

Blaydon Races

Whit Saturday and Whit Monday,

MAY 30th and JUNE 1st, 1914.

JOSEPH HORN, Secretary, Cottage Tavern, Cleadon.



Aw went te Blaydon Races, 'twas on the ninth of Joon,
Eiteen hundred an' sixty two, on a summer's efternoon,
Aw teuk the 'bus frae Balmбра's, an' she wis heavy laden,
Away we went along Collingwood Street, that's on the road te Blaydon.

CHORUS.

O lads, ye should only seen us gannin,
We passed the foaks upon the road just as they were stannin;
Thor wes lots o' lads an' lasses there, all wi' smiling faces,
Gan along the Scotswood Road, to see the Blaydon Races.

We flew past Airmstrang's factory, and up to the "Robin Adair,"
Just gannin doon te the railway bridge, the 'bus wheel flew off there.
The lasses lost their crinolines off, and the veils that hide their faces,
An' aw got two black eyes an' a broken nose in gan te Blaydon Races.

Chorus—O lads, &c.

When we gat the wheel put on away we went agyen,
But them that had their noses broke, they cam' back ower hyem,
Sum went to the Dispensary, an' uthers to Doctor Gibb's,
An' sum sought out the Infirmary to mend their broken ribs.

Chorus—O lads, &c.

Noo when we gat to Paradise thor wes bonny gam begun,
Thor wes fower-and-twenty on the 'bus, man, hoo they danced an' sung,
They called on me to sing a sang, aw sung them "Paddy Fagan,"
Aw danced a jig an' swung my twig that day aw went te Blaydon.

Chorus—O lads, &c.

We flew across the Chain Bridge reet into Blaydon toon,
The bellman he was callin there—they call him Jackey Brown,
Aw saw him talkin to sum cheps, an' them he was persuadin'
To gan an' see Geordie Ridley's concert in the Mechanics' Hall at Blaydon.

Chorus—O lads, &c.

The rain it pour'd aw the day, an' myed the ground quite muddy,
Coffy Johnny had a white hat on—they wer shootin' "Whe stole the Cuddy."
There wes spice stalls an' munkey shows, an' aud wives selling ciders,
An' a chep wiv a happeny roond-aboot shootin' now, me boys, for riders.

Chorus—O lads, &c.