

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<sup>mote</sup> ~~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,  
 Thart weel past thi <sup>prime</sup> ~~best~~, an' thi <sup>best</sup> ~~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*