

Excerpt from "Welcoming the Prince of Wales" from "Ab-o' th'-Yate Sketches"

"Th' fowt begun a-stirrin'. Th' childer i' white -- bless the'r little souls! -- flyin' abeaut like little angels. An' owd men i' black cooats ut they'd worn eaut o' recollection an' some aw dar'say, wur the'r feythurs afore 'em, wur tryin' to put th' childer i' a double row for t' receive th' Prince, but it were moor nur they could manage for a while, becose th' childer mit ha' had wick-silver i' the'r shoon.

At last they geet 'em summat like streight, an' as they o stood up, every little lass had a posey i' her hont, an it wur enoogh to mak' a lad wish he're a wench, for a grander seet couldno' be pictur't.

Ther mony a mother lookin' eaut at th' chamber window, tryin' to hide summat ut trembled in her e'en, as hoo looked at a bit o' white deawn below.

Ther one o' eaur Ab's childer amung th' lot; an' th' owd gron-rib thowt th' wench's mother mit ha' put a bit moor blue in her starch, for th' frock wur th' colour of a primrose. Mother-in-law agen! aw thowt. Dowter never con pleeas."