

Aw've heard some rare buzzes, but th' capper ov o  
Wur tow'd t'other metz bi Owl Dwyngold Joe!  
He's knocked up an' deawn if this world's a good bit;  
An' ova a fair share o' boath knowledge an' wit;  
Wherever he sprung fro' aw'm sure aw born'd tell.  
But then—he looks middlin' weel after hissel.  
He's travelled thru' Britain, an' crossed th' ocean tide—  
A bawl "Jack ov o trades," an' summat beside.  
He'll tawk abeaut' owt, for his tongue's varna gib,  
An' thinks nowt o' tellin' a fib or a fib.  
He spins lots o' yarna abeaut' some forgn poart,  
Wheer he met w' perl, adventure, an' spoorat.  
As a sower, a sailor, a miler, a sweep,  
An' o' scorts beside, he's bin o'er land an' deep;  
Thro' battle an' shipwreck, an' desert, an' snow—  
Ther's nobry gone thro' hawf aw'match as Owl Joe!  
Ther's nobbit his tale for't, his hearers, i' deawt,  
Hew thowt long enuf he wur ratchin' id eawt.  
For he's coed at an alehouse, among a rough set  
"At's bin treatin' him weel, so whenever they met;  
Hib throat's varna dry—o thro' th' hot forum parts!—  
An' he's been teed id deawn, boath i' cheep pants an' quarts,  
But his "hawf" t'other neet, for a hawf-gallon prize,  
Sest odd uns a propa, an' rollin' her eyes.  
An' some o' his heroes fat crissid to th' floor  
Thro' t' laffin' as followed—ther ribs wur thad soor.  
But he's ratched id too far, an' they vr' sed wod they  
mean,

They'll never believe wod he tells 'em agone.  
He may hawf brave to defend England's cause,  
He may hawf trod deserts, an' faced Arctic snows;  
But o' are agreed, th' sun i' th' breet Eastern sky,  
Wur never as hot as Owl Joe's champion lie!

Jem Dobbler, who coes at thad alehouse sometimes,  
I' gam, thinks a lib coayants as t' leest ov o crimes,  
An' he sees, just for fun, to sorence his own mate,  
He's tow'd oceans o' lies—but then that's on t' quate.  
He coed t'other neet, i' rare form for a sup.  
An' his pint went at one when he lifted it up;  
Then he coed for another reight off, an' Owl Joe  
Sed, "Jem, th' likes ale, tha's a tub fort' an' o!"  
"O, aye!" Dobbler ansord, an' looked rayther sly,  
"It's th' hot forum climates 'ats med me so dry!"  
In th' landlord coom, bringin' a full frothy pot  
For Jem, an' a trayful o' orders for th' lot.  
An' when he'd done t' reawnd, an' wod paid for 'em o,  
He looked fast at Dobbler an' then at Owl Joe,  
Then he said rayther slow, "Aw' cud just like to test  
Yo' two, to see which on yo' ratches t' truth best;  
Yo' booth good hands at id, yo' boath middlin' dry,  
An' hev hawf a gallon as tell t' biggest lie!"  
"Agreed on t'!" sed Jem, "if Owl Joe ull stert fast."  
But Joe wodn't hev it, so they guessed, an' Jem lost.  
A big sup he took an' swiped off o' his ale,  
An' then he set to wih his terrible tale.

A big factory chimby wur eawt o' repair,  
An' id look wur so shaky, at nobry wod dare  
Go up to it, for fear th' upper hawf on 't wod drop.  
But he just managed nice to ged landed on th' top,  
An' that wur i' th' teeth ov a Nor'-Wester gale;  
He wur flown up aboon, snugly seated on th' tail  
Ov a varra big kite 'at med theawsands stare,  
An' he soon put to reights wod wur eawt o' repair.  
"Hew daud ta come deawn? he wur axed, and replied,  
"Aw geet howd o' th' kite-streng, an' slorred deawn th'  
inside!"

Owd Joe heared his tale an' then sed wi' a grin.  
"Heigh landlord! Go, fetch me thad hawf gallon in,"  
An' straight off th' stick end he wen' wi' a rare tale  
As med everyone gape, an' Jem Dobbler turn pale.

"Ther wur Turnut, owd Swiller, Jack Drawer an' me,  
Agreed on't one summer to hev a good spre,  
We meant to be reight for a rare gradely day,  
An' so we saved up for a long month or two.  
Jack Drawer kept th' money, an' stuck to id fast,  
Til th' holidays coom, an' eawr waiting wur past,  
But when we axed Drawer for th' savings, bi th' mass!  
He'd left his owd waistcoat deawn i' pit, wi' th' mass!  
*Brass!*

We need him for o' scorts,—that gred gawmless foo;  
For th' coy-pit is still stony an' we wor in a stew.  
Eawr brass wur bello' t' engine fires wur put eawt,  
But we wanted some monies, we didn't do beawt!  
Hew to god id wurt' question, a puzled eawr wit,  
Then set to owd Swiller, "Tha wants brass aw know,  
An' if Drawer ull guide thee, tha'll comfort us o' t' wod.  
"Wod w'l?" Swiller axed, just like suntry weel hit,  
"Aw've planned 'id," aw sed, "to ged thee deawn i' th'  
pit.

An' bring thee back too, o reight, safe, an' seawnd,  
Wi' th' brass i' thad waistcoat up here on th' hard  
greawnd."

Booth Turnut an' Drawer axed me if aw'd show  
Em' mi plan to ged Swiller i' safety below;  
So aw sed "If yo'll nootis, he's bald as a nor,  
An' a good leather sucker weel fixed on't weend stor  
Ged plenty o' streng an' he'll stick like a stool!"

An' deawn he'd to goon, tho' he giv' mony a groan.  
He browt us boath waistcoat an' money, for sure,  
An' soon after thad he'd a fine heyd o' ure,  
For he'd stuck fast for a while yo' mun know,  
Till we pood hi' hald creawn off, an' med his ure grow.  
Aw' haff as yo' wih, chaps! The Dobbler, start too,  
But aw'll swear every word as aw've tow'd yo is true!

He geet his hawf gallon, an' put id away,  
But he gets coed a champion up to this da.  
Aw've tow'd yo' tale, but to lick id down dr,  
For Joe's gotten th' medal for th' champion lie!

JACK O' ANN'S

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

## A DEAD MON'S KESMAS GOOSE.

T'wur Kesmas Eve, an' t' wind blew cowd over  
landscape white wi' snow,  
As Spinner Dick strode tort his humble est i'  
Grasper's Row.  
Te place he worked at wur brooken deawn, an'  
ned bin so awhile,  
So th' cawdlook wor ther Kesmas wodind be i'  
classy style;  
He've grand stuff displayed for sale, but wi' a  
sackless grin,  
He thowt "Eawr Kesmas foest ull be some  
prates in a tin!"  
An' tringin' on, he reyched his noseam, then  
popped siy reawnd t' speal,  
Wur ta'en aback to see his wife set sobbin' in her  
chear.  
"Wodeser's wrong neaw, lass?" he axed. "Be  
calm, dord frist like thad,  
For Kesmas is a time when everybody shud be  
glad.  
So cheer up, do; let cares a-be, an' rest thicel  
content—" *etc.*  
How stopt him wi' "Hew con aw, when Owl  
Grasper wants his rent.  
Tha's been payin' five week neaw to t' bad, an' a  
chao's coed to say  
He'll grot no moar credit—we mun' asther  
dit or par!"  
"Oh, that's his usual kindness," Dick remarked,  
"to foost I' need;  
But then he's gone near off his dot sin' 'Keeful  
Jerry' dead!"  
Then Dick war pleased to see th' effect thad  
reference med o' th' wife,  
For brookin' up, hoo chuckled, "Aye, 'twur th'  
t' wod on his life!  
Owd Jerry war a smart un—the wur on he was hekced  
in t' foot!"  
"Aw know i'?" war Dick's cool anser—  
but keen  
Grasper catched id wost.  
Aw heard as Jerry owed Moll Flop some lodgin'  
brass an' o.  
When Grasper o'er smart Jerry's bank account  
lost gest to know;  
Then Jerry war ta'en in a cab, when Grasper had  
a look.  
At th' figures to t' mon's credit, written in his  
scribbled book,  
He kept him, geet him doctored, an' for Jerry  
dud his best  
For tooty month, till Jerry pined away, an'  
sunk to rest.  
An' book war left to Grasper, i' reward for th'  
good he'd done,  
But after t' funeral, as tha knows, ther fairly wor  
some fun,  
For Grasper want to th' Bank wi' t' book, feelin'  
tha' he'd n'nt get it.  
But losid a corny pictur as he sadly strode away,  
Cose th' hundred odd pownd, written deawn,  
war one o' Jerry's tricks,  
An' Grasper hed to be content wi' geddin' three  
an' six!  
For weeks at th' after Grasper's ways wur like  
them o' th' chumps,  
An' foak declared he grus' his teeth till five war  
worn to stumps!"  
"Aw know, Dick," th' wife, impatient, sed, "an'  
t' t' wod served him right."  
But tell me, certa plan a way to ged eawr rent,  
book straight?  
Thad med Dick scrat his heyd a bit, as he leynd  
back i' th' nook,  
Then low he spoke, "Aw think aw cud, if aw cud  
raise a smook,  
Aw've hed no bacco for two days." At thad his  
good owl lass,  
Sed "Hey, th' little comfort in a hoam 'at's  
short o' brass,  
So hev' you t' price ov hawf an' eawnce, if  
tha'd I' stit thi wif;  
Neaw, god' hed to fetch, an' dornd be long—aw'll  
tidy up a bit."  
Away Dick set, an' heard a driver sheawtin'  
to his horse,  
"Gee um, aw'll mek thee stor" on t' snowy road  
he hed to cross,  
But when he geet to t' corner shop, an' t' hacco  
hed bin bowt,  
Now we see—but summat wur i' th' roondway,  
he hev t' towt,  
An' goin' to t' be see a bundle an' a smifin'  
dog,  
Which went off sudden thro' a lift fro' t' spinner's  
swingin' clog.

He picked thad bundle eawt o' t' snow, an' hoam  
wi' t' went on f' run.  
Then brastin' into th' house sed, "Sitho, pol  
la, we'll have fun!"  
He opened it, twar a fat goose, lapped up, an'  
nisey dress,  
An' a blue envelope wur fastened loely on id  
breast.  
Dick tore id off, an' fun a short noope in', which  
plainly read,  
"Look at the giblets right away—and then feel  
comforted."  
His wife sed "Dick, wod does thad mean?" but  
Dick hed th' skewer soon eawt,  
An' inside the goose he fun wed med him  
dance about.  
Ther war no giblets, but astid, two sorrunz brast  
wur ther.  
Lapt in a paper wi' t' words on, "Enjoy your  
Christmas cheer."  
Then he glanced wond'ringly at him, as strange  
he looked at hor,  
For t' questions war, "Wheer wur id fro?" an'  
"who war t' present for?"  
Thad wod puzzled boath, till Dick at last  
dropt on a clue,  
For onto t' package wur a scrawl, "For Jeremiah  
Froze."  
An' murmurin' "Thad war Jerry's name—but he's  
laid cowd i' peace;  
It's ears, owd lass, cose dead foak hev no use  
for Kesmas geese!"  
• • •  
Thad goose a rare good dinner med, an' id war  
relished weel.  
For nather i' ther lives hed shared a tastier,  
happier meal.  
They'd boath a tip-top tay an' o, an' a glad  
Kesmas neet.  
An' Dick puffed gaily at his pipe, i' th' fireside's  
light,  
Th' day followin', owd Grasper smiled at th' rent  
arrears paid up,  
An' actually axed Dick if he a Kesmas glass cup?  
Then t' news flashed, th' place war startin' which  
hed idle bin so long,  
Which med Dick's wife so happy how begud to  
be.  
An' Dick an' t' wife will hev't—o contradictions  
are no use—  
As ther luck took a turn when Dick fun th' dead  
mon's Kesmas goose.

"JACK O' ANN'S."

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

[ORIGINAL.]

### A FISHIN' MATCH.

Deawn you at th' "Jolly Waggoner,"  
A merry hearted set  
O' fellas camped up in kitchen theer,  
An' they was all they met.  
As mousa o' th' int war fishermen,  
They supp' an' often fratch'd  
Abawat o' th' big monstrosities  
Whic'h they while fishin' catched.  
Bill Grubbin swoar he'd nabbed a pike  
Which weighed about two scowr;  
An' he was aint to say two we  
Two feet six long an' moar.  
Ned Pincher too had hooked a perch  
Which bumped two pswnd on th' scale,  
An' "Nobbler" bragged o'er th' Champion Chub  
Toot fat to wag id tail.  
They tood their buzzes plump an' plain,  
Right off without a blash.  
An' offered odds they'd prove 'em too  
Whenever brass wur flush.  
But th' wisest o' them heers smile.  
While odd uns heave a sigh.  
Cose fishermen are qualifid  
To tell a grandy lie.  
One meet ther was a bonny buzz  
Among thad kitchen crew,  
"Cose t' landlord sed, "Bigun, we'll have  
A champion fishin' do.  
Aw'll start yo off wi' thirty bob  
Tort a "Cut" anglin' sweep,  
For th' reputation o' this heave  
O' mina aw meed to keep."  
Hewt moar add his clinkin' brass  
On th' table top he put.  
"Here, make a good do out, an' let  
Id come off soon i' th' "Cut."  
If them who enter pay a bcb  
Apies to this, ther'll be  
Enough to met th' fast prizemon sing,  
"Dutch, 'yu-lar-tee."  
To join that sweep they o' agreed,  
An' th' entrance brass wur paid.  
Then preparations for th' event.  
Wur met, while bettan' awayed,  
Fos' "Little Pee" wur th' favourite—  
He'd won a prize or two,  
But "Nobbler" took his place, an' sed  
"Aw'll let 'em know who's who!"  
Then Jerry Blank i' bettin' coom  
But th' odds waz razz thong,  
Ned Pincher i' war lacked to win,  
Cose he'd bait extra strong.  
Bill Grubbin's swoar he'd tick 'em o,  
"Cose he'd some tackle fine,  
Then chuckled, "Wey, you gut aw hev's  
Tough as a railway line."  
Arrangements for thad match war med,  
An' th' rules war drawn up reight;  
At th' after that excitement rosease  
To welly lover height.  
Till th' afternoon o' th' match arrived  
An' then ther war som fun.  
For lots o' funny things occurred  
Alloar that sweep waz won.  
Ther'd be tot forty fisherman  
O' keen, an' warra wise,  
Determined to try n' they knew  
To win thad champion prize.  
They'd rods an' lines, paste, grubs an' worms,  
Wi' grawnd ba to chuk in,  
An', when they'd drawn for places, hev  
Th' owd staggers give a grin.  
Hey me, o'er th' weight they meant to catch  
Some wild remarks war med,  
An' lots o' th' language war red hot,  
Whic'h on th' Cut bank war sed,  
Oid spooratin' swells war makin' bets,  
To th' tune o' mony a crowan.  
For every mon's intentions ther  
Wur tekkin' tothers drawu.  
Joe Shaffer war too drunk to fish,  
So sent his youngster Tom,  
Who payed up th' bank to find his peg  
Wi' looks so sad an' glum.  
He'd ne'er fished in a match afoor,  
An' shaped just like a foa.  
But when he hearded that signal, "Start,"  
His line o' th' Cut he threw.

For hawf an' heawf thad warld a bite,  
Then Jerry Blank sed, "Ncaw  
Aye hav a poppin' on, an' soon  
Aye go to it wi' somdraw."

His float had wippled ev'ry o' seat  
"Iwar surely smmat big.  
To tek id down ter th' top like that;  
Pook whisperd, "It's a snig."

A crewd o' chirs snatched quately up,  
On an' on id went, waz real high.  
An' moun'ed wi' a mean an' real high  
O' Jerry's wet moulted catch.

Wt' sander wen some fisherman  
Looked on, withersaw a saward,  
Till th' catch war landed, then id proved  
A kirlin', lately drawned.

"Height, put a dead enysse o' th' hook,  
The line was catched, waz real high.  
Wur sheawtred, Jerry mad as over,  
Roared, "Nay, it's thee 'at's th' flat."  
Then "Nobbler" clutch'd his rod an' snap.  
"Aw'm beawn to weigh this in."  
But when he geet his prize to th' top  
Id war a roostin' tin.

Ned Pincher laugherd, an' chuck'd his skits  
A beastly latrine tree.  
An' murmur'd, "Chape, as sure as death  
Thad first prize is for me."  
"Hello, a bite; a curl o' th' wrist  
Is o' thad wriggle needs;"  
He struck, but o' he landed war  
A strong o' brokken weeds.

Has' time passed o'er, yet nod a fish  
Then forty-mad had catchad.  
Ther' o'er wed wondrous bait thaz bed  
A deal o' anglers fratch'd.  
As time went on, some faces ther  
Wur pitiful to see.  
As topin to 'others snap, "Aw'll bet  
Aw catch as mitch as theo."

Thad lad o' Shaffer's quately seawerd  
Among thad booshin set;  
He bathered little o'er his rod,  
Bz smocked a cigarette,  
An' just aboor match time wur up  
A great surprise he get,  
For lookin' into th' Cut, his float  
Had vanished ev'ry scat.

He griped his rod, an' give a jerk,  
Then whizz! heigh up i' th' air  
Went th' line wi' summatt wick on th' end.  
Thad seen met wachers stare.  
Id war a tiny gudzen, Tum  
I' gloe grip't th' lively form.  
An' sed, "Well, aw'll be hanged if its  
As heavy as a worm."

Then t' whistle blow for packin' up,  
Thad gudgeon hed won th' sweep.  
An' it's way some on 'em carried on  
Wad meek one's narrow creep.  
Bi ones an' two's, they o' sneaked off  
Disgusted as ebd be,  
An' moar than one among 'em went  
To hev a fortight's spree.

\* \* \* \* \*

The hand bin mitch braggin' sin  
Among thad fishin' crew  
For t' chaff they geet thro' bein' ticken  
Med odd uns rayther blaz.  
Bi ones an' two's, they o' sneaked off  
But a strong rumour's gooin' round  
(Mind yo dorod i' th' slip),  
As th' lot's a beawn to try agen  
For th' Fishin' Championship!

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT

[ORIGINAL.]

### A HAPPY AFTERNOON.

"A deal o' foak love scenery,  
Set in a sunny frame,  
So whether they be quiae or rough,  
Sick, weel, or rayther lame.  
An' when thers bees an' fleawers,  
An' t' scent o' hay on't breeze,  
Id meks worn workers long for re.  
I' th' shade o' leafy trees.  
Wod stor ther is when factories stop;  
At week-ends, as a rule,  
Sowers hurry off fro' steam an' stink  
To where its fresh an' cool.  
Bi bus or bike, or train or tram,  
They leav' teawn middlin' soon,  
An' ged i' th' countryside to spend  
A happy afternoon.  
Hey, wod a welcome change id is  
To rest o' posid greawnd  
An' watch t' bees as they blithely toil  
Mong t' blossoms growin' rawnd,  
While some sweet-throated thrush-sings  
Id trees  
An' active swallows twist an' glide  
Like feathers tost on't breeze.  
Its grand to peep i' th' crystal deeps  
O' watter runnin' clear,  
An' ged broet glints o' silvery fish  
At's gaily spoorin' ther.  
While new an' then wi' graceful spring  
A treat comes flashin' eavt  
As if to show he's speckled prince  
O' swimmers theorabawt.  
An' then revived wi' fragrant breeze  
Wheer Freedom's music trills,  
Eawr thows rise up to th' purple heights  
O' distant mist capt hills,  
An' wi' a smile he sed, "Mi lass,  
We find a way  
To some snug sheltered farm,  
Wheer we coug'ed a glorious sup  
O' new milk, fresh an' warm."  
So Teddy Shuttle tawked to t' wife  
As he bi th' dooryel seat,  
An' smocked his pipe contentedly  
One sultry summer neet.  
Then wi' a smile he sed, "Mi lass,  
Thi cheeks' as pale as t' moon,  
Let's bring some colour to't, an' hev  
A happy afternoon."  
An' ther an' then id war agreed  
They'd hev a nice hawf-day.  
When week-end coom, wi' t' family,  
Somewhere, tor' t' Ribble way.  
Worl'd boooth o' t' childer gradely fain  
When t' joyful news they geet,  
An' when they went to bed they tawked  
Abawat id hawf o' t' neet.  
When Ted geet hooom o' t' Setterda  
His wife hed th' dinner med,  
O th' heawse war cleyn, an' t' childer too.  
Thad fairly suited Ted.  
They geet ther meals i' little time,  
Then t' pots war sided off,  
An' hawf an' heawf at th' after he  
Wur swaggerin' like a toff.

They geet on't tram for t' Boulevard—  
Heaw t' youngsters liked ther ride,—  
As Ted's wife nossed her basket weel  
Which hed good stuff inside.

They landed, hook'd, an' geet i' th' train.  
As they passed th' tunnel end an' axed,

"Heigh, who snuffed th' dayleat eawt?"

Then into t' Langho loynes an' fields

Worl'd t' childer i' rare glee,  
Till little Billy sed as he'd

Bip bitten wi' a bee.

His hand war bludy stung, for sure.

But Ted soon stopped his din,  
Just as ther Janey bi a pit

O'erbalanced, an' fell in.

Ted took a jump a' browt her eawt

O' weet an' jibbed her stich.

An' th' hat his wife signet, "Wod a mess!"

Thad dudding master much,  
For Ted an' hor boooth cleyned t' child weel

Wi' grass, fro' hat to elbow.

Then hed sed chaffin', "This is

A happy afternoon!"

"It's reight enough," waz Ted's reply,

As he begun to run.

Abawat i' th' fields to dry hissel,

An' t' childer thowt id fun.

Till up a farmer's mongrel rushed,

An' wi' a vicious snap,

Tore hawf o' Ted's check breeches off;

He war surprised, poor chap!

But thad wordt t' wost. Just then a cry

O' mind thad bull' aroseae.

He looktd, "Wur mekkin' reight for him,

At th' seet his blood fair froze.

He bawled to i' wife, "Ged thro' thad gate

An' see yo po id to!"

Then up he sprung into a tree,

A hawf demented foo.

He clung to t' bough an' pent below,

His heart wi' sorrow full,

For at one side thad mongrel grinned,

At toother waited th' bull.

Then t' bull o' t' sudden tost thad dog

Quite clooase to wheer he war.

Id hanchend at him, then deawn thad tree

Ted took a sudden slor.

An' wi' a rush he topped thad gate

At t' bull into id crashed,

Then t' farmer coom an' sed he'd hev

To pay for wod war smashed!

Wod Ted's reply to t' farmer war

Aw'd tell yo if aw dos.

For th' dog war tangled up i' t' tree,

At t' bull i' th' woods geet lost.

Ted fun his wife mocaed dead than wick

A mile off, soun' ill.

"Them clumsy keaws aw'm sure hev killt

Eawr Jamey an' eawr Bill!"

Wi' bumpin' heart an' bated breath,

Ted heared a fearful shrike,

Then dashin' up he fun 'em stuck

Fast in nasty dyke!

When they geet to th' hooom thad neet,

T'wur dark, an' rather late,

For hood bin knocked deawn wi' a "bike!"

Worl'd o in a queer state.

Ted wend face willin' aeeoon

Sitch troubles, late or soon,

'Cose t' wife keeps sayin', "Hednud we

A happy afternoon!"

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT

By "Jack o' Ann's."

### A SICK MON'S FANCIES.

Floods o' sunleet beam thro' t' windo's,  
Breet'nin', cheerin' everything.  
While soft, warn, refreshin' breezes  
Welcome consolations bring.  
As i' th' lonesome armchair sittin'  
Bi' mi humble boomy heart,  
Aw ceawr wond'r in' o'er t' new beauty  
Scattered wide o'er t' fruitful earth.  
Thro' long wintry days aw've waited,  
Longin' for t' years prime to come,  
Hopeful aw shud feest mi vision  
With t' blithe bairns wi' hum.  
O' some scene o' floral splendour,  
While th' air passed me, scented sweet;  
Weer slow swavin' shimm'r'n bloom-sprays  
Blent th' shades at mi feet.  
Lonely dark mets broxt their dreamin's,  
On a glorious time to be,  
When fair Summer, fleavr'-bespangled,  
Euled i' calm serenity.  
When at hide an' seek 'mong t' foliage  
Sun-gleams flitted to an' fro,  
As frail blossoms—dainty swingin'—  
Viewed theirsels i' t' rills below.  
Lull'd am' comforted bi fancies,  
Fro' Imagination's store,  
Thro' t' long gloom o' starless midnights,  
Parsbun aw Life's burdens bore,  
While i' th' grip ov Age's ailments,  
Hopes revived; an' longin' grew,  
For that blessed Summer comin'  
Wi' broad skies o' cleawless blue.  
Then aw've quately lie an' hearken,  
Till aw throw as aw cud hear—  
T' song o' skylarks heigh aboon me,  
Grawin' feebly, monar clear.  
As they sang to cheer the praises  
Weer no mortal ean can see,  
Or dropt featin' deean' fro' cleawland  
Back to cheer humours.  
O' some vision! O' some lones'!  
Wod smart happiness an' mine,  
As aw fel mi pains diminish  
An' mi ean wi' gladness shine.  
Lookin' forrad hord to t' Future,  
Faith felt vigour i' mi veins,  
While Hope led me on thro' darkness  
To gay Summer's sunny plains!  
Often to a lonely sufferer  
Dreams can play a welcome part,  
Bringin' esse to soar afflictions—  
Soothin' t' mind or cheerin' t' heart.  
Tho' they come an' go like th' twinklin's  
Ov a star 'at's dimmed bi haze,  
Still they mirror monny a memry  
Linked bi love to happier days.  
Bless yo! I' mi midnicht journeys,  
While t' pale moon id beams far flung,  
Oft aw've lurked i' tangled woodlands,  
Weer sweet nightingale's hev sung.  
When ther lays lapsed into silence,  
Then to th' tinklin' o' sky streams  
Aw've bin soothed afresh to slumber  
Bi th' elf music heard i' dreams.

Lovely pictures! Glorious visions!  
Heave th' quately coom an' went,  
So lightn' so harmonious—  
O' wi' grace an' beauty blent.  
Scene, irod i' mi gowden Yewthtide,  
Fascinatin', grand, an' gay,  
Coom back to me, as familiar  
As if viewed but yesterday.  
Wot a comfortin' i' Sorrow,  
Blest Imagination giv'es;  
Slippin' in betimes to lessen  
Rackin' pains an' miseries.  
Surely, it's a gift o' Mercy,  
Sent to succour an' sustain,  
As we pray for help i' wayness—  
Sighin' for a pause i' pain.  
Tho' aw've nobbut travelled little  
Bi ship, motor, tram, or train,  
I' mi sicknesses aw've wandered  
Far an' wide o'er Earth's domain.  
An, as darin' Fancy's led me  
Heigh o'er mountain top an' sea,  
Aw've bin dazed wi' gorgeous rainbowed  
Screenin' s or Eternity.  
Hearts wod thro' strange sensations,  
Tremblin' like an aspen leaf,  
If a crop o' weeds bi fancies  
Cud be generat in a sheep.  
For souls, trustful, in a crisis—  
Waitin' t' co, for earth-farewell:  
O' Life's lone verge hord communion  
Wi' t' Great Crucified Hissel!  
Then Faith's star beams at id bretest,  
As back th' gowden gateway swings,  
Shuttin' to at th' "Ned yet" motion  
Med bi' Son o' U King o' Kings,  
Then o's blank to t' weary sufferer,  
Who unconscious, jingers on,  
Till he wakken to hear th' doctor  
Say, "There's hope—al dange'r's gone!"  
Then ther comes another struggle  
Varrin' i' foosan an' length,  
As poor crasturs, worn an' helpless,  
Fighter their way to Health an' strength.  
Dreamin's then are Nature's helpers,  
For storred fancies wander far,  
Back to bygones scenes an' pieces,  
Wheel Life's brightest memories are.  
Incidents we've long forgotten—  
Forms an' faces lost for years,  
Come to tell us life's wob livin',  
Tho' we've ed off wi' tears,  
Still we're guidin' wi' t' remembrance  
O' joys far too sweet to last.  
After, binds hearts closer  
Thro' t' clear images o' Past,  
So aw've been, lonely, thinkin',  
O' this mornin' breas i' Mai,  
Wond'rin' when shall be able  
Thro' familiar ways to stra?  
Shall aw e'er her t' luck to wonder  
Up bi' t' rugged "Cronshaw Chear"  
To behid t' wide-spronden beauty  
Shown i' th' mountid's glory ther?  
Shall aw e'er tryd th' slopes o' Pendle,  
Or bi' t' lovely Ribble side,  
Gaze o' th' variegated splendours  
Rewnd abeaut id, far an' wide?  
Weyrin' legends an' traditions  
In a littin' flow o' rhyme—  
Or be stuck i' th' chear, hawf crippled,  
O' thro' t' lovely Summer-time?  
Time an' physunce con but anser  
T' questions bubblin' fro' mi heart,  
Tho' mi longin' hev grown keener  
Thro' a gronchild's kindly part.  
For heo's browt me t' simple offerin'—  
That's what's set mi thowsit aglare,  
Ov a bunch o' Summer posies  
Gathered fro' a garden fair.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

### BILL BLEYCHER'S TRIP.

Some trippers, safe back hoom-aeon,  
Hoo Bi' had tales to tell,  
O'er wod they've sin an' heared while o'  
Bi' seaside, lake, or fell.  
For they've hed journeys long an' short  
At' med 'em pay or sad,  
As they've gone thro' experiences  
Ov o' soarts—good an' bad.  
Some' bin as lucky as can be,  
An' nowt ev' gone wrong.  
For ned a speck o' trouble's marred  
Their joye 'mong t' merry throng.  
While others hev dropt in for't reight,  
An' ned a single day  
Went by beaut summat happenin'  
To Bill 'em wi' dismay.  
Bill Bleycher med a mess on'reight  
Thar' promisin' his wife,  
As hoo shud her, at th' holidays,  
Th' best eastin' ov her life.  
A narbur o' theirs wroote an' geet  
"Em lodgin' up to t' mark,  
Them sattin' wod to t' caused Bill  
An' his wife some weary wark.  
Soon heo complained her cloosa wur far  
Too shabby to no them.  
"Coze narburs they wur rare to meet  
On t' promenade or pier.  
"An' if aw'm ned dressed fine as them  
They'll nobbut skit an' say,  
"Hood ha' done better if hood's stopt  
At hoome for th' holiday!"  
Bill studied for a while i' deawt,  
Then blurted east, "Neaw, lass,  
Tha knows as weel as me we're ned  
O'erflush wi' ready brass.  
We hev a bit i' th' bank, but thad  
Aw want to keep aside,  
So hang id, Alise, be sensible,  
Nod puffed up wi' pride!"  
"Pride! Is id pride that's gabbin' o'er!"  
Hoo snapt, wi' glintin' een:  
"Tha may go shabby if thy likes,  
Nod me, aw'm nean se green!  
Aw'll beither be like other took,  
Donned gradely—doesnt know?  
I' summat 'at's woth lookin' at,  
Or aw wern' go at o'!"  
Thad med him scrat his heyd a bit  
An' whistle low beside,  
He'd ha' to give in—thatd he knew—  
To met her satisfied.  
Fer till heo geet her way o'er wod  
Hoo heod to ween bi th' toam,  
Ther'd be no happiness i' life,  
Nor pleasure i' th' hoome.  
Still Bill wod act contrary-like,  
Till one day he sed, "Wot!  
Aw've studied things wi' Alise, an' think  
Thad better sort thid.  
An' when she's mention o' tha' needs  
To make a fancy show,  
Thall happen feel content an' hev  
Some thowt for me an' o'!"  
"Neaw, Bill, thar's shapin' some bit like,  
An' for nice t' thi life—  
A' ll give the credit tha's shown plain  
That some thowt for thi wife!"  
Then, laughin', he sed joakinly,  
"Stop that soft-scoopin', lass,  
For wives hev little credit give  
Beast wantin' ready brass!"

Lovely pictures! Glorious visions!  
Heave th' quately coom an' went,  
So lightn' so harmonious—  
O' wi' grace an' beauty blent.  
Scene, irod i' mi gowden Yewthtide,  
Fascinatin', grand, an' gay,  
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"JACK O' ANN'S."

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

### BLUNDERIN' BOB.

There's no explainin' why id is,  
Or heaw id comes abawt,  
Yet regular like id happens, as  
A fact beyond a doubt;  
Them folk who struggle to ged on,  
An' nut in o' them know,  
Are left behin' i' th' race bi chaps  
Who seldom try at o'.

Some study hard, an' try ther best,  
Bi next as wod as day;  
They allus sit id, yet somehow  
They never muk match haydaw.  
Cose grim misfortune dogs ther steps,  
An' lands 'em deep i' th' muck,  
It's then they snap, disgusted like,  
"Hey, gawness—jones for luck!"

So th' world goeson on fro' day to day,  
As trouble blends wi' gam,  
An' bizness tactics show haw lots  
Ged on, while others clam.  
Cose Fortune's Gowden Temple's perched  
Bi different windin' ways,  
An' them who miss th' reight road are  
blamed.

While winners ged o' t' praise,  
To some, life's like a garden fair,  
Wi' bloom at every side;  
To others, its a wilderness  
Where every joy's denied.  
Them t' moast deservin' off'ged th' leost,  
Thru' stern decree o' Fate,  
While odd uns, thro' a lucky slip,  
Goon clutterin' thro' t' gate.

O's nod ice cream an' ginger snap  
For them who bowdly try  
To ged fro' t' gloom o' Poverty,  
An' bid id wos "good-bye."  
Now, other efforts prove i' vain,  
An' they give up at th' job,  
Cos' ther nod fortune-favored, like  
Sitch chaps as "Blunderin' Bob."

Lots set themselves to do ther best,  
Yet regular miss ther mark;  
While others drop i' kindler shops  
Thro' keeless blunderin' work.  
They've no ambition to ram big,  
Nor lefty aim, nod they;  
But bi a whim o' Chance they ged  
A lift up, i' some way.

Then wot Bob's style; he never seemed  
To keen wod want or comon,  
An' i' thind simple heart on his  
For evry hid no room.  
He geet i' scrapes an' east aegon,  
Then on his way he went,  
As cheerful as a lark, as he  
Looked th' picture o' content.

Look bamin' wot nowt in his way;  
He never shone at skeet;  
An' t' master prophesied he'd sure  
Grow up to act th' Tum Foo.  
An' yet, ther thid wi' sharper wits  
Hi random ways wot delift,  
He managed to keep blunderin'  
Till good luck led him reight.

As he grew up, his simple ways  
Med cold took think him daft,  
An' thid they coed him out but nice,  
Bob at ther blamin' laughted.

An' wark an' play alike, twur t' same,  
When dodgers played ther tricks,  
Bob wot his lucky blunderin'  
Wod put 'em in a fix.

He'd join a raffle onny time  
For nowt but th' fun o' t' thing,  
An' "rickin'" win t' best prizes, then  
Look happy as a king.  
Or if a boss his fancy took—  
Th' eastsider in a race—  
He'd buck id, an' when t' race wur o'er  
Hev smiles all o'er his face  
Twur t' same when he put stake-brass deawn  
An' med a match at "buck."  
Id coom off, till his name becom  
A breword for "Good Luck."

Or if a pigeons-ly war on—  
An' fanciers geet to know  
Wot Bob's choice wor, they'd sharply say,  
"Aw'm backin' id, an' o'."

When practisin' on t' bawlin' green,  
He'd play bad an' end be,  
Then watchers—anxions o' "sweet things,"  
Wot howl, "Hugh, aw'll play thee!"  
Bis w' brass on Bob's blunderin'

Put th' game reight, past a deant;  
An' playin' i' too for billiard sharps,  
Wi' big "flakes" he'd run cawt!  
His lucky blund'rin' at his trade  
Put monay brass in his job,  
For t' gather sed, "Wi' o' his fawts,  
He's t' reight un for his job."

An' when thro' slackness he wot towd  
A bit he'd heft to play,  
He never looked worried; for he geet  
A fresh job reight away.

At hoom they'd monay a big surprise  
Which med 'em vexed or lain,  
An' one week-end he rushed like mad  
To catch a special train.

Then later, newslade thro' o' t' streets  
Bawled, "Awful Railroad Crash!"  
An' Bob's took learned that special train  
Wot splintered o' to smash!

Away to "mok inquiries,  
Grief-stricken, off they seat—  
Full o' anxiety for Bob—  
But no news o' him geet.  
Till later, when he turned up—safe,  
He'd little to explain,  
Cos' thro' some lucky blunderin'  
He'd missed th' ill-fated train.

When he geet mixed i' love affairs  
He went on but weel.  
For thro' odd blunders on his part  
Deep heart pangs he'd to feel.  
Still after o' he won a bride—  
Bi accident, it's sed—  
Tho' Bob declared id th' luckiest  
Mistake he'd ever med.

He'd sin a lass who catched his eye,  
And wot her swapt a smile;  
Hoy, sitch a bonny face hoy bed  
An' sitch a bonny style,  
But hoy wot basiful-timed, too,  
So trinnin' of hoy went.  
Then Bob, whid learnt her name wot "Spry,"  
A letter to her sent.

Hoewate, wot love-lorn softies write,  
An' finished wot a kiss,  
But Bob, addressin' th' envelope,  
Put "Mrs." an' nod "Miss."  
Her mama—a widow—read Bob's words,  
An' then—beavt' mitch ado,  
Hoo aured id, an' varra soon  
Hoo hed Bob trap—soo too!

Soin' after i' weddin', good news coom,  
Which circled gaily round:  
Bob's new wife's aunt hed dead an' lett  
Her tort six thousand peawnd.  
Then t' maybrys sed, "Bob's blunderin's  
Won fortune an' a wife."  
An' wot her weight j' gowd to him,  
An' neaw ther reight for life!"

"JACK O' ANN'S."

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

### [ORIGINAL.]

### BONNY BLUE EEN.

Come here, an' tha'rt peeark o' mi knee,  
Tha allus wur th' pride o' thi dad;  
Thi mother, too, thinks weel o' thee,  
An' coes thee her own darlin' lad,  
Tha'rt one o' t' best childer, hoo ses,  
At ever a woman dud wean,  
It's like her; hoo does nowt but praise  
Thi ways, an' thi bonny blue een.

Tha'rt nobbut a midget i' size,  
But then tha'rt rough, hearty, an' bowd;  
Wi' cheeks red as t' sun-crimsoned skies,  
An' yure just like crispins o' gowd.  
Thi feet patter blythe across t' floor,  
When tha plays wi' mates, o' serene;  
An' health leets his torches aw'm sure  
I th' leet o' thi bonny blue een.

Aw'm fain as tha'rt limber an' weel,  
Cose, when tha wur bedfast an' ill,  
Quite lonesome at heart aw'dud feel,  
An' th' heawse seemed so solemn an' still.  
Eawr thowts darker grew day bi day,  
Nod one ray ov hope cud we glean,  
For th' life-leet seemed flickerin' away,  
At shines fro' thi bonny blue een.

Thro' mony a long neet, bi thi bed,  
We watched, some an' atxious, o'er thee;  
Then th' doctor shook sadly his heyd,  
An' sed tha wur likely to dee.  
Heaw potter we wor, an' ill flay'd,  
Thi helplessness med Love mooar keen,  
An' fervent to Heaven we prayed  
To spare us thi bonny blue een.

An' neaw thart as healthy as t' best,—  
Thank God for His Mercy an' Grace;—  
An' here tha art hatched to mi breast  
Wi smiles o' thi reawnd rooasy face.  
It's one o' th' sweet pleasures o' life,  
So wode'er may happen between,  
To find th' glints 'at banish o' strife  
At neets i' thi bonny blue een.

Here, sitho, aw've bowt thee a cart,  
A box full o' nngs and a horn;  
Neaw, kiss me; that swagger abeawt  
An'mek marlocks wi' em to-morn.  
Heigh mammy, yo look at his toys,  
Ther coloured red, yello, an' green;  
Well, thad lad shud hev t' sweetest joys  
As owns sitch a pair o' blue een!

When aw wur a lad t' same as thee,  
My mother wod kiss me, an' say  
"Tha'rt dearer than gowd love to me;"  
An' use me so kind every way.  
Till th' angels aboon co'd her hooam,  
O'er th' stars at boom mild an' serene;  
God bless her! Fond mem'ries will come  
O'er hor, an' her bonny blue een.

Here lass! tek eawr darling upstairs,  
He's done up an' ready for bed;  
Put his toys by his side unawares,  
He's asleep beawt his prayers bein' sed.  
He's king o' boooth my heart an' thine,  
An' thee—well tha knows tha'rt his queen—  
Played th' hangment wi' this breast o' mine  
Thro' t' love i' thi' bonny blue een!

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

[ORIGINAL.]

BROSSEN BILL.

When Brossen Bill 'listed i' th' Pleece,  
He fancied hissel summat nobby,  
An' swagged—, a guardian o' th' peace,  
Or, puttin' id plainly,—a Bobby!  
Wi' his buttons, an' suit o' dark blue,  
Fancy cap, an' a belt, black an' shinny,  
He looked weel, when he'd nowt mitch to do,  
Aeon a wo graceful reclinin'.

Heaw he leered at young wimmin i' th' street,  
An' cooarted wi' servants up lobbies;  
For he liked wod wur tasty an' sweet,—  
Hey! rapput pie's relished bi Bobbies!

He never refused a chep gill,—  
Heaw he glerieid i' ale or cowd mutton!  
Nooon liked good meyt better than Bill,  
But, then, nobry co'd him a glutton.

Heaw th' lads chaffed him o'er his smo shoon,  
They wur just abeawt size ov a wisket;  
His noose, like a roosey i' June,  
Looked fresh as beef cuttin's fro' t' brisket.

He're pratty, to judge bi th' neat way  
He kept his wire moustache i' order,  
But lasses sed, regular away,  
His beauty wur in a black border!

It's mony a year neaw sin he trod  
Wi' stately march—trampin' on duty;  
Runnin' raskuls at times into "quod,"  
An' keepin' his een wide for beauty.

But two or three antics wur played—  
Bill o'er his boud deeds wur a bragger,—  
As med William feel a bit flayed,  
An' rubbed o' th' keen edge off his swagger.

For o he war brossen an' big.  
He managed to drop o' odd cases;  
Th' rough lads played him mony a "rig,"  
As med him poo o' soocarts o' faces.

His mates i' th' fooarce gloried i' fun;  
"Twur gam, an' they fair shook wi' laffin',  
Every time gumshus Billy geet "done."  
He welly went wild thro' ther' chaffin'.

One day, a lad snidged to his side,  
An' axed t' time o' day, varra quately.  
Bill drew his big verge eawt wi' pride,  
"It's twenty to one," he growled stately.

Th' lad grinned an' bawled eawt "When its one.  
Ged thi' heyd shaved!" an' off quick he darted.  
Billy tried to nab th' urchin,—he'd gone!  
So he stood, puffed i' th' wind, an' sad-hearted.

As he stood theer, wi' boooth een ablaze,  
Another o' t' fooarce coom up gaily.  
"What's up, Bill?" he sed, "hes't a case?"  
Bill towld him his tale. "Well! well! raylee!"

He sed, as he looked at his watch,  
"I'th' oppen street, tha't med a foo on.  
But then, tek thi' time, an' dornd fratch;  
Tha'ten minutes good yet to do on!"

Later on, when he'd getten mooar fawse  
At recknin' up dodges an' shammin',  
A bullock at slaughter brook loce,  
An' sombry sed, "Do stop thad gammin'!

Reawnd t' corner ther's tooathry agate."  
Off Bill went to nab 'em at tossin'.  
The bull coom at a terrible rate,  
An' Bill he went scarlet wi' cossin'.

He war sucked in aeon woss than thad.  
"Ther's a 'bus just gone o'er!" sombry sheawted.  
Billy wobbled away, heigh go mad!  
For t' truth o' thad news he ne'er deawted.

When he geet up to th' place he'd bin towld,—  
"Twur th' brig,—he inquired, puffin' rarish,  
Then geest anserd, an' fun he war "sowd."  
"Ay, th' bus went o'er theer—to Church Parish!"

Billy dreant abeawt stripes on his arm,  
An' promotion, he tried hard to plan id;  
But th' gret "suck" ov o war too warm  
For a mortal like Billy to stan' id.

Bill war on his beat, calmly at eeose,  
When a chap put an' end to his blisses,  
He rushed up an' sed, "Pleecemon, do pleos  
Stop you chap fro' murtherin' his missus!"

"Wod! Wheer?" Billy sed, startin' up.  
"Whoa is id? Come, come, tell me further,"  
Th' chap wagged his heyd like an' owd tup,  
"Hey, pleecemon, it's reight wilful murther!"

Billy's hair roose an' lifted his hat;  
Tho' help i' this case wur so urgent,  
Hi' thowt, while he frothed in a swat,  
He'd better ged help off his sargent.

He whistled, an' two or three pleep  
Run up to brave Billy's assistance.  
Bill towld 'em, and wi' staves apeice  
They foocared thro' o' t' gret creawd's resistance,

A woman wur kilt sure enuff,  
An' t' pleepemen o brasted i' laffter,  
Twur a show. Punch hed gi'en Judy snuff!  
Bill left th' fooarce for ever soon after.

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

ORIGINAL.

BUDGER'S SHOON.

Jerry Budger lived bi th' Fowd,  
An' i' weather warm or cowd,  
Wur contented, an' as keeless as cud be.  
So wodever went or coom,  
He war ne'er deawncast i' gloom,  
But war merry as a cricket at a spree.  
He liked gradely tempered foook,  
Who cud give or tek a joak,  
Then he'd roll rare "buzzes" i' fast-rate style.  
An' odd bits o' things he'd tell,  
Which hed happened to hissel,  
In a way which med o them who heared him smile.  
He cud stan' a lot o' chaff,  
An' enjoyed a hearty laugh,—  
He war allus t' same at playtime or at wark.  
Hey! bi th' "Bluerock" kitchen set,  
He war reglar geddin' tret  
For th' rough yarns he spun' em suited up to th' mark.  
He'd knocked up an' deawn a bit,  
An' hed lots o' ready wit,  
But he ne'er sed owt offensive, or too bad.  
He'd sin life, boooth smooth an' rough,  
An' hed fun eawt soon enough,  
As nowt but blows wur t' pay when foook geet mad.  
But his "buzzes," dear o' me!  
They kept flowin' fresh an' free,  
Aye, as t' watter fro' a hidden woodland well;  
For if he geet fair agate  
Everybody wod be quate,  
For nooan cud tell 'em gradely but hissel.  
Though he doled 'em eawt bi t' scoor,  
He war never short for mooar,  
An' long faces widened eawt throo Jerry's fun.  
He war allus i' demand,  
For yo' o mun understand  
Ther war nobry ever axed him if he'd done!  
O'er o th' funny seets he'd sin,  
An' strange places wheer he'd bin  
He'd chat pleasantly while sittin' at his eose,  
Then he'd a long list, beside,  
Ov o th' remedies he'd tried  
or different things—neaw that wur sure to please.  
As he quately towd, one neet,  
Heaw to eeose sore tender feet.  
Jem o' Charlie's axed this question middlin' soon,  
"Heigh, owd mon, neaw, conta tell—  
Maybe tha's bin piagned thisel"—  
Onny skeom for ratchin' eawt a pair o' shoon t'  
Aw've a pair as pinch me bad,  
Thad's just why aw'm axin' thad—  
Aw'll stan' two pints if th' ll plan some relief.  
For aw dare be bun to say  
If aw wear 'em hawi a day,  
O-mi tocas il be blood-raw an' red as beef!"

