

***JOHN
HARTLEY***



***YORKSHIRE
LYRICS***

John Hartley

Yorkshire Lyrics

Poems written in the Dialect as Spoken in the West Riding of Yorkshire. To which are added a Selection of Fugitive Verses not in the Dialect

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Contact: DigiCat@okpublishing.info



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An then see what lessons are laid out anent us,
As pick after pick follows time after time,
An warns us tho' silent, to let nowt prevent us
From strivin by little endeavours to climb;
Th' world's made o' trifles, its dust forms a mountain,
Then nivver despair as yor trudgin along,
If troubles will come an yor spirits dishearten,
Yo'll find ther's relief i' that steady owd song;
Nick a ting,nock a ting;
Wages keep pocketin;
Workin for little is better nor laikin;
Twist an twine, reel an wind;
Keep a contented mind;
Troubles are oft ov a body's own makin.

Life's warp comes throo Heaven, th' weft's faand bi us sen,
To finish a piece we're compell'd to ha booath;
Th' warp's reight, but if th' weft should be faulty, how then?
Noa waiver ith' world can produce a gooid clooath.
Then let us endeavour by workin an strivin,
To finish awr piece so's noa fault can be fun,
An then i' return for awr pains an contrivin,
Th' takker in 'll reward us and whisper "well done."
Clink a clank, clink a clank,
Workin withaat a thank,
May be awr fortun, if soa nivver mind it,
Strivin to do awr best,
We shall be reight at last,
If we lack comfort now, then shall we find it.

Jimmy's Choice.

One limpin Jimmy wed a lass;
An this wor th' way it coom to pass—
He'd saved a little bit o' brass,
An soa he thowt he'd ventur
To tak unto hissen a wife,
To ease his mind ov all its strife,
An be his comfort all throo life—
An, pray, what should prevent her?

"Awve brass enuff," he sed, "for two,
An noa wark at awm foorced to do,
But all th' day long can bill an coo,
Just like a little pigeon.
Aw nivver have a druffen rant;
Aw nivver praich teetotal cant;
Aw nivver boost at awm a saint,
I' matters o' religion.

"Then with a gradely chap like me,
A lass can live mooast happily;
An awl let all awr neighbors see
We'll live withaat a wrangle;
For if two fowk just have a mind
To be to one another kind,
They each may be as easy twined
As th' hannel ov a mangle.

"For love's moor paar nor oaths an blows,
An kind words, ivverybody knows,
Saves monny a hundred thaasand rows;
An soa we'll start wi kindness;
For if a chap thinks he can win
Love or respect wi oaths an din,
He'll surely find he's been let in,
An sarved reight for his blindness."

Soa Jimmy went to tell his tale
To a young lass called Sally Swale,
An just for fear his heart should fail,
He gate a drop o' whiskey.
Net mich, but just enuff, yo see,
To put a spark into his e'e,
An mak his tongue a trifle free,
An mak him strong an frisky.

Young Sally, shoo wor varry shy,
An when he'd done shoo breathed a sigh,
An then began to sob an cry
As if her heart wor brokken.
"Nay, Sally lass—pray what's amiss?"
He sed, an gave a lovin kiss,
"If awd expected owt like this,
Awm sewer awd ne'er ha spokken."

At last shoo dried her bonny een,
An felt as praad as if a queen;
An nivver king has ivver been
One hawf as praad as Jimmy.
An soa they made all matters sweet,
An one day quietly stroll'd up th' street,
Till th' owd church door coom into seet—
Says Jim, "Come, lass, goa wi me."

Then wed they wor an off they went
To start ther life ov sweet content;
An Sally ax'd him whear he meant
Ther honey-mooiin to spend at?
Says Jim, "We're best at hooam, aw think,
We've lots o' stuff to ait an drink."
But Sally gave a knowin wink,
An sed, "Nay, awl net stand that."

"Tha needn't think aw meean to be
Shut up like in a nunnery;
Awm fond o' life, an love a spree,
As weel as onny other."
"Tha cannot goa," sed Jim, "that's flat."
"But goa aw shall, awl tell thee that!
What wod ta have a woman at?
Shame on thee for sich bother!"

