

Here's The Tender Coming

The Unthanks

Here's the tender coming, pressing all the men*
Oh dear hinny, what shall we do then?
Here's the tender coming, off at Shield's Bar,
Here's the tender coming, full of men of war.

Hide thee, canny Geordie, hide thyself away;
Hide thee till the tender makes for Druridge Bay.
If they take thee, Geordie, who's to win our bread?
Me and little Jackie better off be dead.

Here's the tender coming, stealing off my dear;
Oh dear hinny, they'll ship you out of here.
They will ship you foreign, that is what it means;
Here's the tender coming, full of red marines.

Hey, bonny lassie. let's go to the Lawe,
See the tender lying, off at Shield's Bar,
With her colours flying, anchor at her bow.
They took my bonny laddie, best of all the crew.

Here's the tender coming, pressing all the men;
Oh dear hinny, what shall we do then?
Here's the tender coming, off at Shield's Bar,
Here's the tender coming, full of men of war.