Jerry smiled, an' sed "O reight,  
Aw'll just tell thee plain an' streyt,  
Wod aw once dud when tight shoon fair lamed mi  
feet.  
Aw thowt o mi pain aw'd stop,  
So sent for some peys to th' shop,  
An' aw steeped a pint i' ayther shoe o neet."  
"That's a chep cure!" Jem roarred eawt,  
"Id'll ratch 'em, ther's no deawt;  
Just on t' spec o' t' job thaft hov a fresh pint neaw!"  
"Reight!" sed Jerry. "Tee some tin  
Fast o'er th' tops to keep t' peys in."  
"Aye! aw will," Jem ans'erd, "an' mank reight  
somehew."

He went hooam, ther wor a laugh!  
An' a deal o' tawk an' chaff.  
An' sherp Jerry o'er his new skeom dud so grin.  
But, alas! t' nest after th' dud  
White as chawk an' blazin' mad,  
Thad Jem o' Charlie's wi' a freawn marched in.  
He stepped up to Jerry streyt,  
"Wastrel, dosta want to feight?  
Mi best shoon's spoiled wi' thad new resate o'  
thine!"

Jerry simply sed, "Tha ne'er  
Axed o'er owt, but—doesta hear?—  
Thad steeped pey trick duud the varra same wi' mine!"

JACK O' ANN'S.

## Rhymes in the Dialect.

By "Jack o' Ann's"

### "CANARY DAN'S" FLITTIN'.

"Canary Dan" wur one o' t' soort  
Yo'd class as "rough an' ready,"  
Tho' them who knew him best coed him  
"A wark-mate good an' steady,"  
He wored like some wi' changeful minds,  
Whose fancy reglar varies,  
Tho' he'd a hobby—an' thad wor  
A likin' for canaries.  
He'd thistles, larks, an' finches too,  
Hung up o' th' wos, i' cages,  
Beside canaries—buff an' clear—  
O' different breeds an' ages,  
O' two or three he thowt weel on,  
For when they started singin',  
Thad hooam o' his wur like a wood—  
Wi' music sweetly singin'.  
"Just hear 'em!" he'd exclaim, o' smiles,  
As nayburs stopt to hearken,  
"Wi' sitch rare cheeriness, dull Care  
Eawr minds shud never darken.  
They singin' pays weel for ther feed,  
An' nobry shud begrudge 'em,  
Becose they try ther best to please,  
So let no foo' misjudge 'em!"  
He give 'em t' best o' stuff to keep  
His brids i' gradely fettle;  
For wi' 'em he at diffrent shows  
Won monny a copper kettle.  
He ded a bitt o' tradin', too,  
An' quata swaps he med gladly;  
Tho' them who bowt Dan for a foo',  
Fun eawt they'd spent brass badly.  
Dan ded his best for them who paid,  
Him for his wark i' th' day-time,  
Then sed a workman hed a reight  
To suit hissel at play-time.  
He sometimes hed a gill or two,  
But seldom geet tol-lolly,  
Becose, he sed, as wasthin' brass  
One warked hard for wur folly.  
His wife—a plain-spiced factry lass—  
Wur no gay donnend-up beauty,  
But in her hoam hoo took a pride,  
An' ded her gradely duty.  
He eest bi th' hearth i' th' gaffer's chear,  
An' hood her place as t' missus;  
That's heaw, tho' blest wi' little wealth,  
They shared thowt lowly blisses.  
Ther word wur allus good enough  
For t' fooots who lived abeawt 'em;  
"Cose o', who used 'em' reight, fun eawt  
Ther wur no cause to deawt 'em.  
Still, they word saints—nowe, owt but thad,  
Yet, tekken otogther,  
They wur as kind a couple, aye,  
As o'er woowar good shot leather.  
They'd lived a while i' calm content,  
Next door to Lijah Berry's—  
Who kept a little-windowed shop—  
I what's cood "Watchmon's Terrace."  
That's nod in a swell nayburood—  
Tho' some theer's fond o' skittin'—  
Yet id duw well for Dan an' t' wife,  
Till they resolved o' flittin'.  
Ther beawse as they lived in wur i' want  
O' th' beantifiers badly,  
But when they towd ther landlord thad,  
He anserd stern an' sadly:  
"It's yo as owt to do—nod me!"  
For brass is scarce at present!..  
"Well, tek eawr mooafice, then," Dan snapt,  
"An' try to look mooar pleasant?"

Wi' scawlin' looks, eawt th' landlord  
sneaked,  
As Dan's wife sighed: "That's done id!"  
Then went to seoch a likely heawse,  
An' bi good luck hoo fun id.  
Twur then they started packin' up,  
For skittin'—cheerful hearted,  
Till t' lorry coom to tek ther goods—  
Then O, wod trouble started!  
Thro' rushin' here, an' pushin' ther,  
Dan's wife geet rather crabby,  
"Cose hoo wur moythered ill wi' t' child—  
Thee fust an' only baby.  
An' Dan wur eawt o' payshunne, too,  
"Cose things worn'd to his likin',  
For th' harder he tewed on an' woss  
Thad youngster went on skrikin'  
"Confaawnd thad din! It's o' mi nerves!"  
He roared, i' th' wost o' rages,  
As he glared, sackless an' flush-faced,  
Among his birds an' cages.  
At thad hoo poed her lip an' cried,  
An' thowt herself a martyr,  
While Dan wur struggin' wi' big things,  
An' helpin' t' hurried cartier.  
Hoo soothed t' child till id fell asleep,  
Then safe aside hoo put id;  
But Dan, to neek room, popt id in  
A drawer—an' sombrey shut id!  
When t' goods wur packed an' teed up  
right,  
Dan cut a lively caper,  
Then sed to t' wife, "Let's hev th' address  
At's written o' thad paper."  
Hoo give him t' paper—as hoo thowt,  
Dan grabbed id in a hurry,  
An' wi' three cages off he towld  
Deawin' t' causer, after t' lorry.  
As sharp he record t' street corner popt,  
Fro' th' door, his pale wife darted,  
An' sheawtin', "O, mi child! mi child!"  
Looked daft, an' brooken-hearted.  
Eawt nayburs scuttered, in a peyl,  
O gapin'—fairly groppeled,  
At th' anxious question 'mong em wor—  
"Hey dear!—wodever's happened?"  
While Dan's wife, welly off her dot,  
Med lookers on feel sorry.  
As hoo rushed, yellin' t' piteous cry—  
"Mi child! Oh, stop thad lorry!"  
Thad flittin' wur browt to a stop,  
O thro' a kindly cabby,  
At Dan looked sea-sick, when hoo bawled  
"Ye wastrels, wheer's mi babby?"  
Till suddenly he beethowt hissel,  
An' towd her wheel hoo'd find id.  
Then, as hoo rushed off back, Dan chelpt,  
"Drive on, an' never mind id!"  
Just then, deawn one o' t' cages flopt  
An' broak i' two, i' th' gutter,  
As t' bird—one or his favourites—  
Tort th' heawses med a flutter.  
An' wod an axions time he hed:—  
Fearin' some eat wod snatch id!—  
Afoora a lad climbed up a speawt  
An' hed th' good luck to catch id!  
Ther troubles duddnd finish theer,  
Th' address turned eawt a wrong un,  
An' tawks abeawt expressions. Hey,  
Dan over it used monny a strong un!  
Wheot t' flitter wod ha' landed to  
Moon's Mill, Longseat, or Owtham?  
Thers nobry knows. But Dan's wife, who'd  
Med th' blunder, met, an' towd 'em.  
Hoo'd th' child, safe, wi' her, an' at th' seat  
O' th' flitters started laughin',  
While Dan wur wild thro' t' queer mishaps  
Which seat creawds gaily chaffin'.  
He's dared to fit no moar, sin then,  
An' if yo want weel hittin',  
Just ax Dan, in a joakin' way,  
To tell yo o'er his flittin'!

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

### [ORIGINAL.]

#### CLINKER'S COOARTSHIPS.

Billy Clinker's a bachelor merry,  
He'll stop sooa to th' end ov his days;

For he ses, wi' a grin,

As he'll nod be sucked in

Wi' ony decaver i' stays.

His heyd hedn'd allus thad notion,  
To cocart mony a time Billy tried;

Th' women jewed him sumhaw,

Sooa he co's em o feaw,

Med up o' decate, puff, un pride.

It's a good tooathry year sin he cooarted  
Wi' th' lasses, i' th' vigour o' youth;

Bud, iv Billy's tale's true,

Tho' he'd women enoo,

They'd nooan on 'em larned to tell t' truth!  
He's willin' to tarry, contented,  
Beawt helpmate whilever he con.

Yo' may say wod yo' will

O'er his gumption, bud still

Th' owd craythur's a sensible mon.

His fost woman wur gradely good lookin',  
Un donned eawt both natty un trim;

He met wi' her one Fair,

Un aw've heeard him declare

As thad lass, wi' her ways, suited him.  
Hoo sed hoo wur a manager's dower,

Un he thowt as he'd med a rare snap,

Till he fun eawt her dad,

Wur a skowbunker bad,

As managed to live uppo' strap.

He hooked on next, wi' one plain, un hooamly,

A middlin' fair soort ov a lass;

Her mam kept a gret shop,

Un wur doin' tip-top;

Hoo wur woth, aw dornd know heaw mitch brass!

Billy thowt hoo wur ratchin' her 'lastic,

Sooa looked i' thad big shop hissel',

Un see four yollo stoans

Wi' sum owd trotter booons,

Nownt else; he soon bid her "Farewell!"

Number three on his list wur a charmer,

A dashin' young lass, rayther smart,

One as fun, wi' her wiles,

Un sweet soft-soapy smiles,

A way to th' soft place in his heart.

Her parents wur boooth undertekkers,

Hoo sed, as hoo left Bill one neet,

Then he heared fro' "quate Bob"

As they'd undertek t' job

To put whisky bi gills eawt o' seat!

Ther wur mooar beside her as towd "rouasers,"

He geet shut o' th' lot one bi one.

For these words Billy's sed,

"If they lie 'fooot ther wed,

Wod else will they do when t' job's done?

If foos will be sooapt o'er wi' th' lasses,

They may, un wi' pleashur, for me;

Bud aw mornd hev a wife

As'll lie o her life—

Nowe! Aw'll live bi misel till aw dee!"

JACK O' ANN'S.



## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT

[ORIGINAL]

### DROPT CN!

Some wed chaps soon ged stood ov hoom, Wi' o id calm delights, For when t' fost novelty's worn off They want to fly ther kites. To th' ocean side or onnywhere Wheer thers a bit o' life; They saddle wheer to go, an' slip Away beawt tellin' t' wife. Thad isn'd fair, it's owt but reight To throw dust i' foak's een, Wi' th' thowt ther extra cut'e an' sharp While o beside are green. But neaw an' then such blades turn soft, Aye, sudden as a shot, When they ged dropt on at ther rigs An' catch id gradely hot. Bill Switch war one who thows hissel A don at trickin' foak; He'd tek 'em down so cosy like, An' reckon id a jocak. He'd a nice hoom an' nice wife, But fanceed o' somehow. As he cud do just as he liked;— He doesn't think so much! His mate—cood Sammy Strag—an' him Two bonny sisters wed, An', unknown to ther trustful wives, Some ivly times they hed. They seldom led on either they'd bin But towd o' scoots o' lies, An' went a fishin' midlin' oft Yet never won a prize. A tooty-thrill week sin Bill an' Sam Tried on a lovely trick; Bill showed them a letter which he sed Was fro' hoom, Bill sed, "Two days— Or if its fine, three?" Then Sam's wife to her mother wroote A letter just to say weh They wod be pleased if hoo'd go on A trip to Morecambe Bay! When Bill heard an' that he wos set up, An' coortin' Sam i' t' ribs. He chuckle, "We're a champion pair At tellin' winmin' fibs!" Aw know the like th' mami-law About as weel as me; So let 'em tek her when they like, So long as we've a spree!" Then fishin' tackle they packed up O' reight for th' holidays. An' tawked o' treatin' aboar their wives Just like a pair o' jays! When play-time coom, wi' rods an' lines An' baskets off they seat, But left 'em at a barber's shop At th' end o' Fother street. "Aw've gotten fifteen bob fro' t' wife!" Bill whisperd, wi' a smile. Sam grinned, "Mins' giv'n me twelve an' six." An' then j' champion style They hurried off an' booked for two To Blackpool for four days. An' jingled t' brass as they'd saved up On't quate for th' holidays.

JACK O' ANNS.

They popt i' t' train, an' at th' far end Jumped cawt, wi' spirits gay.

Then bi good luck, dropt on a place For lodgin's reight away. Ther they'd a good pay an' a wesh, Which duddnd tek 'em long; Then t' lordly pair o' maschers fine, Mixed in wit's seaside throng. They whirled abeawt wi' dances gay, An' hed a jolly time. Till latish on, i' different shops. Then Sam cheelped, "This is prime!" At breakfast t' mornin' after, two Smart lodgers took ther een. An' they begun to chat an' chaff Them lasses, so serene.

On t' beach together off they strolled, An' swaggered on t' North Pier, While voices neaw an' then i' t' creawd, Snapt, "Well, aw'n blst, look ther!" Them lasses war boath Darrimers, Wi' beauty, sense, an' wit, Who knew wod id wot to hear Chaps ratch their facts a bit.

They laughed an' chaffed as young foak will, They med ther Monda plans; They'd journey off bi' lectric car To Lytham an' St. Anne's. Hey, if thos' chaps had nothing known There seems wod finish queer, They'd never ha' left ther wives, nor lied, To first bi Blackpool Pier.

For t' plane o' time they'd left behind We changed bi' Lytham Dick, Who com to axed wher' t' felas war? An' spoiled ther crafty trick,

Then when ther mother coom, hoo sed, "Eawr Lib" at Blackpool yon Let's slip ther as nowt wor, an' see Just heaw it's gooin' on!"

They went, coed at her lodgin' place, An' ther sheet geet to know, As t' mate an' Lub hed getten shaps!

Hey, wond'r th' owd woman raw? "We'll find 'em, or seech Blackpool thro',

Hoo roared, as t' dowers sighed, Then off they see to find them two Gay belles o' t' watterside!

Them trustful wives ne'er thowt heaw soon They'd ged a big surprise,

An' find two flirin' husbands cawt Who'd stuffed 'em up wi' lies.

Yet, as they seat deawn in a hut On t' prom up Swath Shore way, They pricked ther ears up, as they heard A voice behinf 'em say—

"Hey, nowe, ther's nyther on us wed!" Thad voice they knew war Bill's,

An' t' wimmin' for a second looked As if they'd gotten t' chils.

Then t' mami-law reawnd th' corner pept; Sam see her fiety face,

An' wi' a smothered groan, he tried To slither fro' his place.

Bill geet a glint, an' turned his hevd,

As th' owd lass roared "Neaw then, Lub, tell me gradely wod th meons Bi this?" Hoo seemed to sken,

As t' maschers med a dash for off, But faced ther flarin' wives,

Who give 'em wed they'll ne'er forged—

"Twur t' lesson o' ther lives.

For Lub towd plainly, ther' an' then, O'er wed they'd sed an' done.

Hoo knew 'em boath, but no'er leet on, An' thowt id tip-top fun,

They'd paid for everything an' towd Gret starin' his bi' t' scoor,

On t' car as they fro' Lytham coom— Then started tellin' mocoar.

Dorn'd ax wed happened. Thad same neet Two maschers, short o' pride,

Lik' stray lambs, wi' three wimmin' coom Back hoom fro' t' watterside.

An' odd foak keep remarkin' yet,

Whene'er they ramble cawt,

"Thers summat queer abeawt you two— What's o' t' black een abeawt?"

JACK O' ANNS.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT

[ORIGINAL]

### EAWR 'LIZA JANE'S YOUNG MON !

Aw've known some gradely simpletons

An' some gradely knaves;

Ther've sent ther sweethearts scented noocates,

Wi' bits o' loving rhyme.

Aw've watched 'em wait at yon loyne end,

Flush-faced, wi' sheepish een,

They looked too soft to murmur "piss!"

Yet, like 'em, they war green!

Aw've sin new coarters, when they've met,

Just swap a nod an' grin,

Then slink past, shame-faced as cub be,

Hawf feared o' bein' sin!

Aw've noised others, soft t' heyd,

Who hev'n seemed to keer

Heawever th' rest o' t' world went on—

So long as they war therer.

Hey! Coortin' time when common sense

Fro' o' scoots seems to fly.

They war nanes, not coortin' in a fit shop,

Wi' o' coortin' an' shy.

They bill an' one, like pairin' doves,

An' lies bi' t' scoopar they tell,

"Hif t' prize is wan, which oft turns cawt

To be a bonny 'sell'!"

Aw've sin some barnbyeyds who believed

Thersels a lot about,

O' t' othera, actin' soft like them

I' th' silver leet o' th' moon

They'd show foak they worn'd short o' wit—

They'd look weh to theirsels;

But as a rule sitch couples soon

Geet paired wi' somet' else!

Aw've think as Coortin'shif swayed bi' th' mooh,

Throo' t' daf' way uns act.

They ged that mopish, num' n' soft,

Ther pon' lid's surely crackt!

But th' softest as aw ever leet!

Wur one wi' th' pon' lid gone!

Fooked coed him Billy Mumblenut—

Eawr 'Liza Jane's young mon !

He'd be tort sixteen—happen o'er,

His top lip just slant down,

An' th' bonny walk, an' smile, an' style

I' th' house he's own.

He'd three broad looks i' th' weyvin' shop,

An' swung a fancy stick;

An' he cud smoke a cigarette

Reight three, beaut bein' sick!

Just pictur' wed a swale be weor :

A pig cud run between

His legs, for they war sickle shape !

Peside, he'd two odd een,

One wed look left i' t' other's right,

His nose wud purged, an' o!

An' wed look left i' t' other's right,

Cut cawt wi' t' circ'la' legs leg!

Eawr 'Liza Jane wod extra nice,

An' tort t' same age as him ;

Hoo worn'd so fat' owt but th' heyd—

But then hoo worn'd so slim,

Hoo'd given o'er weyvin', an' hed bin

A winter tooty months

Thron' th' tickler cosin' o'er spoiled wark

An' coit' her a dunc.

Heavy long they'd coortin' aw dornd know,

Ther' m'naidly as a grinn.

Eawr Jud coom in tort supper time

An' sed, " Guess war' we've sin ? "

We' give id up, then Jud roared cawt,

" As aw war comin' yon "

An' see smart Billy Mumblenut,

Eawr 'Liza Jane's young mon !

" Eawr wed ? mi manax, sun an' sharp.

Jut towd her o'er agen.

Hoo mumbled, " Hear yo' ? " to mi dad,

Who smot, " Wod doest mean ? "

Jud brasted cawt o' laughin' then

An' sed, " At th' end o' t' street

Eawr 'Liza Jane an' t' felas stood

Just cawt o' th' glare o' th' leet."

" Hoo towd her how wud beawt to nest

To servin' wi' her mat !

Mi m'naidly as a grinn.

But aw'll stop

Hi' game how'ees agote !

Mi fayther freewined an' sed, " Neaw lad,

If ther you, go an' see,

An' if yo' can perswade 'em to !

Just bring 'em here to me ! "

Aw'ay we went, eawr Abe an' Jud

An' me, to th' end o' t' street,

Wheer th' lovin' couple still war stood,

Booth swappin' whispers sweet.

Ab' sed, " A party's at eawr heawise,

An' we've bin sent for yo.

Born'd look surprised, but come, O's reight !

Yo' thowt we duddin' d' know ?"

JACK O' AN

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

ORIGINAL.

### EAWR JONATHAN'S 'LISTED.'

Mi fayther looks sackless an' solemn,  
An' sits varra quite in his cheer,  
Mi mam's upset, too; ho keeps shinin',  
An' fro' her een wipes mony a tear.  
Eawr Dorothy's cryin' i' th' corner.  
Her face hidden in her check brat,  
Eawr Peter, too's, lively as t'others,  
An' seawers onto th' rug, campin' th' cat,  
If yo'd to psep into eawr kitchen.  
Yo'd think if yo' judged bi saf looks,  
As th' bank, wheer mi dad puts his savin's  
Hed brokken, an' thieves hed stown t' books !  
But then nowt o' that soart has happened,  
It's summatt at's thowt woss bi far,  
Eawr foakos o ill-off 'cosse they fancy  
Eawr Jonathan's 'listed for th' War.  
To-neet, as aw coom hooman fro' t' factory,  
O th' mayburs wur stood at ther doors,  
Hed brokken, an' thieves hed stown t' books !  
They wanted to know mooor than me—  
Then lengthened mi stride muddlin' handy,  
If owt wur i' th' rumour, aw'd see.  
Aw geet into th' heawse, then o' th' sudden  
A lump sprung up into mi throat;  
Mi fayther, who'd landed afloor me,  
Wur readin' a bit ov nooate.  
He whizzed id deawn, soon as he'd finished,  
An' chunnered, " Thad gawmless young foo t'  
He writes, "For mi good aw've joined th' army,  
Aw knew varra weel wod he'd do !"  
Mi mam, as aw drew up to th' table,  
Hed tears runnin' deawn aither cheek,  
Eawr Dorothy started off' yellin',  
But aw wur too glopenned to speyk.  
Eawr Peter axed, " Is ha a sowier ?"  
An' o' aw cud anster wur, " Aye !"  
But th' news duddin' stop him fro' spoulin'  
Th' nice shape ov a new custard pie.  
Mi appetite somehowe hed left me,  
Aw duddin' eyt mitch to mi tay,  
Mi heyd wur ill moythered wi' thinkin',  
Tho' never a word dud aw say.  
Mi sister, poor lass, never tasted,  
Aw thowt aw aw put back mi chear  
Aw'll ged misel' weshed, muddlin' handy  
An' manage to pike eawt ov here !  
Aw'd weshed me, an' just done wi' th' towel,  
When aw heared mi fayther remark,  
" Eawr Jonathan allus wur wildish,  
An' never wod tee to his walk ;  
He never cud keep eawt o' lumber :  
O' fixes, thad scamp's bin i' scoars,  
Leavin' booom hesnd cured him, so let him  
Tek pot luck, an' go to feight th' Boers !"  
Thad speech duddin' melk owt look better,  
Aw knew wod mi dad sed wur true.  
Eawr Jonathan duddid like wackin',  
An' left a good booom, like a foo.  
He wur outher than me, an' he fancied  
So wod he ded id wod be reight.  
Allus monnish an' bowd, he war ready  
At o times to wrossle an' feight.

Aw put mi cap on varra quately,  
To go for a bit ov a wawk ;  
An' when aw geet cawt mi mates axed me,  
" Wod ails thee ? th' looks white as chawk ?"  
Aw towd 'em o'er th' news as hed reyched us.  
Then t' question wor, " Hes he gone daft ?"  
Fro o b a lad coed " Tip topper."  
He winked, chuckled slyly, an' laughed !  
Aw camped th' mates a bit, then uneasy  
I' th' mind, aw strode hoomward aegoen.  
" Is id true ?" foak kept axin, aw towd 'em,  
They chunnered, " Wey, wod con he meon ?"  
Aw sed nowt to thad, but went forrud.  
An' snidged into th' heawse heawt a wod ;  
Then fun everything as aw'd lett id,  
For nobry theer seemed to hev storred.  
Aw'd just getten pearkt onto th' sofa,  
But theer aw'd a varra short stop ;  
Mi fayther sed, " Tek this three hav pens,  
An' fotch me some 'Bacco fro' th' shop !"  
Aw went for't, geet served, an' wur leavin',  
When th' mate coed " Tip topper " wawked in,  
An' chuckled, " Yor Jonathan's listed !"  
His face widened ev' w' a grin.  
Aw stared, then he whispered, " Aw've summatt  
To tell thee !!" an' chuckled aegoen.  
" Wait for me eawtside." Aw wur puzzled—  
Wod cu'd o this merriment mean ?  
He coom eawt an' sed, " Hey, you brother  
O' thine's fairly hevvin' yo' foak.  
He's nod beawn to fight it' Transval, mon,  
Dordnd heid id—it's nobbut a knobba !"  
Aw glanced in his cen, he wur earnest ;  
Then quately he spooak, " Chipper Ned  
I' Burnley last neet chanced to see him,  
I' th' street, w' a gansey on—red !  
He's listed i'th' Salvation Army—  
A bandsman—he plays a bassoon,  
Thee just tell yo' foakos wod aw've towd thee,  
Id'll mick 'em o awter thur time !"  
Aw'm goin' in neaw wi' thad 'bacco,  
Aw'm blést if aw know wod to say—  
For moocast like he'll gi'e me his blessein' (?)  
Becose aw've bin so long away.  
But wero'd o yo' long faces widen.  
An' wero'd th' change be sudden an' grand,  
When they learn as he's joined th' noisy Army  
An' plays on a bassoon i'th' band !

JACK O' ANNS.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT

ORIGINAL.

### EAWR NANCY ELLEN'S CHAP.

I' every hooman wheer families dwell  
There sunshine an' there sheaw'srs,  
For t' lives ov young an' owd are mixed  
With scenes ov old an' new.  
An' summatt happens day bi day  
To spoil domestic joys,  
Misheps or troubles o' some sort  
Which bring booth tears an' noise.  
A child strikes up a dismal tune  
If its pricced wi' a pin ;  
An' if a youngster bangs id noose  
On't fender thens a din.  
A brokken windo, or a jug,  
With a hole in it, foot o' it creash,  
Is quite enouch to raise a flinst  
An' send hooman peace to smash !  
But bigger troubles come bi odds  
When t' childer are grown up;  
They've no moocast sense than think it's wise  
To taste o' Folly's cup.  
They flift about, dash hoar an' theor,  
While th' owd foakos watch t' deawt;  
Cose if t' foos ged i' lumber they'll  
Be tend to help 'em out.  
Beside, no matter heaw trade be,—  
Bairns will muckin' or fast-class—  
Lasses will muckin' or fast-class  
An' lads—moocast spedin' bras.  
Then if o' th' order end begin  
O' coocatin', it's a case;  
For th' har'stooman's lonely an' cowd  
An' comfort flies fr' t' place.  
Eawr heawse wur one o' t' smugget shops  
Aw stepped in when a lad,  
An' nobry o'er wir kindlier  
Than mi owd man an' dad.  
Tw' foakos w' a coocatin' o' id peace;  
But seldome, w'ne enoch,  
Cose if th' wor owd wrong, bigum !  
We allus showd id rough.  
Th' owd foakos loothed wus muddlin' keen,  
An' kept us weel i' check;  
Advisin' us as parents send,  
No coarsest but th' reight to tek.  
When quadees failed, then rows struck up,  
An' shanz words war o' tap;  
Bait th' bags o' doo combe abawt o' thro'  
Eawr Nancy Ellen's chap !  
A gradey nice smart lass hoo war,  
Brook sed, an' they spooak true,—  
A nobry o'er wir kindlier  
Hoo earned good money too.  
Wark seemed no trouble, hoo took pride  
I' th' hooman, an' nobry thowt  
Hoo'd ever think o' geddin' wed—  
But sitch things coest for nowt.  
Eawr Nancy Ellen kept o' cleashe,  
An' ne'er leet-th' owd foakos know  
As hoo wus coocatin', but aw knew  
Levee—sawd dust easin' Joe.  
We'd cu'd him canary's coocatory times  
Off i' row end w' a chap;  
But Joe an' me shows quadees t' best  
An' nayther keerd o' raps.  
Eawr Joe begun o' chaffin' her  
O'er coocatin' ways one neet,  
An' welly leet-th' cat eawt o' t' bag—  
Hey, wod a loo he good !  
He chanceo to see me touch mi lips,  
To warn him to be quiet;  
An' duddin' aw just dress him down  
When we greet eawt o' t' gate !  
Love kept id coom for a time,  
But th' owd foakos fan 'em eawt;  
An' id wus simple as cu'd be,  
I' th' way id coom abawt.  
They booshit seit down th' Eawd one neet,  
To camp mi Uncle Bob,  
An' sed they'd varra likely be  
A toosthy heawse on't job.  
Eawr Joe war eawsidewi' his mates,  
But aw wur ceawerd i' th' nook,  
Fried green grins as raw read  
A interrest' kin.  
When off eawr Nancy Ellen slipt,  
Then quately as a measure,  
Port in aegon, an', blusbin', broot  
Her sweetheath into th' heawse.  
Aw just looked up, but never spooak;  
They kept away fro' me;  
An' geot agate o' whisperin',  
Contented as cu'd be.  
Then o' at once a step wus heard  
At th' door, thad seawnd wus known,  
Hoo grabbed her chap, an' like a flesh,  
Bi th' back door eaws they flew.

Then wi' eawr Joe in th' owd foakos marched;  
They'd heard as Bob wur eawt;  
Aw'd seen mi muddin' in her een  
Suspicious glances always.  
" Who's this belong ?" hoo sharply axed,  
Ah boo pilked up a cap.  
At thad eawr Joe—daft as blabbed eawt,  
" Eawr Nancy Ellen's chap !"  
Mi dad at thad, wen Queen i' th' een,  
Mi man turned white, then red,  
An' turnin' tort eawr Joe, hoo snapt,  
" Heigh, wod wus thad tha sed ?"  
He tried to shuffle easin' of t' mess  
He tried to shuffle fixin' of t' mess  
Till fro' mi dad he geet a cleawt  
O' th' heawt, which med him spin !  
" Who's Nancy gone ?" wus sharply axed;  
Aw answered, " Eawt o' t' back."  
" Well, go an' find t' reight away !"  
Wur thumered in a crack,  
Aw dropt mi book, an' eawt aw perled,  
An' soon fin him an' hor.  
Then towd 'em briefly who'd fun t' cap,  
Aw' wod a row ther won't.  
Wi' tremblin' steps aw browt her back  
To th' heawse, then she began,  
" Hey, Nancy, who belongs this cap  
Which bi this clear as fun ?  
But Nancy see mi feyther's freawn,  
An' timid as cu'd be,  
Hoo answered, " Wey-id—isnd—mine !  
At somethy else—not me !"  
" Nowe ! it's th' sweetheath, aw supposoae,"  
Mi man's voice chunnered eawt,  
" Wey, wod bi heid !!" eawr Nancy sobbed,  
" It's leavin' here, heid !"  
" Who is this chap that coortain' wi ?  
That's wod an want to know ?"  
Mi man axed madly, then how sighed,  
" Aw dornd like tellin' yo' !"  
Mi feyther sed to me, " This cap  
To th' owner shad best tek,  
An' tell him if he shows his face  
To me aw'll breyk his neck."  
But Nancy cried, " Oh, feyther, dornd  
Sene wod he, sed to him,  
Because mi feila's t' manager  
Oldest lad—Yo know him, Jim !"  
Thad changed mi dad's time reight away ;  
He laughed, " This is a doo !"  
He tawked over Nancy monny a time  
To me just like a foo.  
Here, Nancy, tek thi chap his cap—  
Aw'm fain, ther's nowt no' wör."  
An' so wee slipt eawt w' mi man  
Sed, " Turn that's wess than hor !"  
No moocast abawt had cap war heard  
That neet, an' we wus abawt  
To go to bed, when Nancy stopped  
Wi' sile things to explain.  
One day, aw heared mi fayther tell  
Mi man, " Hoo's made a snap."  
An' t' Sunday, after whu shud come  
But Nancy's chap !  
Dornd ax for moocast particulars  
O' coocatin' than aw've towd,  
Because ther wed, an' neaw mi man  
Declares he's good as goode.  
An' wus mi feila's t' manager  
Abawt th' somme mishap,  
Aw allus smile an' think abawt  
Eawr Nancy Ellen's chap ! JACK O' ANN'S

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

[ORIGINAL.]

### FAREWELL TO FOOTBO'.

Farewell, Footbo', neaw th's finished  
Troublin' foaks' minds for a while;  
Till September we's hev quateness,  
An' t' bare thout on' meks us smile;  
For sin th' English Cup-ties started,  
An' t' gret sprint i' th' Leagues begun,  
Foak geet moocar an' moocar excited—  
Till ther ways yur owt but fun.  
  
They eud taws o'er nowt but footbo';  
T'wur ther topic, neaw an' day,  
For ther brains wur bothered badly,  
Soocarin' players, an' ther play.  
Then they med ther calculations,  
O'er which teoms wod win or loyse,  
An' when they med blundered forecasts,  
We were sure to hear a noise.  
  
Theawands in thee took stich interest  
They eud nayther wark nor eyt,  
When a Tie wur weel contested,  
Till they knew as t' soocar wur reight,  
Plenty, frammin' smart excuses,  
O'r relations ill or dead.  
Joyful rushed to watch big matches,  
Wheer ther favourite teoms took t' lead.  
  
Hey, wod rushin' at a week-end  
Regular away ther bin,  
Mong them fond o' watchin' players  
Shape as if they meant to win.  
Heaw they darted hooom fro' t' fact'ries,  
Weshed, and geet a hurried feed,  
Changed ther cloas, an' run like madmen  
To catch t' cars, at breyk-neck speed.  
  
Then, as o' reawnd th' field they gathered,  
Till 'twur black as soot o' th' pon.  
Heaw they waved ther caps an' sheawed  
As them teoms they'd backed beawned on.  
Some fair dithered as booth captains  
Tossed, when ther wur sun or breeze,  
For that meaos a lot i' matches  
Wheer ther sleepy referees.  
  
Fair aglow wi' expectation,  
As ther sheawds med earhoys ring,  
Keen they watched sharp forruds dribble  
Or pass t' bo' fro' wing to wing.  
Then when t' full-backs wur sin sprawlin',  
Wi' th' bo' at a forrad's foot,  
In a crack ther'd be a chorus:  
"Neaw th' hes id! Shoot, mon! Shoot!"  
  
Or if players acted nasty,  
Twod be signalled wi' a howl,  
An' a tootairy hundred sheawters  
O' at once wod thunner, "Foul!"  
An' when "penalties" punced grandly,  
Glancin' t' cross-bar, whizzed reight thro',  
Th' look of things wur changed like magic,  
An' ther wur a hullaboo!  
  
Oft, when th' hawf-time whistle seawnded,  
Monny a sullen face wur sin—  
Th' soocarin' hed bin o' one-sided—  
Thad med others skit an' grin.  
But when play aegan wur started  
Wi' a brilliant soocarin' run,  
Or th' oppoasins' side drew level,  
Then, O then, ther wur some fun.  
  
Footbo', wod ran lively struggles  
Tha's hed i' th' latter days,  
Mekkin' some do owt but bless thee,  
Fillin' others wi' th' praise.  
Th' Cup's come back once moocar to th'  
Cewnty  
Wheer eawr teowns-lads browt id fast  
Fro' id restin' shop at London,  
Wheer for years id hed bin "nossed."

Aye, we've memories clear heaw t' 'Lympic  
Roosae to ther heigh-watter mark  
An' we cherish th' double lickin'  
As th' owd Rovers gi'e "Queen's Park."  
Other teowns may claim t' gret honour  
As they've won t' "Cup" once or moocar,  
But this fact mord be forgotten—  
Blebgurn's hed id six times o'er!

Footbo', tha's chuckled up o' porpus—  
Well, neaw, id wur time th' dud,  
For a lot o' foak, complainin',  
Sed tha wur no blessed good.  
Thro' thi efforts tha'd grown dreary,  
An' thi players wanted rest,  
So they've packed their traps, an' hooked id—  
Well, we know it's done for t' best.  
  
Thro' thi crafty tricks an' dodges,  
Tha's caused hopes to ebb an' flow,  
An' med th' tips o' wod-be prophets  
Fly like dust, when breezes blow.  
For some soocarin's bin contrary  
To wod theawands longed to see,  
Cose gret teoms hev off hed lickin's  
Which expected victory.

Tha's faced every soocart o' weather,  
Calm an' stormy, warm an' cowd,  
An' gi'en joys an' disappointments  
To thi watchers—young an' owd.  
Some 'at's sin thee wark gret changes,  
Wonder if thi gifts ull last,  
Or, like other favours granted,  
Fade like flowers i' th' frosty blast?

Thro' thee soocars hev bin ill-moythered,

Dead set on a champion "tip,"

An' they've studied o'er thee reglar,

While thi "fever" give 'em t' grip.

Puzzled badly wi' ther "coupons,"

Week bi week ther luck they've tried;

Thro' that, odd uns hev bin suited—

Hunders humbled i' ther pride.

Monny a time when t' creawds expected

Wod they co' a tip-top game?"

They've gonna hoocam fro' t' field disgusted

Wi' an exhibition tame.

Critics then hey cropped up thickly

To suggest a better team;

But ther mighty skeoms hev melted

I' th' cowd air like cleawdy steom.

Aye, ther's o' socarts in a lifetime,

Classed bi mortals, good or bad,

Sutin' some an' vexin' others,

If tha's done t' same, wod bi thad.

Luck i' play ranks t' same as merit,

Flukes an' good shots ceawnt alike—

O' shown plainly o' th' records.

Whether t' critics laugh or skrike.

Farewell, Footbo', till next season.

Then th'll suit big creawds aegan

Wi' surprises an' sensations.

Linkid in an extending cheon.

Go an' rest this summer,

Then, when that's i' rattlin' form,

Let us see thee i' September,

Fit to weather onny storm.

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

### "FIREMON DICK."

While quately strellin' t'other neet,  
Bi th' Market Place aw met  
Wi' Bob o' Sam's, who used to be  
One ov a merry set.

He see me i' fast, an' sheawed eawt,

"Hello! heaw aria, Jack?"

Then, crossin' o'er, he smiled, an' gript

Mi right hand in a crack.

A tidy while hed passed away  
Sin last wod met afsoar,

So he'd a deal to ax abawt,

O' thad, yo may be sure.

An' when he'd run his questions off,

An' heared wod run'd to say,

Awd my kale, tother way abawt:

Wi' friends, that's t' usual way.

Then, as we strolled on, sidg bi side,

An' passed thro' Shorrock Fowd,

To t' Cross, an' then deawn Darrun Street,

Yo bet, some tales wur towd.

For Bob's em tidy hand at th' job,

An' hey, he knows a lot.

'Cose he's bin fond o' company,

An' campin' wi' t' pint pot.

But lately, like a deal besides,

He's hed to cosh his tan,

For thin ale's price is "thick," he ses,

An' suits no warkin' chap.

Thowts on't brings tears into his een,

An' oft he sighs, "Hey me!"

'Cose, if t' pictur thickens, he declares

He'l' hev to be T.T.!

That's one o' th' reasons why he shows

He's sick and stod o' th' war,

An' coes "Hun Bill" a field, for th' woe

He's caused, booth near an' far.

Bob's een flash when he mentions Bill,

I' cowd speech, fit to freeze,

For bi th' clink ov his clegs, it's plain,

He'd fetch him deawn bi th' knees!

Bob's nooase seems rayther sickly, too;

Once roosae-red, its turned pale,

An' withered like, gi'e evide.

O' th' scarcity ov ale,

For every "pictur" shop we passed,

He glanced at, wistful eyed,

An' gi'e me monny a hint he'd like

To see wod wur inside!

Aw nooasted o', but neer leet on,

As chattin', slow we went,

Tawkin' odd things o'er, i' which gam-

An' earnestness wur blent.

Till o' at once Bob bursted eawt,

"Look, yon's a quare owd stick!"

An' glancin' wheer he pointed to,

Aw see 'twur "Firemon Dick."

He seemed as surly as cud be,

But quately leet us pass.

Tho' bi his looks 'twur plain to see

As he wur short o' brass.

"Wodever is Dick doin' neaw?"

Aw axed, an' Bob at thad

Replied quite keerless, "Aw dornd know,

But th' owd cock's lookin' bad!"

"We dornd improve wi' age," aw chelpt,  
"For every passin' year  
Brings signs to show we're woss'n fast  
Thro' t' rough world's wearin' an' tear."  
"O, chuck id!" wur Bob's brief remark,  
"Time's med us wod we are."  
Then started spinnin' yarns o'er t' past—  
At thad job he's a "star."  
"Thers Dick yon," he sed smilin'ly,  
"Ats diffrent than he wor,  
'Cose in his younger days, th knowns.  
He helped at monny a stor.  
For o thad he wur seldom praised  
For th' talent he displayed.  
When he wur one o' th' leadin' hands  
I' th' fac'ry Fire Brigade!"  
Dick volunteered for th' job becosse  
They'd cawtin' evey year,  
Which he declared wu'r th' happiest times  
He knowns in his career.  
For ther wur lots to eyt an' sup,  
Long rides—an' nowt to pay,  
An' fro' sitch blow-eawts, off he vowed,  
He'd neer be punced away.  
When Dick fast acted th' firemon brave,  
He wored a gret success,  
For, thro' his gawmness he geet  
Hissel i' monny a mess.  
White pipe an' ladder practis'in'  
Soon put him eawt o' puff,  
An' as he cluttered ov a hoop  
He murmured, "That's enough!"  
Hard work he haffed, an' to ged  
Soft jobs he'd wait an' skeom,  
Coss once i' th' dark he'd lopt, heyd-fost  
Reight o'er a tapers beam!  
Another time, too, while wi' t' pipes  
He hustled, he'd a slip,  
An' droppin' deawn two stooreys crashed  
Into an empty skip!  
When a flare-up i' th' Loomin'-hoyl  
Browt Dick's skill i' full play,  
He, howdin' t' nozzle, welly washed  
Ther manager away.  
Later, he fell thro' t' skyleets twice,  
At which o' t' other chaps  
Coed him a champion acrobat,  
An' laughed at his mishaps.  
One neet, fir brook eawt, while Dick  
Wur warm an' snug i' bed.  
Then "Yell do t' job at weel as me,  
Aw if stoppin' here," he sed.  
An' if th' alarm o' Sunda wot  
Dick snarled, "Do yo?"  
Aw'm b' w' "ark."

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

ORIGINAL.

### FOOTBO SAM.

Say nowt no moor o'er wimmin's tongues,  
Heawever fast they wag,  
Becose they arn'd i' th' hunt, when one  
Aw know begins to brag,  
He's geddin' grey, an' t' woss for weear,  
For o' thad he likes gam,  
An' in a tip-top threopin' duo  
Thers nooan licks Footbo Sam.

He's t' footbo fever gradely bad  
An' hes hed for a while;  
As time goes on he still gets woss,  
Its thad as meko foak smile.  
He ses as cricket's childer's play,  
For him its dull an' tame,  
An' sweears as Rugby, nor nowt else,  
Licks t' 'Sociation game!

He'll tawk o'er footbo till he's hoarse,  
An' bet an' threop like mad:  
For if he finds a company  
To hear him, he's so glad.  
He'll tawk while he's a hearkener,  
An' aw've heard odd un's tell  
As mony a time, when left aloan,  
He chunners to hissel.

He's owd enough to hev moar sense,  
But then, he's nod inclined  
To study owt at o' beside:—  
He's footbo fair on t' mind.  
Tawk to him o'er some big event,  
Or gret deed 'at's bin done,  
He'll blurt eawt, "O, be hanged to thad—  
Wod Cups has t' Rovers won?"

He'll gie yo footbo scoars fro' th' time  
When t' Rovers lost run up,  
An' tell heavy t' 'Lymic won, an' who  
Punced t' winnin' goal for t' Cup!  
If contradicte, then his jaws  
Wag at a 'lectric rate:  
His tongue fair dithers in his heyd  
When once he gets agate.

It's summat cruel when he starts  
O' tawkin' o'er a match,  
Especially if he's sin id, then  
O'er every point he'll fratch.  
Some's axed him plainly "If at neets  
I' bed, he often dreoms?"  
For if he does its o'er nowt else  
They'll bet, but footbo teoms.

There's some aw know who like a sope  
O' frothy brew'ry tay.  
They hate to hear Sam's din, an' sup  
Ther gills up reight away,  
An' off they go to some quate pocart  
Wheer they con ged a gill  
Witewaht his interference, for  
O' footbo they've ther fill.

These tooathry week back Sam's bin on  
For praisin' th' blue an' white,  
He's allus bin throo thick an' thin  
A red-hot Roverite!  
An' after t' Junior Cups wur won  
He bawled eawt, "Chaps, yo'll see  
Wod th' Rovers do wi' Bury-ed teoms—  
They'llmek t' Cups into three!"

An' when th' teom won last Sett erda,  
He acted as if daft.  
His cap he swung an' roared "Hooray!"  
While childer reawnd him laughehd.  
An' then he give 'em hawp'n' reawnd,  
An' sent 'em off to th' shops,  
Wher toffy-sticks wur soud, to ax  
For "Th' Rovers winnin' d'rops!"

O'er th' English Cup he moythered nooan,  
But sed. "Id matters nowt.  
Heaw t' "Wolves" may howl, for "Sheffield  
Are sharp enough for owt!" [blades]

But he's a question which he puts  
Whene'er he's on a spree,  
An' thad is, "When is t' Charity  
Cup final beawn to be?  
He's bin on't fuddle ever sin  
Last week-end, an' aw think  
His brains wur muddled bad enough  
Beawt woss'nin' em wi' drink.  
He won a creawn an' spent his wage,  
An' popt his watch at' cheean,  
Bigum! he's daft, 'cos t' Rovers hev  
Th' Lankyshier Cup ayeon!  
Heaw he'll go on aw connet tell,  
Aw know he's actir' leet,  
An' bawlin' eawt o' th' footbo news  
When gooin' hooarn at neet.  
Last neet, tort twel're, he wakken'd up  
O' th' foak i' Fid'aler's Row  
Throo sheawtin', "Lankyshier's three Cups,  
An' Elegburn's won 'em o'!"

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

### FORGEFUL TUM.

Some foak's convenient memories,  
As yoll' moost likely know  
If you'v bizness, for they korn'd  
Remember wod they owe.  
But if ther's money due to them,  
A difference is med.  
Becose, o somehaww, dorn'd yo see,  
That's wod they korn'd forged!

Ther's odd uns who korn'd recollect  
Owt bad abeawt theirsels,  
Yet they've a budget o'er th' affairs  
Ov everybody else.  
An' if, thro' wod they've sed, ther's threats  
O' summosin' to t' Coopart.  
They'll whine, they've no remembrance  
O' sayin' owt o'r th' soart.

An' odd uns deal i' mek believe—  
When they mek slips, an' say—  
"It's awkward when foak's memories  
Start woss'nin' day bi day."  
Yet some are moythered nat'rally,  
An' lots o' diff'rent things  
They owt to think abeawt, go blank!  
As if they'd tekken wings.