Jim scrat his heead, "Nah lass," sed he,
"One on us mun a maister be,
Or else we'st allus disagree,
An nivver live contented."
Sed Sal, "Awd ne'er a maister yet,
An if tha thowt a slave to get,
Tha'll find thisen mista'en, awl bet;
Awm sewer aw nivver meant it."

Jim tried his best to change her mind,
But mud as weel ha saved his wind;
An soa to prove he worn't unkind,
He gave in just to pleeas her.
He's allus follow'd th' plan sin then,
To help her just to pleeas hersen;
An nah, he says, "They're foolish men
At wed a wife to teetas her."

Old Moorcock.

Awm havin a smook bi misel,
Net a soul here to spaik a word to,
Awve noa gossip to hear nor to tell,
An ther's nowt aw feel anxious to do.

Awve noa noashun o' writin a line,
Tho' awve just dipt mi pen into th' ink,
Towards warkin aw dooant mich incline,
An awm ommost too lazy to think.

Awve noa riches to mak me feel vain,
An yet awve as mich as aw need;
Awve noa sickness to cause me a pain,
An noa troubles to mak mi heart bleed.

Awr Dolly's crept off to her bed,
An aw hear shoo's beginnin to snoor;
(That upset me when furst we wor wed,
But nah it disturbs me noa moor.)

Like me, shoo taks things as they come,
Makkin th' best o' what falls to her lot,
Shoo's content wi her own humble hooam,
For her world's i' this snug little cot.

We know at we're booath growin old,
But Time's traces we hardly can see;
An tho' fifty years o'er us have roll'd,
Shoo's still th' same young Dolly to me.

Her face may be wrinkled an grey,
An her een may be losin ther shine,
But her heart's just as leetsome to-day
As it wor when aw furst made her mine.

Awve mi hobbies to keep me i' toit,
Awve noa whistle nor bell to obey,
Awve mi wark when aw like to goa to it,
An mi time's all mi own, neet an day.

An tho' some pass me by wi a sneer,
An some pity mi lowly estate,

Aw think awve a deecal less to fear
Nor them at's soa wealthy an great.

When th' sky stretches aght blue an breet,
An th' heather's i' blossom all round,
Makkin th' mornin's cool breezes smell sweet,
As they rustle along ovver th' graand.

When aw listen to th' lark as he sings
Far aboon, ommost lost to mi view,
Aw lang for a pair ov his wings,
To fly wi him, an sing like him, too.

When aw sit under th' shade of a tree,
Wi mi book, or mi pipe, or mi pen,
Aw think them at's soary for me
Had far better pity thersen.

When wintry storms howl ovver th' moor,
An snow covers all, far an wide,
Aw carefully festen mi door,
An creep cloise up to th' fire inside.

A basin o' porridge may be,
To some a despisable dish,
But it allus comes welcome to me,
If awve nobbut as mich as aw wish.

Mi cloas are old-fashioned, they say,
An aw havn't a daat but it's true;
Yet they answer ther purpose to-day
Just as weel as if th' fashion wor new.

Let them at think joys nobbut dwell
Whear riches are piled up i' stoor,
Try to get a gooid share for thersel'
But leave me mi snug cot up o'th' moor.

Mi bacca's all done, soa aw'll creep
Off to bed, just as quite as a maase,
For if Dolly's disturbed ov her sleep,
Ther'll be a fine racket i'th' haase.

Aw mun keep th' band i'th' nick if aw can,
For if shoo gets her temper once crost,
All comforts an joys aw may plan
Is just soa mich labour at's lost.

Th' Short-Timer.

Some poets sing o' gipsy queens,
An some o' ladies fine;
Aw'll sing a song o' other scenes—
A humbler muse is mine.
Jewels, an' gold, an silken frills,
Are things too heigh for me;
But wol mi harp wi vigour thrills,
Aw'll strike a chord for thee.

Poor lassie wan,
Do th' best tha can,
Although thi fate be hard.
A time ther'll be
When sich as thee
Shall have yor full reward.

