Coaly Tyne

Coaly Tyne

Tyne River, running rough or smooth,
Makes bread for me and mine;
Of all the rivers, north or south,
There's none like coaly Tyne.

So here's to coaly Tyne my lads,
Success to coaly Tyne,
Of all the rivers, north or south,
There's none like coaly Tyne,

Long has Tyne's swelling bosom borne
Great riches from the mine,
All by her hardy sones uptorn--
The wealth of coaly Tyne.

Our keelmen brave, with laden keels,
Go sailing down in line,
And with them laod the fleet at Shelds,
That sails from coaly Tyne.

When Bonaparte the world did sway,
Dutch, Spanish, did combine;
By sea and land proud bent their way,
The sons of coaly Tyne.

The sons of Tyne, in seas of blood,
Trafalgar's fight did join,
When led by dauntless Collingwood,
The hero of the Tyne.

With courage bold, and hearts so true,
Form'd in the British line;
With Wellington, at Waterloo,
Hard fought the sons of Tyne.

When peace, who would be Volunteers?
Or Hero Dandies fine?
Or sham Hussars, or Tirailleurs?--
Disgrace to coaly Tyne

Or who would be a Tyrant's Guard,
Or shield a libertine?

Let Tyrants meet their due reward,
Ye sons of coaly Tyne.

-In: The Newcastle Song Book or Tyne-Side Songster., W&T Fordyce
Newcastle Upon Tyne.
CB
oct00

Visit www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for more songs.