was a grocer,
and her mother's, father's, cousin was a fiddler on the shore.
She talked so nice and pleasant and she looked both sweet and pleasant,
I thowt I'd never a seen a lass so charming like before.

She says her mother keeps a shop and sells hot pies and candy,
and her brother he's a cobbler in the high part of the town.
Now she was a dressmaker and we got on so well together,
that I blessed I'd been so awkward as to stand upon her gown.

I make her laugh and slap me lug with talking lots of nonsense.
But bless you when you're courting why there's nowt so good'll pass.
I asked her would she be me lass and I'd take her own on Sunday,
to my delight she says "I might" me bonny Gateshead lass.

CB
apr00