At hauf-past five tha leaves thi bed,
An off tha goes to wark;
An gropes thi way to mill or shed,
Six months o'th' year i'th' dark.
Tha gets but little for thi pains,
But that's noa fault o' thine;

Thi maister reckons up *his* gains,
An ligs i bed till nine.

Poor lassie wan, &c.

He's little childer ov his own
'At's quite as old as thee;
They ride i' cushioned carriages
'At's beautiful to see;
They'd fear to spoil ther little hand,
To touch thy greasy brat:
It's wark like thine at makes em grand—
They nivver think o' that.

Poor lassie wan, &c.

I' summer time they romp an' play
Where flowers grow wild and sweet;
Ther bodies strong, ther spirits gay,
They thrive throo morn to neet.
But tha's a cough, aw hear tha has,
An oft aw've known thee sick;
But tha mun work, poor little lass,
Foa hauf-a-craan a wick.

Poor lassie wan, &c.

Aw envy net fowks' better lot—
Aw shouldn't like to swap.
Aw'm quite contented wi mi cot;
Aw'm but a workin chap.
But if aw had a lot o' brass
Aw'd think o' them at's poor;
Aw'd have yo' childer workin less,
An mak yor wages moor.

Poor lassie wan, &c.

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."
Noa fact'ry bell shall greet thi ear,
I' that sweet home ov love;
An' those at scorn thi sufferins here
May envy thee above.

Poor lassie wan, &c.

Sol an' Doll.

Awm a young Yorksher lad as jolly an gay,
As a lark on a sunshiny mornin,
An Dolly's as fair as the flaars i' May,
An trubbles we meean to be scornin.
If we live wol to-morn aw shall make her mi wife,
An we'll donce to a rollickin measure,
For we booath are agreed to begin wedded life,
As we mean to goa throo it, wi pleasure.

Then we'll donce an be gay,
An we'll laff care away,
An we'll nivver sit broodin o'er sorrow,
An mi Dolly an me,
Ax yo all to a spree;
Come an donce at awr weddin to-morrow.

Awst be bashful awm sewer, aw wor ne'er wed befoor,
An aw feel rayther funny abaat it;
But Dolly aw guess can drag me aght o'th' mess,
An if ther's owt short we'll do baat it.
Mi mother says "Sol, if tha'll leave it to Doll,

Tha'll find shoo can taich thee a wrinkle,
Shoo's expectin some fun befoor it's all done
Aw can tell, for aw saw her e'en twinkle."

Then we'll donce &c.

We've a haase to step in, all as smart as a pin,
An we've beddin an furnitur plenty;
We've a pig an a caah, an aw connot tell ha
Monny paands, but aw think abaat twenty.
We've noa family yet, but ther will be aw'll bet,
For true comfort aw think ther's nowt licks it
An if they dooant come, aw'll just let it aloon,
An aw'll leave it for Dolly to fix it.

Then we'll donce &c.

Their Fred.

"He's a nowt!
If ther's owt
At a child shouldn't do,
He mun try,
Or know why,
Befoor th' day's gotten throo.
An his dad,
Ov his lad
Taks noa nooatice at all,
Aw declare
It's net fair
For Job's patience he'd stall.
Awm his mam—
That aw am,
But awm ommost worn aght,

A gooid lick
Wi a stick,
He just cares nowt abaght.
Thear he goes,
Wi a nooas
Like a chaneller's shop!
Aw may call,
Or may bawl,
But th' young imp willn't stop.
Thear's a cat,
He spies that,
Nah he's having a race!—
That's his way
Ivvery day
If a cat's abaght th' place.
But if aw
Wor near by,
Awd just fotch him a seawse!
Come thee here!
Does ta hear?
Come thi ways into th' haase!
Who's that flat?
What's he at?
If he touches awr Fred,
If aw live
Aw'll goa rive
Ivvery hair off his head!
What's th' lad done?
It's his fun!
Tried to kill yor old cat?
Well suppooas
At he does!
Bless mi life! What bi that?
He's mi own,
Flesh an' booan,
An aw'll net have him lick;

If he's wild,
He's a child,
Pray what can yo expect!
Did um doy!
Little joy!
Let's ha nooan o' them skrikes
Nowty man!
Why he can
Kill a cat if he likes.
Hush a bee, hush a bye,
Little Freddy munnot cry."