Tum Twirler hed thad failin' bad,  
An' geet i' mony a mess.  
Simple as could be, o' thro' nowt  
But sheer forgedfulness.  
An' tho', at his predicaments,  
Foak used to skit an' laugh,  
Tum hed'nt time to smile hissel  
However smart they'd chaff,

When young, his skoo experiences  
Worn'd extra gay or sweet,  
'Cosethro' his memory failin' him  
He lots o' canin's geet.  
Or wi' a dunc-eas on his heyd  
He'd to sit on a stool:  
Then when his layther geet to know  
He coed him "Gawnless too!"

When owd enough to work he tried  
His best to suit, poor lad,  
But thro' his blund'rinn' ways he droeave  
Moost ov his gaffers mad.  
An' he wur puncd fro' different shops,  
Or geet towld—"tworn'd so nice—  
"Off wi' thee hooam! Tha morn'd stop here;  
Nowe, nod at onny price!"

But later, he improved a bit,  
An' "twor but neaw an' then  
As he ded wod war Colly West—  
Which med his shopmates skin.  
One mornin' while on't rood, he turned  
Back hooam, an' med th' remark,  
I' answer to a gruff "What's wrong?"  
"Aw dorud know wheer aw wark!"

Another time he wakken'd up,  
An' fancyin' he wur late,  
'Cos o' war quate, he welly run  
O' t' way to t' factory gate.  
But when he got ther id wur cloesned,  
An' a big pieceomon sed.  
"They dorud wark ther o' Sunda's, mon;  
Off wi' thee back to bed!"

He blundered on o' somsheaw till  
His heart begun to bum  
Whene'er he ses a bonny lass,  
An' he felt leet i' th' "chump."  
Hey, dear, t' lad thro' his love affairs  
I' monny a pickle geet.  
'Cos etho', thro' mem'ry slips, he'd stan'  
Wond'rinn' who he'd to meet!  
Yet after o, i' spite o' thad,  
He mated, an' geet wed.  
Then t' maybure lots o' buzzes towld  
O'er t' blunders as he med.  
Thro' o, his wife good-naturedly  
Chepled gay, "Let him a-be,  
For he'll hurt nobry. Aw know thad  
Bi t' ways he hes wi' me!"  
But th' gam wor when th' heawse lived at  
Wur soud, an' they'd to fit,  
'Cosetho' new experience moythered Tum  
An' plagued him boan a bit.  
He kep' forgerdin' his new hooam,  
An' wandered up th' owd street,  
Till foak sed, chaffin', "Nay, that's wrong!"  
Then off he'd peyl fro' seet.  
Hey, thad wur nowt compared wi' wod  
He ded one neet, late on  
When Janey Blythe, whose husband off  
To t' pictur show hed gone.  
Had th' table set for his return,  
When, just as a surprise,  
How thowt hood slip to t' corner shop  
An' sed two hot meyt pies.  
Then geddin' t' bowls, hoo donn'd her shawl,  
An' on her errand seat,  
Leavin' th' door sneeked, chance t' chap pop't up.  
When Tum strode into t' street,  
An' while he waited for them pies  
Tum blundered i' t' wrong heawse,  
Locked th' door, turned th' gas enwt, an' upstairs  
Snizidgely as a meuse.  
He'd just reyched th' landin', an' wur beawn  
To leet th' gas i' t' front room,  
When Janey's husband, bowd an' lithe,  
Eawsid'e to t' doorhey'l coom.  
He stared to find hissel locked eawt,  
An' o' i' darkness ther,  
So rattlin' th' door, thro' t' keyhole he  
Bawled, "Oppen th' door; aw'm here!"  
Tum upstairs struck a leet, an' then  
Shot th' windo up to see  
Who wur eawsid'e, an' axed, "Who's ther?"  
I' sharp tones, clear an' free,  
Th' reply wur, "Worta doin' ther?"  
As Janey gave a skreet  
An' dropped her pies i' th' gutter-hag,  
Hey, th' noise hood roun'd Tum street.  
"What's up ther?" sleepy voices axed,  
An' then they war a dip,  
An' clatter, as feared Janey yelled,  
"Help! Please! We've burglaars in!"  
But Tum unlocked th' door sheepishly,  
An' sed, "It's nobbut me!  
Aw've bin misten. Aw'm sorry, 'cos  
T' wife's waitin' up, yo see!"

"Aw're here, tha cracky!" Tum's wife cried,  
A tooathy doors aboon;  
"Thi' own hooam shud be enough;  
Ged in, an' doff th' coat.  
Th' job ended wi' a dip  
Which rippled o' t' water,  
An' Janey's husban' enjoyed id th' dip.  
Another time,  
Surprised,  
Wi' t' wot,  
"Wh-

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

ORIGINAL.

### FOXIN' TUMMY.

Aw'll tell yo' wed id is, ther's foak  
Who never look contented;  
They fret an' pine theirsels o'er nowt,  
An' act as if demented.  
Some's hardly wit enough to smile,  
Ther comp'ny's sad to be in,  
Becose ther ayther quate or glum,  
Or sayin' as ther deelin'!  
  
Owd Tummy Tricklers ta'en thad way,  
He's long i' th' face bi natur;  
He's dull an' dowsome as can be,  
An' sitch a funny cratur!  
He tawks o' deelin', day bi day,  
An' mumbles, chicken-hearted,  
"Aw'st nod last long, aw know aw sharn'd."  
Mi appetite's departed!  
  
To hear him yo'd believe him ill,  
He tawks so stern an' solum,  
An' ses he's wayk i' th' back, becose  
He's sprained his spinal column!  
But treat him to a frothy pint,  
Or hand him th' whisky bottle,  
Yo'll find eawt soon, beawt bein' towd,  
He hesn'd sprained his throttle!  
  
Th' owd lad looks thin, but watch him eyt,  
Ow' nicely cooked an' tasty;  
Yo'll learn his appetite's fast class,  
That's if yo'r nod too hasty.  
He'll shift off wed shud do for three,  
Au' then th' owd croakin' sinner  
Moast like ull say as that's t' fast taste  
Sin' his last Sunda's dinner!  
  
At rollin' lies bi wholesale off  
Ther's varra few con match him,  
For id'll tek a chap who hes  
His ways off reight to catch him.  
He acts th' owd sowjer scoars o' times,  
Whenevir foos are handy  
To treat a chap 'at's sick an' faint  
To just a nip o' brandy!  
  
He's lodgin' wi' a mate ov his,  
A chap coed Billy Blinker,  
Who shares owd Tummy's gret complaint,  
Thad is, he's a chep drinker!  
They've nooses wi' grog blossoms on,  
But ans'er every question  
'At's axed abeawt 'em, wi' th' owd yarn,  
It's caused throo indigestion!  
  
Owd Tummy someheaw manks to ged  
Wi' foak at's fond o' givin',  
An' ses a chap who feels hawf dead  
Korn'd wark to ged a livin'.  
He'll creep abeawt so dree an' slow,  
Till he gets kindly treated,  
An' then his nooase end glows as red  
As iron newly heated.  
  
To see him mope wi' hawf-shut een,  
Yo'd think as he wur clammin';  
But then he's nowt at o' th' soart—  
Th' owd wastrel's nobbut shammin':  
He lives at no place long at once;  
Foak find eawt o his dodges,  
An' varra often Tummy gets  
Chucked eawt fro' wheer he lodges.  
  
He'll tackle nowt at's reg'lar wark,  
For spongin' suits him better;  
He'll ne'er be teed, he's towd his mate,  
To onny factory sweater.  
He's worked nooan for a toathry year,  
An' vows he wern'd begin id,  
Becose he says as caggin' pays—  
Ther mon be summat in id,  
  
Just stan him hawf a dozen pints,  
Yor health he'll drink an' pray for,  
An' eyt as mony peys and pies  
As yo've a mind to pay for!  
He'll tek owt as yo'll offer him,  
But never thinks o' givin',  
An' comes eawt better than a lot  
Three "foxin'" for a livin'!

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

### GAWMLESS NED.

Tum "Tubby's" geddin' t' woss for wear—a  
"Charley's" on his back,  
An' th' toppin' thin an' grey which once wur  
crisp an' sooty black:  
His eyeset's wosened lately, too, an' t' wrinkles  
on his broo  
Are t' marks as Time's put thee to show wed  
troubles he's gone thro'.  
He's nod as lively as he wor i' other days long  
past,  
For owd-age pension time for him keeps comin'  
nearer fast;  
An' sometimes he's so peevish like, yo'd think  
him gooin' mad.  
But then, it's his infirmities which meks him act  
like that.  
Rheumatic twinges mek him poo a face 'at's owt  
but nice—  
Hey when he hes 'em bad he wawks as if he wur  
on ice!—  
He's rayther deaf an' o sometimes when he's cood  
on to pay,  
But ax, "Heigh, can yo sup a pint?" he'll hear  
o' t' words yo say!  
Tum's one o' th' good owd heebins, an' when  
his life's race is run  
He korn'd complain he hes'd hed a gradely share  
o' fun.  
Cose among th' rough-an'-tumble lot who lived i'  
Grinshaw Park  
An' deaws i' back streets i' Noras he's hed monny  
a lively "lark."  
I' winter-time he's plagued wi' cowds an' coughs,  
then gasps, "Hey, see,  
Aw'm gooin' downbrou fast—ugh!—ugh!—it's  
U'p up wi' me!"  
But when he's i' th' reight side eawt an' weel, among  
a hearty set,  
He's one o' t' drollest tellers ov a tale yo ever  
met.  
Tum's reckoned an authority on every game fro'  
dogs,  
An' "Bad, played off th' stick end," to rapputin'  
wi' whippet dogs;  
O'er t' best class o' racehosses, too, he seems to  
be i' th' know,  
But when id cooms to footbo, wey, he's th' daddy  
ov 'em o!  
He'll tell yo how far Marchant jumped, or t'  
Springs Pee Bullet did.  
An' heaw Bob Banks at Sheffield lost, thos  
trickery, out but good,  
Or sometimes, for change, yo'll hear heaw t'  
runness hed some fun  
Wi' "Irish Johnny," t' bobby, while i' th' fields  
tert' Pleasington.  
Aye, Tum's a budget or his own, comprisin' every  
spoor!  
O' "tek deaws" tricks an' marlockin's, wi' bits  
ov' local spooar!  
An' if bi chance he geds on t' run, he's seldom  
satisfied  
Till he's rowled off a yarn o'er t' pranks he's  
played at th' watter-side.  
Thad memory ov his goons buck, aye, fifty year  
ov' moan.  
An' t' time he describes th' owd-time trips wed  
mek for ribs feel soor.  
For thro' t' slots i' th' cawf-carriages they used to  
"baa" an' "booo"  
Till foak thowt they wur wild men as quate  
stations they passed thro'.  
  
Thad wurr no bother i' them days o'er "Fust up,  
five aside."  
For if they'd room to stan' streyt up they o felt  
satisfied;  
An' if id started rainin', twur no use to sob or  
skrike,  
For they wur i' one boost, an' t' rain wur shared  
reawnd o alike.  
"Hey, wed a change!" he sometimes ses, "ther is  
'ween then an' new,  
For when wed brass id mattered nowt, an' we  
went onnyheaw;  
Neaw, dommed i' fimsy finery, ther's monny a  
lad an' lass  
Go deaws to t' seasides o' chep trips wi' far moar  
pride than brass."  
One o' Tum's favourite buzzes is absaut a trip  
they hed  
One Whitsuntide, an' mongh ther lot wur one coed  
"Gawmless Ned";  
He war a pigeon fancier, an' hed flown monny  
a scoccy,  
But th' capper war—he'd never bin to t' watter  
side agoar!  
  
When he see th' ocean for t' fist time he see  
his mates on t' grin  
Thro' starin' keen an' blabbin', "It's t' biggst  
bruck aw' ever sin!"  
An' then as't watter-cart's backed in to fill for  
deggin' t' road,  
He chelpid, "Neaw that's a wrinkle! Look heaw  
soon they ged a load!"  
Then off they roode to "Wipwaps," an' reawnd  
Marston, full o' glee,  
An' hed some beawlin' matches when they  
reyched th' owd "Number Three":  
Till, longin' for a change, they cluttered back i'  
th' waggonette,  
As t' driver sed he'd never bin eawt wi' a jollier  
set.  
When they geet back on t' beach ageson Ned stared  
wi' saucer een.  
For th' tide hed gone reight back an' ther wur  
sandy plains between;  
Then "Wod a hoyl they've med in't, chaps!" he  
barked eawt i' dismay,  
"Cose he believed, as t' watter-carts hed ta'en id  
o away!  
"Come on, chaps!" Billy Notchell sed, "ne'er  
hed you gawmless foo!  
If we'd to give him t' slip 'twod be t' best thing as  
we cud do!"  
So t' lot turned deawn a bye-street, an' left poor  
Ned gapin' ther,  
But when he fun as he wur left he went daft  
varra near.  
He went i' every pictur-shop, but th' reight un,  
after t' lot,  
An' kep' on zeddin' "tiddlers" wheer he coed  
he fel so hot;  
Till weary of his wild-goose chase, an' stode o'  
German bands,  
He went deawn t' slope o' th' hulkin', an' wur  
soon asleep on't sands.  
Heaw long he slept he dudd'n know, but wakin'  
wornd so sweet,  
When his peepers opened th' tide wur  
swishin' reawnd his feet,  
An' creaws o' watchers laughin' sed "Tha's a  
new knockher-up!"  
While t' mates, enjoyn' t' set, cried "Stor thee,  
Ned, an' hev a sup!"  
An' then they towd him wheer they'd bin an'  
wod a time they'd hed.  
But "Heaw soon is t' train back?" wur o' t' reply  
they geet Ned.  
"Cose he wur studuin' t' mystery—for wed else  
end id meon!"  
Who'd bin, while he wur sleepin', an' filled t'  
watter up ageson?  
Thad wur a stannin' joak 'mong t' lot, tho'  
Ned threat mitch an' moar  
Id licked o' t' strange occurrences he'd heared  
about afoor;  
Till his owd gronny satell id, an' cosed his mind  
o' dawnt.  
Bi sayin', "Hey, tha warphyd, doesn'd th' tide  
goon in an' eawt?"  
So yo who goon to t' watterside 'mong stylsh  
awells an' belles,"  
Remember t' pitthy moral ov thad buzz which  
"Tubby" tells—  
Dern'd yo act gawmless or sleep drink of t'  
sandy bed.  
"I'll be laughed an' skittid at far woss  
awmless Ned."

JACK O' ANN'S.

## IN MEMORIAM.

(ANN BARON. Died May 23rd, 1868.)

The golden glory of a Summer's day  
Streams from the azure dome wide-arched on high,  
As blossoms tell the presence of sweet May,  
Yet sadly I behold them, with a sigh.  
On such a day—remembered with a tear—  
Grief's first great shadow o'er my life was thrown,  
Death struck (we recked not he was lurking near),

The gentlest Teacher Youth had ever known.  
She was my guide, companion—truest friend.  
The all in all of womankind to me,  
And glad my lips shall utter to Life's end.  
Those trustful prayers she taught me at her knee.

No kindlier nature ever graced our earth;  
No mother, gentler was: no wife more true.  
Affection still reflects upon her worth,  
Whose soul sought happiness beyond the blue.

Through all the changes of the changeful years,  
Mid disappointments, trials, cares and pains;  
Heart-agony and rapture—smiles and tears—  
Her memory brought the power that Hope sustains.

And still remembrance of her crowns my mind,  
As down the slope of Life I journey on;  
For whereso'er the ways of progress wind,  
Her unseen presence leads a trustful son.  
Her gentle teachings help me even yet,  
Tho' many years have passed away since she Left in our hearts what we can ne'er forget,  
Till earth-life merges in eternity.

So be it, mother mine: whate'er of Good,  
Of Hope, or Charity, of Love or Faith,  
Strengthens my heart or courses through my blood,

Is due to thee, and will be so till Death.  
Thou didst thy duty: so may I do mine—  
True to my conscience, whatsoe'er befall,  
As fervently I trust the Power Divine,  
Whose Mercy grants eternal joy to all.  
For what is Life, on which we set such store?  
A mystery that hath being—then is not;  
A passing 'tween two mist-clouds; nothing more;

A presence, brief remembered, then forgot.  
Through all the annals of recorded Time,  
Mankind have come, to fade, like Summer flowers,  
But whenceward go they? Dust to graveyard grime,  
And precious souls to brighter worlds than ours!

We tread the earth—to leave it—that is all;  
Our journey—short or long—ruled by His Will,  
Who sendeth and recalls us. Then each soul To Him its record takes of good or ill.

Thy soul passed Heav'nward fifty years ago!  
Mine waits the call to lure it from the Earth:

So take, Dear Heart—tis all Love can bestow—  
Affections tribute to thy sterling worth.

JOHN T. BARON.

Blackburn, May 23rd, 1919.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT

[ORIGINAL]

### JEALOUS JINNY.

That's id! Give 'em jip reight, yo wimmin,  
An' lash 'em o' reawnd—good or bad,  
For fellas at wost are yer equals;  
Dorn' snarl, but say to an' chev' thad!  
Yor whims an' yer fancies we pity;  
Yor fawts are best known to yorsels,  
But hang id! why do yo keep pilin'  
Yor fainns o' everyone else?

Id pays to be plain an' streytforrud,  
Yo'll say thad, aw know, in a crack;  
Well, sometimes id does—or id doesn't;  
Neaw then, let's ha' no lookin' black.  
A woman eon be like an angel,  
Or wost than Owl Scrat if hoo tries,  
An' if hoo flares up in a temper  
Hoo'll swear truth's a few pack o' lies!

A good wife—ov coarse, then no bad 'uns!  
It's allus them chaps who do wrong  
Wi' grand ways 'at's no aggravatin',  
An' words, 'at's deep-cuttin' an' strong—  
A good wife's far better than fortune  
To comfort a sage or a foo;  
Hoo rules th' hoocam wi' foosure ov her kindness  
An' acts as a woman shud do.

Hoo thinks weel o' husband an' childer,  
An' keeps her hooocam coy an' breeft—  
A place o' contentment an' comfort  
For him whe he geds theer at neet.  
Ther lives are cheered up wi' Love's sunshine,  
As t' babbys on't rug crows or craws,  
But if t' one or t' other grows jealous,  
Thers storms ahead. Look eawt for squalls!

If its him who geds restless an' deawful,  
He's allus alert, like a meawse,  
Here an' ther, till hoo whispers to t' nayburs,  
"He's woss than a bailey i' th' heawse!"  
He's allus j' pins, nowt goes gradely;  
He magnifies wrong eawt o' reight,  
Or flies in a passion o' th' sudden,  
Declarin' he'll part soon or feight.

Then if thers a whisper o' slander  
O'er summatt he knows isn't true,  
His een blash wi' leet o' suspicion,  
An' then thers a wild hubaboo.  
O' sitch wark hoo's soon sick an' weary,  
Yet bides thro' id th' best way hoo con,  
An' sends word on't quale to relations,  
"He's jealous beawt reason, think on!"

If its hor 'at's disturbed in her fancies,  
Hoo kornd bide him eawt ov her seeft,  
An' if owt at o' triffin' happens,  
Hoo' eye him wi' looks owt but sweet.  
He morn'd go a ramblin' off beawt her—  
Nowe, nowe; wheer he goos hoo' go too.  
An' hoo turns her noose up at campers,  
Remarin' "One mate's quite enoo!"

He kornd stor—nod even to t' barber,  
To gad a cleyn shave or a pow,—  
Beawt hearin' "Neaw, do ged back handy:  
If tha' stopes aw'st kick up a row."  
Till, snappin' "Which on us is t' gaffer?  
If tha' art, aw'm gooin' away!"

He meks her moos cranky bi' whistlin'  
A tune summatt like "Dolly Gray."

Then eawt he goos, ruffled i' th' temper;  
At th' barber's he meks a long stop,  
Then slips for a sup into th' alehouse,  
While hoo watches i' some sly shop.  
Hoo's back afoar him, wi' een flashin',  
Hoo fair longs a flare-up to raise;  
But goos to bed, nossin' her madness,  
An' sulks at her chap tootathy day.

He ses nowt, yet teks lots o' nocatis,

An' goos in an' eawt at his will;

While jealousy wi' her grows keener

His love for her's geddin' a chill.

He kornd understand her; he's puzzled

Wodever to think or to say—

For t' world hef for him but one woman,

Who's drivin' a true heart astray.

Heavy fearful id is to be jealous:  
To ne'er hev a calm i' one's breast,  
While t' mind, full o' devilish fancies,  
Keeps throbbin' on, never at rest.  
If jealousy once geds o' th' har'stoan,  
Wi' t' grip ov a leech id'll cling,  
To rob th' hoocam ov o id sweet blessin's,  
An' kill t' bloom o' Love wi' id sting.

Sitch wark meons a life's ruination,  
For sleepless thowts wakkin' Distrust;  
An' every fond thowt deeply cherishes  
Thro' nowt as meons owt, drops to  
Id stunders true hearts, till sharp les,  
An' chance, links up Love's shatterin',  
An' proves them thowt' faithless.

Then suniect cheers th' har'stoan  
That's just heawd id wor wi' Sam Shuckles,  
A chap gradeily handsome, bi th' mass,  
An' good as be looked, who fell heydfoot  
But hoo'd a heyd full o' queer fancies;  
An' mommy a sharp tiff they hed,  
Afear Jinny sattled hoo'd hev him,  
Then Sam an' her went to be wed.

Like hor Sam wuz faithful an' honest,  
An' o went on fairish awhile,  
Till queer things begun troublin' Jinny,  
Which oft played the dule wi' her smile.  
Hoo magnified spots into meawntains,  
An' fancied wed never cud be,  
For Sam hed but one love—his Jinny—  
Whese form browt a glint to his e'e.

Fro' simple things troubles expanded,  
Coss trifles oft meant wordy strife;  
An' Sam sometimes axed hissel t' question,  
"What's med sitch gret changes i' t' wife?"  
At last, in a hig, hoo towd th' reason,  
Sam chuckled. "They stuff foo's wi' chaff!  
O' reight, lass, so'keep thi' heart easy,"  
An' o passed away wi' a laugh.

For o thad, her ways duddin' awter,  
An' hev; if he happened to speyk  
To wimmin o'er owt, ther wur bother,  
Hoo' cry as if hot heart wod breyk.  
Then flyin' sky heigh in a tantrum,  
Hoo'd yell thro' her tears, "Oh, aw see,  
Thad rayther ha' sitch like, tha wastrel,  
Bi odds, than a true lass like me!"

Things wosson'd—poor Sam hed no pleasure,  
Wodever he sed or he dug  
Wur wrong in her een, an' hoo coed him  
Bi every wrong name as hoo cud.  
He thowts soccars o' times he'd best leove her  
To find her mistakes eawt; but still,  
He stood o' i' patience, till Jinny,  
Thro' t' worry, wur bedfast an' ill.

Sam's mother dropt in unexpected  
An' towd her son wod he shud god;  
Hoo'd a cowd, an' her voice swounded strangely  
To Jinny, who hearkened i' bed.  
"Come on, Sam, wi' me. Dorn' theo bother  
O'er hor, but heed as aw say!"  
At thad Jinny nervously trembled,  
An' slipt eawt o' bed reight away.

Tha' feeble, hoo'd see tha' strange woman,  
Who spoke so familiar to Sam;  
Hoo'd find eawt who'd won his affections,  
An' show him up reight as a sham.  
But when hoo see t' face, o' Sam's mother,  
Ill thowts abewt Sam flew away;  
An' ther's nod a happier couple  
Than them i' Owd England to-day.

JACK O' ANNS.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT

By "Jack o' Ann's"

### JERRY'S LUCKY BLUNDER,

Aw kord tell heaw id is wif yo,  
But reg'lar-like, wif me,  
A tooty random comon ston  
Mi' slumb'rinn' memory.  
Then long-forgotten odds an' ends  
Creadw' tort me, in a crack,  
As Fancy flies o' glidin' wings  
O'er th' Past's care-shadowed track.  
Sometimes, thro' t' glints o' bygones days,  
Mi' eyesett blurred wi' tears,  
An' sometimes, too, mirth mekes me smile  
Thro' joyas o' vanished years.  
While monny a buzz-wel towd bi them  
Als tekkin' ther long rest,  
O' th' whitened hill-side-jing'rin', helps  
To breeton monny a breast.  
For instance, while aw wandered, quate  
An' lonesome, tother day,  
Tort wheer a creawd stood, lined up, for  
Ther margarin' an' tay.  
A chap who passed me blurted eawt—  
"Twur gammin' Knuzzen Ned—  
"If Jerry, hed sin owt like this,  
Ther'd ha' bin summat sed!"  
Thad reffrence to Ord Jerry drocave  
O' th' War away,  
An' med mi' earlock breten like t'  
Grey East at dawn o' day.  
For Jerry wur a "lively brid,"  
Who used to live next door  
To t' "Sheot an' Sickle," wheer he rolled  
His buzzes off bi t' scoor.  
Fro' t' "Red Cap" down to t' "Gowden Cup,"  
Fro' Witton Stocks to t' Guide—  
Fook knew him weal, for reawnd eawt  
He went wi' monly stride.  
Plain an' streyt forrad in his ways,  
He sed men wur like books,  
"Cose t' keenest judges ne'er can tell  
What's in 'em, bi ther looks!  
He liked fairation, an' he'd hev t',  
I' owt he tackled to,  
An' smilid, wif twinklin' een, whene'er  
Chaps classed them as "a foof."  
Then he'd remark—good-natured like—  
"We've o' to live an' learn,  
But ignorance is one o' t' things  
As t' foolish con discern!"  
He never claimed to be a saint,  
I' wed he sed on diob,  
Yet he'd do nowt to nobry, if  
Him cuddin' do 'em good.  
An' o'er quate deods o' kindliness  
Old mayburs used to tell.  
Off addin' slyly, "He's moear sense  
Than try to leg hissel!"  
He allus looked weel to his hooam,  
An' cheerful as a lark.  
He'd face his troubles wi' a smile  
An' whistled at his work,  
But he war fond o' company  
An' gloried in a tale—  
Espehly on o' t' gradely soart.  
Towd o'er a sope o' ale.  
Thad war t' west drawbaek as he hed  
Yet them who went on t' spree,  
Wur towd, "Weil, Drink's yor gaffer, but  
Id ne'er mun boss o'er me!"  
An' tho' he liked a pint as weel  
As onny mon' i' th' tawn.  
Thur varra seldom do leet  
Th' sly wrossler, put him deawn!  
The' he'd his fawts, he dud his nook,  
An' lived a happy life.  
Blest wi' a comfortable hooam,  
An' a good, payshunt wife.  
Hey, monny a time, when t' best side eawt,  
Th' ewd buzz he gladly towd  
O'er heaw, thro' a big blunder, he  
Won hor—weth moear than gowd!

Jerry wur left a widower,  
Wi' one child—a fine lad,  
For a year or so he'd lived  
So lonesome-like, an' sad.  
When, lookin' rawnd to mend hissel,  
A widdo' took his cen,  
An' he determined, if he cud,  
He'dmek her—Missus Preen.  
Jack Selvidge, who wur i' th' same mood—  
Awbeawt th' same time hed med  
A hawf resolve to ax Nell if  
Hoo'd hev him, an' be wed?  
An' so id happened as boooth chaps,  
I' th' hope ther choice to win,  
Hed hinted to ther lady-loves  
They'd tek ther New Years in!  
As nowt no moar wur sed, they boooth  
Took silence as consent.  
An' latish on, o' New Year's Eve,  
They o' ther errands went.  
Tur dark an' cowl, an' snow fell fast,  
As t' New Year's chimes rung eawt,  
Et th' fellas smiled soft to theirsels—  
"Cose few fook war abeawt.  
When Lovas meks crackyes blind, id plagues  
"Em wi' o' soarts o' tricks,  
An' ayther favers 'em, or else  
Soon puts 'em in a fix.  
But, onnyheaw—th' two widdo's wur  
Near mayburs i' th' same street,  
Yet mayther wur prepared for t' queer  
Surprises as they geat.  
Jerry wur nearin' th' heawse, when Jack  
Rawnd th' corner sudden pop,  
An' Jerry set th' door oppen, as  
Jack went inside—an' stopped!  
Then, flustered-like, he seen a leet  
Wur burnin' i' th' next door,  
So, blund'rinn' he tapped, an' went  
Weher he'd never bin afօor!  
He greeted th' woman wi' a cuss,  
Then started, hoo sprang back,  
An' hutchin' th' self pale-faced cried,  
"Who art? That nod Jack!"  
"Now, aw'm cood Jerry!" war t' reply,  
Then timid as a mouse.  
He added, "He's gone i' th' next door.  
An' aw'm—well, i' th' wrong heawse!"  
At thad, away awtside hoo beawneed,  
Dad, he'd never bin afօor!  
When back hee com' wi' flushed up face,  
An' axed, wi' snappish tangs,  
"Wodever's med them come in here?"  
Then, sheepish as eud be,  
He sed, "Forg'e me!—aw'm mista'en,  
Aw thout Jane Ann war thes!"  
"Oh, dudia!—Well, just ged eawtside,  
An' keep off th' edge o' t' blind.  
Beose you two's dessaved us booth,"  
He went—an' changed his mind.  
Then hit bi bit, he tawked her rawnd  
An' th' upshot on id war,  
Thad New Year's meetin' browt new leet  
To th' livev on him an' her.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Two weddin's com' off, later on;  
Booth o' t' same afternoon,  
One, happy, lasted o' life's length  
But tother ended soon.  
Jack an' his mate Liked drink too well,  
An' t' job turned eawt "a mess,"  
While Jerry, to his deuin' day,  
His "blunder" used to blees.

March 10/00

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

### ORIGINAL.

#### JOE CLINK'S WEDDIN'.

Some fook will hev 't as weddin's t' fast  
Gret stride ou' road to ruin,  
An' if a chap geds a bad wife  
Declare its own doin',  
They've t' same remark for wimmin, too,  
If th' husband be a bad un,  
Ther partnership meons grief an' strife,  
Au' th' partin's time's a glad un!

Wod queer huoom-med philosophers  
We mest wi' in eawr gambles,  
They claim to wawk i' roosy ways  
"Ats free fro' thors an' brambles,  
But when ther reckoned fairly up,  
It's fun eawt ther no wiser  
Nor better off than them who growl—  
For o they act th' adviser!

Joe Clink hed bin stuck in reight once,  
His lost wife wur a daisy;  
Her blin' tongue an' nowfy ways  
Near drove th' poor fellas crazy.  
Hoo valued nowt, an' keered for nooan,  
His mind thr' her wur worried,  
An' poor Joe welly jumped for joy  
"That day as hoo wur buried.

At th' funeral, grimmin' junks wur passed,  
O'er th' comfort he hed thro' her;  
An' Joe exclaimed, "Aw'm fain aw'm free—  
An' scry a e'er knew her!  
Hoo bin a lively mate for me,  
An' caused no end o' bother;  
Aw've gotten shut, an' sw'll tek care  
Aw'st never huv another!"

He skitted wimmin after thad—  
At th' job, key, hew cum match him!  
An' swoor as th' woman wi' be fawse  
Who in her ned eud catch him;  
Fook smiled as he taxked varra big  
An' swaggered—a free ranger;  
For they knew bi experience weel,  
Whene'er th' er'd ther danger!

Joe grinned when widows set ther caps,  
The scillin's neer upset him;  
He towd a toothay on 'em off,  
Who sulked whene'er they met him;  
But resolutions sometimes melt  
I' th' glow o' tender passion;  
An' as Joe war but mortal, he  
Went flop i' th' owd time fashion!

Id war a dainty bit o' news,  
For th' gossiping when they heard on't.  
They snapt, "Th' he's cood wedded life,  
He's nayther stode nor feared on't.  
But who'd ha' thout, he'd pick up yon—  
Hcy, wud a star a' his gedin,—  
Wer'd Molly Weltam give him jip,  
An' teykh him th' art o' weddin'."

Aye, thi wizwaa du chuk logic eawt,  
An' cood 'em i' ther gaddin';  
They sed 'em Joe had lost his brains,  
An' filled th' space up wi' waddin',  
Then as for Molly, dear o' oe!  
Hoo ruled chaps bi persuasion,  
Wi' th' rollin' pin o' pooker, an'  
Wurd's strict abeawt th' occasion,

Hoo'd put two husbands under t' sod,  
Booth faint to leave that Tartar—  
An' th' latest catch on th' hook war Joe—  
Poor chap, he d' dee a martyr.  
Some on' em ventured to explain  
As he war eant' foolish;

Joe's ans'er war, "Aw'st suit misel,"

Love does muk' owd foos mushish.

I' snite o' warnin' Joe get wed

Bi himself to his Mollie,

An' started soon, when th' tur too late,

Repentin' or his folly.

His heyd woar ornamental lumps

Thro' t' pooker tongs, an' fender,

An' Joe declared hoo war Al

At mokin' feelin's tender.

As luck leet, hoo wur teken ill,  
Joe o'ert wut out but sorry,  
Hoo groaned, "O, loch a doctor, do;  
He answered, "Ho wi th' hurry,  
Aw've stopped t' law con hardly hide,  
New aw'll sell bed an' beddin',  
An' sling away to Yankeland—  
Aw've hed enough o' weddin'!"

"Wod? wiita leave me, wayk an' ill,  
To hev thi fling o'er t' watter an'?"  
Hoo axed, "Sint up!" Joe answered, "if  
Aw do id doesn't matter.  
Thi ways don't suit me, for th' blows  
Hoo pulverised mi nature,  
An' livin' wi' thee's woss than death—  
So doe, the nowty crayer!"

Joe went to th' doctors, leet him in  
To th' saycret ov his troubles,  
An' hinted as a freetenin' buzz  
Wod help to brast life's bubbles.  
So when he went to Molly—soon  
He set that tyrant crying,  
"I's sayin'!" "I's sayin'!"  
"For you, because you're dyng!"

Hoo sobbed an' sighed, "Forg'e me, Joe,  
For th' hurts mi temper's med thre;

Aw thout aw'd pay off for th' skits

This used afora tha wed me!"

Poch th' parson: "Hey, if aw ged weel,

Aw'll use thee reight an' kindly,

Dord leave me, Joe. No moar aw'll let

Mi temper lead me blindly!"

He went to th' parson, towd his tale:

"But, really you won't leave her?"

Th' owd praycher axed, "Nod aw, indeed,"

Joe sed, "But aw'll deceive her."

Aw'll mak believe aw'm beawn to go—

Just yo an' th' doctor walk id.

An' when hoo does ged reawnd, he'll be

A better lass—new mark id!"

Among 'em, hev they managed weel,

For Molly were regretful,

Hoo owned up to her laws, an' sed

As hoo'd bin too forgetful,

An' when Joe took a broker in

To the heawso, Molly sadly sheawtend,

Dord sell up, Joe, th' gaffer here—

That's true—tha needs'd deawt id!"

Joe, wi' a stern determined face

Went upstairs, an' sed "Molly,

To stop wheer comfort's never bin

Wed be an act o' folly."

"If aw ged weel," hoo sobbed, "tha'st hev

A wife to soothie and cheer thee;

An' if aw dee, aw want to lie

At last, I' th' graveyard near thee."

Thad satlid id—Joe sed no moar,

An' Molly soon geet better.

His life war changed, for Molly kept

Her promises true to th' letter,

An' th' doctor winks, while th' parson ses,

"Strife's ranks be never led id."

For Joe's rough anser to 'em is,

"Next licks a gradely weddin'!"

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

ORIGINAL.

## KITTY'S GEDDIN'

Eawr Kitty's bowt her weddin'  
 A bonnet fine, beside :  
 Hoo's fair set up, because hoo's beaw.  
 To be a bluslin' bride.  
 Its welly time hoo fun a mate,  
 Hoo's hed a lot, aw know ;  
 An' camped 'em oft till it's bin late,  
 At th' end o' th' garden wo.  
 Aw'll just bethink me, if aw con,  
 O'er th' fellas as hoo's hed ;  
 Th' fost wur a varra quate young mon,  
 Focak coe'd him Simple Ned.  
 He nobbut coom up once, poor lad !  
 But duddnd seem to tek  
 Her fancy, for soon after thad  
 Aw heared hoo'd gi'en him t' seek !  
 Her next chap wur a fancy un,  
 Hoo leet ov him bi chance ;  
 His face wur like a crumpled bun,  
 An' he knew heaw to dance.  
 He swaggered like a new med Duke,  
 An' woar a steel curb cheon,  
 Till he wurd towd to tek his hook  
 An' never come ageon !  
 At th'after thad, aw see her wi'  
 A tall, good-lookin' chap,  
 He warkid i' th' factory, aw cud see  
 Bi th' way he woar his cap ;  
 But varra soon they disagreed,—  
 Love lost for them id charm ;  
 For th' next time as aw see him he'd  
 A fresh lass linked bi th' arm.  
 Then things at hooam wur quate awhile,  
 Though Kitty neaw an' then,  
 Wod sigh, i' sitch a doleful style,  
 As nowt wur queer as men.  
 An' then we heared as Limpin' Joe  
 Hed bin. Who towd mi dad  
 Aw never knew—he geet to know,  
 An' then went welly mad !  
 Joe geet chucked up—heaw vexed he wor  
 At us for mony a day ;  
 I' th' street, if he bi chance met hor,  
 He'd look another way  
 Then hoo'd a stroll bi th' leet o' th' moon,  
 Wi' one o' t' New Rooad swells ;  
 Hoo geet th' cowd shouther middlin' soon—  
 He went wi' somebry else !  
 Hoo'd happen others in between,  
 That's moor than aw con tell ;  
 But if it's so—hoo's nod so green—  
 Hoo keeps id to hersel.  
 Aw know, for o hoo's tried to laugh,  
 As hoo's bin middlin' flayed ;  
 When we've kept tellin' her, i' chaff,  
 Hoo'd be a crand owd maid !  
 Hoo's sharpened up aboon a bit  
 Sin hoo met Dan o' th' Delf,  
 For hoo's bin usin' tact an' wit  
 To ged ta'en cleyn off t' shelf.  
 Hoo teks gret interest in herself  
 An' looks so fresh an' trim ;  
 He glories in her, aw con tell  
 Hoo's captivated him.  
 Eawr Kitty's lively, free an' bowd,  
 The once hoo looked forlorn,  
 For ther axed eawt, so aw've bin towd,  
 I' th' church, last time to morn !  
 An' when ther wed, may Dan ne'er try  
 To cross eawr Kitty's will.  
 For if he does, an' they've a "fly,"  
 Her looks 'llmek him ill !  
 Hoo's tryin' on her weddin' geawn,  
 Id fits her weel for shure ;  
 Hoo's browt some fancy things fro' teawn,  
 To fasten in her yure.  
 Her bonnet's up to Dick, yo know,  
 An' th' best as hoo cud ged.  
 Hey, wernd ther be some gam i' th' row  
 When Kitty's geddin' wed !

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

ORIGINAL.

## LUV-STRIKED JEM.

Jem o' Bob's geds on bad wi' his cooartin',  
 For he never progresses ut o,  
 Tho' aw know as he's weel known wi' t' lasses,  
 Fro' th' Ackadock Brig to Cob Wo.  
 He's boooth bashful un back'ard bi natur,  
 Un he's drest, ov a neet, up to Dick,  
 But oth' lasses think he's a bit doofy,  
 Un they play on him mony a trick.  
 He's a good, oppen-hearted young fellas,  
 Un he's seldom beawt shillins or pence ;  
 He's brass un good clooas, drink un victuals ;  
 Short o' nowt bud one thing,—un thad's sense !  
 Aw'd forgotten, he's daft for a woman,  
 Un geds tost like a feather wi' t' wind ;  
 He's a "mug" as buys t' lasses nice presents,  
 Bud Luv, yo know, meks a foo blind !  
 He geet cooartin ut fast wi a winder,  
 As hed two or three strengs to her bow,  
 Bud wur drop on wi one of her fellas,  
 Up i' th' fields,—un ther wur sitch a row !  
 Theer they fowt whoa shud hev his "fair lady"  
 Un poor Jem hed a stroke o' bad luck,  
 For they woked off, while deawn i' th' dyke bottom,  
 Jem wur fast among t' slutch in a bruck.  
 After thad do, he looked rayther sheepish,  
 For a while, till he met ut th' loyne end,  
 A fat, ginger-haired lass,—sitch a beauty !—  
 Hoo limpt o' t' left leg, un hoo skenned.  
 Yet, he thowt hur a angel or fairy,  
 Hey dear ! his breet hopes wur soon wreckt,  
 Just bekose he cud treat hur no longer,  
 He wur towd varra plain he wur seckt !  
 Nowt daunted, he dodged reawnd Bill Joiner's,  
 Un he looked like a cove ut their Sue ;  
 Bud hoo sucked him ; hoo axed him to camp hur,—  
 He set deawn on a cheer, daubed wi glue.  
 A bit after, hoo skriked, " Yon's mi fayther !  
 Do gooa eawt !" Jem wur fast as a rock,  
 Bud he tugged, un left part ov his breeches !  
 Heaw he shamed ! he wur t' street's laffin stock.  
 For a bit, he wur lost otogether,  
 Then he coom eawt ageon o ut once ;  
 For five lasses hed planned id among 'em,  
 To be "treated" un prove Jem a dunce.  
 One bi one they persuaded poor Jemmy  
 To meet 'em, o' t' Setterda neet ;  
 Well, he went, un wur t' foo for th' young wimmin,  
 As med his brass fly eawt o' seat.  
 T'other day, Jem geet sitch a nice letter,  
 Full o' luv, scented, un o thad,  
 Fro' a place sumwheer near th' "Balaclava,"—  
 Neaw, poor Jemmy looks terribly sad !  
 Id seems sum smart young chaps hed a merlock,  
 One wur drest in his sister's best clooas.  
 'Tur hur as he met,—then geet sodded i'th' dark,  
 Till o't bark wur seaweed reet off his nooase.  
 It's a pity ! Bud two or three lessons  
 Like thad ull bring thowt to his skull ;  
 For he's fun eawt sitch wimmin's deceitful,  
 Un they'll lie, or do owt, just to gull.  
 Id'll pay th' best to try a fresh quarter  
 Th' next time as he's after a wife ;  
 Un aw hope,—if he's t' luck to drop on one,—  
 Hoo'll be t' gem for Jem o thro' his life.

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

[ORIGINAL.]

### MASHIN' NED.

Neady o' Joan's, fro' th' Four Loyne Ends,  
Resolved to hev a spree,  
I' spite o' foes, or t' best o' friends,  
He vowed id hed to be.  
Thad thowt wur nourished in his heyd,  
He'd mek o' th' nayburs stare,  
An' as a masher, mek a spreyd  
Reight off at Aysther Fair.  
  
His dicky wur like driven snow,  
His cooat wur velveteen,  
An' th' cooarded breeches seemed to show  
His waistcooat—bottle-green.  
His cap wur silk, an' sooa wur th' tie,  
Bunched neat below his chin;  
His shoon fair shooan. He meant to try  
I' Luv's sweet race to win.  
  
His main sed, "Tek care o' thisel."  
"Yo' trust me weel for thad,"  
Ned ans'er'd, "Yo' cud nobbut tell  
Sitch warnin's to a lad.  
Aw've gotten into manhood neaw.  
Like me, mam, yo' tek care,  
An' yo'st hev summat, owt but feaw,  
When aw come back fro' t' fair."  
  
To t' fair he went an' joined i' th' fun  
O' th' creawds he chanced to pass;  
Reawnd th' stalls he hed a daycent run,  
Yet spent but little brass.  
He see a fine young woman theer  
At fairly took his een;  
Hoo seemed to hev no fellas near,  
Tho' nice as onny queen.  
  
He managed somehaw to hook on,  
Hey! worn'd hoo donned up smart;  
Wi' hor he swaggered like a don—  
Th' poor lad hed lost his heart!  
He treated hor i' every show,  
An' bowt o' soocarts o' things;  
They hed ther fortunes towd an' o',  
An' then they went i' th' swings.  
  
Fro' theer he took her to t' cook shop,  
Wheer they'd a fast-class feed;  
An' then they seet off for a "hop,"  
To th' dancin'-room full speed.  
He paid for o' boooth meyt an' drink,  
An' gloried in id too;  
Hoo wur thad nice, he cuddn'd think  
Heaw weel he played th' Tum Foo'.  
  
Her smiles, they welly drooave him mad,  
He towd her wod he thowt;  
Hoo lafft, and blushed a bit at thad,  
An' sed o' chaps wur nowt,  
"Nay, nay, mi lass, awst allus cling  
To thee while'er aw've breoth,  
Come on, neaw, an' aw'll buy thee t' ring  
To mek thee mine till death!"  
  
Persuadin' browt her to t' at last,  
Ned bowt a ring o' gowd,  
An' thowt true luv's best die wur cast;  
But dear me! worn'd he soud.  
Aye, he geet wakken'd fro' his dreom  
O' pictured happiness;  
An' fuu, astid o' joys breet gleom,  
Dark shaddo's o' distress.  
  
Hoo towd him then hood hev to gooa,  
An' t' partin' browt him pain;  
Her husband, aye, twur raylee sooa,  
Wur landin' on t' last train!  
Ned's single yet, an' if yo'd hear  
Him sollumly declare  
His thowts o' winmin—wi' a sweear—  
Just mention Aysther Fair!

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

ORIGINAL.

### MAYDEWIN'!

Ther's chaps o' every soocart,  
Some gam, an' keen o' spoocart,  
An' othersome wi' faces seawr an' long;  
Sherp-nosed, wayk-eyed an' thin,  
They've pined to boocan an' skin,  
Throo coin' o an' everybody wrong!  
Ther peevish an' ther nowt,  
An' meon enough for owt,  
They try to mek foole doleful as theirsels;  
So growl an' grunt away,  
Beawt findin', every day  
Ther nobbut laughin' stocks for sombry else.  
A bit o' harmless chaff,  
Which meks a hearty laugh  
Go circlin' cheerful reawnd a hoomamly place,  
Is better far then growls  
To leeten weary souls,  
An' bring a bit o' colour to one's face.  
Aw wodn'd give a rap  
For foook who grunt an' snap,  
An' find nowt else but misery o' this earth,  
I' spite o' wod they say,  
Mi heart keeps leet an' gay,  
For th' antidote o' sorro's smilin' mirth!  
  
