

CUSHIE BUTTERFIELD

Geordie Ridley

A love song of sorts. Cushie was both a wanted and independent woman. She sold yeller clay which was used by pitmen to make candlesticks. However, Geordie Ridley was not very complimentary about her and it's said he had to go into hiding for a few days after this song was first performed because her family were after him to teach him a lesson.

1. Ah's a broken-hearted keelman, an' aw's owerheed in luv,

Wiv a yung lass in Gyetshead, an aw calls her me duv;

Her nyem's Cushy Butterfield, an' she sells yeller clay,

An' her cusin is a muckman, an' they call him Tom Gray.

Chorus

*She's a big lass, an' a bonny lass,
An' she likes her beer;*

*An, they call her Cushy Butterfield,
An' aw wish she was here.*

2. Her eyes are like two holes in a blanket burnt throo,

An' her brows in a morning wad spyen a yung coo;

An' when aw hear her shootin "Will ye buy ony clay,"

Like a candy man's trumpet, it steals maw young heart away.

Cushie Butterfield

Ah's a bro-ken hear-ted keel man an' I'm ow-er heed in love. with a young lass from Gates - head an' I call her me dove. Her name is Cush-ie Butter - field, an' she sells yell - er clay, an' her cous - in is a muck man, an' they call him Tom Grey

She's a big lass an' a bon-ny lass and she likes her beer, an' they call he - r Cush-ie But - ter - field an' I wish she was here.

Chorus

3. Ye'll off see hor doon at
Sandgate when the fresh herrin
cums in;

She's like a bagful o' sawdust tied
roond wiv a string;

She weers big golashes, te, an'
her stockins was once white,

An' her bedgoon is a lelock, an'
her hat's nivor strite.

Chorus

4. When aw axed her te marry
me, she started te laff,

"Noo, nyen o' yor munkey tricks,
for aw like ne such chaff!"

Then she start'd a bubblin, an' she
roar'd like a bull,

An' the cheps i' the keel says
aw'm nowt but a fyeul.

Chorus

5. She says, "The chep that gets
me'll heh te work ivry day,

An' when he cums hyem at neets
he'll heh te gan an' seek clay;

An' when he's away seekin't aw'll
myek balls an' sing,

Weel may the keel row that maw
laddie's in!

Chorus