Love an' Labor.

Th' swallows are buildin ther nests, Jenny,
Th' springtime has come with its flowers;
Th' fields in ther greenest are drest, Jenny,
An th' songsters mak music ith' bowers.
Daisies an buttercups smile, Jenny,
Laughingly th' brook flows along;—
An awm havin a smook set oth' stile, Jenny,
But this bacca's uncommonly strong.

Aw wonder if thy heart like mine, Jenny,
Finds its love-burden hard to be borne;
Do thi een wi' breet tears ov joy shine, Jenny,
As they glistened an shone yestermorn?
Ther's noa treasure wi' thee can compare, Jenny,
Aw'd net change thi for wealth or estate;—
But aw'll goa nah some braikfast to share, Jenny,
For aw can't live baght summat to ait.

Like a nightingale if aw could sing, Jenny,
Aw'd perch near thy winder at neet,

An mi choicest love ditties aw'd bring, Jenny,
An lull thi to rest soft an sweet.
Or if th' wand ov a fairy wor mine, Jenny,
Aw'd grant thi whate'er tha could wish;—
But theas porridge are salty as brine, Jenny,
An they'll mak me as dry as a fish.

A garland ov lillies aw'd twine, Jenny,
An place on thy curls golden bright,
But aw know 'at they quickly wod pine, Jenny,
I' despair at thy brow's purer white.
Them angels 'at fell bi ther pride, Jenny,
Wi' charms like thine nivver wor dect;—
But yond muck 'at's ith' mistal's to side, Jenny,
Aw mun start on or else aw'st get seckt.

Varry sooin aw shall mak thi mi wife, Jenny,
An awr cot shall a paradise be;
Tha shall nivver know trubble or strife, Jenny,
If aw'm able to keep 'em throo thee.
If ther's happiness this side oth' grave, Jenny,
Tha shall sewerly come in for thi share;—
An aw'll tell thi what else tha shall have, Jenny,
When aw've a two-or-three moor minnits to spare.

Nooan so Bad.

This world is net a paradise,
Tho' raily aw dooant see,
What fowk should growl soa mich abaat;—
Its gooid enuff for me.
It's th' only world aw've ivver known,
An them 'at grummel soa,

An praich abaat a better land,
Seem varry looath to goa.

Ther's some things 'at awm apt to think,
If aw'd been th' engineer,
Aw might ha changed—but its noa use—
Aw cannot interfere.
We're foorced to tak it as it is;
What faults we think we see;
It mayn't be what it owt to be—
But its gooid enuff for me.

Then if we cannot alter things,
Its folly to complain;
To hunt for faults an failins,
Allus gooas agean my grain.
When ther's soa monny pleasant things,
Why should we hunt for pain,
If troubles come, we needn't freeat,
For sunshine follows rain.

If th' world gooas cruckt—what's that to us?
We cannot mak it straight;
But aw've come to this conclusion,
'At its th' fowk 'at isn't reight.
If ivverybody 'ud try to do
Ther best wi' th' means they had,
Aw think 'at they'd agree wi' me—
This world is nooan soa bad.

Th' Honest Hard Worker.

It's hard what poor fowk mun put up wi'!
What insults an snubs they've to tak!

What bowin an scrapin's expected,
If a chap's a black coit on his back.
As if clooas made a chap ony better,
Or riches improved a man's heart;
As if muck in a carriage smell'd sweeter
Nor th' same muck wod smell in a cart.

Give me one, hard workin, an' honest,
Tho' his clooas may be greasy and coorse;
If it's muck 'at's been gotten bi labor,
It doesn't mak th' man onny worse.
Awm sick o' thease simpering dandies,
'At think coss they've gotten some brass,
They've a reight to luk daan at th' hard workers,
An' curl up their nooas as they pass.

It's a poor sooart o' life to be leadin,
To be curlin an partin ther hair;
An seekin one's own fun and pleasure,
Nivver thinkin ha others mun fare.
It's all varry weel to be spendin
Ther time at a hunt or a ball,
But if th' workers war huntin an doncin,
Whativer wod come on us all?