Aw'm thinkin' i' this way  
Throo droppin' t'other day,  
I' th' "Crawn' an' Punchbowl" just to hev a gill;  
A merry lot wur theer,  
An' just aback o' th' spier,  
A chap wur set—his yarns a book wod fill!  
They cood him Ned o' Nap's,  
His mates are funny chaps,  
O gam, an' gradeley, onny time o'th' day;  
They've nod mitch worldly wealth,  
But then they blessed wi' health,  
An' blythe as lads, for o' ther toppin's grey.  
Ther honest i' ther ways,  
That's summat, neawadays,  
An' mong 'em, hey, aw dud enjoy misel;  
They seemed to like a tale,  
As weel as nut brawna ale.  
An' Ned's some champion buzzes he can tell.  
Aw'd ne'er sin th' chap afoar,  
But laughed till aw wur soor,  
When he begin o' tellin' o'er some chaps  
Who went throo t' fields to stray,  
Th' fast Sunda' morni' May,  
Maydewin'—for they hed some queer mishaps  
  
'Twur th' customary thing,  
To tel a stroll i' Spring,  
When leaves wur breetenin' ayther side o' th' loyne,  
Thad custom's wi' us yet,  
An' mozy a hearty set,  
I' rambles o' May Sunda' gladly join.  
Well, Ned an' toosothy moar,—  
Thad is, tort hawf a scooar—  
One year to th' usual ramble hed agreed;  
Then they'd a bit o' tawk,  
O'er which route they'd to wawk,  
An' settled wheer to stop an' hev a feed.  
When th' time coom, th' sky wur breet,  
An' merry off they seet,  
As Dumper's wife sed, "Do nowt as yo'll rue!  
Aw know wod fellas are,  
Mine's wi' yo'—he's a star!  
An' varra like he'll mek bisself a foo?"  
Heaw th' fellas jooaked an' laughe,  
As t' wimmin smiled an' chaffed,  
An' towd 'em they expected 'em hooman soon;  
To thad th' chaps sed "O reight,"  
"We'st ged hooman quate an' streyt  
Soon after tay, or else i' th' afternoon!"

Throo stile hoyla, gate an' pad,  
They tramped, wi' feelin's glad,  
Abeawt an' heawr; then odd uns feit done up,  
An' sed, "Neaw, chaps, come on,  
Ther's a snug alehouse von,  
It's gotten welly time as we'd a sup!"  
Theer they o med a stop,  
An' every pictur shop  
On th' road beside they freely patronised;  
An' th' marlocks as they hed,  
An' th' gam they freely med.  
Wod onny chap wi' reason ha' surprised.  
They cood an' geet ther feed,  
An' th' waiters hed no need  
To bother siding owt to eyt away;  
They cleared o th' meyt off theer,  
An' duddn'd th' landlord swear  
When th' bread off t' flock wur ta'en up-on-a tray!  
Then off up th' Ribble side  
They wandered wayl i' th' stride,  
An' in another alehouse sattled down.  
Theer Nudger bet a chap,  
Who woora a German cap,  
As Ribchester hed bin a seapocart teawn!  
  
Worn'd Nudger in a way  
When th' landlord woddn'd say  
If sitch a thing hed ever come to pass!  
He smiled—an' wi' a cough  
Sed, "Oh, just co that bed off!"  
Id wor—an' so wur th' chap wi' Nudger's brass!  
"Tha's lost thi bet, owd lad!"  
Wur roarred. Thad med him mad,  
He tawked o' feight, an' lickin' owt o' th' lot!  
They towd him to "shut up!"  
An' axed him wod he'd sup,  
An' soon he drownded his sorro' i' th' pint pot.  
Wheer they geet to fro theer  
Ther's noocan o' th' lot cud swear.  
Some geet i' weary scrapes they duddn'd like.  
Dick Dosser fell asleep  
Among some timid sheep,  
An' Nudger cluttered heyd fast-deawn a dyke.  
Bill Bodger lost his shoon  
Somewherethad afterward;  
He left 'em stickin' into th' Ribble slutch.  
Some tumbled, thad worn'd th' wost,  
For o thad lot geet lost,  
An' scatter'd; jabberin' words which favverd Dutch  
Ther wor a bonny street,  
Wheer th' fellas lived thad neect.  
Ther wives kept wonderin' wheer they'd getten to?  
When turnin' eawt time coom,  
An' o wur quate an' gloom,  
Some axed i' whispers wod hed bin to do?  
Id geet to twelve o'clock;  
Just then they heard a knock,  
An' Ned o' Nap's wur fun at th' end o' th' row,  
He wor a weary seet—  
Beawt hat, o slucht an' weet.  
They axed—but o they geet wur "Aw dorn'd know!"  
An' heaw or two passed on,  
An' ramblers, one bi one,  
Geet hooman i' weary pickles—owt but gay;  
An' two—"Crash" an' "Big Tum,"  
To ther hooman duddn'd come  
Till baggin' time wur o'er wi' o' th' next day!  
  
To hear Ned tell that tale,  
O'ea a full pot o' ale,  
Wod set a solemn Quaker fair on t' grin;  
An' when he's done his buzz,  
He ses "Ther's noocan of us  
Bin eawt o day an' neest 'Maydewin' sin'!"

JACK O'

June 25721

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT

By "Jack o' Ann's."

### MEMORY'S PICTUR SHOW.

Creadws flock at afternoons an' neets  
O' t' warkadays i' t' year,  
To look at pictures shown on t' screen,  
Good, commonplace, or queer;  
An' lots declare 'em wonderful!  
While odd 'uns, wi' amaze,  
Stare gapin', wavin' id caps o'  
They've witnessed i' ther days.

Aw've sin some wondrous sees misel,  
O' white sheets plainly shown,  
An' liked some on 'em gradeely weel,  
Thad fact aw bowdly own.  
But th' pictur show as suits me best  
Costs nowt at o to see,  
An' comes beawt film or lantern clear  
Thro' t' mist o' Memory.

Theer every class o' picturs glide  
To mek us smile or sigh:  
Th' remembrance o' realities  
We've known i' days gone by:  
Some shine wi' pleasure's roasy tints,  
An' some's dark edged wi' woe,  
When i' reflection's heawr we peep  
At Memory's pictur show.

Ther's no fixed time for t' show to start,  
Id may be soon or late.  
When nayburs hev piked off to bed  
An't fire burns low i' t' grate.  
Id may be while we're strolin' eawt,  
Or when o's smooth at wark,  
But onnyway, so when they come,  
Ther classed as up to t' mark.

Sometimes, when weary i' mi chear,—  
Wore eawt wi' th' toils o' th' day—  
Aw've leyned, an' puffin' at mi pipe,  
Gien Fancy id own way.

Then, like as nod, as smook curled up,  
No matter wheer aw've bin.  
Th' owd show o' Memory's begun  
An' cherisched scenes aw've sin.

At times, too, when Cares, wasp-like, swarm  
To trouble me i' th' mind,  
Aw've felt a presence, cool an' sweet  
As t' scented Summer wind.

Then o' at once mi deawts hev flown,

Wheer to, aw dudd'n know;

An' aw've bin livin' o'er ageon

I' th' happy long ago!

For tho' Time shifts things eawt o' t' gate,  
Creatin' changes vast,

He's peawerless an' ne'er interferes

Wi' memories o' t' past;

Becose ther photographed i' th' minds

Which keep 'em to thersels,

An' Time's no moar claim to stich things

Than onnybody else.

Hey, Memory's a mighty peawer  
I' guidin' eawr affairs,  
An' teyches wod we korn'd forged,  
So wod comes—joys or cares.  
Id teks us o'er rooads smooth an' rough  
To when we med a start,  
An' keeps th' experience treasured deep  
I' mind as weel as heart.  
That's why we're everyone so fond  
O' Memory's pictur show,  
Becose id gi'es us glints o' things  
As nobry else mun know;  
An' t' slips an' blunders as we've med,—  
Heigh-built hooapes gone astray—  
An' th' disappointments as we've known,  
Stan' eawt i' long array.  
Some pictures come, remindin' us—  
As other fancies throng—  
To show moar Charity, becose  
Eawr judgment's oft bin wrong.  
As monny a word—sed thowtlessly—  
'At's gi'en a sufferer pain,  
Comes flashin' back, as sad we sigh;—  
Alas! regrets are vain.  
They show misunderstandin's, too,  
I' quite a different leet,  
An' thowts o'er t' troubles as we've caused  
Are narther nice nor sweet.  
While bits o' simple things 'at's flung  
Ther shaddo's 'mong eawr friends,  
Looked at i' th' neet o' reason, show  
They aimed at nobler ends.  
Buf O, wod joy to life id gi'es,  
When picturs, breet an' gay,  
Wi' gladness occupy o' t' screen  
An' drive dark thowts away.  
Or, when some weel-remembered face  
Comes back fro' t' shady past,  
Id heartens us to smile an' bide  
When o' seems cleawd o'ercast.  
Let others like wod sees they will  
O'er t' scenes i' forrun lands,  
But gi'e me wod appeals to th' heart—  
Wod th' humblest understands.  
A pictur bi Affection framed,  
Which helps to warm eawr blood,  
An' shows us t' way to Duty streyt,  
An' learns us to do good.  
For every life hes picturs in't  
O vast variety,  
Which mek us think—reight hard, sometimes  
Abeawt wod used to be.  
That's heawr we learn to know eawrsels  
An' trace effect fro' cause,  
For Memory searches minds an' hearts  
To tell us nocan's beawt flaws.  
" Man, know thyself," wur th' utterance wise  
O' th' ancient Grecian sage,  
An' th' warnin's bin weel acted to  
Bi each successive age.  
So, whether yo be owd or young,  
Wi' cheeks pale or aglow,  
Say nowt, but learn fro' Wisdom's gleoms  
I' Memory's Pictur Show.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

[ORIGINAL]

### MI CUZZEN DICK.

Mi Cuzzzen Dick's come hooom ageon,  
He's left his gallant bark;  
He wears a nasty ganzy, an'  
His face is rayther dark.  
He chews thick twist an' smooks his pipe,  
An' spits both left an' reet;  
An when he spins them yarns ov his  
Truth scuttters eawt o' t' seet.

Its just a fortnit sin to day  
He sed he'd tek a cruise;  
In his quart kit he packed his clooas,  
An strapped two bob for booze.  
Then off he went to t' Bottom Locks,  
An hedn'd long to wait.  
Afoor he'd shipped as first mate on  
Th' owd Wigan frigate " Kate."

Aw watched em sail past Whiteley's Brig,  
Wind-blown an tempest-tost;  
An th' noble captain stood at th' helm,  
An frothed at meawth an cossed.  
He sheawted eawt, " O hands on deck!"  
Then jumped off wi a whip,  
An fairly laced th' owd knacker up,  
As poold his stately ship.

Aw lost seet on em at Mill Hill,  
Then Dick gripped t' steerin pow;  
An th' captain woked on boardat th' brig,  
An kicked up sich a row!  
Past th' Isles o' Dogs an Cats they went  
An fowt to Riley Green:  
Then th' captain's nooase war knocked to sma  
An Dick hed two black een!

Theer t' captain browt a can o ale,  
An med o reet wi t' mate;  
Then they ankered to an owd tree stump,  
For t' neet wur geddin late.  
An soon a storm coom teearin on,  
An waves rolled meawntains high!  
Tho t' neet wur wet o th' crew o t' " Kate"  
Wur gradely drunk an dry.

Neet passed; tort Whittle Springs they went,  
An tupt another ship,  
Theirs give a lurch to t' leeward side,  
An then i' t' cut dud dip.  
Yet o' t' crew bowdly kept ther pooasts,  
An bawled eawt oer th' uproar,  
" If yo wernd come an tek us off,  
Bigow! we'll woke ashooare."

Fro th' " briney deep" they geet ther boat,—  
A coyler on th' Can(n)el!—  
Wi nod a public-heawse abeawt;  
Ther sufferins—whos cud tell?  
They'd no provissons nayther, sooa  
Fowl thowts they'd nod discard,  
But nailed a big fat Brama cock,  
Eawt ov a powltry yard.

On th' oppen sea, they've hed to starve,—  
Three heawrs beawt owt to eyt.  
Once at a " pub" they'd fourteen pints  
Then sloped—o reck'nins streyt.  
Sitch tales, he doles eawt to eawr foak,  
An preawd they seem to be,  
Believin every word o Dicks,  
Bekose he's bin to see!

Aw axed him once, while glarin lies  
He towd at rattlin rate,  
If Ananias ever wor  
A gallant boateater's mate?  
" O, ay!" he sed, " aw know her weel,  
Hun fellas steers t' Red Moon;"  
Aw dosn't ax owt else, bekose  
He weears big cluntherin shoon.

Mi aunt co's him a sailor brave,  
An eawr foak fratch an say  
As he'll command a ship hissel.  
When ten bob he can pay  
At th' boan-heawse, for  
To pilot him o'er t'  
He wants me to  
Aw meece

RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

ORIGINAL.

MI GRONDAD'S SILKEN SASH !

A simple relic oft hes t' peawer  
Tomek fond memories start,  
Which bring mirth's twinklin's to eawr een,  
Or fling a gloom o'er th' heart.  
Id may be varra little wo'th,  
Yet regular away  
Some little thing or other's fun  
At's laid by mony a day.  
Then thowts as if by magic come,  
O'er owd friends dead an' gone,  
At's restin', free fro' weariness,  
I' th' quate green churchyard yon.  
An' t'other day while looking for  
Some oddments in a drawer,  
Aw coom across th' owd silken sash  
Mi brave owd grondad wooar.  
  
A simple broad, blue ribbon, edged  
Wi' crimson o' th' way deawn,  
Wi' W.R. IV. gilt on—  
A lion an' a creawn.  
Tho' rayther faded here an' theer,  
It's good enough to show  
Heaw loyal smookey Blebgurn wor  
I' th' days o' long ago.  
It's sixty-six year, varra near,  
Sin' th' owd chap hed id on,  
'Twur when eawr Sailor King wur creawned  
I' eighteen thirty-one !  
An' when thad relic met mi gaze,  
Mi memory, like a flash,  
Browt back remembrances ov him,  
Who wooar thad silken sash.  
When fast aw knew mi grondad, he  
Wur tort three scooar an' ten  
I' height he'd be two yards, an' stood  
As streyt as younger men.  
A good owd British veteran,  
Who knew th' owd Iron Duke ;  
He'd tell sad tales o'r wod he'd sin,  
An' puffed his 'bacco smook.  
For years he'd bin a pensioner,  
An' drew two bob a day,  
But he wur seawnd i' wind an' limb,  
Tho' wrinkled, worn, an' grey.  
An' oft aw've heared mi gronny say  
He fairly cut a dash  
At th' Coronation festival,  
An' wooar thad silken sash.  
  
Aye, th' day when William th' Fourth wur  
creawned  
Wur med i' Blebgurn here  
A time o' gret rejoicin's, an'  
Flags fluttered everywher.  
Bells gaily rung, an' brass bands played,  
As creawds lined each main street  
To watch th' procession marchin' past,  
Tho' id wur cowl an' weet.  
Aye, o' th' top nobs, an' humbler chaps  
Marched preawdly as cud be ;  
They keered nowt heaw id rained, id ne'er  
Cud damp ther loyalty.  
Among 'em theer mi grondad strode  
To th' drums an' cymbals clash,  
Th' reight-hand mon ov his company,  
An' wooar thad silken sash.  
  
Salutes wur fired for th' new creawned King,  
Till th' air wi' peawder stunk ;  
Then a rare English feost they hed,  
Weher th' Royal toasts wur drunk.  
Th' same things wur done i' o' th' big teawns  
O' Britain near an' far,  
When William's peaceful rule begun,—  
A reign witheawt a war !  
For they'd a likin' keen as us  
For glitter, din, an' show,  
I' th' good owd merry coachin' days  
O'er sixty years ago.  
Sin then, Times changed this world a lot,  
Owd ways hev gone to smash,  
But aw've thad faded relic left—  
Mi grondad's silken sash.  
  
Mi grondad lived to seventy four,  
A hale an' hearty mon ;  
Then he wu ta'en bi gentle hands  
To Harrud churchyard yon.  
An' theer among his kin he sleeps  
I' nature's kindly arms,  
Away fro pomp an' vanity.  
An' th' seawnd o' war's alarms.  
When Gabriel blows his trumpet co  
Which th' wick an' deod shall hear,  
An' th' mighty muster's up aboon  
Aw fancy he'll be theer.  
But for his sake, till spiteful Deoth  
Mi link o' life shall smash,  
Aw'll keep thad relic ov owd times  
Mi grondad's silken sash !

JACK O' ANN'S.

RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

[ORIGINAL.]

MI MATES .

Sumtimes when Life's a dismal look,  
An' th' heart's a bit o'ercast,  
A sunny gleom o' pleasure steys  
To t' mind, i' thowts o' th' past.  
An' mony a happy thowt glints thro'  
Th' wide chinks i' Memory's gates,  
O'er th' gam aw hed i' byegone days,  
When aw wur wi' mi mates.

Wheer are they o, them happy lads  
As played ther rigs wi' me ?  
We're o divided neaw, an' sum  
Know Deoth's gret mystery.  
Sum on 'em's hearty, strong, an' glad,  
Suna's goean o'er th' ocean wide ;  
Bud let 'em be so wheer they may—  
Good Fortune wi' em bide !  
  
Whoa wor they ? Hey ! mi full heart knows,  
Each rooasy smilin' face,  
As joined mi spoarts, afoar aw thowt  
O'er t' struggles i' Life's race.  
When we to t' skoo' went, cheek bi jowl,  
Wi' satchels, books, an' slates,  
No lad wur happier than misel,  
Just then, among mi mates.  
  
Aw'd one mate, as wur full o' gam,  
Whoose gret aim seemed to be  
To ged i' mischief wheer he cud ;  
Nooan knew his pranks like me.  
A truer-hearted lad ne'er lived,  
For when id coom to t' test,  
He proved hissel a noble soul—  
Ay, one o' Natur's best !

Another, we co'd Whistlin' Jem.  
He'd whistle leawd an' long,  
O' th' times he'd heared, o' every soort,  
An' seldom gie nooates wrong.  
He'd welly met a Jew's-harp tawk,  
An' th' fife he'd sweetly play ;  
Wodever coom or went wi' Jem,  
His heart wur leet an' gay.  
  
Then, ther' wur' Tummy, he wur th' lad,  
A favourite wi' us o' !  
He allus took a leadin' part  
Whene'er we med a show.  
He'd spangle t' sheets o' characters,  
An' colour 'em reight weel :  
To play wi' him, among his craft,  
Aw've missed, Hey ! mony a meal !

Then little Dumpy Dicky, he  
Wur th' cobst lad as aw knew ;  
He'd rapputs, an' a nice jackdaw,  
An' bonny white mice too.  
At rearin' throstles he wur th' lad,  
He fed 'em wi' a stick.  
A kinder heart than Dicky hed  
Ne'er loved owt dumb an' wick.  
  
Thad mate as med us laff i' th' skoo,  
Wur him co'd Funny Joe ;  
He'd draw o' sooarts o' things wi' chawk  
On t' floor, his slate, or th' wo.  
His brother Bob wur fond o' dogs,  
He leet 'em share his meals ;  
So wheer he went yo'd find a cur  
Sumwhere abeawt his heels.  
  
An' mates aw hed i' lots beside,  
O hearty lads an' true,  
We pal'd together th' seasons reawnd,  
As gradelie mates should do.  
Hey ! Life wur at id breeitest then—  
Lads will be lads, yo' know—  
We ne'er thowt then, as Pleasure wor  
But th' herald o' dark woe.

Mi mates are rayther different neaw  
Than thoosie ov early life,  
They share mi joys, an' soothe mi cares—  
Mi childer an' mi wife.  
Ther t' dearest mates aw ever hed ;  
Aw like 'em, bless 'em o !  
An' my owd pals may o hev mates  
Like me, for owt aw know.  
  
Aw'd like to greet thoosie mates o' mine,—  
Wherever con they be ?—  
Aw think o' them, an', like as nod,  
They'll sometimes think o' me.  
An' happen, when aw'm co'd aboon,  
Awst find bi th' Gowden Gates  
O' them aw think abeawt so mitch,  
An' mingle wi' mi mates.

JACK O'

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

[ORIGINAL.]

M I R O O A S E Y .

O, ther's mony a posy i' yon green fields  
As sparkles breet wi' dew;  
An' ther's mony a fleaw'r i' yon garden gay,  
O' gowd, an' red an' blue.  
An' deawn th' owd loyne, i' th' green thorn hedge,  
Wod bonny blossoms grow;  
Bud mi Roossey's t' fleaw'r as mi fond heart likes,—  
Hoo's bonnier than 'em o'!  
Yon throstle sings on to th' hollin bush,  
An' whistles to id mate;  
Ther's a linnet, at's heared id song, joins glad  
I' th' chorus, pearkt on t' gate;  
An' t' lark comes deawnards wi' weary wing,  
To ged back to id nest;  
Tho' t' brids sing sweetly, yet aw'd rayther hear  
Her voice,—id suits me th' best!  
Ther's pratty places, and mony a scene,  
Like fairyland i' th' sun;  
But ov o ther is, these two een o' mine,  
They nobbut keer for one.  
That's just bi th' oak tree at th' bend o' t' loyne,  
Wheer fleawrs peep eawt o' t' grass;  
Hey, it's t' prattiest place i' this world to me—  
It's sheer aw meet mi lass.  
Let others brag o'er ther forrun maids,  
So charmin', fresh, an' fair;  
Wi' ther beauteous cheeks, an' rooagish een,  
An' dark unbraided hair.  
But nooan o' t' lot con be hawf as nice  
As Roossey, kind an' true;  
Hey, aw like mi lass reet weel, bekose  
Aw know hoo likes me too!  
Just look on th' hillside, among yon trees,  
Yo'll see a little cot;  
It's like a lamb as hed wandered ther  
To rest i' th' shady spot.  
That's wheer hoo's lived i' her cheerful life,  
Contented as con be,  
An' hoost hev a hooam at's as snug as thad  
When hoo gets wed to me.  
But afeoar thad comes, wod a dreesome while  
Aw'st hev to mope an' wait;  
We tawked things o'er last neet till th' moon  
Showed id wur geddin' late.  
We sattled t' job, an' ther's nooan as knows  
But Roossey sweet, an' well—  
Wod words wur sed, an' wod fond lips met,  
Hoo knows—beside misel!  
Aw'll donec an' sing, for awst be so fain,  
When twel'month slips away,  
But aw'll bide as patient as e'er aw con,  
Thro' t' winter, cowd an' grey.  
An' then, next Summer, when hay-time's o'er—  
Owd Time, thee hurry on!—  
Aw'st tek mi bonny Roossey hooam wi' me,  
For we'st be med i' one!

JACK O' ANN'S

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

NELLY'S GRET SURPRISE.

There's never a day beawt surprises  
To gladden or sadden foooks minds;  
For th' eawtlook o' life often changes  
An' varies as sudden as t' winds.  
Then smiles disappear fro' gay faces,  
As breet een go tearful an' dim,  
When doleful news, quite unexpected,  
Brings tremblin's to every limb.  
Sometime id sends hearts o' a flutter,  
Or meks hearers stare, ill perplexed;  
While odd uns blurt eawt i' distraction—  
"Wodever news shall we hear t' next?"  
"Cose ill tidins bring nobry comfort,  
When t' breast's warmest feelin's id numbs,  
Yet, whether its hated or honoured,  
At Fate's will, to mortals id comes.  
A' biw'st expected fo' leetly,  
Tort one, which unlocket for, lands hard;  
Especially if t' news be a "chooaker."  
O'er somebody held heigh i' regard.  
Then t' sunniest eawtlook grows misty,  
An' grief-cleaws pall t' sky, reight away,  
As they dud when Nelly o' Nancy's  
Cood at her owd friend's tother day.  
When Nelly fun th' heawes door wur oppen—  
Hoo'd nod bin afear for a while—  
Hoo knocked, an soon geet a sharp anser,  
Then hawf turned away, wi' a smile.  
But, tekkin' a sly peep thro' t' wido,  
To let them in see who hoo wot,  
Soon browt Ailse—her owd pal—to th' door-step,  
Who grappin' her hand, sed to hor—  
"Hey, hase, its a bit ov a corker,  
To think aw shud say thad to thee;  
But then (tha con see aw've bin busy),  
Thart's smilin' yet o'er id, aw see!  
Aw thowt the wur one o' them hawkers—  
Confeawnd 'em, ther never away!  
An' thad wur just th' reason aw sheawted  
So bowdly 'We want nowt to-day!"  
"Nay, hang id! Come forrud! Thart's welcome!  
An' ged thi things off, th' hook's bi' spier  
Neaw dornd start o' melkin' excuses,  
Thart hewin' ti tay while thart here!"  
Then gay to her sister hoo sheawted,  
"Heigh Jane, tha wond eawt on't so far,  
Beoco id wur nobbut this mornin'  
Tha showed me 'a stranger' on t' bar!"  
At thad, Jane coom, runnin', to join 'em,  
Exclaimin', reight off, "Well aw'm blowed!  
For hey, aw wur thinkin' abeaut thee:  
An' fain aw am, neaw as tha's cood.  
Thi hat's nice, so reydh id here, Nelly,  
Aw'll put id by in a safe place;  
But, let's ha another look at thee,  
Id does me good seein' thi face!"  
"Neaw, ged thised peaskit! Nay, its drafty,  
So go wheer its warmer, o'er theer;  
Thats id, an' thers nooan better lookin'  
Than thee, ever set i' thad chear.  
Wod news heeta browt? Heaw's thi mother?  
Come eawt wi' t; we're fairly i' pins;  
Hoo's reight agoon, is hoo?—that's champion!  
An' what's thad? Yer Lucy's hed twina?"  
But theer—yo know hew wimmin gabble,  
'As nobbut met once in a while,  
An' heaw th' chats they hev stor ther feelin's,  
As tears fade away in a smile.  
So fancy, for news, o' t' three campers  
Wur keen, aye, as new sharpened knives,  
For they'd bin skoo-lases together,  
An' t' best o' good friends o' ther lives.  
They chatted o'er this, thad, an' t' other,  
An' skidded odd foook, an' ther ways,  
Then laughed, as owd memories storred 'em  
To gab abeaut far away days.  
They chukkled, they blushed, an' they giggled,  
As buzzes went reawnd in a throng,  
Which suited Nell weel, for hoo hedn'd  
Bin back hooam fro' t' Yorkshire hills long.

They tawked o'er ther silly skoo marlocks,  
An' t' chaps as they'd mad foos on, reight  
Till staidlier thowts took ther fancies,  
An' earnestness med faces streyt.  
Then t' kettle wur filled, an' a rattlin'  
O' pots followed soon, as they med  
O ready for th' tay, then, "Wernd Lijah  
Be capt when he comes!" ther wur sed.  
When th' kettle boiled, th' tay-pot wur handy,  
An' th' happy three seat, face to face.  
Then t' visitor started o' glancin'  
Wi' curious looks abeaut th' place.  
Hoo smiled—everything wur so gradey:  
O cleyn, an' i' place, neat an' trim,  
Then sudden hoo axed, "Heigh, wheers Willie?  
Mi Mother's sent summat for him!"  
Them words wur blobbed eawt across th' table,  
Bi Nelly, while geddin' her tay,  
"Wee dreamin' o' t' change as wur comin'  
To darken ther feost, reight away.  
For Jane leet her cup drop, i' t' saucer,  
An' fell back i' th' chear, in a faint.  
While Ailse seat ther, starin' at Nelly,  
Wi' t' soft pleadin' look or a saint.  
Hoo seemed to be o' ov a tremble,  
Bewildered at sitch a strange turn,  
While Nelly's heart-strings begun twitchin',  
An' pains in her heyd seemed to burn.  
Then, helpin' poor Jane onto t' sofa—  
Who groaned, wi' her hand to her broo,  
Poor Nelly,—who'd caused t' sudden trouble—  
Axed plaintively, "Ailse, what's to do?"  
"Wodever's med Jane look so poorly,  
An' why is her een weet wi' tears?"  
Wur t' question, put in a hawf whisper,  
Bi Nelly—her heart gloomed wi' fears.  
Then Ailse—as drops in her een glistened,  
Replied rayther sadly an' slow,  
As hoo watched her sister keep sobbin,—  
"Hes nobody lettyn yo know?"  
"Know wot? Speyk, an' tell me what's happened,  
If owt's wrong, we've nod heard a word;  
Nay, dally nooan wi' t, tell me plainly—  
Who's Willie? Hes summat occurred?  
Aw know mi mam's med him two pinnies,  
Hoo's sent some sweet oddments heris,  
An' therre are inside mi satchel—  
Tha knows he wur allus eawr pride!"  
Ailse lovin'ly leynd o'er her sister,  
An' moaned, wi' a pitiful sigh:  
"Thee tall her, aw kord!" an' Jane anserd  
"Nay, dornd do like thad, an' aw'll try."  
Then lookin' up sadly at Nelly,  
Hoo spook—heaw her words seemed to chill—  
"It's five week to-day sin' eawr Willie,  
Wur put in his grave yon o th' hill!"  
When "Lijah"—Jane's husband—fro' t' factory  
Geet hooam, he wur capt wi' surprise,  
To find o' t' three weepin' together.  
But theer—let thad sad hint suffice.  
He tried hard to screen his own feelings,  
Yet o learned, thad sad afternoon;  
As Memory's akin to Affection,  
An' sorrow comes allus too soon.

"JACK O' ANN'S."

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

[ORIGINAL.]

### OWD BOB'S EXPERIENCES.

Owd Thatcher Bob's a bachelor,  
Who lives up yon i' lodgin's,  
An' manages to do beawt wark  
Bi' hit o' quirks an' dodgin's.  
Yet he looks every bit as weel  
As them who toil like hoses,  
An' fawvers bein' one o' t' gang  
Who profit bi their losses.

He'll be tort sixty-one or two;  
His noseas end's like a cherry,  
For th' owd cook keeps his heart up weel,  
An' likes owt breest an' merry.  
To tek a job 'at's no wark in't  
When hard up he's so willin'  
'Cose bits o' errands done for foak  
Bame monny a cosy shillin'.

Id takes a lot to upset Bob,  
For if agate o' drinkin'  
He never seems to ged no woss,  
But simply coawsn sheer, blinkin'.  
Beware! if he's on for a bet  
Id meons he'll be a winner,  
He wagens nooan unless he's sure—  
Hey Bob's a sly owd sinner.

He ne'er wur towt to read or write,  
But aw dare risk a dollar  
As Bob's moocar knowledge in his nut  
Than moony a book-learnt scholar.  
His memory's gradely clear an' strong;  
That's natural—for t' fact is,  
He never lets a chance slip by  
O' keepin' id i' practise.

He teks o in beawt sayin' mitch,  
An' ne'er forges a "wrinkle";  
It's a good 'un, yo' had see  
Them s'en ov' his fair twinkle.  
He'll tell a lie at onny time  
To screen a pall or neighbour,  
That's when he fancies as he'll ged  
Well treated for his labour.

He's willing, for a gill or two,  
To gie chaps information  
O'er differnt things, for he knows dates  
Aye, welly fro' t' Creation.  
He sattles monny a thripoin do,  
O'er footbo', spoonrt, an' histry;  
But wheer or wheer he learnt his "know,"  
To th' hearers is a mystery.

Bob glories in a bit o' chaff,  
If gien an' tekken gradely;  
Then winks an' sees ther nod o' saints  
Who seem meek, mild, an' staidly.  
He sees he's sin some funny seeds,  
An' heared o'er others queerer,  
Then chuckles, as foak hearken keen  
But never ged no nearer.

Sometimes he's full o' devilment  
An' starts o' cooin' t' winmin';  
An' then he laughs i' hearty glee  
When they give him a trimmin'.  
But thers no wrong i' wod he ses,  
He wants to mek 'em chatter;  
An' let 'em say wode'r they will,  
To Bob id doesn't matter.

At odd times, when he's best side eawt,  
He meks 'em stare an' titter,  
Thro' tellin' his experiences  
I' cocartship—sweet an' bitter.  
An' when he geds among a lot  
O' winmin' at a party,  
He has to tell 'em o'er agenon,  
Wod meks 'em laugh so hearty.  
  
Thro' thad he's treotted soccar's o' times  
To wod he likes—good liquor;  
An' keeps on tellin' buzzes till  
Th' leets reawnd him seem to flicker.  
Id isn'd sh' tales, but th' happy style  
I' which he allus tells 'em  
Which meks his hearers stop an' smile,  
Beocose his way compels 'em.

Bob ses blank eawt he doesn'd know  
Why he so long's kept single,  
For winmin' tender words an' ways  
Hav med his heart fair tingle.  
To monny a winsome lass he spook  
Eawt bowdly, "Witta ha' me?"  
"But," Bob declares, "ther worn'd a one  
Among 'em as wod ta'e me!"

"Aw sighed an' moythered like a foa,  
An' towd 'em fibs bi dozens;

Spent good brass on 'em, an' wur shown  
Thee uncles, aunts, an' cousins.

Still nooan sed "Aye" to wod aw axed,

They'd cooart, but wodn'd wed me;

An' as aw know on, nobry's dead

Thro' wishin' as they hed me!"

One towd him as he hedn'd sense  
To say "boo!" to a gander;

Another snapt, "Thi brain's thad soft  
Id lots thi fancy wander."

Nell Hayseed snapt, "Wod—wed thee?—Nowe?

So heaw tha sighs an' sllobbers,

Off wi' thee hooman or jump i' t' Cut

An' start o' mokkin' bllobbers!"

But Betty Barmcake snubbed him t' wost;

Bob used to meet her daily,

An' camped an' tawked at neets beside—

Aye, o seemed gooin' gaily.

Till he determined a hed test

His sweethearts fond affection,

So twitid o'er matters serious-like,

To stor her deep reflection.

"Hey, Bet," he sed, an' hooave a sigh

Which coom reight fro' his liver,

"Eawr coortships bin as nice an' breet,

As moonshine onto t' river,

Wi' thee aw've shared mi spendin' brass,

Mi hopes an' heartfiel' blisses,

So, lass, fro' thee aw'll never part—

Bet, witta be mi missus?"

Hoo toast her heyd, an' thunnered "Wod!

Me join thee at a weddin'?"

Then wi' a witherin' glance, hoo snapt,

"Wi' me too bowd that geddin'.

"Ha' thee?" an' sharp hoo stamped her foot,

Then anserd, "Nowe, aw'd rayther

Be hung. Thee dord forged aw want

A husband,—nod a fayther!"

Thad ended Bob's breest dreams o' love,

For t' lasses plainly towd him

He cuddnd give hissel away.

An' thad wyr why they "sowd" him.

Yet, th' owd lad keeps his pecker up,

He's cheerful, but a fawse 'un,

An' slaps his leg at moythered chaps

Wi' t' words, "Look! that's a looc 'un!"

Bob smiles an' acts t' philosopher,

Remarkin', "Foos may cackle

O'er th' happiness o' them 'at's linked

Wi' Cupid's gooden shackle,

But if a chap just keeps hissel

Beawt warkin', id saves trouble,

For if he wed he'll hev to slave

To meet expenses double."

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

[ORIGINAL.]

### OWD FRIENDS ARE TH' BEST.

Snaub th' owden time notions whoa will,  
An' bid 'em be chuckt eawt o' gate;

It's a sign ov a mind,

'At's tort folly inclined,—

If they'n wisdom at o, they'n be quate.  
Stray thowts will crop up into th' brain,

An' teych us man's fallin's to know,

For when t' rooad o' Life's ruff,

Then we larn soon enuff .

Owd friends are t' best socart after o !

We find, everyweher i' this world,  
Heaw mon plays a pitiful part.

Heaw t' smooth soapy tongue

Often leads to gret wrong,

While t' smilin' face masks th' hollo heart.  
An' heaw, just to serve ther own ends,

Ronk wastrels gie th' underhand blow ;

Then we cling clooaser to

Them 'ats trusted an' true.

For owd friends are th' best after o !

Ther's foak 'at are reckoned A 1,  
As good, solid, noble, an' just ;

They deserve us at fast,

For when tested, ther t' wost

We cud pick eawt as nod fit to trust.

They'll smirk an' smile, fair for a time,

An' then ther trae colours they'll show;

A new mate's nod secure,

But good owd uns endure,—

Aye, owd friends are t' best after o !

Aw like a chap upreet an' square,

'At sticks to his pal, true as steel ;

One who scorbs empty words,

But good succour affords,

When Trubble's tripped cronies bi th' heel.

Wod sitch a mate does is for th' good,

He's th' tug boat 'at teks us i' tow ;

An' eawr care disappears

As a streyt coourse he steers,—

Hey, owd friends are th' best after o !

We're often misled bi thad class

O' foak 'at's a gret deal to say :

If a chap gooaos to t' bad,

They look soillum an' sad,

An' tell us he's tekken t' wrong way.

It's odds ther on t' same track theirsels ;

Ther hollo as onny footbo',

An' wi' fine heigh-flown phrase,

They'n hypocrisy's ways,—

Yo'll find th' owd friends t' best after o !

Keep clear o' thad fine weather lot,

O' friends 'at seek wod they con ged ;

They may promise an' praise

Yo' i' prosperous days ;

But i' need yo'll soon know they'n o fled.

Gi'e me t' sooirt 'at stick to a mate,

No matter wod ill-winds may blow ;

Honest, hooamly, an' free,

Ther just reight un's for me,

Good owd friends are t' best after o !

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

ORIGINAL.

### OWD TUM'S WEDDIN' PRESENT.

Aw don'd think yo'll find sitch a fella  
Among them' at's wick neawadys.  
Like one who wur coed Tum o' Rachel's—  
He hed some peculiar ways.  
His words wur as quare as his actions,  
An' he wur coed " dafish " bi some,  
Who laughed at his fads an' his notions,  
An' th' tales as wurtowd o'er Owd Tum.  
He lived bi hissel, like a hermit,  
An' towd foak he needed no wife;  
He'd nobry to suit, so wur th' gaaffer—  
An' coed woman the plague o' men's life!  
Some hinted a wife wod g'e comfort;  
He'd anser, " Ne er hed, for aw know it!"  
An' widow's i' vain tried ther utmost,  
But Tum wod hev no truck at o'!

"Twur whispered abeawt he'd bin jilted  
Bi one who war th' joy ov his youth;  
If id wur so, bi him, "twur ne er mentioned,  
An' rumours aren't allus o' truth.

Tum keered nowt at hew foak gossiped,  
But kept as reserved as cud be.

An' sed, " Let 'em chitter, id suits 'em,  
Wod aw' vo' mi' mit belungs me!"

He used to give hew'ngs to th' childer,  
An' ra'ns gave he hed i' em, too.  
Because ther play o' soarts o' marlacks  
To suit him, while gooin' fro' skoo.  
They liked him because he wu' gentle,  
He gloried to watch 'em at play,  
An' papors o' toffy among 'em.  
He scattered, aye, reg'lar away.

When axed if he'd onny relations,  
He'd snarl like a dog an' snap, " Nowe !  
There's some—but ther nowt nobbut wastrels,  
An' aw know o'er summat they owe !"  
An' then he'd rub boath hands together,  
An' seem to fair titter wi' glee ;  
Then chunner, " Aw'm nobbut a gobbin',  
An' nobby inquires after me !"

Th' owd fellas wull auras drest seeds ;  
He'd clogs, an' a battered silk hat,  
He picked odds an' ends eawt o' th' gutter,  
An' sed they'd be tasty for t' cat.  
Some foak sed Owd Tum wra' a miser,  
Or else he'd ne'er pike up stich stuff,  
An' if he war questioned o'er money,  
He'd say, " No man's ever enough !"

Tum bothered but little wi' mayburs,  
An' kept his affairs to hissel ;  
He lived weel, an' kep' his heawde tidy,  
But wod his meons wor, noan could tell.  
He never war pestered wi' dunnars,  
No friends coom his dinners to share ;  
But if a poor chap coed a beginn',  
He'd allus a trifle to spare.

Wi' o's strange whims an' quare notions,  
He went in for nowt as wur bad,  
An' showed he'd gradely affection,  
By minding a miferess lad.  
Trus' me, both i' summer an' winter,  
Together they'd waledate for heawrs ;  
An' Tum, when 'twas sunny, fair gloried  
I' gatherin' t' youngster niev flaws.

He'd see him o'reight for good feedin',  
An' hawpinies when fro' hooom they set ;  
Then tek t' lad back to his dad's cottage,  
An' say, " Come to-morn, Sam. Good neet !  
Hey, mony a time, Tum sed, smilin',  
" Whenever aw happen to dee,  
Naw, Sam, if th' ll nobbut be gradely,  
Thei'll moost like be summat for thee."  
Time passed, an' Sam grew up, a rough un,  
An' heedless o' wod Tum hed sed ;

He ne'er seemed to keer one iota  
For o' th' kindly treatment he'd hed.

He geet into mony a hobbie :

Th' owd chap o'er his frolics wur sad,

An' sighed, " Hey, aw wish he'd be gradely :

Becose aw think weel o' yon lad."

JACK O' ANN'S.

Owd Tum wur i' poor health an' feble,  
When Sam went to th' church, an' wur wed ;  
An' th' goods for ther hooom fro' a broker,  
Thad couple, o' strap, hed to ged.

Tum towd "em he'd give 'em a table,  
" Id d' o' mitch use on a table,

He sed, " An' yo'll happen be fain on't,  
Wheneva yo'll happen to dee !"

When Sam took id hooom, his bride grumbled,  
An' sed, " Chuck thad feaw thing away,  
We want no pown owd-fashioned rubbish !"  
But summat fresh lookin' an' gay !"  
Sam anserd, " Id's wheer it's to tarry !  
Id's nocan wot's so match to be sure,  
But then id'll do for th' back kitchen,  
Aw'll find in shop behint th' door !"

They fel eawt o' er' job, then "twur satell,  
A furnit fro' them, t' newt wot spread  
A' Owd Tum, who long hed bin aillin',  
A maybur hed fun dead if bed !

His bank book war hid in a stockin',  
An' brass i' odd nooks upan' deawn,  
Beside, wod med foak gape wi' wonder,  
Some deeds for fine hoomas i' t' town !

When rumours o' thad sort are flyin',  
An' visions o' brass float abeawt,  
Thero's allos some wakin' uns ready  
To show they've a claim, past a deawt.  
An' tho' Tum owned nobty when livin',  
When dead ther wra' plenty claimed him,  
Related, bi blood or bi weddin',  
They wanted to be i' th' swim.

They buried th' owd lad, varra quately,  
An' then ther wra' borth beawt and ;  
No will cu'd be fun ! Smilin' lawyers  
Fun foot eawt wi' money to spend.  
An' th' broker wi' whom Sam had traded  
Towd one o' two gossips i' th' row  
As his wife war one o' th' best claimants,  
An' likely for geddin' id o !

Sam thowt, lots o' times, wod a crackpot  
He'd bin, an' his thowts meo him slum ;  
His wife sed, " Thi fine weddin' present  
Shud mek thee think well ov Owd Tum !"  
Wod skits hoo threw eawt o'er that table,  
Her words oft i' th' hooom med a gloom  
Till one day, " cose th' goods worn'd o paid for,  
A cart an' two bumblebees coom !

Thad broker for brass wra' ill put o't.  
He towd 'em, he'd trusted too much ;  
Sam coed him a robber, an' wastrel,  
An' th' wife's temper roose to a pitch,  
Oth' goods wra' ta'en eawt, wita shala,  
While th' Broker roared, " Aw'm nod a foo !  
Aw wern'd leave a stitch for yo'r humbug—  
Here ! Chuck this owd table on, too !"

" Nay, that yo' sharn'd hev," Sam sed bowdly.  
" Id isn'd worth mitch, but it's mine !"  
" Bring id eawt," th' broker sed, " aw'll soon  
show thee !

As red a thing here man be thine !"  
Thad table war handled gre clumsy ;  
The crackpot o' th' legs cleyn' two,  
All eawt o' a sing shop i' th' woodwork,  
Some papers on th' floor sudden flew.

Sam snapt 'em off th' floor in a jiffy ;  
He trembled, he cuddn'd keep still ;  
Then roar'd to his wife, " Sittio Molly,  
Some noooot an' owd Tum's missin' will !"  
At thad news, hey, heaw th' broker shivered,

To him id war owtwile but gam,  
For owd Tum, th' queer crackpot an' miser,  
Hed left o' he hed to poor Sam !

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

ORIGINAL.

### PARTICULAR POLL.

Who'e'er lives among factory workers  
Are teed to find eawt, neaw an' then—  
That's if they look keenly abeawt 'em,  
Quer samples o' winmin' an' men.  
Thers o' socarts i' th' grim ranks o' Labour,  
Some brossen, an' others some smo',  
Wi' odd uns quite fast i' ther notions,  
An' plenty 'at's back'ard an' slow.

Thers chaps i' ther teens, who at week ends,  
Are rigg'd eawt i' up-to-date style.  
Who once a week patronise the barber,  
An' fancy ther men, wi' a smile.

Thers lasses who " boss " full-time tenters  
As soon as they've gotten four looms,  
An' flash i' full fashion o' Sunda's—  
Ther hats breez wi' ribbons an' blooms.

Thers winders, wi' actions like ladies—  
Some think less o' th' pulpit than t' stage !—  
An' ribbons, an' hair oil, an' blackin',  
Are items which lesson ther wage.  
Thers warpers wi' ways which a princess  
Mut envy, as they stroll i' th' park,  
Or wander up th' New Rood, dat-catchin',  
Wi' everything on, up to th' mark.

Some fellas, o' bunkum an' swagger  
Hev aims heigher far than ther brass,  
Who, lookin' eaewt keen for a partner,  
Wern't mate wi' a factory lass.  
Ther's lasses as giddy as whip tops,  
Who try, but ther oft ill mista'en,  
To hook on wi' chaps aboon common,  
An' mingle among th' " Upper Ten."

Hey, me, cranks an' crackpots i' plenty  
Among factory workers are ;  
Tho' some crack an' crook o'er their wisdom,  
There's lots o' queer marlockin' done.  
An' plenty gend served i' ther efforts  
Like th' dotor o' " Senacre Lol ;"  
Hey, hoo wra' a sample o' th' " dashers "  
An' known as " Particular Poll."

A forrad an' braggin' young snicket  
Hoo wor, full o' chatter an' pride.  
Her ways, an' her fine worded speeches  
Wur moar than her workmates cud bide,  
Her tales abeawt swell balls an' parties  
Med some ov her hearers look black,  
An' them who smiled at her narrations  
Chucked skits eawt when hoo turned her back.

O th' charms o' swell speeches an' manners  
Wi' glib tongue hoo'd gushin'ly tell,  
An' find fawt wi' Grimshaw Park grammar,  
Yet used id at odd times hersel.  
O th' fashions hoo knew to perfection,  
An' owt eawt o' place sharp hoo'd blame ;  
Thro' bein' so strict i' stich matters  
Wur th' reason hoo geet her nickname.

As hoo wra' owd Lol's only dowter,  
An' as he'd boath leawses an' brass,  
A lot o' young chaps took a fancy  
To coort thad particular lass.  
They tried hard to win her affections,  
But geest looks as sewr as " Owd Sol " ;  
For nooan among th' lot suited th' fancy  
Ov heigh-flown " Particular Poll."

Fook thowt ther'd be signs ov a weddin'  
When hoo went wi' th' manager's lad ;

But after a toathy neet's coortship,  
They o' war desaved ill o'er that.  
His tie duddind match his complexion,  
An' tb' collar he woos slipt i' th' stud ;  
An' streyt off hoo coed him sloven.

Then took th' huff, an' parted for good !

Hoo sed hoo'd be teed to no fellas,  
Unless he war han' som an' fair,  
Well mannered, an' th' heir to a title,  
Or th' son ov a millionsre !

Hoo wron'd lilt life wi a tradesman,  
To be a hooin slave—nowe, indeed !

