



The Berwick Song

Oh Berwick for me,  
Oh Berwick for me,  
Sits like a jewel down by the sea,  
The pride o' the North,  
So ancient and braw,  
Frae the Tyne to the Tweed the best of them all.  
Now Berwick's tradition is ancient and long,  
Come sit you a while and I'll sing you my song,  
Every Bounds Day when it comes around,  
It's up on horseback and Riding the Bounds.

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Sits like a jewel down by the sea,  
The pride o' the North,  
So ancient and braw,  
Frae the Tyne to the Tweed the best of them all.  
To see all the horses, a sight so grand,  
The oldest borough riding in all border land,  
It's up to Lamberton,  
And Cauty's Way, and back to the town,  
With a Hip-Hip-Hooray!

Oh Berwick for me,  
Oh Berwick for me,  
Sits like a jewel down by the sea,  
The pride o' the North,  
So ancient and braw,  
Frae the Tyne to the Tweed the best of them all. Oh Berwick for me,  
Sits like a jewel down by the sea,  
The pride o' the North,  
So ancient and braw,  
Frae the Tyne to the Tweed the best of them all.