Ther's summat beside fun an frolic
To live for, aw think, if we try;
Th' world owes moor to a honest hard worker
Nor it does to a rich fly-bi-sky.
Tho' wealth aw acknowledge is useful,
An' awve oft felt a want on't misen,
Yet th' world withaat brass could keep movin,
But it wodn't do long withaat men.

One truth they may put i' ther meersham,
An smoke it—that is if they can;

A man may mak hooshuns o' riches,
But riches can ne'er mak a man.
Then give me that honest hard worker,
'At labors throo mornin to neet,
Tho' his rest may be little an seldom,
Yet th' little he gets he finds sweet.

He may rank wi' his wealthier brother,
An rank heigher, aw fancy, nor some;
For a hand 'at's weel hoofed wi' hard labor
Is a passport to th' world 'at's to come.
For we know it's a sin to be idle,
As man's days i' this world are but few;
Then let's all wi' awr lot be contented,
An continue to toil an to tew.

For ther's one thing we all may be sure on,
If we each do awr best wol we're here;
'At when th' time comes for reckonin, we're called on,
We shall have varry little to fear.
An at last, when we throw daan awr tackle,
An are biddin farewell to life's stage,
May we hear a voice whisper at partin,
"Come on, lad! Tha's haddled thi wage."

Peevish Poll.

Aw've heeard ov Mary Mischief,
An aw've read ov Natterin Nan;
An aw've known a Grumlin Judy,
An a cross-grained Sarah Ann;
But wi' all ther faults an failins,
They still seem varry tame,

Compared to one aw'll tell yo on,
But aw dursn't tell her name.

Aw'll simply call her Peevish Poll,
That name suits to a dot;
But if shoo thowt 'twor meant for her,
Yo bet, aw'st get it hot.
Shoo's fat an fair an forty,
An her smile's as sweet as spice,
An her voice is low an tender
When shoo's tryin to act nice.

Shoo's lots ov little winnin ways,
'At fit her like a glove;
An fowk say shoo's allus pleasant—
Just a woman they could love.
But if they nobbut had her,
They'd find aght for a start,
It isn't her wi' th' sweetest smile
At's getten th' kindest heart.

Haivver her poor husband lives
An stands it—that licks doll!
Aw'st ha been hung if aw'd been cursed
Wi' sich a wife as Poll!
Her children three, sneak in an aght
As if they wor hawf deead
They seem expectin, hawf ther time,
A claat o'th' side o'th' heead.

If they goa aght to laik, shoo storms
Abaat her looanly state;
If they stop in, then shoo declares
They're allus in her gate.
If they should start to sing or tawk
Shoo tells 'em, "hold yor din!"

An if they all sit mum, shoo says,
"It raily is a sin
To think ha shoo's to sit an mope,
All th' time at they're away,
An when they're hooam they sit like stoops
Withaat a word to say."

If feelin cold they creep near th' fire,
They'll varry sooin get floored;
Then shoo'll oppen th' door an winder
Declarin shoo's fair smooored.
When its soa swelterin an hot
They can hardly get ther breeath,
Shoo'll pile on coils an shut all cloise,
An sware shoo's starved to deeath.

Whativver's wrang when they're abaat,
Is their fault for bein thear;
An if owt's wrang when they're away,
It's coss they wornt near.
To keep 'em all i' misery,
Is th' only joy shoo knows;
An then shoo blames her husband,
For bein allus makkin rows.

Poor chap he's wearin fast away—
He'll leeav us before long;
A castiron man wod have noa chonce
Wi' sich a woman's tongue.
An then shoo'll freeat and sigh, an try
His virtues to extol;
But th' mourner, mooast sincere will be
That chap 'at next weds Poll.

The Old Bachelor's Story.

It was an humble cottage,
Snug in a rustic lane,
Geraniums and fuschias peep'd
From every window-pane;

The dark-leaved ivy dressed its walls,
Houseleek adorned the thatch;
The door was standing open wide—
They had no need of latch.

