

Morpeth Drovers

(Words by Graham Stacy from information supplied by Janet Brown
Tune by Billy Pigg – The Old Drove Road)

On Wednesday morn it's Market Day in canny Morpeth Toon
Since eleven ninety-nine when King John's Charter set it doon
When the sides are filled with Cheviots and the hardy Leicester Cross
And the shorthorns stand in huddles from the bridge to Market Cross

Chorus

*O the fat cattle, fine cattle, plodding oe'r the brae
South from Wooler over Rimside Moor for Morpeth Market Day
In the tavern yards, doon Bridge Street's length, the pens run aal the way
And the drovers stand and sup their beor on Morpeth Market Day.*

Now William Moore would drive his uncle's sheep upon the right
Doon the North Road past the Beeswing – once a sheep strayed oot o sight
Doon the alley William followed, till a wife with aim sae deft
Hoyed her slops upon his heed – thenceforth he drove them on the left.

Chorus

East from Cumberland past Donkinrigg for Morpeth Market Day

Wor William lost a coo and foond it climbing up the stair
Te a bedroom where it settled doon and vexed the hoosewife sair
When she claimed for compensation the judge said, "The fault's wi you!
For an open door's an open invityation te a coo!"

Chorus

Cross the River Tweed at Coldstream Toon for Morpeth Market Day

At market's end to Roxburghshire the drovers must return
Riding northward through the darkness leaping mony a sike and born
With their money earned already spent, they heed the jobbers' lore
"Let us eat well, drink well, ride hard and die poor"

Chorus

Through the Cheviot Hills past Alwinton for Morpeth Market Day