

Said owd Jem o' Tooters, to young Nan o' Rooters,
 " Aw'm fain 'at Aw've met thi today,
 Mi shyness Aw'm sheddin', its thee Aw'd bi weddin',
 Neaw say, wilta ha' mi or nay? "

" Tha'd noan want for owt, tha'd bi t' prattiest i' t'
 fowt,

Tha'd mak mi a ~~pare~~ stockin'-mender,

Tha'rt a ferrant young lass, Aw'd bi happy bith Mass,
 If tha'd ceawer deawn wi' me, near th' owd fender."

" Though a lump o'er fifty, tha'll find 'at Aw'm thrifty,
 Aw dunnot waste brass suppin' ale,
 There^{mote} ~~is~~ bi another, ~~but~~ that shouldna bother,
 It's fust coom 'at's fust sarved, bi my tale."

" Aw've long bin away, nobbut geet whom today,
 But Aw wanted to ax thi, fust thing,
 So coom, dunnot tarry, say it's me 'at tha'll marry,
 Then Aw'll buy thi a bonny gowd ring. "

Said young Nan o' Rooters, to owd Jem o' Tooters,
 " Tha hasna th' wit tha were born wi',
 Tha'rt more fit for deein', nor weddin' an' spreein',
 If tha were t' last mon on earth, Aw'd ne'er gorm thi."

" Tha'rt as owd as gronfayther, tha'd ne'er rock a kayther,
 That³ weel past thi ^{prime} best, an' thi ^{best} prime,
 Tha'rt weyk i' thi noddle, tha's hard wark to toddle,
 Tha'll ne'er coax a hen to thy nest."

" Tha speyke like a foo, tha should goo back to skoo,
 Thi eggs to t' wrang market, tha's carted,
 Tha prates like a preycher, but ~~here~~'s summat to teych
 yo' ,
 Aw geet wed last week, tha's bin thwarted. "

Harvey Kishaw