

# 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