

The Jenny Armstrong Song

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The sun set o'er the Wansbeck; street lamps shone all about,
But it was a black day for Morpeth: they locked poor Jenny out.

Tell me, Jenny, if you can, who rings the curfew bell?
Is it you or a clockwork machine that rings that all is well?

But when the door was opened, she beheld a dreadful sight –
They'd knotted the ropes of all her bells, regardless of her height.

Said Jenny to the Council, "they've locked the Tower door!
"If they do it again, tradition will end and I'll ring the bell no more."

"We may not need you, Jenny, nor your brother Fred –
We may install an electric machine to do the job instead."

Across the vale of Wansbeck still comes the curfew ring,
But the bells will never sound the same as when Jenny pulled the string.