For gipsies hed towd hor as servants  
An' carpets hoo'd her to her need !

As time passed away Poll geest stricter,  
Hoo wawked wi a lady-like stride,  
Her owd dad an' man gloried in her,  
An' pampered her folly an' pride.  
Her dressmekkers hed to be keeful  
I' trimmin' her bonnet an' geawm,  
An' th' " latest " hoo woos, wakkened envy  
I' moost o' th' young winmin' ov th' teawn.

A long time hoo strooled like a Ceawness,  
I' th' glory o' fine stylish cloas,  
An' th' at who keered nowt for fashion  
Disdainfully snayed up her nose.

Then th' bank brook which hed her dad's money  
An' th' heawses war th' subject for law,  
Then Poll hed to doctor owd finery,  
Hey, worn'd id a terrible blow !

Beawt money to pay for new dresses,  
Th' poor victim o' fashion an' self,  
Wur leit o'er her dead hopes to ponder  
As likely for stoppin' on't shelf.

Hoo pined for a while o'er her follies,  
An' then to mek up for her fawt  
Hoo geest wed to " Knock-a-kned Peter,"  
A chap who cries " Doubleweight Saut."

Yo' shud see her neaw, hoo's a daisy,  
While campin' wi' gossips on't flags,  
Ther's nowt varra stylish abeawt her,  
Hoo's moos like a bundle o' rags.

Her langwidg an' ways arend tip toppers,  
Her face doesnd favver a dull ;  
An' if you i' want or a flare up—  
Just co her " Particular Poll."

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

ORIGINAL.

### PLUMPER'S KESMAS GOOSE.

Thers allus some strange marlockins  
Abaawt this time o' th' year;  
An' buzzards are rolled off bi' th' scocar  
O'er o' soarts varra near.

Aw've heared some gradeley clinkers towd—  
Fro' th' lot just one we'll choose.

Ther ne'er wur match i' Plumper's skull,  
He'd sense enough to eyt,

An' knew as two an' two'med four,  
If id wor reckoned reight.

He liked owt as wor cheap an' good,  
No matter wheer he wor,

An' managed to ged smallding in  
At mony a merrystar!

Content an' keerless in his ways

He led a happy life,

An', just for t' sake o' company,

He thowt he'd hev a wife.

He wed, an' th' coartship wor but short,

A simple-hearted lass,

Who did'nt know too muchit, but woowave

Wi' addid titl brass!

Had' bod bin wed a month or two

When Kesmas time coom on,

An' as he d middlin' spendin' brass,

He swaggered like a don.

Bi chance he dropt i' th' " Skennin' Whelp,"

To hev a frothy sup,

When th' landlord sed, " Thart just i' time,

We're puttin' two geese up!"

" Heaw mitch a shake is?" Plumper axed,

Wi' stich a keerless grin.

" A bob ! " wur th' anser. " If that's o,"

Sed Plumper, " Aw'll be in!"

" Ther boath fine geese," sed th' landlord then,

Ther's one dressed, an' one wick,

An' th' man who th' heighest number shakes,

Ov coarse, con hev his pick."

When Plumper's turn for th' dice box coom,

He wot set up wi' glee,

For i' two shakes he totalled up

A gradeley twenty-threes !

One chap, bi luck, geet twenty-four,

They cood him Shadsworth Dick.

He sed, " Aw'll that dressed goose hooam—

Gie Plumper th' one 'ats wick!"

Then t' landlord banded Plumper th' prize,

An' med a bi o' fuss :

" Stick howd on't firm—dordn loysse th' grip

Wodeyer else the does!"

" Hey, howd vor din, aw'll mind id weel,

Its bin fed up to kill,

Wernd th' wife be faim when aw ged hooam,

Hove ! —bring another gill!"

To reykh his brass, he put th' goose deawn,

But rued for actin' green,

For th' bird flapped cawt id spreadin' wings

An' catcht him slap i' th' ren ;

Then flutterin' on to th' table, knocked

O th' pots an' glasses o'er,

While Plumper sheawood " Catch mi goose i'

An' th' landlord wildly swoaner.

When th' gooso war catcht, for th' damages

He d fiteenpence to pay.

When thad war done, he strooad wi' th' goose

Preadw on his hooamward way,

Th' goose quaked ! " Aw'll stop th' noisy ways,

An' tek thee deawn a peg !"

Sed Plumper, " That's to wawk id hooam

Wi' bandin' reawnd th' leg !"

He feed some strong twine o'er id foot,  
An' th' owt he'd acted lawse,  
But th' goos begun o' bein' rough  
An' th' strong wuz wriggle lace.

Then wi' a quake ! deawn t' street id flow,  
While o' th' foak watchin' lauged

To see heaw Plumper rushin' i' chase

An' acted welly daft.

He geet id safe at last, an' vowed

Pro' him no monar 'twod slip,

He terd id wings, then wi' id bill

Id give him sitch a nip.

He'd bargained noon for thad, nod he,

Wi' pain he roared east " O—oh ! "

Then chap spook, " Aw say, owd lad,

That's snappin' like a foo ! "

" Thad goos the rt tekkin' hooam to eyt :—

A'wll eose thee in a crack ! "

Wi' thad, th' chap took id fro' his hand

An' kilt id up a back.

Here, tek id hooam, it's quatened neaw—

An' pluck id while id's warm."

Then gait Plumper swaggered off,

Wi' th' dead goose on his arm !

" Heigh ! sithe wod aw've browt thee, lass ! "

He sed, when he see th' wife,

" That's hav a rare blow cawt, if c'er

Thas' had one i' th' life ! "

Heo sed, " Well, mek id ready then,

Aw've ne'er cooked one afear !

But if ther's too mitch trouble wit,

Aw hope th' ll bring no mocar ! "

" Well, Mally, tha morn'd brade Moll Midge,

Who wed Jamaica Joe.

Ho cooked a goose last Kesmas time,

Bewt drawin', gots an' o.

Aw'll pluck id neaw, an' deawn he set

Wi' stich a merry grin,

An' when he'd done sed, " Hey, it's one

O' th' finest geese aw've sin ! "

O' Kesmas mornin' Plumper smiled

As he went strolin' ewnt,

An' bragged abewt his thumpin' goose

To th' neighbours reawud abewt.

His wife hed towd him, sooa he sed,

They'd hev some pratoss to 't,

Some pickles, an' a Kesmas pint

O' good Owd Ben to boot.

At noon, he went hooam, just i' trim

For skittin' summat good ;

" Heigh, lass," he axed, " is t' goose enuf ? "

As he i' th' doohole stood,

Hoos sed, " It's here, just ged a fork,

An' try id for thosed,

It's boiled, aw'm sure, aboon two heaws,

An' hes a fairish smell."

" Wheer's t' pratoss ?" then he keenly axed,

" Aw kord see onny on ! "

" Ther stuffed," hoos sed, " inside o' th' goose

" At's simmerin' i' th' pon."

Neaw th' langwidze as wor uttered theer,

It's nod for me to tell,

But th' end on t' war as Plumper ect

O th' Kesmas goose hissed.

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

ORIGINAL.

### PONCAKE MEKKIN'.

It's usual, at this time o' th' year,  
When nests are dismal, cowd, an' drear,  
For cronies to sit campin' whee.  
It's cosy, warm, an' cheerful !

An' cheer, so calm an' satisfied,

They hearken th' howlin' storm eawtside,

An' think hew wanders-con abide ?—

For th' weather's summat fearful.

Pranks which they've played i' days scoor

Set, th' cheerful circle in a roar,

For buzzes are spun eawt bi' th' scocar

Bi' campers sat an' slender,

Hey, tho' th' pleasures o' this earth

Fro' th' minute o' a mortal's birth,

Ther's now con give sich honest-mirth

As th' joys bi' th' hoonyader fender.

I' life's wide journeyn's aw've met

Wi' mony a keerless-hearts set—

Aw know a middlin' toottry yet

Gam full, aye, reight to th' marro !

An' scoars a breit-winged social heaws

An've passed, charmed wi' th' mirthful peawers,

I' memory's garden, filled wi' fleawers

Which bloom reawnd th' grave o' Sorro !

Theo' sages differ, aw've content

Wi' th' time coom aw'n'er slept i' bed ;

Sitch labber o' misel aw med,

An' weet their dreast no nobby.

At t' time aw give a gentle tap

He main coom, donned up in her cap,

An' sed " Who's this fancy chap ? "

A voice sung " Come in, Bobby ! "

Aw strode inside, mi girl wut ther !

Her lame owd father sed if th' clear

Beside a dozen varra near.

O' foak they'd axed to th' party.

Hoo introduced me to'm o—

A toottry thier aw chance to know ;

An' th' owd chap sed, " Aw'sie to yo

A grestin' gradeley hearty !

For recollection after.

Among a lot, whear yarn spun free,

A simple chap ther used to be,

Codd " Dandy Bob " fro tort Roe Lea,

Who'd bin i' lots o' lumber.

He towd his mates o' soarts o' stuff

O'e' th' scrapes he'd bin in, smooth an' rough,

An' met wi' mony a grim rebuff,

Aye, times at's eaws o' number.

But one mess whic Bob once geet in

O'er poncake mekkin' raised a din ;

For Bob wut sur to chirrup in,

" A chap deserves a neckin' !

Aw dornd keer who or wod be,

If he goes on t' same game as me,

An' gets wod aw geet, he'll soon see

Ther's nowt i' poncake mekkin'."

" Heaw th' owd chap's thad like?" sombry sherp wed ax,

An' th' anser ring, " Ax Jem o' Jack's ! "

Then Bob wod snap, " He catches facts

Woss a caddin' dosser.

A'll tell yo' th' tale misel an' then

Awst know as he wernd red mista'en ;

Hey, its a shame for sitch like men

Tomek woss into wosser."

Then Jem wod anser, " Neaw, owd mon

Just chuk id, hee thee, an' ged on

Wi' th' talk o'er coatin' th' lass up yon,

An' th' varra sudden seekin'

Tha geet that wut theer landied theer ! "

Then Bob wod ax, " Chaps con yo hear ?

He's ignorant, he shows id clear,

Bi' th' liberty he's tekkin' !

" Ne'er heet him Bob ; brast off ! " they'd say,

Then Bob, in his peculiar way,

Wod start wi' : " Well yo know, one day

Aside o' th' Pip an' Glasses '

Aw met a nice young lass aw knew,

Her cheeks wut red, her een were blue—

Thowts on her rives mi heart i' two—

Just wait till th' sheep pain passes !

Hoos sed, " Hey Bob, wheare are yo for ?

Aw anserd, " Nowhere ! " as most wor,

Aw wanted to ged thick wi' hor,

Beccos heo id ta' mi fancy,

" Wheer arta ramblin' bi' thied ? "

Aw axed her then ; her glances fell,

As too exclaimed " Thad soon aw'll tell—

Aw'm beawn to see eawr Nancy ! "

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

[ORIGINAL.]

### QUATENESS IS T' BEST AFTER O

Some maxims hev echoed i' th' earholes o' Time,  
Sin' th' day as owd Noah wur born ;  
Some's simple an' short, some's deep an' sublime,  
Wise sayin's, age-breetened an' worn.  
An' ther's one among t' lot  
As just fits, to a dot,  
Wi' th' views ov a deal as aw know.  
It's a phrase as we hear  
Scooares o' times in a year—  
That's " Quateness is best after o."

Heaw truthful it seawnds when we're wearied wi' wark,  
An' ceawrd snug at hoom i' eawr chears,  
When bedtime comes on for o th' childer, at dark,  
An' ther din stops off jarrin' on th' ears;

When they've o sed ther prayers,  
An' gooaan marchin' upstairs,  
After " Good neets ! " an' kisses, we know  
As eawr wives, good ar' kind,  
Tell t' gret thowts o' ther mind,  
Wi' " Quateness is t' best after o ! "

When clapper-tongued wimmin ged fairly agate  
Wi' ther chatter o'er this thing an' thad,  
An' splutter words eawft at a terribulrate  
Till they slaver like dogs as is mad ;  
We're soon stode o' ther din,  
An' we think it's a sin

As they kornd be kept muzzled, bi law ;  
An' when t' noise dees away,  
Aren't we thankful to say,

Eh, " Quateness is t' best after o ! "

If yo' ged in a snarlin' an' wordy dispute  
Wi' fooak as is crossgrained an' quare,  
An' find as yo'r argument strong doesn'd suit,  
An' they stick to ther point, feaw or fair;  
O yo'r tawk an' time's lost,  
An', if ther gradely crossed,  
Yo' mut ged a whizzer on t' jaw.

So let sitch like a-bee,  
For it's wisdom, yo' see,  
Wheer " Quateness is t' best after o ! "

Ther's some as sup sorrow bi spoonfuls, bekose  
They've picked a crookt word up t' wrong way ;  
An' lots keep contented, so which way t' wind blows,  
For they keer nowt wod gadders may say.

I' eawr short spell o' life,  
We've no leisure for strife—  
Eh ! ther's nowt in't but trouble an' woe ! —

An' heawever yo' do,  
Yo'll find th' owd maxim's true,  
For " Quateness is t' best after o ! "

JACK O' ANN'S

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

ORIGINAL.

### READY FOR OFF.

What's long bin expected hes landed at last,  
An' theawsands are fain as can be ;  
Becose t' dreary weeks as they've waited are past  
An' neaw for a bit ther o free.  
Its so, every time as a holiday comes,  
Then impulse foakas ways seems to guide,  
For i' spite ov o dunnars, an' Scotchmen an' " bums,"  
They'll go for a trip to t' seaside.

Aye, foakas bin preparin' for mony a week  
To go off at least for a day ;  
An' o' soarts, fro' t' rough uns to t' staidly an' meek,  
Are ready for gooin' away.  
An' th' question 'ats sprung fro a gret deal o' lips  
I' mony a place, up an' down,  
Hes bin, if there's e'er bin a mention o' trips,  
" To wod part o' th' world are yo' beawn ? "

There's bin some rare smoothin' o' fine Sunda shirts,  
An' sterch has bin used middlin' thick ;  
Some labours bin med too wi' white summer skirts,  
Yo' ne'er see sitch wark sin' yo're wick.  
Wey, tawk o'er new dresses an' grand Sunda' suits,  
Wi' bonnets an' hats i' th' new style,  
There's far moor bin getten—beside fancy boots,  
Than wod'ld ged paid for a while.

Wey, bless us ! There's weywors 'at's bod doin' bad,'  
Who play for beams reg'lar away,  
Are gooin' to places abroad, think o' thad,  
It's nod a chep trip for a day !  
Heawever they do it—aw'm hanged if aw know,  
Aw'st hev to be learnin' ther scale ;  
For thi' world often judges bi nowt nobbut show—  
A cockayn's but prized for id tail !

Aw've laughed till aw'm soar for these last tooathy days ;  
Just wait and yo'll hear wod abeawt ;  
Some dodges an' skeomin's chep trip brass to raise  
Hoo freely bin towd, there's no deawt.  
Aw'm beawn to say nowt but what's bin heared an'

sin,  
Yet wern'd guaranteed it's o' true :  
For bin as dud thad, after t' gam as ther's bin,  
One ne'er be nowt else but a foo !  
Aw'll tell yo' o'er Mally o' th' Pump, fast ovo ;  
At skeomin' for brass hoo's a star !  
Hoo's nod paid a hawp'ny thifortnit i' th' Row,  
An' wern'd, so whoever they are.  
Wodever hoo's short on, hoo gets id o' strap,  
A keaw cuidin' dlick her tor cheek ;  
An' ses varra likely hoo'l drop on a chap  
If hoo stops at Blackpool a week !

There's owd 'Lija Peyswad an' t' wife, just aboon,  
Ther off to a kinsman i' Kent ;  
Ther train starts fro' here varra soon after noon,  
Thad means dodgin' t' coyl chap an' rent.  
They aind comin back till next Setterda neet,  
Ther mekkin a varra fair stop,  
An' t' brass hoo bin raised thro' two suits as he geet,  
An' ran 'em off right into pop !

Owd 'Beeca o' th' Bonk, hoo seeft off yesterday  
To somewhere—ort Morecambe id lies ;  
An' Jerry Jinks bawled, as hoo' passed bi eawr way,  
" Yo' morn'd tek no whimberry pies !"  
" Aw' wern'd ! " 'Becca ansurd, " be sartin o' thad !"  
Id seems hoo took some off last year,  
An' th' box they wur in on to t' train wur pown bad,  
An' o' wur spoiled when they geet ther.

There's Pummynoose Bill, he's just bin to tell t' shop,  
They mornd let his wife hev no strap,  
Hoo has o' t' week's stock in, it's wheer id'll stop,  
But Bill, dornd yo' see'n, a queer chap.  
He's stuck to his brass, an' he wern'd pay a cent,  
Just see him dressed up,—he's a toff !  
His wife's bad as him, for hoos dodged three weeks  
rent,

Ther yen aw see—ready for off !

Joe Jubbles, wur alias a champion to fratch,  
But neaw he's just eawt ov a job,  
He's bin to his uncle's an' left him his watch,  
O' perpus to raise tooathy bob !  
He tried wi' owd Whiffler to borro four peawnd,  
But th' skeomin' duddnd work reight wi' t' loan,  
A chap went to th' heawse, an' just hed one lock  
reawnd,  
Then towd Joe he wur too weel known !

There's scooars as'll manage o' somehow to ged  
Away for a bit to th' big tide ;  
They may be beawt brass, but a move ull be ned,  
For th' tickets an' extras beside.  
They ar'nd varra strict, if they borrow or beg,  
An' moar than sufficient they'll raise,  
At thi' watterside somewhere they'll shake a loce leg,  
An' fairly enjoy th' holidays !

JACK O' ANN'S.

## SCRAPIN' SAM.

So whether trade be brisk or slack,  
Ther's summat gooin' on  
Among thad merry lot who camp  
I' th' barber's shop up yon.  
Ther full o' mischief as can be,  
An' varra fond o' gam,  
Yet nobry likes a joak as weel  
As t' barber—"Scrapin' Sam!"

Ther's buzzes rolled off theer bi th' scooar,  
O'er subjects good an' bad,  
But th' chap who drops in for a shave  
Throo t' yarms ull ne'er be sad.  
For th' campers are boooth young an' owd,  
Wi' odd uns in between;  
An' if yo'll noootis, devillment's  
Shown clear i' o' ther een!

Sam's greeted wi' a sharp "Shut up!"  
Whenever he chips in  
Wi' bits o' wheezes, but at thad  
He does nowt else but grin,  
For he's fun eawt as chaffin's chep,  
An' staves off mony a row  
While he's agate wi' th' razor keen,  
Or busy wi' a pow.

Sam's lots o' customers to suit,  
An' he's owt but a foo,  
He simply ansers "Aye" an' "Nowe,"  
An' tawks just as they do!  
He's een an' ears, an' plainly knows,  
Beawt tellin', heawt to act:  
That's why he's customers bi th' scooar—  
Id shows his bizness tact.

Sam's in his glory when he's time  
To rest a bit an' smook,  
An' hearken th' merry yarns 'at's spun  
Among thad keeler rook;  
For he's as keen for gam as t' rest,  
An' well they know id, too,  
'Cose he'd a hardy bringin' up  
P' cowed misfortune's skoo.

Sam gi'se joaks—aye, an' teks 'em free—  
He's one o' th' gradely soocar  
Who sticks to bizness while id lasts,  
Then likes a bit o' spocart.  
Sometimes his campers, wi' a smile,  
Say, "Sam, just tell us, do,  
O'er th' trick tha played wi' Joiner Dick,  
Who sawed thi pow i' two?"

Hey, scooars o' times Sam's tittered as  
Thad tale hee's hed to tell,  
For he enjoys id up to th' mark,  
Tho' it's ageon hissel!  
Afoor he starts he allus ses,  
"Some foools may trust ther wits  
To win a cast, an' o' at once  
Find it's bin knocked i' bits!"

Then he begins, "Aw've known some sharps  
An' flats i' my career,  
Aw've dropt o' cute uns, too, bi th' scooar,  
I' th' time while aw've bin here.  
But one o' th' drollest chaps aw've met,  
For mardocks allus wick,  
Med here for shaving, twice a week,  
Fook cood him 'Joiner Dick.'

"One Setterda, when he'd dropt in,  
As if he r' hawf asleep,  
Aw tricked him, but soon fun id eawt  
He'd bitten th' biter deep!  
He coom in slowly, dropt his bass  
O' tools i' th' corner theer,  
Then hung his cap up an' seet deawn  
O'er you i' th' shavin' chear.

"While t' prentice lathered him, aw thowt  
"Aw'll play a tric' wi' thee!"  
So when aw started, shaved one hawf,  
An' then leet th' rest a be!  
Dick paid his penny, wiped his face,  
But nod a word he spoak;  
Shouthered his bass, an' off he seet  
Beawt tumblin' to mi' joak!

"That's wod aw thowt, while t' customers  
Dud nowt but laugh an' skit  
O'er th' simple trick aw'd played on him,  
Which suited, boon a bit.  
Till th' door wur oppened suddenly,  
An' somebody sheawt 'Sam!'  
Tha'd best look after t' property;  
Ther fairly is some gam!

"Eawtside aw went, an' reight away  
Kicked up a gradely row,  
For Dick wur busy as cud be  
Agate o' sawin' th' pow.  
Afoor aw reyched him, hawf on 't-crashed  
On t' caswer. Wi' a swear,  
Aw axed, 'Hey, Dick, wod does ta meon  
Be actin' like this here!'

"Dick rubbed his chin reflectively,  
To study wod aw spoak;  
Then sed "Look at this face o' mine—  
Id shows a barber's joak!  
An' wod aw've done just serves thee reight,  
Shut up—an' mek no row—  
A barber who gi'es hawf a shave,  
Shud own but hawf a pow!"

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT

[ORIGINAL]

## SEASIDE JEALOUSY.

Thers bin the varra dule to play  
Up you i' Tipplers Row,  
But wod o' th' bother's bin abeawt  
Few nayburs seem to know,  
Owd Molly Gabster tells t' tale thro'—  
Hey, besnd hoo a tongue,  
An' ses its o' thiro' jealousy,  
For o' thers bin nowt wrong.

Joe Jigger's lived you wi' his wife  
A month or two—no moosar,  
An' nowty gossips say as duns  
Are never long fro' t' door.  
So whether thad be true or nod  
Aw kornd pretend to say:  
But Joe an' t' wife went on a trip  
To Blackpool, just for t' day.

Afoor they went a row struck up  
Abeawt Joe's spendin' brass,  
An' some remark he'd passed o'er hor  
To Noisy Marget's lass.  
Then hoo sed, if he'd nobbut sense,  
He'd 'list, or fit, or dee!  
But his reply wor: "Wod, for sitch  
A ugly witch like thee?"

Thad rough remark put fat i' t' fire,  
An' roused her temper reight.  
Her een blashed fire as t' poker beawnced,  
Hoo fair longed for a feight.  
But peace between 'em wur proclaimed,  
For wi' a mockin' grin,  
He sed he'd go off bi hissel  
Unless hoo stopped her din.

Thad put a stopper to her tongue,  
For hoo wur feared he wod,  
An' flirt abeawt wi' sombrey else—  
He'd do it, as like as nod.  
Hoo cuddnd trust him, nod an inch,  
Among thad creawd bi t' Pier,  
For once afoor hoo'd sin him tawk  
To a young woman theer.

Joe sed id wur his sister's mate;  
But hoo snapt "Wod a tale!"  
An' fro' thad time hoo'd watched him weel  
Wi' een which wodnd fail.  
He'd towd her i' truth—thad jealous jade;—  
Joe knew her waykniss weel,  
Yet, heedless of her ways, to hor  
He wur as true as steel.

They geet to Blackpool safe an' seawnd,  
Then hed a lovely spin  
Bi th' 'lectric cars fro' t' Seawth Shore Pier  
On t' sea-front, reight to t' Gynn.  
Ter' th' Cabin ov owd Uncle Tum  
Joe cast a longin' glance.  
But hoo snapt, "Let's go back ageon,  
If tha gets theer—tha'll dance!"

Back on't new Promenade they strolled,  
Then spent a happy heawr  
I' watchin' t' fishes an' t' queer ways  
Them monkeys hed i' th' Teawer.  
Then they'd a feed o' ham an' eggs,  
An' brawdly hor an' Joe  
To t' Palace went, admirin' long  
Thad lovely waxwork show.

They stopped to hear a toothry songs,  
Then went off to t' Big Wheel;  
"Aw've bin in't once," hoo sed, "an' oh!  
Heaw queer id med me feel!"  
So back they went to t' watterside  
An' seet off for a sail,  
Which med Joe rayther sickly, so  
He'd toothy gills o' ale!

Then three smart wimmin spoak to Joe,  
An' swapt a bit o' chaff,  
Which pleasid their fancies, so they joined  
In a good hearty laugh.  
Hoo dashed up like a turkey cock,  
An' axed "Wod do yo meon  
Bi sitch a din as that? Hes Joe  
Bin skittin' me ageon?"

"What's thad to do wi' yo?" wur snapt,  
An' then ther wor a skrike,  
For Joe's wife snarled "Aw'll let yo see  
Yo korn' do as yo like!"  
Then bonnets, lace, an' ribbins flew,  
An' heigh o'er t' seawnds o' strife  
Hoo roared, "Yo let my chap a-be—  
For aw'm his lawful wife!"

Joe piked away when t' feight wur on,  
An' slipt up a side street,  
An' worf'd hoo in a way becose  
He'd vanished fro' her seat.  
Hoo seeched keen for him for a white,  
Then fun him at a bar  
Chaffin' a waitress, while he puffed  
A rayther chep cigar

Then hoo coed him for everything,  
An' skitted th' waitress, too,  
Till hoo geet chuckd eawt into t' street.  
Hey, wod a hullaboo.  
Hoo med theer till a neecomen coom,  
Then hoo wur gradely fain  
To sneak away wi' Joe, an' catch  
A hooman returnin' train.

When they geet back to Tipplers Row,  
Hey, tawk o'er brokken pots,  
They flew abeawt, an' t' nayburs sed,  
"Yon couple's off ther dets."  
Hoo sed hoo'd leave him, thad hoo wod;  
Joe's anser wor "Aye, do!"  
It's aither thee or me fort' neaw,  
Aw wond' live wi' a foo!"

So in a mad hig, eawt he went;  
Hoo followed, wi' a roar.  
An' yelled, "O, Joe, love, do come back,  
Aw'll co thee names no moosar!"  
Joe snapt, "Nay, Aw'm nod beawn to keep  
A looney, 'ai's nooan reet!"  
An' left her, but aw've heard to-day,  
He geet back hooman last neet.

JACK O' ANN'S.

## Rhymes in the Dialect.

By "Jack o' Ann's"

**SEETS T'ORT WHALLEY WAY.**  
 Some foak are fond o' rural scenes  
 Wheer calm Contentment dwells,  
 An' fain they roam thro' lefy loynes  
 Which lead to lovely dells.  
 On t' velvet slopes o' mighty hills,  
 Donned eawt i' green array;  
 That's why so monny go fro' th' teawan,  
 O'er you—t'ort Whalley way.  
 O'er theer, ther's charmin' landscapes spread  
 Areawnd at every side;  
 True English pictures t' gradely soort  
 As meeks en glint wi' pride.  
 For whether viewed i' sun or shade,  
 Moon-leet, or t' bryek o' day,  
 Thers feasts o' Beauty—owd an' new—  
 On t' roads t'ort Whalley way.  
 A deal o' teawne-foak—t' woss for weear,  
 Hey most to say—but praise  
 For th' owd familiar ways they've trod  
 Sin childhood's distant days.  
 An' some, at's travelled far an' wide  
 An' sailed thro' sea-mist grey,  
 Declare they're ne'er sin nowt to lick,  
 T' rare seets t'ort Whalley way.  
 But every one's nod minds alike:  
 That's yarr'd again to see  
 When old ons meet wi' them 'at's beawn  
 To whee sweet winds blow free.  
 For, if axed, are they gooin', too,  
 Ill-natured, they'll snarl, "Nay,  
 Aw'd rayther go some other road,  
 Than reawnd bi' Whalley way."  
 Then, if th' inquiry's med, "Heaw's thad?"  
 They'll sigh, "Thers nowt o'er theer,—  
 G'e me t' gay watter-side, 'mong creawsds:  
 'T sands, promenade an' t' pier!  
 Thers one can go an' cut a shine!"  
 At ones, neet or day;  
 'Mong classier foak than them yo find  
 On t' roads—t'ort Whalley way!"  
 "Let ower foak find wod they co'  
 Relief fro' toll an' strife!"  
 That's if id suits—but th' younger end's  
 Keen on at "sein' Life!"  
 That's th' upstart's anser, who ne'er thinks  
 O' t' price foos hev to pay  
 For vicious pleasures, woss than them  
 'At's fun t'ort Whalley way.  
 They'd rayther spend a lot o' brass,  
 On a long railway ride,  
 An' smart "swell-diggins"—far away,  
 Wheer Folly swanks wi' Pride.  
 Theer, among strangers, they act "big"  
 An' mek a fine display.  
 As they start nowty games they darend  
 Try on—t'ort Whalley way.  
 Lots on 'em, when back hooam, relate  
 To work-mates wheer they're bin,  
 Wod gam they've hed, wod tales they've  
 An' t' wondrous seets they've sin!  
 But dornd they pou some "ugly mugs,"  
 Is hearers howdy say,  
 "Thers seets as grand fo o to see  
 Who ramble Whalley way!"  
 Id isnd t' village hawf no mitch  
 As t' places reawnd abeavt,  
 Which tices foak fro' smoky teawns  
 To gie thersels a eawt."  
 For, if its fine, an' th' air be clear,  
 Thers monny a glorius day  
 Bin spent—a welcome change for them  
 "At's gone reawnd Whalley way.  
 It's seldom th' earthin's coest moast,  
 Do them who pay t' moast good;  
 Nowe, nearer shops wheer one finds peace  
 Puts health an' strength i' t' blood.  
 While "tallo-chops" turn roosy red,  
 Like blooms on t' briery spray,  
 'Mong sunny scenes, wheer breezes blow,  
 Like them t'ort Whalley way.  
 "Th' gret proof o' t' puddin', eytin' id,"  
 Wiseacres oft hev sed.  
 So, if you deawful, shape, an' test  
 O' t' praiseful statements med.  
 For, if you're seawnd i' wind an' limb,  
 Rely moan on hear-say,  
 But tek things cosy-like, an' gaze  
 On t' seets reawnd Whalley way.

**Go, if yo will, bi t' Wilpsher ear,**  
 An' tramp id t' rest o' t' road.—  
 That's better far than hutchin' up  
 Bi th' fender like a toad.  
 Then on thro' Langho, if t' sun shines  
 An' it's a kindly day,  
 For yo'll feel happier every stride  
 Yo tek—t'ort Whalley way.  
 Pass t' "Petre's Arms" an' strike ahead.—  
 Dornd say th' advice is fudge,  
 Beocse yo'll change yo' mind when yo  
 See th' Abbey, just off t' "Judge."  
 An' when yo look off t' brig at th' Nab,  
 Wheer loverly like to stray.  
 Yor een ull breezed fast at th' seets  
 Yo'll witness—Whalley way.  
 As t' Calder murmurin' creeps id way,  
 To join wi' bigger streams,  
 If I know evr on hist'ry—Past  
 May change yo thoughts to dreams.  
 Or Fancy may bring holy chants  
 Fro' t' ruins i' decay,  
 As Memory's gleamin' leetent t' minds  
 Which ponder—Whalley way.  
 O'er t' mighty changes med bi Time,  
 Sin t' rough stoan way wur laid  
 Bi t' Roman sowiers up t' Nab side  
 (Wheer Autumn leaves are shed).  
 Long ere Paulinus reared his Cross  
 Wheer Pagan sites held sway;  
 Yo may reflect, as yo behov'd  
 Th' Past's reli's—Whalley way.  
 There's th' hoose as showful Charity  
 Provided for Owd Age,  
 Wheer Ancientry wi' modern blends—  
 A motley heritage.  
 Theer, too, trees stan', which—if they'd  
 speech—  
 Could tell o'er monny a fray  
 Wheer noble knights i' conflict met  
 An' perished.—Whalley way!  
 Far on, thers Myton's marbled shrine,  
 Wheer Christian gazers start  
 T' pleased amazement at th' rare skill  
 Ov imitation Art.  
 Wheer Sherbourn's heirs i' calmness sleep  
 'Mong humbler human clay,  
 To show as Pride and Meekness rank  
 Alike, t'ort Whalley way.  
 Theer t' rivers join, an' t' Ribble glides  
 To blend wi' th' ocean vast,  
 E'er babblin'—while grim Pendle freawns—  
 O'er th' legendary past.  
 When Mother Demidik an' her gang  
 Filled farmers wi' dismay,  
 An' cast their o'er mon an' beost,  
 Bi witchery—Whalley way.  
 So, him yo! Tak t' frost chance as comes,  
 When t' weather's warm an' clear,  
 An' see t' grand view you bi th' New Inn's,  
 While pearkit i' "Grunshaw Chear."  
 Then yo'll know wod grand scenery's like,  
 Fair as a Queen o' May—  
 Wi' Stocanyhurst as t' centre piece,  
 While Ling'rin—Whalley way.  
 Th' same seets are reyched bi' different  
 roads,  
 But th' vision's suited best  
 When Summer's in id glowin' prime  
 And breezes waff fro' t' West.  
 Then gladness, grome and beauty blend  
 Wheer Pleasure romps a play,  
 As leaves seem whislin' i' t' world at war,  
 Yet Peace rules—Whalley way."

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

ORIGINAL

### SHUTTLE BILL'S CAT TRAP.

If yo like a bit o' chaff,  
 An' a gradely hearty laugh,  
 Just ged among thaderry-hearted lot—  
 Who, when warks o'er, ov a neet,  
 I'th' "Owd Bellmon," kitchen meet,  
 To tawk odd things o'er while they camp a pot;  
 Theer yo'll hear o' th' news o' th' day,  
 An' wheezes, too, ged rattled off bi th' scoor;  
 For, when one tale teller's done,  
 Ther's another keeps up th' fun—  
 An' them who hearken oft laugh till ther soar!  
 Some o' th' chaps go welly mad,  
 For they've t' footbo' fever bad,  
 If onnybody runs ther teamm's club deawn :  
 One or two among 'em soft,  
 An' they ged plagued middlin' oft,  
 Then when ther vexed, are left to grunt an' freawn.  
 But ther passion ne'er lasts long,  
 For its banished wi' a song,  
 Or th' sudden change o' t'awk to summatt else.  
 Hey, a bit o' temper's thowt  
 To be summatt next to nowt,  
 Bi' them whose aim is to enjoy theirsels.  
 Th' chaps who sit there, wearin' clogs,  
 Tawk o'er pigeon flys an' dogs,  
 An' name a hoss's chances for a race.  
 They'll draw shorts cut for a gill,  
 Or play cottam wi' a will—  
 Especially when ther's varra few i' th' place!  
 Ther's discussions neaw an' then,  
 For some on 'em's thoughtul men,  
 Who kno th' word's ways beawt waitin' to be  
 towed.  
 An' among 'em thers a chap  
 Who for seawls ne'er keers a rap—  
 They co' him "Shuttle Bill" fro' Barbeawse Fowd.  
 Neaw, Bill's one o' th' gradely soort,  
 Who enjoys a bit o' spoor,  
 That's if its weight an' doosnd go too far.  
 An' yo'd hev a job to find  
 One like him among mankind,  
 Who dwel i' twen Knuzden Brook an' Billings Scar.  
 For he whistles like a lark,  
 When he's gooin' to his work,  
 An' he's allus blythe an' happy as can be ;  
 An' to them who ax him heaw  
 He's a face which ne'er looks feaw ?  
 He chuckles, "Trouble never troubles me!"  
 Bill's as welcome as can be,  
 That's a fact 'ar's plain to see,  
 Bi' everyone who happens to be ther—  
 For whene'er he geds past th' door  
 O' thad kitchen, thers a roar  
 Fro' th' Bellmonites, "Heigh, Billy, come o'er  
 here!"  
 He obeys 'em, wi a smile,  
 For thier rough an' ready style  
 Suits tch a chap as Billy up to th' mark.  
 An' when his full pot comes in,  
 He grips howd on t' wil' a grin,  
 An' ses, "Here's fortune—moast brass an' less  
 work!"  
 Then thad pot geds lifted up,  
 An' o' th' breawn ale he's a sup,  
 At th' after thad sometimes he'll quately say—  
 "Foak con think wode'er they like,  
 But if th' brewers go on strike,  
 Aw'll go and sign teetotal right away !  
 Till thad time, chaps, aw've a drawt  
 If aw ever cud do beawt  
 A little drop o' frothy nu breawn ale !"  
 Then he smooks, an' sits to hear  
 Owt at o' ats gooin' theer,  
 An' sometimes volunteers to tell a tale.

Aw'll just tell one buzz fro' th' lot,  
 Which he spins o'er his pint pot,  
 As a sample—if yo' wurd'n be in a peyl :  
 It's as new as new can be,  
 An' a gret discovery  
 For trappin' t' soot o' eats which like to steyl.  
 Bill ses "Nobry i' their heawse  
 Ever claps e'en on a meawse,  
 'Cose to live thad cat ov his ne'er gi'es 'em t' chance."  
 It's a terror to o' th' mice,  
 But for o' thad, once or twice  
 He's hed reason to remember id con slance !  
 T'other week Bill's wife put by  
 Hawf o' a big rappit pie,  
 Intendin' id as dinner for th' next day ;  
 An' hoo sed "Th' cat wern'd go ther,  
 Onto th' topmost shelf, aw'll swear!"  
 But when mornin' coom, hey, hoo wor in a way,  
 For thad cat hed sianced o' th' lot—  
 Thad is, o' but th' crust an' pot,  
 A toothay boons hoo fun on t' shelf an' o' !  
 Sherply after t' thief hoo went,  
 An' a busy time hoo spent  
 Wi' th' long brush, till th' cat dodged her, an' topt  
 th' wo.  
 When Bill landed hooam at noon  
 He geet full partie'ars soon,  
 As fro' her een boo wiped tears wi' her brat ;  
 O he sed wor "Never heed,  
 If it's hed a gradely feed.  
 For owt 'at's good for us is good for th' cat!"  
 Nowe as soon as he sed thad,  
 Hoo exclaimed, "Bill, arta mad?"  
 He anserd "Nowe!" then chuckled i' rare glee,  
 "Betsy, thee leave t' cat aloan,  
 Th' long brush wern'd improve id noocan,  
 Aw'll cure id if th'll leave that job to me!"  
 Things fro' ther went on a reight  
 Till Bill brovt a lump o' meyt—  
 An' gradely bonny English beef id wor ;  
 An' he sed "Aw'm puttin' this  
 Wheer thad pie wor?" "Nay, tha'll miss it!"  
 Hoo snapt, for th' plan wond's suitable for hor.  
 But i' spite o' wod hood sed,  
 An' o' th' chummin' hoo med.  
 He put th' beef up an' some lee papers too.  
 When 'bur put by, hoo'd her say :  
 "Go on, tha con ha' thi way.  
 But th' consequence ull prove tha's acted th' foo!"  
 Aw'll just shorten th' tale a bit,  
 For th' result proved Billy's wit.  
 Wur sharp enough to cure a slancin' cat.  
 Sure enough, thad neet, o reight  
 Tabby sprung on th' shelf for th' meyt,  
 An' landed on th' fleepaper, plump an' flat.  
 Bill's wife near went in a fit,  
 Th' cat wur tutted, an' id spit.  
 An' mewed an' clawed, an' med a dismal din ;  
 Bill leet th' papers stick a while,  
 Then released id, wi' a smile,  
 But th' cat's ne'er ventured wheer thad shelf is sin !

JACK O' ANN'S

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

[ORIGINAL.]

### SIMPLE BOB.

We meet wi' queerish characters  
I' places up an' deawn,  
Becose ther welly everywheer,  
At countryside an' tawn.  
**A**mong 'em ther's booth good an' bad,  
Beside th' eccentric soocart,  
Whose funny ways amuse grown foak  
An' give o' t' youngsters spoocart.  
  
Some's keerless wode'er comes or gooas  
So long as they've good meyt,  
An' whether id rains, snows, or blows.  
If sheltered weel, ther reight.  
While others act so whimisical,  
Like hens as want to lay.  
Ther wanderin' here, an' peepin' ther,  
At o' times—neet an' day.  
  
Ther's odd uns wi' owd-fashioned ways  
Who shake ther heyds an' sigh,  
'Cose things arend wod they used to be  
I' other days goon by.  
They chunner, blamin' this an' that—  
Poor crat'urs, eawt o' date,  
They'll keep fawt-findin' till Deeth's nudge  
Stops o' ther dooatish prate.  
  
Some hav' ther skyeltes cracked a bit,  
Ther simple-like an' soft,  
An' gleemin' o'v intelligence  
Dorn'd leet ther sen so oft.  
Thro' gawmness they land therseuls  
I' monny an' awkerd fix,  
But them who know 'em nobbut laugh  
At what's coed "Monkey tricks."  
  
**I**d happens, neaw an' then, bi luck,  
We're dropt on o' at once,  
Thro' meetin' an' odd character  
'At's looked on as a dunce.  
But when we come to know him weel,  
I' spite o' skit an' buzz,  
We find eawt as he's just as good,  
An' wiser, too, than us!  
  
A lot o' foo's heawt gumption think  
As everybody else  
Shud hav' t' same views o' different things  
As them they hav' theirsels.  
**A**n' if a maybur's Cally West,  
Withewarts a second's thowt,  
He's either classed as "touched aboon,"  
Or coed a good-for-nowt!  
  
Neaw if you'll go up Swankers Broo  
An' ax foak if they know  
Wheer t' queerest chap i' th' kingdom lives!  
They'll anser, "Bobbin Roy!"  
If yo bi chance exclaim "Wheer's that?"  
Yo'll be directed then  
To wheer he lives, but dornd heed o'  
They say, for ther mista'en.  
  
**A**ye, foak will tawk abeawt th' owd chap  
'At's lived therer lone for years,  
Tho' wod he lives on nobry knows,  
An' why? ther's nobry keers.  
His ways are different to theirs,  
For sitch a chap as him  
Is like a duck among some hens  
Penned up, as wants to swim.  
  
Th' owd fellas known as "Simple Bob"  
Among o' t' foak abeawt,  
An' children cry, "He's comin', mam,"  
Whene'er he rambles eawt.  
For he's a thin grey-bearded mon,  
"At's never mitch to say:  
A relic—left behint wih Time—  
O' days long passed away.

Id doesnd cost him mitch to live,  
His dwellin's nod fast-class;  
He's fond o' books, an' ne'er complains  
O'er his short o' brass.  
He draws wod hit he needs fro' t' bank,  
An' pities poor foak's woes,  
An' allus carries nuts an' stuff  
For t' chilid as he knows.  
**I**th' pub atop o' t' broo you'll oft  
Hear t' company tawk o'er Bob,  
But ax 'em for his history—  
They'll chat an' skit o'er t' way he has  
O' wanderin' bi hissel.  
But why he leads a lonely life  
Ther's nod a one can tell.  
  
He gooas eawt ramblin' into t' fields  
When t' weather's fine for heawrs,  
An' sits down bearkenin' to 't bielders.  
Or picks herbs, roots, an' bileders.  
Sometimes, wi' hommer firmly gript,  
He knocks hard chins off stoocans,  
An' seems to tek a interest keen  
I' onny ploughed-up boocans.  
  
Big Lol o' Liza's strode i' th' pub  
One frosty winter's neet,  
An' sed, as he supt at a pint.  
"Owd Bob, you, kord be reight.  
He's starin' thro' a spyn-glass  
An' jabberin' abeawt stars—  
Ther's moons o' Jupiter, he ses,  
An' Saturn's rings, an' Mars!"  
  
Another mon sed, "Hey, aw've sin  
Him at thad job afoor,  
For aw've ta'en toocatty load o' coy'l  
An' bin inside o' th' door.  
**H**is hoooms hung rawnd wi' funny things,  
Ther quite a treat to see,  
Wi' heops o' stoocans, which Owd Bob coes  
Fruits o' gee-o-gee!"  
  
Then Farmer Joe sed, "When he see  
A hawpny as aw'd fun  
I' th' field, he offered sixpence for t',  
At thad aw chirrupped 'Done.'  
He sed id war a rarish coin—  
Well, that war i' crackpot's tale—  
But brass o' thad soocart worn'd do here  
To pay for swipes o' ale!"  
  
That's t' way they chatter o'er th' owd lad,  
An' co' him soft an' daft;  
Abeawt his style an' simple ways,  
Hey, socoars o' times they've laughed.  
**F**or Bob's nod o'er particular  
O'er t' colour ov his clooas,  
An' he's known bi his owd tall hat  
No matter wheer he gooas.  
  
Some say he once wus crossed i' love  
When he war littie an' young;  
Well, if he wor he's sense enough  
To smile an' howd his tongue.  
For tho' he's coed a simpletion,  
Who stares at stars an' books,  
His heyd's cheek full o' knowledge, an'  
He's wiser than he looks.  
  
Wod nayburs say ne'er troubles him,  
He's his way an' they've theirs;  
An' keeps content beawt troublin' foak  
Wi' tales ov his affairs.  
Aye, Bob likes Nature an' id works,  
An' looks weel pleased aboon.  
**F**or o'er t' stars ther's a Glorious Hooam  
Wheer he'll be gooin' spon.

JACK O' ANNS.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT

[ORIGINAL.]

**S**LUTCH NOOK FOOTBO CLUB.  
Ther once wur peace, an' quateness too,  
I' th' Fowd aboon Slutch Nook,  
But lately things hav' changed for't woss,  
An' comfort's ta'en id hook,  
Thers bother mornin', noon an' neet,  
O'er trifles—this an' that.  
For t' plain truth is o' t' foak abeawt  
Hav' footbo fever bad.

They hev'n'd bin thad way so long,  
Yet th' change is sad to see;

They fratch an' threop like heigh go-mad,

An' allus disagree.

At neets they gab for heawrs at once,

An' freely praise or snub

Booath players an' committee-men

O' t' Slutch Nook Footbo Club.

Thad imp coed Bobby Marlocker

Towt th' rules o' t' puncin' game,

An' t' wimmin' reavnd abeawt declare

As t' wastrel's ill to blame,

'Cos every lad i' th' district's daft—

An' welly every mon—

O'er t' footbo game, an' mother's sigh

'Cos o' t' hooam pleasure's gone!

When t' club fest started some o' th' lads

Wur rayther badly pown,

'Cos five or six long clooaprops went—

For goailpoocas they wur stown;

Two flannel coats wur ta'en beside,

An' soon ripper into jags,

Then preawdy flapt i' "Rattler's" field

As rough med corner flags.

A litter lot o' gammy lads

Never chased a beawtin' bo;

They dodgo an' dribble pass an' shoot

An' cleat for toots is an' o.

They'll yell "off-side" or cheot like blacks,

Sitch terroro you can see,

So wheer, or when, or who they play,

They'll ayther win or set.

