

## MORPETH LODGINGS

(*Marshall Cresswell of Dudley Colliery*)

Aw cam oot fra the yellhouse, an' lost byeth frinds an' feet,  
An' knew'd nowt till a boy i' bloo picked me up i' the street ;  
But for the help he gov us a bit papor browt te say,  
He wad meet me at the Moot-hall Coort upon a sartin day.

'Twas then aw thowt O' Morpeth  
Wi' ne idea O' Morpeth ;  
Aw nivvor fancied Morpeth,  
Nor a fortneet's wark for nowt.

Aw went just 'caws aw cuddint help't, was tell'd aw had te pay  
A fine O' one pund two an' ten, but diddint knew the way ;  
What for bicaws? aw haddint it, when te maw greet amaze,  
They paid me fare te Morpeth, and me fare for fowerteen days.

Begims ! aw thowt o' Morpeth.  
Wi' ne idea O' Morpeth ;  
Aw nivvor fancied Morpeth,  
Nor a fortneet's wark for nowt.

They sowt us oot a change o' claes, se kind like is thor way,  
Tiv a.' the guests they there invite is lent a suit o' grey,  
Wiv a pair o' handsem stockins ov a' cullors, black te white,  
One shoe a half a mile over lang, an' the tuthor full as tite.

Oh dear, aw think o' Morpeth,  
Wi' ne idea o' Morpeth ;  
Aw nivvor fancied Morpeth,  
Nor a fortneet's wark for nowt.