

A Lankisher Lament.

PLAY MEDIA

**Eawr Lankisher di'lects finest heawrs han surely bin un gone
Fert authors of eawr classic warks han sadly aw passed on.
Oh aye, 'tis true, we'n bred a few, ut's med uz hark un swoon,
But we'n un endless wait, fer a truly great, toh try toh fill thir shoon.**

**When Edwin Waugh went toh 'is grave soh too did Besom Ben,
Un't tales fro't Chimbley Corner fell 'as silent as 'is pen,
'E wer kessent 'T' Prince o'th di'lect', fro' t' Pennines o'er toh t' Lune,
Wi' mich aplomb, 'e's toddledt whoam, un wi' winnot fill 'is shoon.**

**Ammon Wrigley, t' poet o'th parishes, tramped aw reawnd 'is native earth,
'E seldom trod a mooerlond clod, ut wern't i' Saddleworth,
'E wrote o'th fields un t' medders, o' brids un blossoms i June,
O' mooerlond foak, un th'owd doomed oak, Who could ivver fill 'is shoon?**

**Tho babbies ur born aw ov a thrut, thirs naught wun Bonny Brid,
Sam Laycock wer immortalised fer yon gre't wark 'e did,
Wist larn noh mooer o' Bowtons Yard, ur Owd Fogey t' gawmlin buffoon,
'Is warks ur done, like Th Ode toh'th Sun, un wi shannot fill 'is shoon.**

**When t' Failswo'th Bard cocked op 'is toes, twer th' eend fer Ab o'th Yate,
Un aw t' Marlockin's fro' Merriton, un t' Boggarts op o'th Gate,
Ben brierleys voice is silent neaw, we'n just 'is sungs toh croon,
Wiv geet 'is books i'th ingle nooks, but wi connut fill 'is shoon.**

**Wi'st nivver see another Cronshaw, Tim Bobbin ur Sam Hill,
Wi'st yer neawt new o' Henpeckt Sam, fro' H.Bs gifted quill,
Un Sam Fittons fun un layfter, wer ended aw toh soon,
'Is Guide toh Shay, remains tohday, but soh do 'is empty shoon.**

**Thirs bin monny di'lect writers, far toh numerous toh name,
Uts done thir wark, un left thir mark, un browt eawr Ceawnty fame,
Neaw, they'n jeignedt Celestial Chorus, wheer thi mek aw th' angels swoon,
Thir Lankisher Neets ur Heavenly treats, un wi munnot hope toh fill thir shoon.**