If yo'd to hear th' committe fratch

O'er t' meritis o' ther team

Yo'd think as they'd bin robbin' t' League

Or o' id choicest croom.

They're fastest, forradis, best hawf-backs

An' full-backs i' their lot,

White gosler's wick an' strong enough

To stop a cannon shot!

Thors nowt but din an' bother when

They hev a practise do,

'Cos t' players welly kill theirsels

To send if' be skimmnin' thro'.

An' t' captain's sheawtin' to his men,

While every watcher grins,

"Go on, lads! If yo' kord hit th' bo'

Yo' morn'd miss t' players shins!"

Some critins knew o' players' faults

But never towd which is t' best,

Tho' neaw an' then an' odd un growled

"Give it' lot a longish rest."

Thad war afoor ther openin' match,

Which war but played last week,

For neaw, if onnybody chears

A wrong word it's coed "Check!"

Aye, Slutch Nook's hed a lively time

An' won id way to fame,

Becose ther teams shown t' Tup Fowd lot

Th' smart way to win a game.

They excoard a glorious victory,

An' hawf kilt t' referee;

An' ever sin, t' commiteemen

O'erjoyed, hev bin on't spre.

Say nowt o'er t' smart an' tricky play

When tip-top class teams meet,

Nor t' form when Internationals

Run rivals off ther feet;

Dorn'd fratch o'er t' tussles as we've sin

For t' championship or t' "pot,"

Becose her never war sitch play

As thad o' t' Slutch Nook lot,

Tup Fowd won th' toss, an' kicked off sharp,

But duddin'd ged mitch for,

For t' players, ankle deep in slutch,

Just struggled wheer they wor,

Then Pinwir Jerry med for t' bo,

An' punced id o' serena,

As t' slutch he browt up wi' his foot

Catched t' referee if th' een,

A rash war med for th' Tup Fowd goal,

Then to t' disgust o' t' crowd,

Thad referee whistled for off-side;

An' t' soccor war disallowed!

Then Collier Dick, to t' referee

Bawled eawt, "The gawmless foo,

Heawr conta o' th' off-side!"

When "Thruster" whizzed id thro?"

Then foul's war claimed bi th' dozen, till

They mouthed t' referee;

An' med id. Then gander stopt a shot

They beat a penitent,

Between them cocca-prop went thad bo,

An' creased delighted roared,

An' clucked ther caps up as they yelled,

"Hip-hip-hooray! they've soccoared!"

Tup Fowd war mad as wasps,

Protestin' id wond' reight;

While t' Nockers snarled, "Yo' go less gab,

Or else ther'll be a fight!"

An' t' way they harred an' jarred o'er t' job

Put t' referee in a fog,

But "Lurcher" setteld matters when

He coom up wi' his dog.

"Say it's a goal, or else look eawt!"

He thummed, wi' a frawan,

Then t' referee poed a napper eawt

An' quately booked id deawn,

"Cosso 'Lurcher's" brindled bull-pup smiled

Wi' sitch a hungry look

Id med him say for safety's sake—

"T' fast point's for Slutch Nook!"

Another goal war socoared, an' then

A merry feight begun,

An' one mon charged thad referee

By th' dyke side just for fun.

Deawn t' mon an' whistle sudden dropt

As t' watchers, wi' a bawl,

Remark'd, "Go on! He's eawt o' play,

An' ged another goal!"

An' t' Nockers ded i' lively style;

Hey, heawt t' spectators chaffed

As th' Tup Fowd team stood eyein' th' dyke,

O' lookin' rather daft.

A soppin' lump o' nast arooso,

An' t' youngsters howled wi' gleo,

"Cosso noobs end tell which part war slutch

Or which war t' referee!

He spluttered, "Aw'll gie this job up."

Then t' Nockers sed, "Owd mon,

Tha kord give o'er beawt noocas here;

Ged wiped, t' game's gooin' on!"

Hawf time coom, t' soccor war three to nowt,

Some cheered, while others coosed,

Then t' second hawf begin, an' id

War livelier than t' first.

For t' "Nockers" piled on another three,

While t' "Fowders" managed two,

An' t' referee great banged thad mitch

He kept on grooain', "Ooh!"

They took him in a weft skip hooam,

Then soyled off to a pub,

To tell o'er t' famous victory won

Bi th' Slutch Nook Footbo Club!

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

### SOME HINTS FOR TRIPPERS.

This is a record smashin' year,  
We're towed, for cowd an' heat,  
For speed o' watter, air an' land,  
An' Trade booms, bad to beat.  
Thers "record" creawds o' trippers bin  
At Blackpool, as you'll know,  
An' Burnley's preawd o' th' honour ov  
A "record" Cattle Show.  
  
It's bin a record year beside.  
For brass saved up i' th' Banks  
Bi warkin' foak o' th' holidays.  
When they play swellish pranks.  
But th' moost surprisin' things ov o'  
At's so far reched over ears,  
Wur th' Ceawny's Royal Welcomins,  
An' record seawndin' cheers!  
  
If t' brass safe i' yor pockets is  
A record in id way,  
To join a "record" trip, an' hev  
A "record" holiday.  
Its nobbut wod yo' weel deserve,  
If you've to rise fro' bed  
To work, at th' knocker-up's "tip-tap,"  
To earn yor daily bread...  
  
This is t' last holiday you'll get  
Till snowy Kessmas comes.  
So chuch yor redbooks o' one side,  
An' say "good-bye" to thrums.  
Doff o' yor warkin' cloas, an' strut  
Off preawdly i' yor best,  
If but to let yor nayburs see  
You just as good as t' rest.  
  
If yo've nod sent yor boxes off  
I sharp advance bi rail,  
Yo'st best look after em, or else  
Yo'll tell a sorry tale.  
Cos' everywhere they'll be i' th' road—  
On t' platforms, an' i' th' train:  
An' if, when t' journey's o'er, ther safe  
An' howe, you'll sure be fain.  
  
Be keerful, when yor packin' up  
Yor white skirts, cuffs an' ties,  
As they'll ned god mixed up an' spoilt,  
Wi' butter, jam, or pies.  
For, if they go i' th' luggage-van,  
Marked "This side up, with care."  
Well find 'em chucked eawt among t' rook,  
When yo breathe sawty air.  
  
Theer they'll be piled up onsyheaw  
But trim an' right way up,  
An' t' seat, moast like, ull mek yo feel  
Like a lost, new-shorn tup.  
Yet, if you box his th' top crushed in,  
Or th' corners eawt o' shape:  
Say nowt, but grab what's yors, an' smile,  
Glad yor i' no woss scrapp.  
  
Dord brade Tum Thunge, who went last year  
To hev a glint at th' sea.  
An' led th' way, followed bi his wife  
An' noisy family.  
Behint, his owldst Jads struggled hard  
Wi' a tin box o' "grub,"  
Which nayburs sed wne big enough  
To howd a dolly tub.  
  
Red-faced, they painted an' they puffed.  
Poor lads! th' box wor a weight,  
While Tum sed warminly to t' wife,  
Just watch 'em w' thad meny!"  
An' when they geet to t' station wi't.  
Tum thowt id th' wisest plan  
To "tip" a poarer weel to put  
Id into t' luggage-van.  
  
Be keerful wi't, wode'r tha does!"  
He stern to th' poarer sed.  
Who answered, "Aye, aw'll see id reight,  
As into t' train yo' god!"  
Tum smiled at thad, an' when t' train coom,  
They wor a mighty rush.  
Yet somehow, bi a miracle,  
They geet in sawt o' t' crush.  
  
A mixed up, jumbled, skrikin' lot,  
Thad set o' childer wor;  
An' Tum wur like a turkey cock,  
Thro' t' job he'd hed wi' hor.  
For hood stuck into t' doorhol fast,  
Till Tum's strength pushed her thro',  
But o' t' reward he geet fro' t' wife  
Wur "Hey, tha lungus too!"

Then two o' th' youngest rascals fowt,  
Till they a cleawtin' geet;  
An' just as th' startin' whistle blew,  
Ther Annie give a skreet.  
"Stop t' train, mi hawpny's fo'en on t' line!"  
An' hey, ther wor a din.  
Till Tum o' th' sudden beawnced wi' t' ery,  
"Aw've set deawn on a pin!"  
Wod joy ther is i' travellin'  
Wi' childer at's hawf wild!  
An' th' ery "Look! th' Teawer" wur welcome  
news,  
At which th' packed trippers smiled.  
As t' train at th' end slowed an' stopped.  
Tum's bawl commandin' sheawt.  
Wur heard, "Neaw lads, look after t' box!  
Be handy, an' ged eawt!"  
Away they scampered, lithie as haes,—  
Thad unlooadin' hed begun.  
As Tum strode wi' his waddin' wife,  
Who thowt id owt but fun  
To see things pitched at random like,  
Fro' t' van to t' platform theer;  
Se sheawt, "That's eawr box, aw'm sure,  
So bring id quate o'her here!"  
But deawn id cluttered wi' a crash!  
Thad roused her reight away,  
An' o' t' length or her bitin' tongue  
They geet a fine display.  
Till t' lads geet howd o' th' ill-pown box,  
An' off tort th' lodgin's seat;  
Hey, later, when 'twur landed safe,  
To t' lads t' relief wor sweet!  
While struglin' to unlock that box,  
Tum's wife cried i' distress,  
"Confawnd them railway chaps, t' lock's  
spoilt.  
Thro' th' rough keerlessness!"  
But when another key wur tried,  
An' t' lid o' th' box wur raised:  
Hoo looked as if hood's sin the duele,  
While Tum stared wild, amazed.  
"Thers nowt i' theer at's eyitable!"  
He gasped: "theres sombrely stown  
Eawr box, an' put this in id place  
Which has bin badly down.  
Let's tek id back!" But, luckily,  
Across t' way, a young chap  
Sed "We've a wrong box too!" An' hey  
Reight fain they wor to swap.  
So mind yor luggage, gradely weel;  
Yor brass an' o-bi th' deep.  
An'-tek this friendly warnin'—mind  
Wod company yo keep.  
Cos' soocars o' shady characters  
Bi' t' sea, live o' ther wits:  
An' t' knowledge as yod bin wi' them  
Wod git's relations fits!  
Tse, off yo pop, wi' t' younger end,  
For sweethearts, or yor wives,  
Or tek th' owd foak; an' may yo o'  
Hev th' eawtin' o' yor lives.  
Enjoy yorsels, spend money free,  
But dannt waste id o'  
Wit th' exclamation, heared too oft.—  
"There moar wheer this coom fro'?"  
Cos' wise foak know they'll walk a week  
At th' after they gad back,  
Bloozer another pay-day comes:  
So dord mek th' eawtlook black.  
May t' best o' luck attend yo as  
Yo perl off bars an' theer,  
hev a "record" playweek on'  
this is i' "record" year.  
— JACK O' ANN'S

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

### SOWJER DICK'S FAREWELL DO.

Bill Bustler lived i' Payseg Row,  
Nod varra far fro' th' top,  
Next door but one to Nancy Noggs,  
Who kept little shop.  
He woowae at th' factory just aboon,  
So dud his lads an' o—  
Three on 'em, full o' lively pranks,  
Coed 'Lijah, Dick, an' Joe.  
Id took Bill o' his time to keep  
On t' lads a watchful eye;  
They caused him monny an anxious heawr,  
Wi' ways so cute an' sly.  
For when they'd done ther wark, they wur  
As wild as frisky haes,  
An' into lumber ov o' soocars  
They landed unawares.  
Bill, aggravated wi' ther tricks,  
Wod co' em ill to t' wife,  
Who screened 'em—as moast mothers do—  
To save upset an' strife.  
An' monny a time, if one dud wrong,  
Or acted cheekily,  
To muk sure t' reight un suffered for't,  
He used to beawne o' t' three.  
They geet thad used to hidin' t' till  
They'd no effect at o'.  
Tho' t' nayburs med complaints an' coed  
"Em t' roughest lads i' th' row.  
"Aw've tried mi best to keep 'em deawn,"  
Bill's despair wod sheawt,  
Till one o' t' nayburs bowdly sed,  
"Tha goas t' wrong way abeawt!"  
"Wod mun aw do, then?" Bill blobbed eawt,  
"Tha sees aw'm in a fix,  
Becos mi payshunce is worn thro',  
Yet th' lads will play ther tricks!"  
Then t' nayburs sed, i' kindly tones,  
"Encourage 'em a bit,  
An' buy a toothify books to stor  
Ther intellect an' wit!"  
"They read too match—o' t' soocar!" Bill snapt,  
"Eawr 'Lijah'—th' owdest lad,  
Buys pappers full o' pirate tales,  
Which welly drive him mad.  
Eawr Dick's mind's o' 'sojewrin',  
He meks mi ears fair ache  
Wi' th' way he tawks o' Wellington,  
Brave Nelson, Wolfe, an' Blake.  
Eawr Joe's a heyd full o' romance,  
But th' soocar at suits him best  
Is them o'er seacaws an' grizzly beysts,  
An' th' keawboys o' Wild West!  
Aw've tried to stop 'em—so hev t' wife,  
But nayther me nor hor  
Can manage id, becos e' t' three's  
As keen as e'er they wor!"  
"Tek interest i' ther hobbies, then,  
An' see wod thall do!"  
Then Bill, as t' nayburs spook them words,  
Looked cheepish as a foo.  
"Aw korn'd!" he gasped, "for 'Lijah wants  
To fly like Graham-White;  
An' Dick—th' young warphed—longs to be  
A gallant midshipmite!"  
"Eawr Joe goas mad to emigrate—  
He'll drive us deft, he will!  
To track Red Indians like a seacwt  
He's read o'er—Kansas Bill!"  
Thad statement plain an' bluntly towd,  
Wur quite enough for t' mon,  
Who wawked off, sayin', "Lads are lads,  
So do t' best way the con!"  
Them lads led Dick a weary life,  
Till one unlucky day  
Dick wi' his tackler hed a row,  
An' chuckit up, reight away.  
Then grabbin' at his coon on t' wo,  
He derled fro' t' weyvin'-shop,  
An' when his mam heard wod he'd done,  
Hoo felt fair fit to drop.

"He's 'listed!' wur t' next news which coom,  
Then 'Lijah sed, "He's daft!"  
While Joe, who hated prickin' cops,  
Sed nowt, but quately laughed.  
So time passed on, wi' little news  
O'er Dick, till one o' t' mates  
Sed he wur beawn to forrun parts,  
One day, bi th' factory gates.  
When 'Lijah heard o'er t' he towd Joe,  
Who passed th' news to his mam.  
An' when id reched Bill's ears, he looked  
As gentle as a lamb.  
"Dick's beawn to Egypt's desert-sands!"  
Hoo sighed, then wi' a smile  
Bill chelped, "Ne'er heed, ther's crocodiles  
Wi' grinain' teeth i' t' Nile!"  
Then back on furlough for a month  
Dick coom—o' sitch a swank!—  
Drest i' new kharki uniform—  
As if he owned a bank.  
His mother fondly greeted him,  
But th' fayther's swingin' clog  
Soon med thad martial hero bravo  
Slink off like a lost dog.  
For foooty days Bill every time  
He see Dick went near wild;  
But wi' persuadin' he at last  
Wi' t' son geet reconciled.  
An' when Dick's furlough wur near up  
His mates—an' own friends too,  
Decided i' th' "Red Roaase" big room  
To hev a "farewell" do.  
A mixed-up company gathered ther,  
Who med a merry show,  
For Piddler Bob played lively tunes—  
One o' Dick's mates—coed "Happy Sam,"  
His concerbing brow,  
An' th' way he rattled music off  
Wur proof he'd stop at nowt.  
They supped an' sung, an' jocaked an' danced  
O lively—i' rare glee,  
As t' gallon jugs wur emptied fast  
To strains ov harmony  
Till Novas Ned sed "Hang id, chaps;  
It's time as wed a rest."  
Then tend some ale i' th' fiddle, sly—  
Quateness sometimes is best,  
An' owd chew quatenet th' piccole,  
Still "Happy Sam" played on,  
An' swung his instrument queawt  
Like a contented mon.  
But when he put id deawn, to sup,  
Tum Tup—hawf-drunk an' fat,  
Plumpet deawn on id bi accident  
An' crushed o' t' ballis flat.  
Then Peg-leg Paul wod try to waltz  
Bi' Alice—tort eighteen eecar—  
When bi' ill luck he slipt an' bump!  
They cluttered on t' room floor.  
Crick! th' rotten timber broak like ice  
An' put deawn th' hor they drop,  
Then everybody laughed that match  
O'er t' seat till t' buttlin' stopt.  
When they wur getten up agen—  
Boothat t' colour ov a brick,  
A tootahy presents—useful things,  
Wur given to "Sowjer Dick."  
An' when "God save the King" wur played  
On th' cleyden-eawt piccole,  
Bill gript his monly son bi th' hand,  
His cheeks wi' pride aglow,  
"It's merry needs like this," he sed,  
"Which banishes eny care!"  
When just then, wi' a buntly bump,  
Tum Tup rolled slow deawn t' stairs.  
He landed safe to ringin' cheare,  
Then roared, "O's reight, aw'm wick!"  
Hey, look tawk yet o'er t' farewell spree.  
They wor for "Sowjer Dick."

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

(ORIGINAL)

### STOCKIN' FOOT FOWD.

Thers o soorts o' owd fashioned places  
Still left if we look roawnd abeawt,  
Is kept agate wipin' 'em cawt.  
Odd nooks, once thowt weel on, hev vanisht,  
Yet new scenes bring memories o' th' owd,  
An' plain as the day ay remember  
A place known as "Stockin' Foot Fowd."  
Id worn'd verre nice or attractive,  
Yet to't aw went reglar away,  
An' thowt thad rough bit ov owd Engalnd,  
As grand as a scene at a play.  
"Twur happen 'cos' Tum Doffer's dawter,  
A lass abeawt fifteen year owd,  
Hed soft een, which glanced breast as sunshine  
When we met i' Stockin' Foot Fowd.  
There war but five heawses, o' whitewashed,  
A bit ov a shippin beside,  
Owd heawses, yet snug uns to live in,  
Tho' free fro' owt faverin' pride,  
I three cawt o' th' five hand leom wervin'  
Went on, an' 'twon music to me  
To bearken th' click clack, as bent toilers  
Wur cawerd uppo' th' owd sittin tree.  
At fifth heawse, which stood clear o' others,  
Tum Doffer lived, just anenst th' pump,  
An' on the oppen space lads wad marlock,  
Play marbles, an' frolic, an' jump.  
Hey, th' youngsters reawnd their war coed rive-rags,  
For tho' they worn'd fed o' th' best meat,  
They'd wrasse i' catch-as-con' fashion,  
An' gloried i' hevin' a feight!  
Few on 'em war classed among scholars,  
They'd no time to learn owt but work,  
An' tho' thad brownt nowt but poor pikin,  
They whistled as gay as a lark.  
A lad as end figure up compeawndaws  
Wur looked on as owt but a foo,  
For micoast on 'em nobbut knew reading—  
They towt thad at th' owd Sunday skoo'.  
At th' fest heawse a chap coed Joe Snifter  
Dwelt lone bi hissel, an' took snuff,  
An' he'd a good name amon' th' mayburs.  
For turrin' cawt nowt but good stuff.  
Sometimes he'd bev tootahy days fuddle,  
An' then—so aw've often bin towd,  
He'd hev t' youngster runnin' for hawp'nes,  
Rare prizes—reawnd Stockin' Foot Fowd.  
Next door heigher up, Skennin' Molly  
Wur blst w/ a family o' lads,  
Six on 'em—they moythered her badly  
Wi' appetites big as ther dads.  
Twur sed as th' owd lass were cross visioned  
Thro' studying heaw to ged on,  
So heawt be, aw know hoo wur allus  
Kept busy wi' th' big porrith pon.  
At third heawse, bi' th' corner o' th' shippin,  
Dick Pegleg lived, wi' his crand wife,  
A tiffer owo wor, wi' a temper  
Which led him a wearisome life.  
Two things abeawt Dick puzzled th' gossips,  
One war, he wo stood Betsy's "jaw,"  
An' t' other—heav duh he war th' troddles?  
He dud—an' that's o' aw know.  
At th' fourth heawse, a bit separated  
Fro' th' rest bi a rough cobble wo,  
Wur wheer Jenny Breydfleck resided.  
Her husband, two childer an' o'.  
Hoo soud sand, blue, whitestoonans, an' pepper,  
Owd Sol, an' good "Swaggerin' Dick,"  
Clancake, buttermilk, an' such oddments,  
But never leet owt cawt on tick!

But th' hoocam o' Tum Doffers war th' nicest,  
That fact aw war ready to swear  
At o' times, for smart Nancy Ellen.  
Th' sweet fleaw'r o' mi fancy, lived theer,  
Tho' her best frock war pached wi' o colours,  
An' her cheek shouther brat worn'd so grand,  
An' hood clogs on, aw reckoned her th' equal  
Ov onny fine lady o' th' land!  
Aw korn'd tell, wod med us start tawkin'  
An' swappin' fond glances on t' sly,  
An' the way as hoe seen mi heart bumpin'  
Aw korn'd weel explain, an' wern'd try.  
Aw know this—aw alius felt jealous  
If hood smiles for lads beside me,  
An' when hoo sed a wurr her fella  
Felt happy as mortal can be.  
Her dad hed a cart an' a donkey—  
A brute as hed mony a fawt,  
An' went on his roawnd, middlin' reglar,  
For rags, wi' tape, blue stoano, an' sawt,  
Owd shoon, clogs, cloas, hats, umbrellas,  
Crackt kettles, pons, owd brass or spoons  
He'd tek in exchange for his smowares,  
An' sometimes he'd gaundy balloons.  
Tum took a rare pride in his donkey,  
An' kept id i' middlin' fair trim;  
He laughed, too, when customers bulleked  
An' sed as 'twur th' pictur ov him!  
But if onny lads tried ther antics  
Wi' Neddy, Tum's iron shod clogs  
Wod cum into use middlin' frisky  
An' send 'em off yelpin' like dogs.  
Wod coorted i' on an' off fashion,  
Hed sweet Nancy Ellen an'—  
For two or three months, when he spotted  
Us tawkin' together quite free,  
Hoo sighed, "Aw'll be off—here's mi fayther!"  
An' sherpily hoo scuttler i' th' heawse,  
While he strode tort wheer aw wer stannin',  
As timid an' feared as a mouse.  
"Heigh, wod does ta want wi' mi dower?"  
He snapt, wi' a voice out but sweet,  
"Aw've heared neaf fro' soathy o' t' mayburs  
Tha'rt meetin' her near every neet;  
Come, let's know streyt eawt wod tha'rt after?"  
He growled as he gripped me bi th' cocat;  
Aw tried to say summatur, but coddin',  
Becose a lump stuck i' th' throat!  
"Tha' wern'd speyk. Mayde tha'dll mek thee!"  
He growled, as his clog catched mi seat,  
An' med me feel o' o' a dither,  
An' brast in a varra cowd sweet.  
"Aw nobbut wur cooartin'!" aw muttered,  
As tears stood, as big as a bean  
I' mi een, then he snarled, "Well, aw'll stop thee  
Fro' comin' a cooartin' ageon!"  
Hey, dudu'd he git me bell-tinker.  
An' dudu'd aw wriggle an' roar.  
Afoor he snapt, "That's thi fest lesson.  
Come here ageon when thia wants moar!  
Ged hoocam, tell thi fayther an' mother  
To learn thee some sense, tha young foo!"  
Aw korn'd find room for a fresh donkey,  
An' hev one—an' tha'd's quite enco!"  
Aw daren'd tell eawr foak, for thad hidin'  
Alas! wur Love's bitterest cup;  
Id went bad for poor Nancy Ellen,  
An' we'd to give Cooartin' joys up.  
But fancies abeawt her still linger,  
For hoo wurr a lass good as gowd,  
An' hoo's wish yet, may hoo prosper  
Like memories o' Stockin' Foot Fowd!

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

### "SWITCHER'S" BILLY-GOAT.

O'er you, at th' edge o' t' moorland,  
Whee' c's so fresh an' green,  
Wi' meadow, stroun, an' pasture,  
An' windin' loynes between,  
There's an' owd rounds-de cottage,  
"At's tumblin' to decay  
I' long neglect, yet "Switcher"  
Lived there, once ov a day.

Ther's now abeawt id lovely,  
For t' roof-tree's shuntier in,  
An' stamps o' broken railin'  
Show plain wheer t' garden's bin  
There's nobbut weeds an' nettles,  
An' ivy, here an' there,  
For tenamis id cumbles—  
A run, dun, dun an' drear.

Dick Switcher (he's bin buried  
Full twenty year, or moar)  
War one o' t' queerest objects  
As o'er stent to a door.  
Oz he woar wurr odd uns—  
Coat, breeches, clogs, an' cap—  
An' everlyday coed him  
A strange, eccentric chap.

Rough-mannered an' rough-spokken,  
He lived ther bi hisself,  
An' memory a laf, shewet him  
Owd farmers used to tell.  
Aye, some sed as his equal  
Aboor they'd never sta,  
Tha' they'd met lots o' queer uns  
At places wheer they'd bin.

Dick knew nowt o' book learnin',  
He'd never haft to skee,  
An' tho' his looks wurr simple,  
He war owl but a too,  
For in his o' t' garden  
He grew wod he end cyt,  
An' mindin' his own business,  
He kept his necklin' streyt.

He'd some peculiar fancies,  
At which foak used to laugh,  
But Dick teek little nootis  
O' skirts or village chaf.  
He'd go on different errands,  
Or do odd jobs, for pay,  
An' took owt as wurr given him,  
Beawt ever sayin' "Nay."

He'd generally some poultry,  
An' t' owd coot at th' back,  
A pig or two, war taft min—  
O' th' breed, war white an' black;  
An' tho' he werrt teedal,  
As landlords reward wed tell,  
He'd sup owt others paid for,  
But spent no brass hissel!

Dick dud a bit o' poeskin',  
On t' quare, an' monny a snare  
He set, for he wurr soldien  
Bewyt rapouts or a haro,  
Dogs, which he thowf war likey,  
Be trained to do sly work,  
Tha' one or two, bi th' keepers,  
Wur shot, which med ther mark.

But Dick war far too crafty  
O'er t' law to give a snare,  
He'd nobbut snap, when questioned,  
"Id never war one o' mine!"  
Yet, tho' he war suspected,  
An' watched tor, need an' day,  
Be fun deathly treatut an' pheasant,  
When needed, i' some way.

Wild herbs an' roots, he gathered  
For shopkeepers. Bi th' toward him,  
Aye, the carters, passin' by,  
Wur takkin' game to t' market  
He'd handled em' on t' sly.  
Dick, fun as actin' simple  
Licked cheverness i' his,  
For that coed "cabbage-lookin',"  
He'd th' full use on his wils,  
An' one day, fir' some roddins,  
He went, for t' price o' th' hide,  
Wad proved to be a terror  
To a reawnd th' countryside.

Thad war a goat—a Billy,  
Wi' curved horns an' a beard—  
An' t' way id tant an' capered  
Med everybody feared.  
Dick hed to use id roughly,  
Like he dud early days,  
For when id tried id trullies,  
On him, he used id clogs.  
Fook, cliflin', coed 'em brothers,  
Declarin' they end trace,  
A family resemblance—  
"Twas Dick an' t' good, i' th' face,  
But Dick never seemed to gawm 'em,  
He never chespied an' noate,  
Whilie bobbies an' gamekeeper  
Cliffed him an' U' Billygoat!  
He used to leave id reglar,  
Teed wi' a roope to th' door,  
While he went on his rambles,  
Wi' feed for id laid i' th' floor;  
An' when axed why he did id?  
He'd answer, wi' a leer,  
"Thee'll neby go to rool me,  
While Billy's P' watchin' me!"  
Thad goat turned says a titter,  
An' warps off broad leas,  
Then started ov id marshes,  
For, like Dick, id war leas;  
Somtimes deawt i' layne id polka'd,  
An' if id chance to spy  
Fook's ther way to a market,  
Met eggs an' butter by!  
Sometimes id tackled carters  
Who wandered ov a nest,  
An' med 'em dodge for safety,  
Or rush off wi' a streak,  
An' chaps, at turkin'-cawt time,  
When they left pubs, fit sick,  
At th' rough way they war treated,  
An' swoar they'd sin Owl Nick!  
Then bobbies, rounsd bi th' hubub,  
Sharp after id wod run,  
A monny a vexed gamekeeper  
Banged at id wi' his gun,  
While thad war on, id owner  
Wur mekkin', rayther free,  
Wi' wod war i' th' plantations—  
Th' game pleased him to a T!  
Th' goat geet back, hows an' triskys,  
I' spite o' stoano an' shot,  
Aw Dick war roar, "Confawnd thee!"  
Fro' th' door-hyle or his cot,  
Then in id bit o' t' shelter—  
He'd fasten id, an' say,  
Ag' t' crowd comin' up complainin',  
"It's right meaw; go away!"  
So t' geent helped Dick to prosper,  
Till bi ill-luck id fell,  
One neet, while at id marshes,  
Deawt an' owd deadish well,  
An' as t' news flow thro' t' village,  
A lumm auckl' i' Dick's throat,  
For he war owt but happy  
At losin' th' Billygoat.

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

ORIGINAL.

### TH' EDGE O' WINTER.

Autumn winds are wildly blowin',  
Whirlin' withered leaves o'er t' moors,  
Linen' slates an' rattlin' windo's,  
Swishin' bewly under doors.  
Rain an' hail comes heller-skelter,  
Thunder-claps wi' lectrin's brest  
Meks foak sad, an' e'st surraundin's  
Miserable, dull, an' west.  
  
Summer's gone wi' o id splendours—  
Amber sunshine, scint, an' flowers,  
An' each bird which used to carol  
Silent i' lone shelter cauwes.  
Nod a swallow meets eawr vision,  
To a warmer clime they'vegone,  
An' thore's little left i' Nature  
For een to gaze fondly on.  
  
Heigh aboon, dark cleaws'd keep driftin',  
O'er a sky 'at's dull as lead,  
An' th' owd sun like a big wafer  
Stans among 'em—cowd an' red.  
O seasons desolate an' cheerless,  
Look whichever way yo' will,  
Nowt but faded signs of glory,  
Greets eawr eem o' plain or hill.  
  
Stripped i' their gay vernal beauty,  
Trees 'at's geddin' stark an' bare,  
Lift an' swing ther drappin' branches  
Wi' a sigh 'at's like despair.  
Every gust o' wind which rushes  
Swirls ther sudden leaves off fast;  
Seen like images o' Fannie.  
They'll stan gaunt i' th' wintry blast.

Pays keep shortin', nests grow longer;  
Bi' sivil changes weel we know  
As we at soon grope on thro' Fog land  
Into th' realms o' frost an' snow.  
An' if queer thowts crawl on th' Fancy,  
Who can class 'em eawt o' place?  
For we stan on th' edge o' Winter—  
O id dreariness to face.  
  
Aye, black Winter looms afarous us  
Dismal featured, cowd an' stern,  
An' aw' feared, some keen-felt lessons  
Fro' his rule we st' hav to learn.  
Theawsnds till be used to suffer  
Pangs which mortals only feel,  
When ther v' spears o' heartless traders  
Who keev nowt fer th' commonweal.

Aye ther'll be mooor blame than blessings  
Sobbed fr' many a sufferin' breast;  
For thad gang—mooor keen than winter—  
Who wi' breit gowd line ther nest.  
While sad workers chasm an' shiver,  
Beavt a bite o' meyt i' th' hoyl,  
Thro' th' hell-hearted fiends who gamble  
Wi' eawr cotton an' eawr coyl.  
  
When a factory stops id hummin',  
An' id chimbl shows no smook—  
Stopped for th' want o' coyl or cotton—  
Winter wears id blackest look.  
Empty looms means empty baillies,  
Scowrs thro' hunger plunge i' crime,  
Childer clam—yet fortune-hunters  
Glory i' stich deeds sublime.

Howdin' stocks, an' feoxsin' prices  
Up to ruination point.

Helps to cripple o' industries,

Puts eawr commerce eawt o' joint.

An' white-er' worshippers o' Mammom,

O'er ther trickeries smile wi' mirth,

Humble toilers camp starvation

Bi' a food-less, fiercest earth.

Wod a grand an' noble lesson  
Sitch a pictur teyches th' mind,  
Lookin' forvud to thad season  
Which erings goodwill to monkind.  
Isnd id a seat for th' Christianan  
Nations reward us to behowd—  
Sweet humanity forsaken,  
O thiro' greediness for gowd!  
  
Neets are dark, but th' eawtlook's darker,  
Sunken eem watch th' game 'ats played  
Bi' thad gang o' speculators  
Cuttin' th' pitch o' British trade.  
Thowfless, lost to shame an' reason,  
Deen they skoom an' keen they play,  
While peer suffisens, wayk an' helpless  
Wish them peaver, war sweep away.  
  
Th' game con nobbut end i' ruin,  
Wheer one wins a scoor all loysas;  
Keen they'll play, aye reight to th' finish—  
Mannin' ghes'm other-choice.  
May o' th' wealth wusin' eawt o' misery  
Fro' ther grip slo' fast as sand;  
An' ther sordid hearts feel th' warchin'  
Which they've scattered wide o'er th' land.  
  
Stannin' on th' cowrdge o' Winter,  
Random thowts will pass thro' t' mind,  
When will th' thowt o' kindly feelin'  
Beck thro' t' pulse ov o' monkind?  
When will th' gowd-stang speculators  
Break away fro' knavery's cheon,  
An' th' glad news o' prosperous doin's  
Eche reawnd eawr late agoen?

When will th' deep laid plots o' skeomers  
Cleawd an' vex eawr minds no moosar?  
An' o them wi' wealth an' titles  
Hav a bit o' thowt for th' poor?  
When will mon an' master study  
Mutual interests an' aims,  
An' Humanity thro' t' nations  
Far extend its noble claims?

May o' th' darkness, like a curtain,  
Sior aside an' leet in leet,  
On eawr diemal wintry prospects,  
For hope's lamp still twinkles bright.  
May eawr west foreboding's vanish,  
An' Industry's echoes rise  
As Toll sings at work, contented,  
Wi' a glad heart, true an' wise.

JACK O' ANNS.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

### TH' GRET EUROPEAN FEIGHT.

Wod a world this is we live in!  
Spun as t' whirling o' Time,  
Eawt o' sunleet into shaddo,  
It's a face 'at's smeared wi' crime!  
Tho' t' Sun beams on a full harvest,  
Tho' neet's graced wi' monny a star,  
Calm an' peaceful, every nation  
Reawndabawt pays th' toll o' War!

Aye, thro't length an' width o' Europe—

Further still o'er t' shimmerin' wave—

Wars wild thunnerin' far re-echoes,

As maimed victims sink to t' grave,

While i' monny a lovely valley,

Beawteous wi' good things o' life,

Rivers flow, ther waters reddened

Wi' heart blood fro' fields o' strife.

Armies rast to battle marchin',

Clank ther steel at every strider,

Navies big-decks cleared for action—

Prowl i' might o'er every tide.

Every land distrusts id mayburs—

Strong hands firmer grip ther swoards,

For we live i' days o' discord

Wheer deeds lawleard speyk than words.

Everywhere ther's danger lurkin'—

Spies an' death-traps, bombs an' mines,

Everywhere ther's signs o' suff'rin'—

While Peace for protection pines.

Everywhere ther's mingled rumours—

Claims o' victory or defeat,

Yelled bi noisy lads 'at's busy

Sellin' t' latest news i' th' street.

Faythers, mothers, wives an' sisters

Bun wi' eagerness to buy

Scraps o' scanty information—

News which meks 'em gasp or sigh,

For grim War wi' id horrors.

Daily are revealed i' print,

Lies an' truth, mixed-onny fashion—

O' thad "hash" ther's neer no stink!

This is no imagined pictur

O' wild hordes i' heathen lands,

Weher they worship painted idols

An' form vast fanatic bands.

Nowe, it's Christendom, wheer Christians

Lay lands bare wi' fire an' sword;

Weher, i' th' meek mask o' devotions,

They, blasphemous, praise the Lord!

Ruin, ravage, hate an' terror,

Followed bi Want, Greed an' Lust,

Stride to mark each happy homestead,

Swaff an' shoulder into dust.

Trade wi' o-id limbs afflicted,

Withers under Wars black ban,

For id toilers wander warkless

Weher tall smokless chimbls stan.

Commerce, wi' id white wings crippled,

Cawrs, deawcast, i' pocart or bay,

For Wars storm—mooor force than tempests—

Booms eawt near, an' far away.

Business, welly at a stan-still,

Weher a stan an' anxious face,

For t' sad wall o' pale starvation

Tells o' monny a helpless case.

Frook, who tootly week sin chatted

Gay as coarters at a fair,

Happy at ther peaceful prospects,

Neaw go mopein' i' despair.

For ther hopes wuz rent asunder,

An' ther pleasures banished far.

Thro' thad thunder-clearand which gathered

Sudden brastin' into War.

Then lots stared at one another,

Wonderin' wod thad din cud moon.

But they knew too weel when nearer,

Th' seawnd on't rumble east agoen.

Britons sprung at th' oo to duty,

While some toilers in amaze,

Bit ther lips at thowts o' th' Kaiser—

'Cosse he'd spoilt ther holidays!

Soon mobilization followed,  
As t' cry echoed far an' near,  
"British liberty's i' danger,  
Let's uphowd id—beawt a fear!"  
Then wi' monny a tearful partin',  
Hurryin' to resist attack,  
Britishers fro' o directions  
Rallied reawnd th' owd Union Jack.  
Jolly Jack afloat wur lively  
At a job he liked sincere,  
To find summata he cud pop at,  
An' he soon hed th' North Seas clear.  
Like a blood-hawnd, keen but quately,  
To keep th' way for Free Trade open,  
Then he smilin' an' looked content,  
Tommy Atkins ton wur busy;  
Sendin' word to France o'er th' tide.  
He sed, "Ged yer feighters ready,  
For we'll help yo, side bi side."  
Then Mad Billy med a blunder,  
Which his beauty helped to spoil,  
For he storched a nest o' hornets  
Thro' his tramp o' Belgian soil.  
Heaw they stung him med th' world wonder,  
They dud o'as t' brave cu'd do,  
Keepin' him to th' wrong tune dancin',  
Vexed, an' ill upset him too.  
Then, his een aglow wi' vengeance,  
He strode thunnerin' to t' France,  
Vowin', giant-like, he'd chomp id  
Up, if he but geet a chance!  
Will he gratify his longin'?  
An' wi' heartless vicious blow,  
Strike France as he dud afsoar-time?  
Britains ansdra bowdly, "Now!"  
For fro' t' scattered sons o' th' Empire  
Th' message comes "Yo' to help ro—  
'Cosse were comin' o'er to help ro—  
We'll together sink or swim!"  
Other kinsook sent ther gretin's—  
Plump an' plain, like Uncle Sam,  
Who sed "I've got corn and cotton,  
Go ahead, you'll never clam!"  
Canada's trump card war better—  
"Motherland, we've a big stoar—  
Grain o' soarts, fit for t' market—  
And we'll give id yo' for t' poor!"  
Everywhere, th' owd flap's kept flyin'—  
Symbol fair o' truth an' peace,  
An' while Freedom lasts, thad banner  
Shall float free o'er land an' seas.  
For tho' German Bill may bluster,  
We're obliged for thad, aw'm sure,  
Cosse eawr Empire's knitted cloosar  
Than id ever wor afsoor!  
May id e'er be so when Enry  
Greedy glances at eawr Isle,  
Then, wode'r what may happen, Britons  
Con face t' future wi' a smile  
Forriners kord understand us,  
But we understand eawrsels,  
For we rally honour, freedom,  
King an' country o'er owt else,  
Confidence i' "Jack" an' "Tommy"  
For ther faithfulness we keep,  
Tho' red War's wild fluctuations  
Mek men sigh, an' wimmin weep,  
Britain, focarcid by German plottin',  
Enters fearless into t' feight,  
An' id swoord's i' action flashes,  
To defend wod's just an' reight.

JACK O' ANNS.

RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

ORIGINAL.

TH' MILITIA'S GOOIN' UP!  
Nod long sin foak went welly mad  
O'er th' play o' footbo teams,  
An' they looked solemn when ill luck  
Upset their hopeful dreams.  
Then t' yot race interested 'em,  
O'er fawse starts odd uns cossed ;  
But neaw, thers few who even ax  
If th' "Shamrock's" won or lost?  
Thers's but one topic neawadays—  
It's war—an' nowt beside ;  
An' every scrap o' news which comes  
Geds echoed far an' wide.  
For th' latest information creawds  
Stan' waitin' ov a sweet ;  
Fair longin' for a shot at th' Boers—  
Ther blood's at fever heat.  
Reserve men 'ats bin coed to join  
Ther regiments for th' war,  
Hev bin sent off wi' ringin' cheers,  
Fro' places near an' far,  
An' Bleiburn leet o England know,  
Id steadfast loyalty ;  
Hey, th' scene at ti' station tother nest  
Ull long remembered be.  
"Good luck an' safe return!" is th' wish  
Which springs reight fro' mi heart,  
For th' gallant chaps which England's need  
Has foocared fro' hoocan to part.  
Wi' music, song, an' greetin's warm,  
An' ringin' British cheers,  
They steomed away, an' left behint  
Some fond een weet wi' tears.  
War's victories are dearly bowt,  
There'll mony a heart be sad,  
An' lots o' chilfer miss ther dads,  
Fond lasses mony a lad.  
But Kruger's pitched war's gauntlet deawn,  
An' ordered th' Boers to feight ;  
So Britons bowdly press to th' front,  
To guard owd England's reight.  
Thro' th' bother as is gooin' on  
Abeawth this Transvaal War,  
A lot o' foak are thad upset  
They dornd know wheer they are.  
An' Jem o' Jumpin' Tummy's yon,  
He's like a maudlin' tup,  
E've sin he heard on' quate as o  
Th' Militia's gooin' up.  
Jem's one o' th' brave Militiamen  
'Ats loyal to his Queen.  
An' mony a time he's drunk her health,  
I' cheep pints i'th' cantene.  
He knows heaw rifles shud be used,  
An' heaw to march i' fours,  
But he's nod pleased wi' t' thowt as he's  
A chance o' facin' th' Boers.  
He's gone on th' spree an' lost his wark,  
An' mothered up an' deawn—  
He's borrowed brass, an' gotten strap,  
Fro' o he knows i' th' teawn.  
But neaw he's mayther brass nor ale—  
He's like a poisoned pup  
I' th' face, an' o he tawks o'er is  
"Th' Militia's gooin' up!"  
He boocated hard when th' war brooak eawt  
O'er wod brave men like him  
Wod do if they cud ged at th' Boers,  
An' longed to be i' th' swim.  
He cheered th' Reserves as they went eawt,  
Wi' sitch a partin' yell—  
Neaw he's i' pins, becoze he thinks  
He'll hev to go hissic!  
He's feared o'th' order comin' eawt  
To co' him up for drill,  
An' ses o' yearly sowjerin',  
He's fairly hed his fill.  
Seawth Africa's too far away  
For military plans,  
He'd rayther go a trainin' for  
A while you at St. Anne's!  
Hey me! Jem looks as pale as death,  
He's thad upset o'er th' news :  
To be coed eawt, to face th' wild Boers,  
Is wod worn'd suit his views.  
He's swaggered oft o'er th' British flag,  
An' joinin' th' ranks o' th' brave,  
But while he's th' peawter to help id, he'll  
Ne'er fill a sowjer's grave.  
Last neet he see me, an' snidged up  
So slyly an' so quate,  
An' axed me if aw'd lend him t' brass  
To let him emigrate.  
An' ans'er'd, "Nowe! Owd Kruger wants  
Sitch gallant chaps as thee!"  
He sighed, then ans'er'd, "Awm hawf-dead,  
But if aw'm kilt aw'st dee!"

*Rhymes in the  
Dialect.*

By "Jack o' Ann's"

TH' OWD OCTOBER FAIR.

Compared wi' wod id used to be  
This world's a weary hoyl,  
For Life's calm sunny eawtlook's gone,  
An' o seems black as coy'l;  
While rumours, thick as midges, swarm  
Abeawt i' th' oppen air,  
To mek foak long for th' happier times  
Ov owd October Fair.  
  
Ther's bin a deal o' changes med  
I' th' look o' things sin then—  
Some 'at's put wrinkles on eawr brows,  
An' some 'at's med us eken.  
Beccose, o' th' ups an' deawn o' Life  
We've hed a tidy share,  
Sin' th' days we flocked to th' Market Place  
At th' owd October Fair.  
  
Then we wur gay an' litho o' limb,  
When Peace ruled up to t' mark,  
An' monny a lad who'd spendin'-brass  
Felt cheerful as a lark,  
For oft bi th' edge o' t' noisy creawds,  
Young couples used to pair  
Afocar they ventured to view t' seets  
O' th' owd October Fair.  
  
Thro' times an' seasons—rough or smooth—  
Bi diff'rent roads we went,  
Till Fair-times—welcomed weel bi' o  
Begun, then free we spent  
Wod bit o' brass we hed saved up,  
Among o' t' gam an' glare,  
For ther wur allus novelties  
At th' owd October Fair.  
  
When Bleiburn hed id big events,  
Ayster an' Michaelmas  
Wur allus looked eawt keenly for  
Bi foak o' th' humbler class.  
For tho' they'd queerish times to face,  
When cubhart shelves wur bare,  
They managed somehow to raise funds  
For th' owd October Fair.  
  
Foak wornd as "flash" as they are neaw,  
Wi' clooas o' t' latest style;  
Nowe—wod lots swaggered in wur t' soocart  
As hed to last a while.  
For o thad, rare an' weel they looked,  
An' Love set monny a snare  
For them i' woollen-cords an' shawls  
At th' owd October Fair.  
  
Life then wur woss for fact'y foak,  
Bi odds, than id is neaw,  
An' yet they bravely struggled thro'.  
So wod coom—fair or feaw.  
Tho' lots drained t' cup o' bitterness,  
They pal'd nooan wi' despair,  
But woocar breet faces—like o' t' rest—  
At th' owd October Fair.  
  
Moocar hooamly-like an' gradelier  
Wi' nayburs than to-day,  
They looked for one another's help,  
An' geet id—wark or play,  
For t' Brotherhood o' Poverty  
Gis free wod id cud spare  
To help sad suff'rs i' th' owd days  
When we'd October Fair.

Scooars, put to 't badly heaw to live  
"Mong daily wear an' tear,  
Looked keenly forrad to th' events  
Which coom off twice a year,  
Cose to owd Custom's cloose they clung,  
An' fain they went to stare  
At th' wonders showmen allus browt  
To th' owd October Fair.  
  
Then t' Market Place wur fair packed eawt  
Wi' stalls, pey-booths, an' shows,  
Aunt Sallies, shootin' galleries,  
An' pitchin' boarboards i' rows.  
Hay, t' pictures o' snow-fronts wur grand  
When lamps shone i' full glare,  
An' rough lads bawled eawt, "Mind these  
eggs!"  
At th' owd October Fair.  
O' dins an' discords ther wur scooars  
Ov every soocart an' size  
Mixed up wi' speykin'-trumpet rooars—  
Which filled foak wi' surprise.  
While pot-chaps, to attract a creawd,  
Kept rattlin' crock'ryware,  
Big drums wur banged an' cymbals clashed  
At th' owd October Fair.  
  
