

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Bleckell Murrymeet (Merry Night)

The Bleckell Murrymeet (Merry Night)
(Robert Anderson)

Aa, Lad! sec a murry neet we've had at Bleckell,
The soun' o' the fiddle yet rings in mey ear;
Aw reet clipt and heel'd were the lads and the lasses,
An monie a cliver lish hussy was theer;
The bettermer swort sat snug in the parlour,
I'th' pantry the sweet hearters cutter'd sae soft;
The dancers they kickt up a stour i' the kitchen;
At lanter the card-lakers sat i' the loft.

The clogger o' Dawston's a famish top hero,
He bangs aw the player fwok twenty to yen;
He stampt wid his fit, an he shoutet an roystert,
Till the sweet it ran off at. his varra chin en:
He held up ae han leyke the spout of a teapot
An danc'd "cross the buckle" an "ledder te spatch"
When they cried "Bonny Bell" he lap up to the ceilin,
An aye snapt his thouns fer a bit ov a fratch.

The Hivverby lads at fair drinkin are seypers;
At cockin the Dawstoners niver were bet;
The Buckabank chaps are reet famish sweet hearters,
Their kisses just sound leyke the sneck ov a yeat;
The lasses ov Bleckell are sae monie angels;
(this line would appear to be missing in this rendition)
God help the peer fellow that gleymes at them dancin,
He'll slink away heartless as suir as a gun!

The 'bacco was strang an the yell it was lythey,
An monie a yen bottom! a whart leyke a kurn;
Daft Fred i' the nuik, leyke a hawf-rwoasted deevil,
Telt sly smutty stworie, an meade them aw gurn;
Then yen sang "Tom Linton" anudder "Dick Walters"
The aul farmers bragg'd o' their fillies an fwoals,
Wi' jeybin an jwokin, an hotchin, an laughin,
Till some thowt it teyme to set off to the cwoals.

But hod! I forgat-when the clock strack eleebem,
The dubbler was brong in wi wheyte breed an brown;
The gully was sharp, the girt cheese was a topper,
An lumps big as lapsteans the lads gobbl'd down:
Ay the douse dapper lanleady cried "Eat and welcome,

T' God's neame step forret; nay dunnet be bleate!"
Our guts aw weel pang'd we buckt up fer Blin Jenny,
An neest pay'd the shot on a girt pewter plate.

Now full to the thropple wi' heed warks an heart aches
Some crap to the clock-kease instead o' the duir;
Then sleepin an snworin tuik pleace o' their rwoarin;
An teane abuin tudder e'en laid on the fluir.
The last o' December, lang may we remember,
At five o' the mworn, eighteen hundred an twee;
Here's health an success to the brave Jwohnnny Dawston,
An monie sec meetings may we leeve to see.

Theme: The murryneet (merry night) has long been a feature of Cumbrian and social life and the song tells what happened (and still happens) at such an event (Blackwell or Bleckell is part of Carlisle).

Tune: Appears on the same sheet as Barbary Bell (song 3) in the Broadwood collection. Written down in 1907. Andersen's works only put the words to 'a popular tune'.

JiB
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