

SWALEDALE.

Written, Composed, and Sung
by C. CALVERT.

- 1 A word upon Swaledale I'd just like to say,
'Tis a beautiful place on a fine summer's day,
It's the loveliest place we've got in the shire,
And of its sweet comforts I never shall tire.

Chorus—

- Beautiful Swaledale, the Land of Rest,
Beautiful Swaledale I love it the best ;
For the land it is set in a cultivate style,
The extension of Swaledale is twenty long mile.
- 2 Now just let us walk from the bottom to top,
There is not a place but there's some pleasant spot,
For as I walk through it, as far as I see
It pictures the garden of Eden to me.
- 3 Let's just start at Reeth with its shops decked so nice,
With its draperies, groceries, sweetmeats and spice ;
Tho' my honest convictions I'll speak out aloud,
I think that the people are rather too proud.
- 4 We next come to Healaugh, this place out of all
That looks after things that are trifling and small ;
But a nicer little village could never be found,
If you looked for a twelvemonth all Yorkshire around.
- 5 Then Low Row and Feetham we view as we stand,
Two of the best places we've got in the land,
Of its Lads all so cheerful its Lasses so gay,
I could rhyme with delight for a long a summer's day.
- 6 The men they are honest, good natured and kind,
The Lasses are as cheerful as any you'd find,
For if you are hungry and want a good Tea,
They'll here entertain you both kindly and free.
- 7 We next come to Gunnerside down in the gill,
Where rises up proudly the Great big cow hill,
They loose nothing up there for the want of a look,
And they'd tell you a tale that would fill a big book.
- 8 They think none like themselves, I've heard people say,
And for their wicked offences their Bridge gets washed
away,
But to speak of them thus I think it very wrong,
For the people are honest with principles strong,
- 9 Then Muker and Thwaite comes into our view
Two old ancient places it is very true,
They're nearly all farmers so I have been told
And in the Hawes Bank they've got silver and gold.

- 10 Their whole conversation is on Cattle and Sheep
And which way is cheapest their horses to keep,
You can scarce see their noses for whiskers and hair,
And to smoke twist tobacco they often repair,
- 11 Then there's Angram and Thorns and on to the Keld
When there is a dance so strictly upheld,
They are what I call a very marvellous lot,
And they'll play you nearly owt if they haven't forgot.
- 12 Then there's Bridge End and Stonesdale and up to Tan
Hill
Who daily our ranges with fire doth fill,
Up their with their levels, their shafts, and their holes,
They supply our sweet dale with abundance of coals.
- 13 Tan Hill is the Top, but on every mile
Is kept in good order and right proper style,
For good cultivation, good cattle, good sheep,
There's not a place round us that with us can keep.
- 14 And our men in their habits that are sober and true,
Of heavy beer drinkers we've got but a few,
For the Temperance workers have joined hand in hand
To fight with that monster that ruins the land.
- 15 So all ye brave dalesmen that love to drink beer,
If any this short bit of Rhyme chance to hear,
Give up the bad practice, from liquor refrain,
And pledge yourselves never to take it again.
- 16 Without any scruples just give your consent
And of this good action you'll never repent,
For our dale tho' 'tis good 'twould be far better still
If to drink no more liquor we'd all have a will.
- 17 Like brothers and sisters together unite
To fight for our country, our God and the right,
Then our small little dale whatever befall,
Will be loved and respected by God and by all.
- 18 I now hope that Swaledale, her farms and her mines
Will truly revive with the signs of our times,
And as long as I hear the sweet sound of the Swale,
It shall have my best wishes this lovely Old Dale.