Then organs—mooastly eawt o' tune—  
Droned music(?) mixed an' dense,  
As showmen bawled, "Hi! hi! This way!  
We're going to commence!"  
An' trumpeters played cracked bassoons  
Wi' monny a startin' bare,  
Which set foak axin', "Who's bin hurt?"  
At th' owd October Fair!  
  
Black puddin' an' hot coffee stalls  
O ded a roarin' trade,  
While t' "sloggers" stood bi' t' boxin'-tents  
Ther "ugly mugs" displayed.  
Then conjurin' "dons," or Circus men,  
Wi' "Walk up's!" sweetened th' air,  
As strugglin' creawds wur jammed i' t' crush  
At th' owd October Fair.  
  
At play-booths knights an' ladyes strode,  
Be-wigged, wi' painted cheeks,  
An' lesser shows wur patronised—  
Espehly them wi' "freaks."  
Their redskins, dwarfs, an' Hottentots—  
"Full rigged" or welly bare—  
Wi' tattoed crayturs wur 'mong t' seets  
At th' owd October Fair.  
  
U' th' penny shows seets stranger still  
Wur shown for t' creawd to view,  
Wi' mermaids, giants, whoppin' rats,  
An' mummies fro' Peru!  
Geese wi' four legs, an' sheep wi' three,  
Or two-legged greyheawnds—rare.  
Wur 'mong t' collection—wick an' stuffed—  
At th' owd October Fair.  
  
Fat winmin—"Chorus Tommies" too,  
Fire-eyters an' trained pigs;  
Egg-swallowin' ostriches an' t' tribe  
As played ther monkey rigs!  
"Catch-pennies" dud brisk bizness, too,  
Bi action owt but square,  
As cake-chaps sheawted, "Toss or buy!"  
At th' owd October Fair.  
  
O t' "dancin' rooms" wur i' full swing,  
An' t' "Free an' Easys" too,  
Wheer monny a "couple" geet dropt on—  
Which raised a hullaboo!  
An' monny a row i' th' Jerry shops,  
Med th' cry ring eawt, "Beware,  
An' mind yor pockets when yo ged  
Crushed at th' October Fair!"  
  
Tho' things wur rougher then than neaw,  
An' t' lot o' t' poor wur hard;  
They cud buy o ther needs at shops  
Withawt a "Tommy" card!  
Cose stuff wur cheep an' plentiful,  
An' this aw mun declare,  
I' mem'ry's nook awst keep a place  
For th' owd October Fair.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

### TH' OWD YANKEE CLOCK.

Twur gaddin' on for Kessmas fast,  
An' th' dull grey sky aboon  
Kept th' sun fro' th' town's snow-whitened streets  
One wintry afternoon,  
When blustery winds blow wild an' keen,  
As monny a lad an' lass  
Fair shivered i' ther clogs, whene'er  
Rough corners they'd to pass.  
  
Noise-end like ripened cherries blushed,  
As t' frost turned pale hands blue,  
An' foak, who'd just left warm firesides,  
Seemed a hawf-starvin' crew.  
As, muffed up, they went ther ways,  
An' chunnered, owt but mild,  
"It's purshin' lan' t' wind's enough  
To mek meek foak go wild!"  
  
Then others-active, weel, an' strong—  
Sed "God help feeble foak!"  
"At's eawt o' stich a day as this—  
'Cose facin' id's no jook!"  
For them weel-clad twur bad to bide,  
An' kindly hearts felt soot  
"At others struglin' bravely thro',  
Dejected, pale, an' poor.  
  
Among them silent sufferers  
Who sadly tramped thro' t' snow  
Wur Ned o' Becon's, who mett tor't  
His hooom i' Tinker's Row.  
He fel hawf-numb w' cold, poor chayd  
'Cose t' cloos he woos wur thin,  
As wi' a heavy heart he pushed  
Th' door oppen an' went in.  
  
Then shuttin' id to keep th' cold eawt,  
Reawnd th' place he took a glance,  
An' sighed, for sorrow in his breast  
Cut keener than a lance.  
Then pooin' eawt some bits o' coyl  
He'd picked up on his way,  
He put 'em on th' oon top, as t' wife  
Axed, "Hesta nowt to say?"  
  
"Nowe, lass!" he muttered mournfully,  
"Aw've bin reawnd everywhere,  
An' gotten nowt but th' cry, "Full up!"  
It's t' same boooth far an' near.  
Aw'm stod o' hunkin' after wark,  
Becose ther's nooan to ged,  
An' hoy, aw'm welly famishin';—  
Lass, ent a bit o' bread!"  
  
"We'n nobbut hawf a loof i' th' heawse,  
An' t' coyl-nook's gotten bare!"  
Hoo answer sad, as hoo begun  
His baggin' to prepare.  
"We've mayther drippin' nor nowt else  
I' th' hoyl to put on t' bread;  
An' we've bin beawtay two days neaw;  
Wod con we do?" hoo sed.  
  
Ned scrat his heyd wi' puzzled looks,  
An' seemed fair lost i' th' thowt,  
Till, stampin' on't floor to ged warm,  
He sed, "Lase, aw'll ha' nowt!  
For mayther t' child-not thee shall clam,  
So let id rest at thad!"  
But hoo ha' nooan, on't—hor reply  
Wur, "Arta gooin' mad!"  
  
Then they together tawked things o'er—  
True mates i' misry theer—  
While hoo hung sobbyin' on his breast  
An' he shed monny a tear.  
Thad bit o' coyl hoo'd put o' th' fire,  
An' t' question 'ween them two  
Wur, "Nayther brass, nor strap, nor friends,—  
Wodever mon we do?"  
  
While they wur studyin' heaw to shape,  
A rat-tat coom o' th' door,  
Soon followed by a raspy voice  
They'd heared too oft afar.  
Twur Ned's owd crusty Uncle Bob,  
Who, freawin', stood a bit,  
Then snarled, "Say ther's no rent ageon,  
An' eawt ov here yo'll fit!"

"We korn'd pay if we hevn'd id!"  
Ned anserd, in a peyl:  
"Aw korn'd ged work, an' come wod may,  
Aw wern'd begin to steyl!"  
At thad, th' own wastrel sterner grew,  
An' snorted, "Wod a tale!  
Ther's better foak than yo a lot  
Locked up i' Preston jail!"  
  
Ned's een fair blazed at thad remark;  
He thunnered, "Yo'r a scamp!  
We're honest foak, an' meot to keep  
Eawrsels aboon yo'r stamp!"  
Then th' uncle, purple-faced wi' rage  
An' ugly as a toad,  
Snapt, "Th' warkheawsie is t' reight shop for yo;  
To-morr' aw'll shew yo t' rooad!"  
  
Moor nasty insults he chucked eawt  
Till passion med him cough,  
Then Ned—whose monkey wur up reight—  
Givin' him "a tellin' off."  
"Hey, if mi Uncle Dan wur wick—  
God bless him—he's laid low—  
We shanddn'd be i' want, for he  
Wur diff'rent far than yo!"  
  
"His heart worn'd stoan, like thad o' yo'r,  
An' monny a time he sed,  
Be gam, an' keep thi pecker up,  
'Cose tha'll ne'er sigh for breyd!"  
"Twur then he gie me t' Yankee Clock  
"At's stopt, on t' wo up ther;  
It's little woth, yet helps to keep  
His memory sweet an' dear!"  
  
"Th' clock shows heaw mitch he valued thee!"  
Bob chinkled, leawder still,  
An' lengthens i' buzz tha's towd abawst  
Mi brother's missin' will;  
His property wur yo'r, yo thowt,  
Till aw apt quately in,  
An' claimed bi law, for everything  
Ther wor, as t' next o' kin!"  
  
"Ther wor a will—th' owd lawyer knew!"  
Ned bowdly blurted eawt;  
"Thairt lyin'! for never wor!"  
Wur Bob's defiant sheawt.  
"But whether ther wur one or nod,  
Yo're clearin' eawt ov here,  
An' t' lot on yo'-th' wife, child, an' thee,  
May starve for owt aw keer!"  
  
"That's for that precious prize o' thine!"  
He sneered, as wi' a blow  
Ov his oak wakin'-stick he fatched  
Thad Yankee Clock off t' wo.  
An' drawin' id clattered wi' a crash  
On t' floor aside; then Ned's wife sed,  
"Look, ther's some pappes thier!"  
Th' owd rascal grabbed, but wur too late,  
An' suddenly looked ill,  
An' Ned scanned th' pappes o'er, an' cheapt,  
"Bigum, it's th' missin' will!"  
An' duddn't Bob's pale face turn green  
As Ned i' mockery cried—  
"We want no noisy tenants here—  
Aw'm t' landlord!—ged eawtside!"  
Hoy, worn'd Ned fain thad' bin a row,  
As he rejoiced i' th' fact!  
His Uncle Bob for once hed done  
His kin a kindly act!  
For t' clock hed a fawse bottom in't,  
Which hed flown eawt th're shock,  
An' just for id good giver's sake,  
They piked up th' bits o' clock.  
Despair wur changed to happiness,  
An' later on they sed,  
At Kessmas-time, as id wur t' best  
Ov they'd ever hed.  
Ther good luck brook Ned's uncle's heart,  
An' he wur fun i' th' clear,  
Sowan-deed, while bells wur clangin' eawt  
Ther welcomes to t' New Year.  
"JACK O' ANN'S."

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

### [ORIGINAL.] TH' PRINCE O' WALES'S FEATHERS. (WOD BELTHORN HOB TOWD HIS MATE.)

"Th'a landed, het ta? Sit th deawn, un ease thi limbs  
I' th' cheer;  
Aw've summat grand to tell tho, as'll rouse tho.—Dos ta  
Thee chaps as coom fro' Darrun t' other week thowt we  
wur chaps.  
When they towd us th' Prince hed feathers for a crest,  
Like cockatoos.  
Aw've hed mi peepers oppend, Dick, to th' gam as they  
tried on.  
Un it's o' th'o' t' Royal Visit as ther's bin to Blegburn  
yon.  
Heaw, wor id, ses ta? Wel, tha sees, mi mind wur  
nefer at rest,  
Sin aw'd heard as th' Prince o' Wales had three white  
feathers for a crest;  
For o'mony a feathered wonder aw'd heared Sailor  
Jemmy tell,  
Un aw swoor if t' Prince hed feathers like a brid aw'd  
see misel.  
O'V NINTH O' MAY, aw geot up soon, un donned mi  
Sunda' cloas,  
Then went to Billy Gardner's un nabbed a bonny roose.  
Eaw Nancy pinned id i' mi coat, un towd me aw'r-a  
swell.  
Then aw geot a bob for spendin' brass, un bid eawr  
foak! "Farewell!"  
Aw landed reight i' Blegburn, un, hey, Dick, wod sees  
ther wur.  
Mi eye was dazed wi' splendour, mon, aw'd ne'er sin  
stitch a star.  
Ther war foak, ay, scoors o' theawsands, ut ayther  
side o' th' road,  
Un o' colours un gay finery ther wur mony a waggin  
load.  
Ther wur red pows everytooathy yards, yet th' foak  
set up a laff.  
When aw axed iv th' Royal Couple wur beawn thro' bi  
tallygaff! "  
Then one chap showed me Howton Tower, on th' road  
as led to th' Park,  
Un sed twur stown fro' Howton heights, un traileed up  
ther i'th' dark.  
Then heigher up sum ladders stood, hey, twur a fancy  
trick,  
WT firemen peart at every end, like monkeys up  
a stick;  
Aw left un shaked four buttons loce, for th' chaps dud  
nowt bud ceawr,  
Un watch them quare payseggers up on th' top o'  
Howton Teawer.  
Just then sum sowers galloped up, wi' long spears gript  
i' hand—  
A fella cod' em assy guys they'd sneaked fro' Zuiuland,  
Then coom a band o' hoss marines, un one mon—th'  
silly dumce—  
Bradde crackt Moll, as tried to knyed two mugs o' doofa  
ut once.  
Un after them wur carriages—wod cheerin' rung i'  
th' air.  
Aw geot thrutchd back, un then wut towd aw'd just  
missed seein' th' Marz.  
"A mare," aw sed, "which on 'em?" Then they sed,  
"Way, hoo on t' seot!"  
Un then, Dick, up mi temper roose, full bang, to wellin'  
heat.  
Aw hawld, "Aw'm nod a Belthorn foo', wode'er else aw  
may be;  
Yo thickheys, coin' a mare him—it's t'ed to be a she."  
A bit ut th' after th' lot coom back; aw tipped up o'  
mi toos.  
Then one lad knockt mi cap i' th' loyne, another stoot  
mi roose;  
Aw th'chit un geot mi cap agoon, un then aw heard a  
scream.  
"Ther's t' Prince un Princess comin'! so be steady lads,  
look eawt!"  
Aw see 'em boooth—wod hats un caps wur whizzed  
sheawt i' swarms!—  
They war common foak, like thee un me, wi' nowt like  
"Royal Arms."  
Un he-worn't feather crested, bud—howd on!—neaw  
aw've a deawt,  
He hed a bare place on his heyd!—dost think he'd bef' th'

When they'd gooan past, aw towd sum chaps blank eawt  
Just wi' aw thowt,  
Un then aw sed mi say, they painted up, un sed,  
"Who towe?"  
Tho' thad, knowns nowt ut o'er t' job, ther brains has  
had a streyn;  
Yon's t' Prince's crest, un th' motto's theer, just under  
id 'Ike Deyn,'"  
Tha knew Ike Deyn as used to gab, un spin o' soarts o'  
tales.  
Bud then who'd think he'd stick his mottys up to th'  
Prince o' Wales.  
Ther's sum foak cheek enuff for owt, but thad smart  
trick caps o';  
His name wur ther, that's certain as thad pictures ther  
on t' wo!  
Neaw wod's ta think abeawt id, Dick? Wod meks the  
stare like thad.  
Nay, aw'd gradely earnest,—Wod! dost say awm goin'  
toad?  
Tha wond' believe t' Prince has a crest: owd lad, awm  
t' same as thee:  
When th' Darrun chaps cum here ayeon, bi gow! we'll  
let 'em see;  
Iv th' onny feathers id'll be off Darrun geese;  
Cum, Dick, aw've sixpence, un awm dry; we'll just hev  
pints apiece!

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RYMES IN THE DIALECT.

[ORIGINAL.]

### TH' ROYAL WEDDIN' NEET.

O' Royal Weddin' nest,  
Away aw gaily seat,  
To hev a look at th' Corporation Park.  
Foak towd me id wod be  
As grand as th' Jubilee.  
When t' luminations coom off after dark.  
Wod creawsds ther wor on th' way!  
O strolin' blythe an' gay,  
While bonny colours fluttered here an' ther.  
An' foak wur pleased wi' th' show,  
I front o' eawr Teawn Ho,  
Wheer o hed gotten ready varra neer.  
Up Preston-read, a throng  
Ov o soarts, owd an' young,  
Kept movin' on throo th' Park gates like a stream;  
To hear 'em chat an' joak,  
Yo wodn't think sitch foak  
Hed toiled o day 'mong Chinees clay an' steom!  
O meant to hev a look,  
Aw creawded in wi' the rook,  
An' just pept reawnd at th' preparations grand,  
Then forrud aw'd to squeeze  
Past th' lanterns hung o' t' trees,  
To ged aside o' th' Regimental Band.  
Theer hunderds seet o' chears,  
Smart fellas an' ther dears,  
An' mothers too, wi' babbies i' ther arms—  
Ther mingled ther beside  
Humility an' Pride,  
For music, when it played weel, hes id charms;  
Some sowjers aw spied, too,  
An' bobbies, smart, i' blue:  
Wod they wur doin' theer aw cuddnd say,  
Unless twur just to show  
Odd foak who dudnd know,  
They'd hev to leove t' chears when they went away.  
O Blebgurn varra near,  
Id seemed hed gathered theer,  
Yet theawsand uppo' theawsand clustered in.  
Sitch foak, o full o' glee,  
An' childer, glad an' free—  
A bigger creawd aw've varra seldom sin!  
Id wur a bonny seat  
When t' lanterns wur aleet,  
An' th' gleoms o' fairy lamps wur spanglin' t' lakes.  
Then t' fleawer-beds looked so nice,  
Th' Park seemed a Paradise,  
Created just for th' Royal Couple's sakes.  
A mighty ruddy glare  
Med foak to start an' stare;  
Twur th' bonfire which o'er Queen's Park breetly  
blazed.  
Id flung id lurid leet,  
Throo t' gloom o' dusky nest,  
An' as id leapt wod hearty cheers wur raised.  
Then whizz! a rocket went,  
An' foak wur moor content,  
To watch that pyrotechnical display,  
One Grimshaw Parker sed,  
Sitch do's wur nobbut med  
For foak like th' Princess York an' th' Duke o' May!  
When th' firework show wur done  
Ther wor some gradely fun.  
As theawsands flocked to th' gate, tort hocam an' bed.  
As aw wur mokkin' eawt  
Aw heared a sudden sheawt,  
An' lookin' reawnd aw see 'twur Tockus Ted.  
"Jack! Jack!" he bawled, "come here!"  
Aw went, he sed "Look theer!  
It's puzzled me a good hawf heawr or moar;  
Aw've bin at mony a show,  
But this i' th' lake caps o'  
Who'eer see lamps i' t' watter lit afear?"  
Aw cuddn'd help but laugh,  
Ted sed, "Tha needn'd chaff,  
It's gradely, mon, an' t' proofs afoar thee, theer."  
He thowt th' reflected glow  
O' th' lamps coom fro' be'ow.  
Aw showed him th'cause,—he left me an' sed sweear,  
Then deawn t' park side aw seat  
For hooam wi' willin' feet,  
An' left a creawd aside o' th' martial Band.  
But th' seat which suited me,  
Licked o else as aw see,  
"Twur th' feawntain tinged wi' lime leet,—Thad wu  
grand!

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RYMES IN THE DIALECT

[ORIGINAL.]

### THAD BIG HEOT WAVE.

Foak hev to put up wi' a lot  
While wanderin' thro' t' world;  
Then ayther pleased as Punch, or else  
They've tempers roughly curled.  
Thers grumblin's heared bi neet an' day,  
O land or th' heavin' tide.  
For come wod may thers allus lots  
'At's never satisfied.  
Booath rich an' poor hev whins an' fads,  
Thers hardly two alike;  
An' while one section laughs wi' glee  
Some mope an' seeawl or skrike.  
We korn'd tell t' reason why queer fits  
Afflict booath young an' owd,  
We nobbut know ther discontent,  
Be t' weather hot or coud,  
So its nowt mitch to wonder at;  
As plenty tell heawt they've  
Bin welly roasted, stewed an' fried,  
Thro' t' big heot wave.  
Some'a neoces 'at's tomato red,  
An' yet they don'd touch drink;  
An' others, hot i' th' blood, declare  
They conmut sleep a wink.  
Thers lasses, fairly flushed i' th' face,  
Thers lads wi' blistered necks,  
An' big fat wimmin, who exclaim—  
"Sitch foak a saint wod vex."  
Fishmongers growl o'er unsold fish,  
An' butchers look wry-faced,  
While sad umbrells hawkers sigh,  
Ther confidence misplaced.  
For wheer they do one stroke o' trade  
They meet wi' fifty snails,  
Thad meks 'em spend their capital  
For madness i' cool "pubs."  
Aye foak wi' nowt to do complained,  
While every factory slave  
Felt just like drippin' 'at's i' t' oon  
Thro' t' big heot wave!  
If o'er a strange event's occurred  
I' village or i' teawn,  
Or foak considered sensible  
Hev acted th' simple cleawn,  
Or if a M.P.'s vocated wrong,  
To't danger ov his seat,  
Or med a silly speech i' th' "Heawse,"  
O' t' blame's bin laid o' th' heat  
For t' papers hev bin full o' facts  
An' fancies, day by day,  
Regardin' sunstruck jocs 'at's tried  
To mek theirsels away.  
An' into t' big coocarts wheer smart chaps  
Cood lawyers play ther rigs,  
Booath judge an' narrators alike  
Hev bin beawt jearnin' an' wigs!  
Aye, if thers triplets come i' th' world  
Or owd foak sunk to't grave,  
Its understood to be thro' nowt  
But th' big heot wave!  
Tum Tipplers hed a fuddlin' do,  
An' tells a weary tale  
O'er how he tried to cool hissel  
Wi' suppin' frothy ale.  
He's swallowed pints galore, he ses—  
His face is like a sun,  
An' he's improved i' size a lot  
Since his big task begun.  
For th' barns he supped begun to wark  
An' med him middlin' soon  
Brast o his buttons off an' feel  
Just like a gas balloon.  
Then he begun o' actin' foce:  
Ill feared o' risin' up,  
He cheaned hissel to t' table leg  
When he geet owt to sup.  
Then t' chaps who see him do't remarked:  
"Loe, t' cheon off, id'll save  
A lot o' bother if tha goas  
Wi' t' big heot wave."

Dord gossips chatter when they meet  
To chew o'er strange affairs,  
'Cose Charley Chuff's to'en i' love  
An' done id unawares.  
He see a woman nicely drest  
Set on a form i' t' Park,  
So lonely, latish on one neet,  
Just as 'twur geddin' dark.  
He spoak to hor; hoo aserd back  
Wi' sitch a winnin' voice,  
Then Charley stopped an' camped a while,  
He hed no other choice.  
His heart played music 'eon his ribs  
As low he axed her, shy:  
"Aw'm single, wulta be mi' wife?"  
Hoo sharply ansered "Aye!"  
Hoo's owd enough to be his mam,  
That's wod gossips rave,  
An' say as Charley's lost his wits  
Thro' t' big heot wave!  
Thers trouble, too, i' Taypot Row,  
O thro' a blunder med,  
Wi' Ails o' Skennin' Peggy's lad—  
He hean'd long bin wed.  
He went to Blackpool for th' hawf day,  
To watch t' gret swimmin' race,  
An' took his missus; they'd to push  
I' th' train to ged a place.  
I' different carriages they beawned,  
An' safe to t' seaside geet;  
But tho' hoo seeched an' seeched ayeon  
Her husband wond i' seet!  
Then off hoo soyed to t' promenade,  
An' theer her fella wor,  
Stood wi' a woman who wu'r drest  
Just similar to hor.  
Hoo started kickin' up a row,  
But he sed "Do behave,  
Aw thowt 'twur thee, but aw'm mista'en  
Thro' t' big heot wave!"

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

[ORIGINAL.]

### THAD "GRADELY" VALENTINE.

When February shows idsel,  
A deal o' owd foak say.  
"Ther isn'd hawf o' th' gam ther wor  
I times 'at's past away;  
Then th' day o' good Saint Valentine  
Wur thowt a big event,  
An' id wnr honourd gally too,  
Wi' seounds o' merriment."

For weeks an' weeks afcoarhand, then,  
Hay, mony a lad an' lass,  
Brimful o' tender sentimt,  
Saved up their spendin' brass.  
An' when t' long looked for 14th coom,  
Expectant een wod shine,  
For love-struck loonies o' felt sure  
They'd ged a valentine.

Some hed ther wishes gratified,  
Wi' messages so neat—  
O' Cupids, doves, an' lovers' knots—  
An' verses nice an' sweet!  
While others o' th' unlucky sooart,  
Received wod med' em stare,  
Then knievers wur shut, an' feet wur stamped,  
An' een fair seemed to glare!

Hearts, full o' Love's emotion soft,  
Fro' th' welcome poastmon geet  
Wod med' em feel all o'er alike—  
Fro' th' toppin' deawn to t' feet.  
Still sometimes odd mistakes wur med,  
O' which sad foo wur chaffed,  
For watchers hed no sympathy;  
Hey, nowe; they nobbut laughed.

I private heawses mony a time  
Two took leavin' wi' t' same name,  
An' if t' love message reyched t' wrong hands,  
Th' poor poastmon wond to blame.  
I factories an' workshops, too,  
Queer blunders, neaw an' then,  
Med th' foos mixed up in 'em look bad,  
As they'd stare, blush, or sken!

Wornd poastmen burdened wi' big loads,  
Which med' em puff an' sweet,  
As hot, bigum, as t' messages,  
Pull o' Love's fever-heot.  
An' they war fain to cose ther weight  
At ony watchheawse door,  
Then t' cry wor "Here ye are!" as they  
Left somewhere'sort a soocar.

They'd letters, boxes, packages—  
Big, medium-sized, an' smo'.  
An' quite a lovely set they seemed  
When spread eawt in a row,  
At set o' so mitch "spoony" stuff  
The tacklers reoared wi' glee,  
But mony a face soon changed id shape  
Thro' t' words "Ther's some for thee!"

When valentines to tacklers coom,  
They guessed wod soocar they wor;  
So quately put' em eawt o' t' gate,  
For fear they'd raise the stor.  
Cos' they war owt but beautiful,  
Tho' often crammed wi' wit,  
Which wond o' t' gentle soocar. Hey, nowe,  
But some few, spiteful skit.

When t' wareheawse lads to t' weyvers went  
They wor set up wi' pride,  
For every movement as they med  
Wur watched fro' every side;  
An' them who bonny valentines  
U' fancy boxes geet,  
Pept at' em sly, then hurriedly  
Put th' treasures eawt o' set.

When three or four wi' t' same name warkid  
I' th' same shop, ther wur gam,  
Cose one wur suited—an' t' rest wornd—  
Thad statement's owt but sham.  
For heuds pop't up as t' signal passed,  
"Look eawt; a valentine!"  
Then broos went dark as murmurs rooase,  
"Hoo's happen gotten mine?"

Sometimes i' th' watchheawse they wur left,  
Till coed for theer, an' claimed,  
An' t' way as odd uns shly went  
Showed plainly heaw they shamed;  
But if disputes o'er th' ownership  
Aroase, ther wur some fun,  
For they'd to toss who hed 'em then—  
Wod fairer end be done?

Hey, ther war monny a flarin' row  
An' rough an' tumble scraps,  
Wi' heydstrong lasses, short o' sense,  
Or soft warp-heyd chaps.  
Cose monny a token o' true love,  
For gam, wur quinely stown,  
An' nobbut reyched id owner when  
T'wur weel read, groosed, an' pow'n.

O'er t' lygone valentin' days,  
An' tricks done for gam's sake,  
Some owdish foak hev memories  
An' tales which miles sides shake.  
One buzz fro' t' lot aw'e heard, yest hev,  
Abeaut a gradeley "suck!"  
A tackler geet thro' valentines,  
An' prayed (?) thro' his ill luck.

Four letter t' watchmon handed him  
One Valentinin' morn;  
He'd never hed as monny; nowe,  
Sin th' day as he wur born.  
So as his mates wur watchin' him,  
He sed i' preudish glee,  
"Aw ceawnt as summat, after o—  
Thers sombry keers for me!"

He oppened one, an' 'mong his keys,  
Keerless stuck t' other three;  
"Wod th' correspondence is abeaut  
Aw dorn'd know, but aw'll see!"  
That's wod he sed, an' soon his mates  
Wur everyone on t' grin,  
As he gaped at th' wost valentine  
O' t' soocar they'd ever sin!

I' th' fire it went, as deep he growled,  
Then oppenin' Number Two,  
He tocar id up i' bits, an' glared  
Abeaut him like a foo.  
"Here, yo tek t'others!" he exclaimed,  
An' chuck'd em wod wur left,  
As off he in a mad big went,  
Wi' cheeks as pale as weft.

When t' third wur oppened, dear o' me,  
Heaw o' them tacklers laughed,  
While one or two remarked, "If Bill  
E'er sees this, he'll go daft."  
But th' last un caused a big surprise,  
An' med ther glad hearts throb,  
For somebody who owed brass hed sent  
A order for ten bob!

They cashed that order, an' at neet  
Hed quite a lively spree,  
Bill war among 'em, an' geet praised  
For th' generosity.

Then when they towd him th' tale o'er t' brass,  
His face flushed red as wine,  
An' th' air went blue thro' wod be sed  
O'er t' "gradeley" valentine.

"JACK O' ANN'S."

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

[ORIGINAL.]

### THAD LOST BABBY.

Ther's o' soocars o' fun in a factory,  
Wheer t' workers are free wi' ther chaff,  
An' buzzes are spun off at random  
O' porpus to raise a good laugh.  
At meal times ther's oft pleasant faces,  
Thro' odd marlock's slyly tried on;  
For thad soocar o' wark ther's few equals  
To t' jockakers at "Batem's" deawn yon.

For o' they've to tew an' keep at id  
Like houses for moderate pay,  
They manage to swan odd jockaks quately,  
Which leaven ther tol, due bi day.  
It's better to smile than look sulky,  
Cose cheerfulness banishes cares,  
Beside giving weary hearts payshunce  
To strive as time slors ungewares.

Ther's allus some campers bi t' watch-heawse  
At breakfast an' dinner-time too;  
For whether its sunshine or rainy,  
They manage to meet ther t' year thro'.  
Among 'em ther's gabbers an' smookers,  
Who fairly enjoy a quate pipe;  
While tootstry o' t' younger end's keerless,  
An' allus for devilmint ripe.

They'll argy an' threop, aye, like good uns,  
O'er footbo an' stick things as thad,  
An' use rayther roughish expressions  
Beawt showin' a sign as ther mad.  
For t' topic geda changed or a sudden,  
Cose bad tempers wod they dorn'd want,  
An' as nobly likes mekkin' 'other,  
Ther happy, an' troubles are scant.

At news o' a courtship or weddin'  
Ther's allus winks swapt an' silly grins;  
An' jockaks fly abeaut like waste paper  
On t' winds when they hear abeaut twins!  
Stray wheezes o'er marlocks at th' seaside  
Moke odd uns fair bubble wi' wit,  
But th' best buzz as they've enjoyed lately  
Wur when Jemmy Pulleyband fil.

Neaw Jem's one o' them soocar o' fellas  
Who allus thinks quateness t' best;  
He likes foak's at's plain an' streyt forrd.  
An' hates them who act Colly West.  
He's t' pictur o' hearty good nature,  
An' tries to act gradeley an' streyt;  
But vex him, yo'll find him unwilling  
To put up wi' snubs or a slight.

When letton slooso to his fancies  
Jem wondid do hurt to a meawsse,  
Still he'd a flare up wi' his landlord.  
O'er wod wanted settlin' i' th' heawse,  
Till t' landlord wur out nobbut kindly.  
An' t' smiles fro' Jem's face sudden fell  
At th' words, "If ther's out as wants doin'  
These set to an' do id thise!"

Then Jem towd him off i' rare fashion.  
An' spared him noonay mayther, at thad.  
Till t' landlord bawkid eawi, "Giv' thi nooallis  
An' leavin' th' heawse" as if he'd goan mad.  
"O' right," wur Jem's anser, "that'st hev id  
At weekend when the comes for t' rent;  
An' wi' thad they snukily parted.  
For mayther fel gay or content.

Then Jem an' t' wife seed to a sporrin'  
An' huntin' for heawses "to let";  
Wi' t' moosit they wur owl but weel suited.  
Then fittin' browt thowsis o' regret.  
But he sed to th' wife, "Aw'm determined  
To fit-chunner o'er t' at th' will."  
An' they, bi good luck, fun a cottage  
To let, yo bi Bunnocker Hill.

Jem sed, as they looked id o'er gradeley,  
"Aye, this heawse ull do, no to t' mark;  
It's nobbut one faust us aw know on—  
It's further away fro' mi wark.  
But thad matters nowt; let us tek id.  
An' let th' landlord see as we're gam";  
So thad sort o' t' job wur soon satisfied.  
Then Jem went to tawk wi' Covl Sam.

Wi' two or three strong willin' helpers  
Jem soon hed his goods broow downstairs,  
Tho' tootstry things great snipt at th' corners,  
O'er which his wife sed owt but prays.  
"Na'er heed las," Jem said, "they st be fettled  
When we ged 'em i' ther new shop;  
They's nowt nobbut th' beds—an' we want 'em!  
So chaps, for togeet, let us stop!"

Wi' leawins to a bread an' chees supper,  
They finished up wi' a short camp.  
Then "Coddler"—Jem's mate—remarked slyly,  
"Aw see, bid th' new heawse, ther's a lamp;  
It's reight afcoar t' windo—that's handy,  
For wi a long pow, doosta see.  
At neet, the can warm pobs for t' babby—  
New thad'll be champion for ther!"

Wi' thad jockak, they o' separated.  
Wi' t' promise, when they'd hed ther tay,  
They'd help to pack th' goods onto t' lorry  
Th' next after, for pleasure, ned pay.  
An' when t' lorry landed, as ordered,  
Jem's wife sed "Aw've tekken two lots  
O' ornamentals up for safety,  
An' new aw go up wi' these pots."

"Heigh!" Jemmy blobbed, "wod abeaut th' babby?"

His wife sed, "It's sleepin', for sure!  
So when yo put' th' credle on t' lorry,  
Hand th' child o'er to Betty, next door.  
Hoof' bring id up yon a bit later."  
Then off wi' her burden hoo see!  
Leavin' t' let wi' ther fittin' quite busy,  
While childer stood watchin' i' t' street.  
Wi' care an' anxieties moythered,  
While t' packin' an' rooapin' wur on,  
Jem quite forgot wod th' wife hed towd him,  
Till part o' ther journey they'd gone.  
Then t' credle fro' t' load started shippin'—  
A catch saved id goin' to smash—  
As t' last words his missus hed towd him  
Coom into his mind like a flash.

He stared hard, for t' credle wur empty,  
Then actin' as if he'd gone wild.  
He sheawt to t' carter, "Stop, wita!  
We'st ha' to go back, or find th' child!"  
Two chaps hed gone forrid wi' pictures,  
An' Jemmy wur near off his mind,  
Aye, so wur his wife when he towd her.  
They'd searched, but no babby cud find!

They set off as if they wur dotty,  
Inquirin' off o' as they knew.  
"Hav' yo sin' out ov a lost babby.  
Dressed up in a frock o' pale blue?"  
Heyds shook i' response to ther questions,  
At Betty's they fun id worn'd ther.  
Then i' th' empty heawse they looked sadly,  
While t' wife fainted o'er varra near.

They set off as if they wur dotty,  
When fro' one o' t' shut cubbott drawers,  
A faint cry wur heard, then ther maybur,  
Exclaimed, "It's thad babby o' yore!"  
Aye, ther id wor, safe, seawnd, an' lively,  
An' t' joy as they fel nocan con tell;  
But one o' t' mates blobbed eawi at th' after,  
"Aw see Jem put th' child ther misel!"

"JACK O' ANN'S."

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

### THAD LOST PET RAPPUT.

Eawr daily lives are crammed wi' facts  
 'At's weel mixed wi' pretence,  
 An' lots o' foak let sentiment  
 O'ercome the common-sense.  
 Thad wayknoss crops up o' t' world o'er,  
 An' prospects near an' far,  
 At o' times, every season thro'-  
 I peace as weel as war.

You'll know heaw tender sentiment  
 Affects a lover's heart,  
 An' meks him feel ol' o'er alike  
 As he plays t' cracker's part.  
 O races are hard hit wi' t' pest—  
 Black, yellow, white, or brawna—  
 For sentiment meks mortals gasp,  
 Sigh, cooaken, smile, or frown.

Some (sixteen stoos or moor on t' scale!)—  
 Cud owt be moar absurd?—

Wi' sentimental voice, brast off:  
 "O, would I were a bird!"  
 They never think heaw queer they'd look,  
 As Cupids, up i' th' air,  
 Or else they'd never want to fly,  
 O featherless an' bare!

Odd cocarters, too, wi' meythered minds  
 'At's full o' lovin' skeems,  
 Who softly co them they admire.  
 "T' sweet angels o' their dreams!"  
 But when they wed, an' rows begin,  
 When t' poosker an' sitch things  
 Fly reawnd the heys, they soon find eawt  
 The angels—withawt wings!

It's t' same o' reawnd, wi' young an' owd,  
 Confawnded sentiment  
 Meks theawsands build up gowden hopes  
 Which fo, as foos repeat.

An' lad miss wod they weel deserve,  
 When catched at dangerous fun.

Thro' sombre sheawtin', "Let 'em goas!"

Bawt known' wod they've done.

Ther's scoors ov other ways i' which  
 Fook let soft feelin's mar

Ther sense ov o' t's just an' reight,  
 No matter wheer they are.

They'll overlook big faults foolishly,  
 An' even rob theirselves,

Then smile contentedly because  
 Ther suitin' somebody else.

Ther's nowt licks honest sympathy  
 'At's weel an' truly given,

But when it's done for devilmint  
 To ged a gallon in,

It's rayther good nor gradely-like,  
 An' t' upshot's owt but sweet,

Yet thad wurt's socart Bob Brisket hed

Gien't to him t'other neet.

Bob's one o' sentimental soocart,

An', in his own rough way,

He's one o' kindest hearted chaps

Yod' meet wi' onny day.

He's rayther simple-minded, too,

An' learns his lessons slow,

Yet th' sentiment he has goas eawt

To childer' mmost o' o.

He'll do owt for thad lad ov his,

Ther youngest—four-year-owd—

A merry, breef-faced, lovin' child,

Wi' curly o' crispy gowd;

An' t'other neet Bob cood to hev

A gill at th' "Mon an' Scythe."

An' them he met ther noosated soon

As he wun owt but blythe.

"What's up, Bob, arta nod so weel?"

Wur axed bi one or two,

Whose een hed sin some wrinkled signs

O' trouble on his broo.

He anserd, "Nay, ther's nowt ails me,

An' m reight, for owt aw know,

But hey, aw fairly am upset

O thro' eawr little Joe!"

A toothry faces turned tort Bob,

As t' cry rung, "Wed ails t' lad?"

Is he ta'en poorly?" Bob replied,

"Hey, nowe; id isnd that,"

But he's just gone upstairs to bed,

Heart-brokken varra near,

An' nooan or us con comfort him—

That's why aw've peopt in here!"

"Aw dare say aw look sawt o' soocarts;  
 Aw may seem sad an' pown;  
 An' yo'd be t' same as me, if yo'd  
 Yer child's pet rapput stown.  
 Aw bowt him two a fortun sin'—  
 Boath bonny silver greys—  
 An' hey, they wurr so match alike,  
 Joe gloried i' ther ways!  
 He cuddled an' he fondled 'em,  
 An' browt his mates to see  
 Wed nice wick playthings he hed ther,  
 As happy as cud go.  
 An' every time as aw geot hooam  
 Fro' wark, mi steps he led  
 To th' coy, an' clapt his hands wi' joy,  
 To watch 'em bein' fed.  
 "To neet aw went as usual  
 Wi' t' lad to feed 'em yon,  
 An' then fun eawt to mi dismay  
 One o' Joe's pets hed gone.  
 Ther'd sombreby stown id eawt o' t' coy,  
 Hey, thowts ont mek me mad,  
 An' aw'd give owt to ged id back,  
 If but for t' sake o' t' lad!"  
 When Bob sed thad, he moped a bit,  
 An' sadly hung his head,  
 As if, o'er t' chance on't comin' back,  
 He in his dull mind weighed.  
 Then sombreby sed, "A rapput's nowt;  
 Cheep up!" Bob anserd slow,  
 "Id may ceawnt little to grown foak,  
 Yet meon a lot to Joe!"  
 Then Charley Spring, a jooker bawd—  
 One allus wick for gam—  
 Sed, "Id kord be so far away—  
 Convinced o' thad aw am."  
 Yo' say boath rapputs are alike—  
 Thad left, an' thad 'at's ta'en—  
 Supposae aw go a lookin' for'  
 An' ged id back. Wed then?  
 "Aw'll ax no questions wheer tha's bin,"  
 Bob sed, "nor wheer it's fro',  
 If aw con ged id back agoen  
 To comfort little Joe.  
 Aw'll stan' a gallon willinly!"  
 He sighed wi' discontent.  
 "Aw'm beawn," sed Charley, "so wait ther."  
 An' gaily off he went.  
 "Toothry minutes he gett back,  
 A rapput on his arm,  
 An' rare an' weel id looked ceawder ther,  
 Wi' coat so soft an' warm.  
 Bob sheawted, "Bring thad gallon in!"  
 An' paid for't in a crack.  
 Then complimentin' Charley, sed,  
 "Aw'm fain tha's browt id back!"  
 "Aw'll go an' put id wi' id mate—  
 Aw shard be long away,"  
 Bob chuckled, an' leff th' company  
 To sup chep brewery-tay.  
 Then Charley sed, "Hush! nod a word!"—  
 Von isnd th' pet he lost,  
 But wed wurt left i' th' coy." Then waves  
 "Aw'sight roose an' tost.

Then Bob rushed wildly back agoen.  
 When he aces hed grown streyt,  
 An' sheawted, "Chaps, neaw, wod d'y'e think?"  
 As if he wond quite reight.  
 When aw took thad lost rapput back  
 Which Charley browt me here,  
 Aw fun as tether hed bin stown—  
 Joe will cry neaw. Oh, dear!"

JACK O' ANNS.

## RHYMES IN THE DIA.

ORIGINAL.

### THEM APRIL FOOS.

Some chaps are varra fond o' th' spoort  
 O' trickin' sombrer else,  
 But arens they in a bonny way  
 If th' laugh's agoen theirsels.  
 It's then o' th' sharpness o' ther wit  
 Goobs heawt a second's thowt—  
 For geddin' teekken a peg  
 Meks stich like cramp'd an' nowt.

Ther's otheirs, who con have a jocak,  
 Or tek one l' good part,  
 Beawt lettin' passion fling id cleawds  
 O'er t' sunshine i' their heart.  
 Ther fond o' fun o' th' gradely spoort  
 Life wi' em's sidon' dat;  
 An' tho' they may look soothish, give  
 O' comers fit for tat.

Ther's time's when rough wit shows itsel,  
 It's nature's recompense

For th' wear an' tear o' care, when used  
 Bi' th' rule o' common sense.

Wit may ceawer, snail like, for awhile,

But regular away

Id will try giddy marlocks on

O' what's cood "O Foos Day."

Bill Chelper wur a hearty chap,  
 Who mony a trick hed done,  
 An' if he heard o'er orb' bran' new,  
 He welly roared wi' fun.

If ever thur wurt gam afoot,

He illus wurt i' th' know,

An' he'd a mate just like hissel

As foak cood "Loomin' Joe."

Joe worn'd considered extra breet

Bi' them who knew him best,

Yet he wurt often o' other

When put to a fair test

He'd join i' no rough mallockin',

"Cose he'd no likin' for't."

But gloried i' quate honamly gam

Which wurt to nobry's hurt.

Neaw Bill an' Joe wurt factory chums,

One suized t'other weel,

An' tellin' o'er t' other bits o' pranks

They camped at every meal.

Bill fancied he wurt fairly sharp,

An' leet foak know id too;

So he decided to mek Joe

Into an April Foo!

One lost ov April, id turned eawt

As th' tapers wurt behind

Wi' beams, an' Joe hed nowt to do.

Thad dudind wox his mind.

He donned his jacket to go hooam,

I' glee, for th' rest o' th' day:

Then Bill bawked eawt to him, "Heigh, Joe;

Arts beawn hooam eawr way?"

"Aw'm nooan so strict," wurt Joe's reply:

"Wod for?" "Nowt, nobbut co

For eawr youngest lasses Sunda' shoon,

An' leave 'em wi' Lane Do—

Th' owd cobbler—l' th' next street to yours—

Aw kno'w ther middlin' worn—

But tell him they want fettlin' up,

An' muh be done to morn?"

"O reight!" Joe anserd, beawt a thowt,

As owt at o' wurt wrong;

"Aw'll go an' ged 'em!" an' wi' thad

Th' shop door behind them swung.

Bill chuckled wi' a smile, an' sed

To his next parter—Sam:

"If Joe does wod aw've towd him, hey

Ther'll fairly be some gam!"

On't road tort hooam Joe met a pal,

The cood to hav a drink;

His pal bawled, "Two gills an' a spoon,"

An' give a knowin' wink.

When th' landlord served her gills i' th' bar,

An' give 'em th' tay spoon, too,

Joe's pal sed, "Tel thad back an' dornd

Be sitch an April foo!"

Thad thad remark, Joe's memory

O' th' sudden geet a nudge;

He thowt o'er th' errand he wurt on,

An' fancied twur o' fugue.

So puttin' on a bowdish face,

He reyched Bill's cottage soon;

An' sed to Bill's wife, "Aw've teek

Yer youngest lasses shoon!"

Hoo stared at Joe, an' then exclaimed,

As merrily hoo laughed,

"We hev no childer, as the knows—

It's April fast—the datt!"

"Aw know id is—that's why aw coed,"

Joe chirruped as nowt wor.

Then heartily hoo laughed agoen,

For Joe's ways suited her.

Joe left her laughin', then he see

Bi' chance, a murr' lad,

An' poolin' eawt a penny, sed

To him, "Coma see that?"

"Aye," th' lad sed. "Why?" Joe snap't, "It's

Thine, If tha'll just hev a race.

Tell 'Chelper' his wife has a fit,

An' gooin' black i' th' face."

Away th' lad darted like a hare,

An' panted eawt to Bill,

"Aw've come to tell yo' o'er your wife,

Hoo's in a fit, an' ill."

Hill flushed at th' ill news, axed sharp,

"Is id a serious case?"

"Aye," th' lad blabb'd eawt, "aw think it is

Hoo's welly black i' th' face!"

He axed off wark, an' in a crack

Wur flyin' eawt o' th' shop.

He coed at th' doctor's, an' sed, "Come,

Here aw've no time to stop."

"I'll come at once," thad doctor sed,

Then Bill med haste up th' row,

An' as he geet aside o' th' heuse

Who shud he see but Joe?

"Heaws t' wife?" he axed, in anxious tones.

"Hoo's reight enough," Joe smiled.

"But wants thee to find th' youngster's shoon."

Thad news med Hill look wild.

"Aw geet towd hoo wur in a fit,

Bi' th' lyin' wastrel you,"

"Hoo is?" Joe snap't, "a laughin' fit,

O'er th' marlock as tha's done."

Bill thumped to't, an' sed to Joe,

"Neaw dornd thesay a word

O'er this—their's th' doctor comin' yon.

Wod mon we say's occurred?"

Joe whispered "I save that job to me.

Heigh, doctor, go back: do.

Bill's nobbut bin to trouble yo

Coso he's an April foo!"

When th' situation wurt explained,

Thad doctor made th' remark,

"When shall we three all meet again?"

Bill snap't, "Hush, keep id dark."

But amcheaw o' th' buzz wurt let eawt,

Which med Bill's shop mates grin,

An' th' upshot is—he's never tried

To trick his pal, Joe, sin.

JACK O' ANNS.

## HYMES IN THE DIALECT

[ORIGINAL]

### THEM CHAMPIONS!

It's seldom as a week goes past  
Beawt summat bein' on  
For gam among i' breet kitchen lot  
At th' "Gun an' Bugle" yon.  
Thers o trades represented theot,  
An' ther a merry soort,  
Weel up i' th' art o' marlockin'  
An' gradely fond o' spoorat.  
  
