Den lille englænder

(Blaydon Races)



Den lille englænder (Blaydon Races)(DK)

Kan evt. ændres fra 2/4 til 6/8. Oprindelig en engelsk ballade fra Newcastle egnen med flg. tekst:

The Blaydon Races

I went to Blaydon Races Twas on the 9th of June Eighteen Hundred and Sixty Two On a Summer's Afternoon I took the bus from Balmbras And she was heavy laden Away we went along Collingwood Street That's on the Road to Blaydon

Refr.:

Oh me lads, you should've seen us gannin Passing the folks along the road And all of them were starin' All the lads and lasses there They all had smilin' faces Gannin along the Scotswood Road To see the Blaydon Races

We flew past Armstrong's factory
And up by the Robin Adair
But gannin ower the Railway Bridge
The bus wheel flew off there
The lasses lost their crinolenes
And veils that hide their faces
I got two black eyes and a broken nose
In gannin to Blaydon Races

Refr.:

Now when we got the wheel back on Away we went again But them that had their noses broke They went back ower hyem Some went to the dispensary And some to Doctor Gibbses And some to the infirmary To mend their broken ribses Refr.: We flew across the Tyne Bridge

And came to Blaydon Toon
The barman he was calling then
They called him Jackie Broon
I saw him talking to some chaps
And them he was persuadin'
To gan and see Geordie Ridley's show
At the Mechanics' Hall in Blaydon

Refr.:

Now when we got to Paradise
There were bonny games begun
There were four and twenty on the bus
And how we danced and sung
They called on me to sing a song
So I sang 'em 'Paddy Fagan'
I danced a jig and I swung me twig
The day I went to Blaydon

Refr.:

The rain it poured down all the day
And made the ground quite muddy
Coffee Johnny had a white hat on
Shouted 'Wee stole the cuddy?'
There were spice stalls and monkey shows
And old wives selling ciders
And the chap on the ha'penny roundabout
Saying 'Any more lads for riders?'

Refr.: