

Morpeth Carnival Song, 1928

(Tot Garvie and Harry P Hutchinson)

N.B. The CD version is shortened and re-ordered

Morpeth, town of song, let's get along;
Put your heads together,
Never mind the weather.
Why not join the throng,
Help our scheme along?
Carnival is sure a time for jollity.

Why not come and have a jolly good
time here,
An uproarious time here,
Where the air is so clear?
Carnival is sure a time of laughter,
Never mind what comes after,
Morpethians.
Array yourselves in fancy dress,
What care we if you look a mess;
We've got to make this thing a ripping
success;
So why not come and have a jolly good
time here,
An uproarious time here,
Morpethians?

Who are the men, both King and Queen?
The funniest Royal Pair were ever seen,
They seem to make the thing a ripping
success

Who is the man he holds the Mace?
Does it well with style and grace,
He seems to make the thing a ripping success.

Who is the man he led them a dance,
Took them across to sunny France,
He certainly made the thing a ripping success.

Who is 'the~ man made them go?
Undertook to change their dough,
He certainly made the thing a ripping success.

Who is the man, a Gent of note?
Rings a bell to get your vote,
He certainly made the thing a ripping success.

Who is the man of great renown?
Sells ladies' "ware" at "foot of town,"
He certainly made the thing a ripping success.

Who is the man, the spade work has done?
We take off our hats for this week of fun,
He certainly made the thing a ripping success.

Here's to the gent of pills and lotion,
To whose credit lies this glorious notion,
For his sake the thing will be a ripping success

Here's to the song, a simple theme,
Buy a copy today and help the scheme,
We've tried to make the thing a ripping
success