Thers Leony Joe,—o skin an' boan,  
He weighs abeaut five soccar;  
Thers Broseen Bob, who meks t' scales bump  
Three hundredweight or mocar.  
Sam Skuffy, Limpin' Lou, an' "Flip,"  
Dode Swill, an' Skennin' Luke;  
Wi' "Twiddler" an' a toothy moocar,  
Sup ale, tell tales, an' smook.  
  
Thers toothy Al tipters theer,  
Wh'll tell yo wod'll win;  
They seldom back a hoss thersels,  
Becose ther short o' tin.  
But when they do they "go deawn t' nick,"  
An' k'owledge meks 'em ill;  
Think nowt o' that, their luck's nod yers,  
Tips mean a frothy gill.  
  
When footbo's on they'll harr an' jar;  
Aye, just like dogs an' cats;  
An' praise a favourite teom sky-heigh  
Till somebody coes eawt "Rats!"  
I' summer-time it's cricketin',  
An' aren't they in a way  
Till they ged th' varra latest soccoars  
Reight up to cleoas o' play.  
  
A sprint race or a swimmin' match  
Meks tongues wag rayther free,  
While some o' t' threepin' dos they hav  
Are painst as can be.  
An' if a pigeon-fly's afoot  
There's sure to be some brass  
Staked up to back a winnin' bird  
"Geon one as isn't "class."  
  
A game o' bawls or billiards  
They dearly like to watch,  
Especially if them chaps who play  
Turn eawt a fairish maten.  
An' tawt o'er chaff, woy, bless mi life,  
Id does dy middlin' thick,  
Tho' some o' t' jockas are strong enough  
To knock a stranger sick.  
  
Whene'er an argument strikes up,  
Ther's sombeary sure to say,  
"Yo don't know wod you bargin' o'er,  
So chuck id, reight away!"  
Then if foos start an' want to feight,  
Thad watchful landlord yell—  
"Heigh, this hoys not a slaughter-heawee,  
So just behave yorsel!"  
  
Sam Skuffy's full o' devilmint,  
So too is "Flip"—his mate,  
An' every time they ged a chance,  
Ther's summat queer agate.  
When "Twiddler" hed th' rheumatic bad,  
An' groaned at every stride,  
They towd him he'd to run Dode Swill,  
For fifty bob a-side!  
  
"Aw korn'd walk, ne'er heed run," he gasped,  
But wi' a crafty grin,  
Sam ansord, "Thall do t' job o' reight;  
Owd lad, th'rt need to win."  
Hey, "Twiddler" wod he punc'd em boooth,  
An' handy, if he dost;  
When the geot towd th' conditions wor,  
As t' last mon in wur t' foost!  
  
Another time a match they med  
Created quite a stor,  
For spooratin' chaps to watch id coom  
Fro' places near an' far.  
"Twur billiards, for two bob a side,  
An' Leony Joe an' "Flip"  
Doffed boooth ther coots an' chawkd ther cues  
For t' billiard championship.

Joe hed a threa break to gie "Flip,"  
An' when thad game begun,  
They boooth missed cosy shots apiece  
Thad caused a lot o' fun.  
For t' landlord sheawed, "Joe, sit deawn,  
Th' art shapin' like a foo;  
Beside, when the stans up like thad,  
Aw korn'd tell which is t' cue!"

Id wor arranged as they shud play  
A game—two hundred up.  
An', when they'd bin agate two heaws  
Beawt heevin' owt to sup,  
Thad landlord strode i' t' room an' sed,  
"Be off, or sw'll foich t' pleoce!"  
That's why t' match ended in a draw  
O' forty-nine apiece!  
  
Last Setterda, when Broseen Bob  
Popt in to hev a gill,  
Joe cheapt, "Tha's fratched o'er beawlin', neaw  
A'will see tha ged thi fil.  
A'will tek thee—omy green tha likes—  
Whenever tha's a mind,  
At twenty-one up, for as mitch  
Stake brass as tha con find."  
  
Bob looked at him, "Neaw, pencil case,"  
He growled, "Wod aria at?"  
"Aw want to tek then deawn!" Joe snapt,  
"Tha korid beawl—th' art too fat!"  
"An' th' art too leet, the bag o' boanois,  
To beawl a long length streyt;  
We'll bev a do o' Monda's neek;  
Deawn wi' a creawn; its reight."  
Well, t' match coom off o' Monda's neek,  
At t' after they'd done work.  
But id turned eawt to be a draw,—  
They cuddin' see i' th' dark.  
An' t' chaffin' as them bin o'er t' sin  
Meks t' players blink ther een,  
For theirs a guessin' do agate—  
Heaw oft t' Jack went off t' green?  
  
Neaw, if yo ever chance to co'  
At th' "Gun an' Bugle," ax  
If yo con see them beawlin' "stars"—  
Yoll' ged to know some facts  
That's if ther in; but if ther nod  
Eawtside yo'd better slip  
Afaoar yo' axed to try yo' hand  
At winnin' t' championship!

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT

[ORIGINAL]

### THEM GHOSTS!

Aw want to give a word or two  
O' good advice to yo  
Who journey i' yor wanderin's"  
Up Trycle-moufin Row.  
Dond' let on as yo've heard a word,  
Act gawmless as con be,  
If onnybody axes o'er  
Them ghosts Dick Dappler see.  
Aw tell yo this o' porpus, just  
To put yo on yor guard.  
Cose foak abeaut hev skittid Dick  
An' piled chaff on him hard.  
Dick's wolly off his wits, an' sweears  
He'll tan t' fosc chap he meets,  
Or woman ayther, who inquires  
Off him o'er ghosts i' t' streets!  
Neaw, Dick's a lad as good as gowd,  
He'll wrossle, run, or feight.  
An' give help, free an' willin',  
I' stickin' up for t' reight.  
But he's a wayknex he korn'd help,  
Tho' o'er t' he's off bin sauced;  
He'll face owt wick, so wod id be,  
But korn'd abide a ghost.  
Lads used to plague him morrny a time  
While campin' ov a noet;  
They'd tawk o'er goblin till Dick's check  
Wur welly white wi' frost.  
An' then, if sombeary mentioned "ghost,"  
Dick used to gasp, poor lad,  
Then off hooam like a startled hare  
He'd derl away hawf mad.  
He bod went to't theatre once,  
Tur "Hamlet" as they played,  
An' when thad ghost coom on to t' stage  
Dick trembled, gradely flayed.  
As soon as t' scene dropt he niked eawt,  
While t' mates wur o' on't grin;  
An' come wod may, he's never dared  
To enter t' play-heaws sin.  
He started cooartin' Splasher's lass,  
Ther red-checked Liza Jane;  
An' Dick whene'er he met her smiled  
To show as he wur faim.  
But hoo liked hearin' tales o'er ghosts  
Which med one quiver thro';  
Hey, when Dick fun thad eawt he sobbed  
An' left her like a foa.  
Id mon be terrible for foak  
Wi' timid nerves like thad.  
For if Dick nobbut heard o'er owt  
O' t' soort id med him bad.  
But t'other neet, hev, dear o' me!  
While raindrops deawn dud pelt,  
Dick popt off t' sudden o' some ghosts  
Which he boooth sea an' felt.  
He'd bin to't Palace for t' last show,  
Which pleased him up to't mark,  
An' when he coom up id wur late,  
An' t' streets wur quare an' dark.  
He took a short cut to ged hooam,  
Contented as cud be.  
Tho' t' wind wur blowin' middlin' cowd  
An' rain wur patterin' free,  
He hurried off, reawnd Twitcher's Yard,  
Then suddenly he stopped.  
A white thing sprang to clutch at him,  
On his face summat flopt,  
Dick took one look, then wif a yell  
O' terror fast he flew.  
His een like bobbers fair stuck eawt,  
So cowed, he trembled too.  
Dick's mam an' sister wur just beawn  
To bed, as hooam he geot.  
Weet thro', an' welly flayed to death—  
A miserable seet.

To wosen things, they'd put a chear  
For safety behnt th' loor.  
An' Dick wur i' sitch a queer way,  
He cluttered o'er't on't floor.  
"Oh, mama, a ghost! a ghost!" he cried,  
As sharp he struggled up;  
"Aw'm sick an' cowd thro' wod aw've sin  
O' sombeary, let me sup!"  
His mama a sope o' warm tay geot,  
An' axed, "Wey what's to do?"  
But Dick set speechless, shiverin',  
His teeth fair chattered, too.  
Soon as he mustered pluck to speyk,  
He sighed, "Hey, mama, do look  
Deawn t' row, off Betty Headkedoo's  
Ther's ghosts theer ov a rook!  
One tried to jump reight onto me,  
Id seemed to beawne reawnd t' place,  
Another tried to grip me an'  
Id cowd hand stroked mi face."  
"Come on!" his mama sed to their Sue,  
"Let's tak a peep an' see."  
Becces ay korid believe thad tale  
Eawr Dick's just towd to me!  
Se ged thi elogs an' don thi chawl,  
We'st be theer in a crack!"  
"Dorn'd go!" Dick moaned, "but if yo' do,  
Be sure to hurry back!"  
Sue duddin' keet for venturin'  
Deawn t' Row so late at meet,  
But luckily a plecemem coom  
Fro' th' top wi' flashin' lect,  
They coed him in, he heardic Dick's tale,  
Then calm as calm cud be.  
Thad plecemem sed, "We'll sattle t' job,  
Come on, yo' lot, wi' me!"  
At thad Dick trembled in his shoon,  
Eawtside he woddn'd stor.  
But towd 'em off t' fast corner end  
Wur wheer them spectre wor.  
So "Bobby" wi' them winnin' went  
An' popt off t' corner, then  
See summatt white. Ay, they wur ghosts  
They thowt, but wur mista'en.  
For t' Bobby laughehd, as reawnd abeaut  
"Ther's sombeary thinks foak honest, or  
They'd leave nowt eawt o' noet."  
Then sharp he banged at Betty's door,  
An' wi' a merry brecht  
He sed, "Ged up, tel t' weshin' in,  
It's freetemin' foak to death!"  
When Dick's mam an' his sister towd  
Heaw ill he'd bin mista'en.  
Dick war set up, an' sed, "Mistakes  
Will happen neaw an' then.  
Aw cud ha' sworn as they wur ghosts  
Bare thowt mi mind appals!  
Hey, fancy, they wur nobbut shirts,  
Neetgawns, an' overalls!"  
Well, t' foak abeaut o' geot to know  
O'er t' ghosts as Dick hed sin.  
An' they began to skit o'er t' job,  
An' fairly rubbed id in.  
It's thad as meks Dick blazin' mad,  
An' why I'm warnin' yo'  
To never say a word o'er t' ghosts  
I' Trycle-moufin Row.

JACK O' ANN'S.

## Rhymes in the Dialect.

By "Jack o' Ann's."

### RHYMES IN THE DIALECT

By "Jack o' Ann's."

**THERS BEAWN TO BE A 'LECTION**

This world ov eaws is t' roughest shop  
As mortal e'er put foot in,  
For lots who live on t' are thad queer,  
Ther fancies ther's no suitin'.  
One day ther reight—another, wrong,  
Wi' cheeks 'tis pale or burnin';  
Thad whimsical—wi' every wind,  
Like weather-cocks ther turnin'!  
They laugh, when pleasure meks 'em gay,  
Or groan, when i' dejection,  
An' some's hawf dait at th' latest news—  
"Thers beawn to be a 'lection!"

Day after day, year eawt an' in,—  
I' Summer-time or Winter.  
We, reg'lar, learn t' world's gooin'son,  
Thro' cablegrams an' t' Printer.  
For one spreys rawnd—wot tother clicks—  
I' t' look-for mornin' papers,  
Wheer mixed up items—good an' bad—  
Stan' clear, 'mong Folly's capers.  
An' every breakfast-time foak's een,  
O' th' news meks close inspection;  
That's why a deel he lately snarled—  
"Thers beawn to be a 'lection!"

Id happens!—Why? we kord explain—  
As Life's ne'er fro' bother,  
Cose summat allus croppin' up,  
Abeaut this, thad or t' other.  
Wod one chap wants, another hates!—  
Thers nowt to o men's likin'—  
An' thro' t' thers rows an' feights galore,  
Wi' t' "deaws tool" job coed "strikin'"

Smo causes lead to big events,  
Which show mon's nod perfection:  
An' neaw, when t' War's just satlin' down,  
Thers beawn to be a 'lection!

When rumour's o'er t' fast flew abeaut,  
Some serat ther heys an' wonderd,  
Who tried to soort th' state ov affairs,  
Then sighed, "Hey, sombry's blundered."  
While others chepled, "It's welly time.  
We know plain wheer we're gooin',  
For t' way as things are driftin' shows  
We're nearin' t' road to't ruin!"

Then odd uns stuck ther mottin' in—  
Belongin' t' chep-ale section—  
Who rubbed ther hands an' chucked fain,  
"It's time we hed a 'lection!"

Thro' t' news some foak seem ill upset,  
An' some are i' ther glory.  
Who fancy th' diff'rent candidates  
'Ats Labour, Rad, or Tory.  
Thens ats no vooces hev t' mooast to say,  
Abeaut ther favourites chances.  
But then—t' game nobut startin'—cose  
Thers beawn to be a 'lection!

A deal o' winmin' cock ther ears  
As diff'rent rumours rech 'em.  
An' t' cry's heard, "Men think they know o'  
But wait a bit, we'll teyf 'em!"  
Hey, t' winks ats swant o'er cups o' tay  
Bi petticoated voocers,  
Means owt but peaceful times i' stoar,  
For ther hen-pecked suppooarters!

An' t' question—"Who art voocatin' for?"

Ull spred like an infection

I' lots ov hoooms, wheer t' chaps are towd—

"Thers beawn to be a 'lection!"

Then, when they ged at logger heys,  
Thro' hasty tempers risin',  
Some o' th' results, i' happy(?) hoooms,  
Are sure to be surprisin',  
For lively arguments wi' th' tongz  
Pots, t' poosker, pons—or t' kettle,  
Ull leave impressions o' soft heys  
Which canvassers kord settle.  
Th' end may be fines—or summum woss—  
As gies time for reflection!  
So be advised, keep cool, for o'  
Thers beawn to be a 'lection.

I'd looks quee mekkin' peace wi' th' Huns,  
Then causin' a sensation.  
Bi storrin' Discords porritch-pon  
An' raisin' strife thro' t' nation.  
O' troubles we've hed quite eno,  
Beaut havin' t' noisy gabble  
Dinned in eawr ears bi' lively gangs  
"Ats fond o' Party squabblin'.  
Yet, with-sharts, its to be,

Wodever eawr objection;  
So be prepared for whats to come—  
"Thers beawn to be a 'lection!"

Say nowt, but keep a watch on t' wo's,  
To let foak see yo'e payshunse,  
For soon, you'll see a grand display  
At o' t' hill-poostin' stations.  
To herald the gret day comin' fast,  
That's t' start o' t' job—not th' end on t'  
Then read th' addresses, an' you'll find  
Yor "free an' independent!"

So, swell yr cheste eawt, whether yo'  
Want Free Trade or Protection,  
For you'll be fed wi' boath spoons, neaw  
Thers beawn to be a 'lection:

"This is not time for politics!"  
A deal o' chaps ull chunner,  
Who show they mean just wod they say,  
Bi seawlin' black as thunner:  
An' some ull brad owd "Shuttle Bob,"

Who ses, "Hey, voocatin' is rotten  
Unless its thanks for kindly deeds  
Like them done bi' Lol Cotton!"  
They lick o' th' Acts o' Parlementy,  
An' help i' th' reight direction,  
Beaut rousin' creed or party strife,  
Or troublin' owt o'er t' 'lection!"

Tween neaw an' th' date o' pollin', hey,  
Ther'll be cheerz, groans an' chatter,  
As 'lection promises fill th' air,  
O'ev things as doesnd matter.  
At meetin's ther'll be questions axed  
Bi monny a "heeklin'" growler,  
Sitch as "When are we beawn to ged  
Moor eobs fro' t' Coyl Controller?"  
Then t' Sugar question ull pop up,  
Among t' big resurrection  
O' wod took want—ats scarce or dear,  
Aloar th' gret day o' t' 'lection.

Thers signs ov a stiff three-nooked feight,  
For t' seots o' Bleeburn Borough;  
Two ull ged in an' one be left  
Eawtside to sigh wi' sorro'.  
Still, let th' result be wod id may—  
For t' benefit o' t' nation.

An' t' contest, tho' its keen, be cleyn,  
Wi' wod we like—fairion!

Let them who hav vooces, use 'em weel,  
When they've gien due reflection

Afoorhand to wod th' world wants, for  
"Thers beawn to be a 'lection."

**THOWTS O'ER "TOFFY NEET."**

Wi' hopes an' fears thro' t' big events  
At's happ'nin', day bi day,  
This mind o' mine—like other foak's—  
Is in a queerish way.

For, tho' November's come ayeon,  
Eawr hearts arend hawf as leet

As they wor, i' moar peaceful times,

Thro' t' game o' "Toffy neet."

Then things wur reight an' gradely-like,  
But neaw—O, woi a change!—  
Ther's signs o' sorrow everywhere,  
To th' eyeseeft's furthest range,  
'Cos t' mad world's bin chockful o' strife

For four years hawf been chockfull o' strife

An' mem'ries o' wod used to be

Shine dimly thro' eawr tears.

But therer—we've hed "sweet" times afoor.  
An' we'st hev lots ayeon  
When Peas has hushed t' wild seawnds o'  
War—

Yo' know weel wod aw meon!

We'st hev moar sun "when t' cleawds roll by"

An' joy-gleoms wide are spread;—

Till then, let's payshunt manage beawt

O' things as we korn'd ged!

Aw say this 'cosse ther's lots o' foak

At places, near an' far,

Who—tho' it's bin agate so long—

Dorn'd know as ther's a War!

They cry for this an' snarl for thad,

An' if owt's short,hey me!

They'll tell ther nayburs streyt, "We'll hev't

Wodever t' price may be!"

Thad isn't t' spirit as wur shown

I' th' good owd-fashioned days,

When nayburs rushed wi' friendly help,

Them as hed fo'en, to raise.

Nove: Selfishness is t' fashion neaw.

Mong them, weel off thro' t' War,

For if they've poor relations well—

They dorn'd know wheer they are!

No'er head 'em!—Pride, if left aloan,

Ull show idsel up, reight.—

For t' crust ov humble Toil's moar sweet

Than Swank's ill-getten meyt.

But bear yor troubles wi' brave hearts

Till t' shaddio's pass fro' seat,

Then y'll feel faim as them who met

For gam o' "Toffy neet."

Some foak may tell yo—sitch a tale!—

O' th' worries an' distress

They wor i' th' past, when workers med

Ther own hoom-happiness.

Becose they kept owd customs up—

No matter wheer they wor,

An' joined in—share an' share alike—

At every lively stor.

Lots, fond o' spinnin' "fancy yarns,"

Blob eawt wod isn't true,

Or, just to show ther knowledge—gab

O'er wod they never knew!

Till chaps, wi' woder heys than their's,

Fill t' speawters wi' dismay,

Bi sayin' "We'd moar comfort then

Than e'er we hav to-day!"

"Hoopam needmests then cost next to nowt,

An' when times coom coed "hard,"

Them who cud muster t' brass, bowt in,

Withawt a 'Tommy' card!

They dudd'n need to pass big shops

Wi' keen an' hungry looks.

For t' simple reason as ther names

Worn'd i' th' shopkeeper's books!"

"If foak longed for a 'gradely feed,'

Ther brass soon brow relief,

Cose tickets worn'd demanded then

For rapputs, fowl, or beef,

An' milk pur chep an' plentiful—

Th' reight soort, nod packed i' tins!—

An' coy!—we'd plenty on't!—nod thad

As hardly warms yor shins!"

"Tho' we'd no livin'-pictur shows,  
'Phones or electric trams,  
We'd lots ov Actualities—  
Weel mixed wi' hollo' shams.  
Yet we'd no Zepps or aeroplanes  
To kill foak i' ther sleep  
Nor sneakin' deadly submarines  
To sink eawr kin i' th' deep!"

"But then we'd toffy-shops, weel stocked,  
I' welly every street,  
An' chilfer laughed wi' glee as they  
Then gradely hawf-peeth geet.  
While t' piles o' fruit on t' market stalls—  
Choice, tasty, fresh, an' nice,  
Wi' prato's an' pot-posties grand  
Wur cleared at onny price!"

"Hey then war t' times when warkin' foak  
Cud live on t' fat o' t' land!"

Owd foak declare, "Yet neaw ther's nowt  
But want on ayther hand,  
Past days likc t' Present into fits!"

At th' finsh up they've growled,  
For neaw we korn'd ged wod we need—

"Cose everything's controled!"

To them 'at's hed experiences  
I' th' rough world's ups an' deawns,  
'At's struggled hard up life's long broo,  
Wi' changeful smiles an' freawns.  
Th' big contrast 'twen wod used to be  
An' War-time's owt but sweet,  
So who can blame 'em if ther thows  
Fly back to "Toffy neet"?

They've sin heaw fashions change like t' wind  
I' manners, speech, an' dress,  
An' watched heaw t' weeds ov up-start pride's  
Kilt th' roose ov happiness.

Some changes hev bin swift; some slow;

Still, Time's wiped off id slate

A deal o' customs—thowt weel on;

Sitch is t' decree o' Fate.

Nowt's left 'em neaw but th' memory  
O' pleasures long o'erpast;

Joys they shared i' ther younger days  
Bi trouble's bin o'ercast.

Still, monny the times they see, i' dreams,

Th' owd mates they used to meet,

An' smile at th' marlocks as they played

When they'd a "Toffy neet."

Tho' sugar's scarce, an' toffy pons  
No longer holl o' t' fire,  
As merry parties—fond o' gam—  
Hev't to ther heart's desire.

The' times hev changed, an' friends are laid

At rest i' Death's cowl sleep.

For their dear sakes, fond memories

O' "Toffy neet" aw'st keep.

Dull as November foggs—

To gloom mi mind, aw'st think o' them,

An' send mi cares to th' dogs!

For th' echoes o' ther merriment,

I' fancy, seawnd as sweet.

An' clear as when they did i' th' past

O' monny a "Toffy neet"!

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

[ORIGINAL.]

### TO AN OWD SWEETHEART.

Hey, lass ! aw dornd know wheer tha lives ;  
Blest iv aw know thi name !  
Tho' thad's forgotten, memory gives  
Nice thowts' o' thee, o' same.  
Aw know aw thowt weel on thee, once,  
Un tha thowt t' same o' me ;  
For tho' we met, as 'twur, bi chonce,  
Aw yet remember thee.  
Time's played quare marlocks sin aw heared  
Them words tha spooak un sung,  
As suited me at th' time, un cheered  
Mi heart, when we wur young.  
Tha waited mony a time for me  
Wi' breethess i' thi een,  
Un aw wur gradely fond o' thee,  
Bud then, we booath wur green.  
Tha never stopt long fro' mi side,  
I' weather mild or cowd ;  
No dreams o' wealth, or fame, or pride  
Wur eawrs, i' th' days ov owd.  
Tha used to let me hev mi pick  
O' th' pears fro' Uncle Rawf ;  
Un when aw bowt a toffy stick,  
Aw allus gie thee hawi.  
Tha allus wur med welcome, lass,  
Among o' th' kin o' mine ;  
Un aw wur th' same, whene'er aw'd pass  
Inside yor heawse, wi thine.  
We'd ceawr un tell o' soocarts o' tales,  
While th' owd sun temd id leet ;  
Un sit aside o' th' garden rails  
Till th' moon coom eawt ut neet.  
We've linked eawr arms, lass, mony a time,  
Nooan else wur fair as thee ;  
Wod speech, mooar sweet than t' church-bell chime  
Tha used to say to me.  
Tha looked just like—aw dornd know wod,—  
As rooagish glints tha threw ;  
Un o' thi cheeks, health breeter glowed  
Than onny rooase as grew.  
Ther's nobry knows wod happy heawrs  
Us two together spent ;  
Wod feeasts we hed, 'mong t' Summer fleawrs,  
When into th' fields we went.  
Heaw sweet them blackberries used to taste,  
When chewed wi' corrin cake.  
Bud mony a time, heaw ugly-faced  
We wur thro' t' bally-ache !  
Fooak co'd us "cooarters" i' them days,  
Un mony a joak wur sed  
O'er thee un me, bi chatterin' jays,  
Axin' when we'd be wed.  
Thro' thad tawk aw geet rayther strict,  
Mi temper rooase, pell-mell ;  
Hey, lass, for thee aw've fownt, un lickt  
Lads bigger than misel'.  
We'd fo'in' eawt do's oft enuff,  
We booath ut times wur nowt ;  
Dear, dear, wod thowts o' smooth un ruff,  
Memory fro' th' past hes browt.  
It's quare as Fancy should contrive  
I' th' brain sitch thowts to mix ;  
When last aw knew thee—that'd turned five,  
Un aw wur welly six.

JACK O' ANN'S.

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

[ORIGINAL.]

### TO TH' OWD YEAR.

Owd Year, tha's o but finished,  
Thi number's up-to-neet,  
An' theawsands ull feel happy  
As tha sneaks eawt o' seat.  
Becose tha's bin a tifter,  
For o'er t' land, far an' wide,  
Tha's caused dismay an' trouble  
I' teawn an' countryside.  
Twelve month sin, when tha landed  
I' th' sollum midneet gloom,  
A gret cheer rooase to greet thee,  
As modestly tha coom.  
Then voices gleeful mingled,  
To th' peal o' merry chimes,  
For mortals thowt thee th' herald  
O' breat an' better times.  
Creawds gaily joooked an' froliced,  
Wi' een aglint wi' fun,  
Cose trustfully tha fancied  
When the new rule begun,  
Tha'd bring a sheawer o' blessin's.  
An' comforts i' thi train,  
To leeten th' poor's grim burdens,  
An' lessen grief an' pain.  
Alas ! they o' expected  
A lot mooor than tha browt,  
Ther keen anticipations  
Tha soon put deawm as nowt.  
They thowt tha'd use 'em kindly,  
But they wur ill desaved,  
Then murmurrs wur heared reg'lar  
Thro' t' way tha misbehaved.  
Aw'm tellin' blunt an' plainly  
Wod theawsands think o' thee,  
For tha's left deep impressions  
I' monny a memory ;  
Cose wod wur longed an' hoped for  
Bi o ranks, rich an' poor,  
Missed comin', while thi anties  
Med wartchin' hearts feel soar.  
O th' glorious visions faded  
An' vanished fro' eawr seat  
Becose astid o' harmony  
We discords racket geet.  
Among thi earliest anties,  
Disturbin' th' peace o' life,  
We'd th' hubbub ov a 'lectio  
An' th' din o' party strife.  
While sides for victory struggled,  
Ther gret aim th' nation's good,  
Twur ne'er thowt tha'd repeat id,  
But hey, bigum, tha dud !  
An' tho' t' results pleased plenty,  
Ther's foook who sigh an' fret,  
Cose t' feight wi' t' Peers an' People,  
Upsets em sadly yet.  
Fooak say 'at's watched thee keenly  
Tha's shown 'em little thowt,  
But astin' wild an' keerless,  
Tha's plunged an' keered for nowt;  
That's why tha't coed "a failure"—  
A wrong un i' thi ways,  
At's kept th' big pon o' trouble  
On t' bubble o' thi days.  
Trade struggles an' depression  
Tha's nourished i' thi heart,  
An' dealt harsh blows at Labour  
'At's med sad tear drops start,  
Beside, astid o' mekkin'  
Life sweet an' mooar sublime,  
Tha filled eawr papers reg'lar  
Wi' t' chronicles o' crime.  
Tha's gi'en few consolations,  
But ill tha's scattered reawnd,  
O'er th' wide expanse o' th' ocean,  
An' t' broad earth's solid greawnd,  
Discovery an' invention  
Twur past thi peawer to check,  
But wheer that end strike vicious,  
Tha showed us monny a wreck.  
Th' beigh hopes we built tha shattered,  
Eawr trust i' thee wur vain,  
An' soon we wur disgusted  
Wi' spells o' teemin' rain.  
Tha shaped then to act different,  
An' wi' a bit o' sun,  
Tha ticed us eawt, then drenched us—  
To us 'twur owt but fun.

Twur t' same, at wark or playtime,  
Tha kept foook i' distress,  
Thro' t' marlocks tha kept playin',  
To show thi nowtness.  
Then foook seet to a grumblin',  
An' plenty wi' a sneer,  
Remarked, "This is a pleasant,  
A broet an' prosperous year!"

Tha flung a mighty sorrow  
O'er t' realm we're preawd to own,  
When Briton's glanced dejected  
At Edward's vacant throne,  
Death's struck eawr King so sudden,  
When th' eawtlook seemed serene,  
Eawr heartwrung tears wur blended  
Wi' them o' t' widowed Queen.  
Moar troubles i' succession,  
Tha browt, o' every grade,  
As dark cleawds gathered thicker  
O'er part-stagnated trade,  
Thin cheeks an' empty cuborts  
Towt them whose meons wur scant,  
As t' blessin's (?) tha'd gi'en to em  
Wur—poverty an' want.

To-neet thi misrule's ended,  
An' lots o' foook ull say,  
"Good shittance to a wastrel,"  
As sad the slinks away.  
Tenth son o' t' Twentieth Century,  
Tha goas i' th' Past's wide door,  
Wi' few to praise thi actions—  
Tha cud ha' gone afocar !  
If thid ha' need us gradely  
We mut ha' sighed "Farewell,"  
But as id is tha's left us  
A different tale to tell.  
For Memory keeps t' records  
O' th' havoc as tha's med,  
An' ugly recollections  
Leave heavy eyelids red.

Observers may remind us,  
Neaw thy turn's come to flit,  
Tha has med things look breeter  
For t' future—just a bit.  
Still, when some hear tha'd statement  
They'll chuckle—happen sweear—  
"Twur bod done for repentance  
Cose th' end wur comin' near!"  
So ged thee gone!—be handy !  
Tha's plagued us long enough,  
We want some kindly usage,  
We've hed too mitch o' t' rough.  
For earthquakes, storms, an' cometis  
Hey shattered o eawr nerves,  
An' if we're fain tha' gooin',  
It's but wod tha deserves.  
Hed wod tha'r towd—go quately !  
Sad een are weet wi' tears,  
As t' moan o' cryin' childer  
An' widows reysh eawr ears.  
For Death an' thee i' compact  
Gi'en monny a savage hit,  
But seldom caused such sorrow  
As i' th' "Pretoria" pit.  
Slink off, wi' t' cleawds abeawt thee  
To hid thi ugly face,  
For joyfully we'st welcome  
A New Year i' thi place:  
Wi' carols, chimes, an' cheerin'  
We'st greet id, gay an' free,  
An' pray to Providence id ne'er  
May use us owt like thee.

"JACK O' ANN'S."

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

### TOFFY NEET.

Whenever dull November comes  
To plague us i' th' owd way,  
Bi blottin' hill an' valley eawt  
Wi' thick mist damp an' grey.  
When dayleat's spoilt an' lamps are lit,  
"Cose foak o'er t' street kernd see,  
It's then as moast o' th' younger end  
Are lively as can be.  
  
Afoar then, varra oft ther brisk,  
Inquirin' here an' ther  
O'er summat as'll mek a flare  
I' th' big event o' th' year.  
An' if it's owt as they con skift,  
Ther willin' i' ther ways.  
An' lorry off wi't, fain to know  
As id'll mek a blaze.  
  
Becos to them November Fifth.  
Is an attractive date,  
Which they look forrad keenly to,  
An' tawk o'er soon an' late,  
"Let's shape, an' hev a bonfire, lads!"  
Some imp among 'em bawks.  
Then reight away they set agate  
To honour owd Guy Fawkes!  
  
They dornd need mitch encouragement,  
For gaily off they pop,  
To cadge for owt 'at's fit to brun,  
At cottage, yard, or shop,  
An' lots o' stuff, fit for nowt else,  
To t' youngsters free is gi'en,  
But sometimes they grab other things—  
Neaw that's a "burnin'" sin!  
  
Owd mattrasses, tubs, boxes, crates,  
Smashed tables, crippled chears,  
Shavin's fro' t' joiners, or tree trunks,  
To them a prize appears.  
An' if they con cadge brass an' o,  
They'll peyl off to buy tar,  
Or fireworks, then id does one good  
To see hear faint they are.  
It's then t' cry's heared, "Lads will be lads,"  
As th' oorder end look on,  
An' smile, as they bethink theirsels  
O'er t' gam' o' days bygone.  
Then monny a merry buzz rold off,  
On t' quate bi grown up chaps,  
Shows they wond saints when they keered nowt  
For bits o' rough mishaps.  
  
Tho' things this year are extra quate,  
Thro' t' prowlin' craft o' th' sky,  
Which t' Germans send to freten foak,  
Ther'll be big flares on t' sly.  
An' squibs ull fizz as pinwheels spin,  
An' flip-flaps jump an' crack,  
"Cose lads keer nooan for t' law, nod they,  
When t' Bobby turns his back!  
  
That's proof as ther o' th' sturdy breed,  
Who bowdly do an' dare,  
An' keep ther good owd custom up,  
I' spite o' wed's i' th' air.  
"Zeppelins" an' "Taubes" may go to pot,  
Wi' every German flyer,  
An' t' lads ull laugh, if they con hev  
A bit ov a bonfire.

Few things suit lads like th' fiery glow  
Which fairly reddens th' neet,  
Tho' this time lots ull hev to ged  
Th' big job o'er i' dayleet.  
Thad meons ther wernd be hawf o' t' spocart,  
An' i' disgust they'll cry—  
"What's t' use o' bonfires if we kornd  
Watch rockets brast i' th' sky?"  
  
If t' question's put to yo, say nowt,  
But warn 'em weel, that's o;  
An' tell 'em it's to guard agaeon  
A nasty German blow.  
Then let 'em know when victory  
Sweeps th' fiends o' th' air away,  
They con hev bonfires onnywhere,  
Then hear 'em sheawt "Hooray!"  
  
Or if th' owd custom yo'll revive  
An' hev a toffy neet.  
Like them foak hed i' other days.  
Dull faces ull go breet,  
For owt which helps to sweeten life  
An' raise a bit o' spocart,  
Is better far than moytherin' o'er  
Things ov another soort.  
  
"Once on a time," when gramaphones  
An' pictur shows wond known,  
Foak fond o' fun an' harmony  
Seet to, an' med ther own.  
Tin whistle, cordian, fife, or flute,  
Wur good for song or dance,  
An' they wur med good use on, when  
Foak geet a gradely chance.  
  
Pianos then, t' workers' hoams  
Wur scarce as five-peawnd noocates.  
But ther wur fast rate singers then,  
Some blest wi' dryish throats!—  
Yet th' way as foak enjoyed theirselves  
When they together geet.  
Med lots remember wi' a smile,  
Th' rare joys o' Toffy Neet.  
  
O' somehow, foak's gone different like,  
A doot, tort wod they wor.  
For th' charm ov hoosamliness is missed  
Whenthers ther a stor.  
Distrust's ta'en th' place ov heartiness,  
An' coud reserve's weel shown.  
When thers big parties neawadays  
An' gradeley gam's unknown.  
  
Still, chaps wi' toppins thin an' grey,  
Tell o'er wod used to be  
T' th' lively days when they wur lads,  
To please a company,  
An' wimmin, who wecar t' signs ov age,  
Howd memories fond an' breet.  
O'er t' pleasures they shared weel i' th' past,  
When they'd a "Toffy Neet."  
  
So, if yor dowsome like, or need  
A change to do ye good,  
To add to yor hoosam happiness,  
An' put goodwill i' th' blood,  
Just try for once, at yor firesides  
To hev a toffy stor.  
Then merriment ull mek dull care  
Slink fro' yo, as nowt wor.

"JACK O' ANN'S."

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

[ORIGINAL.]

### VALENTININ' WI' A VENGEANCE.

Ther wor some gam  
When Darrun Sam  
Tricked little Jackcroft Joe.  
Hey i' heaw foak laft,  
An' co'd him daft,  
An' names far woss an' o.  
But Joe keered nowt  
So wod they thowt  
Or sed, but leet'em tawk.  
At onyrate,  
His tongue kept quate,  
No matter heaw they'd croak.  
He liked good spocart  
Ov ony soort.  
I' weather wet or fine,  
An' he word th' lad  
To gooa stark mad  
Abeaut a valentine.  
Aw'll tell yo' heaw  
Id happened neaw,  
Then yo'll be wise as me.  
Joe met a lass  
He liked fast class,  
One Kesmus at a spree.  
As hoo'd no chap  
Hoo med a snap  
At th' chance, see'er id leet;  
They cooarted strong,  
But nod so long,  
For they'd a row one neet.  
Time passed away—  
Day after day.—  
An' yet ther wor no signs  
O' piecin' th' ends,  
An' bein' friends,  
Till th' day o' Valentines.  
Thad mornin', Joe  
Wur th' frost to show  
His face i' th' weyvin' shop.  
He'd just reyched th' door  
When sitch a roar  
Rung eawt, at med him stop.  
He looked to see  
Wod th' noise cud be,—  
Th' owd neetwatch wur stood ther,  
He'd summatt grand  
Too, in his hand,  
As he bawled eawt, "Come here!  
This—conta see t'  
Wur left last neet  
Bi th' poastmon,—i' id thine?"  
Joe glanced, flushed red,  
Then gasped, an' sed  
"Aye, it's my valentine!"  
"It's come heaw stamp,  
Thad forrud scamp,"  
Sed th' watchmon, "wita pay?"  
"Aye, like a mon,"  
Joe sed, "Come on,  
Let's hev id reight away."  
He paid his brass  
For th' sake o' t' lass,  
He're sartin id wur fro'.  
When in coom Sam,  
Mi d as a lamb,  
Whoa stared, an' sed "Hello!"  
Wod hesta neaw?"  
"Well, its nowt few.—  
Its come for me—it's mine!"  
Joe sed, on t' grin,  
"Tha mornd look in,  
Cause its a valentine!"

JACK O' ANN'S.

"That's wod tha likes,"  
Sam laft, "id strikes  
Me as th'll be surprised;  
Ther's mony a box  
'At love unlocks,  
But thad seems undersized!"  
"Its reight for me,"  
Joe sed, wi' glee,  
"Its little, but it's good!  
Lets ged to t' leet,  
Aw want to seet,"  
Then fidgetin' he stood,  
"Nay, nay, aw'll rue  
An' buckle to  
Mi wark, and then cut th' twine,  
Then tha wern'd see  
What's meant for me  
Inside this valentine!"

Joe geet agate,  
But cuddn'd wait  
Till breakfast-time coom on;  
Sam watched him cut  
Thad strong, an' put  
His cen to t' like a don.  
Then o' wur o'er!  
He glared an' swoar  
A bit to esse hissel;  
But towd foak nowt  
Becos he thowt  
Thad saycret he'd ne'er tell.  
But id coom eawt,  
And wod a sheawt  
O' laffter went deawn t' line,  
"Black puddin' Joe!"  
He geet off,  
"Black puddin' Valentine!"

Ay, thad wu true.  
An' Sam weel knew  
Whoa'd sent id him beside.  
Twelvemonds went past,  
An' Sam at last  
Wur humbled in his pride.  
Joe geet to know  
Wheer t' "suck" coom fro',  
Then skeomed, an' coom eawt streyt,  
A box bi rail  
Med Sam go pale.  
He paid, an' signed fort' reight.  
"Twur full o' trash;  
He med a smash,  
Then fun a nooate,  
To put sawt in,  
For thy thick skin  
Black Puddin'—valentine!"

## RHYMES IN THE DIALECT.

[ORIGINAL.]

### WAGGLECHIN ROW.

"Confeawnd id, ther's nowt at o storrin'!"  
Is wod we hear reglar away,  
Fro' chaps 'ats bin huntin' t' newspapers,  
To find summat startlin' or gay.  
That's 'cose they've fun nowt eawt o' common  
I' th' collums to breeten ther een;  
Yet aw allus think thad expression  
O' feelin' meks' fooak think ther green.  
  
Nowt storrin'? Thad sets one a thinkin',  
Till t' nerves seem to dither an' twitch,  
Becose if one heeds hawf 'at's printed,  
They'll find as t' world's storrin' too mitch.  
Ther's earthquakes, floods, motor-car smashes,  
Collisions, explosions, an' strikes,  
Wi' neaw an' then rough revolutions  
O' th' soort which a paper-lad likes.  
  
Nowt storrin'? They've surely strange fancies  
If t' records o' frolic an' crime  
'At's i' th' daily prints, every mornin',  
Arend worthy to claim ther spare time.  
For good deeds an' bad are recorded,  
Which meks us feel suited or vexed.  
At happenin's which fill us wi' wonder—  
Good gracious! wod will they say next?  
  
I' th' Law coocarts ther's o' socarts o' cases,  
Which ged full repoocarts, fine an' coarse;  
Wi' breaches o' promise, elopements,  
An' scandalous bits o'er diooovate:  
If nooan' o' them, cricket, or th' "Budget,"  
Con' interest grumbler at o.  
They'd best go an' hear th' latest topics  
Fro' th' gossips i' Wagglechin Row.  
  
Thad lot hev ther tongues allus busy—  
On t' buzz like a 'lectric machine,  
An' some o' ther yarns, recled off easy,  
Wod mek some tale-tellers turn green.  
Ther fond ov owt startlin' or spicy,  
An' tek care to mek id weel known,  
Becose they mind other fooka's bizness  
Far better, a lot, than ther own!  
  
They glory in owt as is nasty.  
An' crack monny a free-spokken joak,  
Which meks a flush fly up to th' faces  
O' cleyn-minded, sensitive fooak.  
But bless yo', they never change colour.  
Ther thad used to tales o' t' ripe coocart;  
An' if somebry murmurs, "Thad's shockin'!"  
They giggle, an' think id rare spoocart.  
  
Ther isn'd a weddin' or kessenin',  
Or buryin' party gooaas by  
But wod they've a confab abeawt 'em,  
An' somebry's too forrud or sly.  
Owt nooatized or heared abeawt coocarters  
Adds peawer to ther gab an' ther wits,  
For when ther agate i' full feather,  
They con rive a subject to bits.  
  
Ther nod strict at o wod they tackle,  
So long as ther tongues are on t' swing,  
For, bless yo', ther allus i' fettle,  
At Midsummer, Winter, or Spring.  
Beside, moocast o' th' lot are good-tempered.  
An' hey, they enjoy a good laugh,  
Especially if ther o' together,  
An' they've somebry gradeley to chaff.  
  
When ther on for gam, th' victim suffers,  
An' wants to be geddin' away,  
Especially if he's soft an' simple,  
An' they've o' ther wits i' full play;  
Becose they know weel heaw to wheedle  
O' th' knowledge they want fro' a mon.  
An' then mek him thankful to scutter  
Away fro' 'em, fast as he con!  
  
Among them they like to keep plaguin'.  
Ther's Bowlegged Bob's owdest lad, Joe.  
He's soft as a gret o'erbooled turmut,  
An' lives just off t' corner o' t' Row.  
His age ull be tort two an' twenty,  
His looks arend to co varra bad,  
An' th' gossips, who skit o' his failin's,  
Declare he's his fayther's pet lad.  
  
News flashes thro' t' Row when he's comin',  
An' t' winmin' let heawwork a be.  
Then gaily fro' th' doorstep salute him,  
But Joe's ne'er offended, nod he.  
Ther tawh meks him act rayther sheepish.  
An' doesn'd his cheeks flush up red  
When th' owd question's axed, o' o' sudden—  
"Joe, when arta beawn to be wed?"

Owd Betty bi th' speawt plagues him reglar,  
An' tells him o'er t' chances he's missed;  
Hoo soon hes t' poor foo agate bitin'  
His 'tash end, an' clenchin' his fist.  
Then, changin' hor tune, hoo tawks gently,  
As Joe stares so simple an' green,  
Wi' ways which suit t'others at's watchin',  
Wi' mischievous glints i' ther een.  
  
Poor Joe, he's bin gradeley unlucky,  
Thad fact con bi nooan' be denied,  
He's hed five or six likely sweethearts,  
But nooan' wod stop long at his side.  
Wod caused 'em to leave him's a mystery,  
So Joe ses, an' he owt to know;  
But he's nod as cute as t' glib gossips  
Who chaff him i' Wagglechin Row.  
  
Neil Penky, 'at's buried two husbands,  
Sometimes ses to Joe, "Dear o' me!  
O' somehow aw think ov a weddin'  
Whenever aw clap een o' thee!  
Tha mut co an' tawk to me kindly,  
Or say when thart tekkin' me eawt."  
At thad Joe looks at her an' mumbles,  
"Wey, wod are yo' tawkin' abeawt?"  
They've Joe on a string, hes them wimmin',  
They welly plague t' life eawt o' t' lad,  
Who think he's a bit ov a hero,  
Tho' troubled wi' nervousness bad.  
He tells heaw he saved Billy Boozer,  
Who rolled in a pit while asleep.  
Then he plunged i' t' watter an' saved him—  
Thad pit wornd aboon a foot deep!  
  
He'd swagger o'er other brave actions,  
If t' gorrips wod let him alooan.  
They wernd, but keep chelpin', "Ther's plenty  
O' lasses; heaw is id tha's nooan'?"  
"Aw kord mek id eawt," is t' sad anser,  
He's hawf-sighed i' th' Row, middlin' oft;  
But th' lasses theirsels hev blabb'd t' saycret—  
Th' big reason is this—he's too soft!  
  
Th' last sweetheart he hed wur Sal Slimmins,  
Who lives just off th' end o' Sneed Fowd;  
Joe towd her o'er th' dangers he'd gone thro',  
An' med her believe he wur bowd.  
They rambled fro' t' loyne thru' a pastur,  
When suddenly Joe give a yell,  
Becose a cawwe tort 'em coom runnin',  
An' left her to face id herself!  
  
Hoo coed Joe for o' socarts o' boobies,  
His breast wi' emotion wur full.  
Then sobbin', he tearfully blubbered,  
"Aw run' cose aw thowt 'twur a bull!"  
When Sally heared thad explanation,  
Id med her feel madder bi th' hawve,  
An' scornful, hoo sed, "Ged hooam wi' thee,  
Aw've hed quite enough wi' one cawwe!"  
  
Them lasses he'd gone wi' afear time,  
Tell tales abeawt Joe 'at's nod nice.  
One sed, heaw, wi' lots o' persuadin',  
Hoo went to slor wi' him on th' ice.  
Fro' t' pit side they glided i' th' middle,  
When th' ice give a bit ov a crack,  
Then Joe, changin' colour, forgot her,  
An', gaspin' wi' fear, darted back.  
  
He towd her he'd done't for her safety—  
Twod bear one, but wodn'd howd two!  
But hoo towd him off middlin' handy,  
An' coed him a blitherin' foo!  
So t' next time yo' say ther's nowt storrin',  
Just hear t' yarns 'at's spun bi bowd Joe,  
Then tek him to wheer tongues are lively,  
Mong t' gossips o' Wagglechin Row.

JACK O' ANN'S.