



## *A Ride on the Swing Bridge*

Frae Low Fell two cheps cam to Newcassel.  
At the bridge stopp'd te l'yuek at the Tyne,  
Bein that much t'yen up biv a vessel,  
They neer heeded the chap wi' the chine.

The Buzzors had gien three warnin's,  
For all te keep oot o' the way;  
An' the "Swing" wis set fairly at tornin',  
Or the culis onny notish wad pay.

"Syekes alive! man" whey Geordie see that noo,  
"The bridge aw declare's gannin roond;  
Wor geuses ar keuked and that's flat noo,  
There's a chance of us byyeth being droond."

"Yor mistak'yekin," says Geordie Hoosiver  
"As they b'yeth made their away te the side;  
It's the Quay that's afloat doon the rivvor,  
An wor left in the ;urch bi the tide."

The rivvor hes lowsen'd its bearin's  
An' drifted the shiops frae thor borth;  
Newcassell 'ill get seek a clearinee!  
But we're a'yef, for wor plan'd te the orth.

Sum cheps sailin' doon iv a hopper,  
Shoots te them, "hey! mates de ye knaw,  
If yon chep in the box cannot stop her,  
Ye'll be a'yef te gan reet doon below."

Bi, this time the Birdge had got strightened,  
An b'yeth on them m'yed te the shore;  
"By gum noo," ses they "we were frightened,  
We'll Swingy Bridge, never ne more