

Title **Local Poetry. Songs and poems, relating to the town and county of Newcastle upon Tyne, or incidents connected therewith. Collected by T. Bell. [Chiefly cuttings with hawkers' ballads, and others in ms.] Collection Item**

Published **[1780-1830?], [Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Gateshead, North Shields, etc]**

Creator **BELL, Thomas**

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Ascension Day. — Sir T. Bunden Mayor

'Bout lord mayor in Lunnin they make sure a jay
Nee langer we'll lit ^{the ditty} the ditty.



Here's up with Sir Tommy dressed up in full buff
Let them match sure a chat in their City

Now hearts full of glee an' war barges so fine
As from Tyne-mouth to Heddon we're raising

Div they think tis outstrip the tough sons of old Tyne
If they think so by gocks they're mistaken
Chorus

The grandeur in Lunnin div'nt talk on't just now
N. Cassels as bush an' as bonny

We'll drink or war yell till we're canty an' fou
Good luck an' langy life to Sir Tommy

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'Tis a theme for the tongue an' a feast for the eyes
Tis see war mayor sail down the river

As war black diamond flaming sends smoke ^{Miss} to the
Now fame it reaches for ever

Come brothers in shells tho' you taen all-a-back
Gies you haws lets be sonsy an' chatty

We main call tis mind what a whup o' the chops
Ye gat from war frolicsome Natty

Chorus

The grandeur &c

Tommy Carrington Newcastle

Old Knobum rejoices to see us my boys
She's pleas'd at our jinking an' prancing
Her lapses ye know are the joy of a' joys
For the deuce wouldna beat them at dancing
For wit an' for beauty they fairly outshine
And bear off the palm an' the laurel
Be loyal they'll drink to the Trade or the Trye
As long as there's juice in the barrel
Chorus
The grandeur

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The spot the last lang is by far more sweet
There's an end to our whisking an' turning
An' morn'g a heart that is blyth here to night
Turns out a sad head in the morning
Let discord now cease an' let harmony chime
Her good corporation be clever - the Trye
Lang may the black diamond make famous
An' the lass o' Newcassel for ever

Poste

Robt Gilchrist