

The Swan in Main Street Addingham

*Here in the main street, Addingham ,
Where all of life is seen.
Looking through our back window,
To a lovely Dickens scene.
Snow clings to the roof tops, and the windows
from the past, look over Beamsley Beacon which
is all dressed up in frost.
The Beck flows past the houses, while the ducks
sit on the sides
And the walkers stop to have a look before they
take their strides.
As we go along the High Street, not much further
on.
Our local pub stands proud and fine and aptly
named the Swan,
Its' ancient walls could tell some tales, of workers
struggles, farms and dales.
The resident ghosts are not deterred, by crowded
rooms and moving chairs.
They make appearance now and then, that black
dog, old woman and horsemen!*

*The punters come from far and wide, from many
different types of lives*

Some rich, some poor, some to endure!

*They come to taste the special ales, all brewed
around the Yorkshire Dales.*

*We meet some special people there before the
night is through,*

*They discuss all matters intellectual, like the
“Taming of the Shrew”*

*There is one particular, clever man an artist of
acclaim,*

*He brings his wit and repartee and has an
unusual name,*

*I just call him Peter though, an architect by skill
He tells a story so sublime that everyone stands
still.*

*There is always nourishment for the mind when
visiting the pub*

*Discussing life, its’ comedies while eating lovely
grub,*

*Crumpets on a Sunday eve sitting around a fire
Talking about remediation that we should all
aspire.*

*Dogs are welcome pets in here, nobody is banned,
The Inn keeper is always there to offer you a hand
A lovely place is Addingham, somewhere nice to
stay, if you’re ever in the vicinity, then you should
come this way.*