And close besides the corner
There stood an old stone well,
Which caught a mimic waterfall,
That warbled as it fell.

The cat, crouched on the well-worn steps,
Was blinking in the sun;
The birds sang out a welcome
To the morning just begun.

An air of peace and happiness
Pervaded all the scene;
The tall trees formed a back ground
Of rich and varied green;

And all was steeped in quietness,
Save nature's music wild,
When all at once, methought I heard
The sobbing of a child.

I listened, and the sound again
Smote clearly on my ear:
"Can there,"—I wondering asked myself—
"Can there be sorrow here?"—

I looked within, and on the floor
Was sat a little boy,

Striving to soothe his sister's grief
By giving her a toy.

"Why weeps your sister thus?" I asked;
"What is her cause of grief?
Come tell me, little man," I said,
"Come tell me, and be brief."

Clasping his sister closer still,
He kissed her tear-stained face,
And thus, in homely Yorkshire phrase,
He told their mournful case.

———

"Mi mammy, sir, shoos liggin thear,
I' th' shut-up bed i'th' nook;
An' tho aw've tried to wakken her,
Shoo'll nawther spaik nor look.

Mi sissy wants her porridge,
An its time shoo had 'em too;
But th' foir's goan aght an th' mail's all done—
Aw dooant know what to do.

An O, my mammy's varry cold—
Just come an touch her arm:
Aw've done mi best to hap her up,
But cannot mak her warm.

Mi daddy he once fell asleep,
An nivver wakken'd moor:
Aw saw 'em put him in a box,
An tak him aght o'th' door.

He nivver comes to see us nah,
As once he used to do,

An let mi ride upon his back—
Me, an mi sissy too.

An if they know mi mammy sleeps,
Soa cold, an white, an still,
Aw'm feear'd they'll come an fotch her, sir;
O, sir, aw'm feear'd they will!

Aw happen could get on misen,
For aw con work a bit,
But little sissy, sir, yo see,
Shoo's varry young as yet.

Oh! dunnot let fowk tak mi mam!
Help me to rouse her up!
An if shoo wants her physic,
See—it's in this little cup.

Aw know her heead wor bad last neet,
When putting us to bed;
Shoo said, 'God bless yo, little things!'
An that wor all shoo sed.

Aw saw a tear wor in her e'e—
In fact, it's seldom dry:
Sin daddy went shoo allus cries,
But nivver tells us why.

Aw think it's coss he isn't here,
'At maks her e'en soa dim;
Shoo says, he'll nivver come to us,
But we may goa to him.

But if shoo's goan an left us here,
What mun we do or say?—
We cannot follow her unless,
Somebody 'll show us th' way."

—

My heart was full to bursting,
When I heard the woeful tale;
I gazed a moment on the face
Which death had left so pale;

Then clasping to my heaving breast
The little orphan pair,
I sank upon my bended knees,
And offered up a prayer,

That God would give me power to aid
Those children in distress,
That I might as a father be
Unto the fatherless.

Then coaxingly I led them forth;
And as the road was long,
I bore them in my arms by turns—
Their tears had made me strong.

I took them to my humble home,
Where now they may be seen,
The lad—a noble-minded youth—
His "sissy,"—beauty's queen.

And now if you should chance to see,
Far from the bustling throng,
An old man, whom a youth and maid
Lead tenderly along;—

And if you, wondering, long to know
The history of the three—
They are the little orphan pair—
The poor old man is me:

And oft upon the grassy mound
'Neath which their parents sleep,
They bend the knee, and pray for me;
I pray for them and weep.

Did yo Ivver!

"Gooid gracious!" cried Susy, one fine summer's morn,
"Here's a bonny to do! aw declare!
Aw wor nivver soa capt sin th' day aw wor born!
Aw neer saw sich a seet at a fair.

Here, Sally! come luk! There's a maase made its nest
Reight i'th' craan o' mi new Sundy bonnet!
Haivver its fun its way into this chist,
That caps me! Aw'm fast what to mak on it!

It's cut! Sithee thear! It's run reight under th' bed!
An luk here! What's these little things stirrin?
If they arn't some young uns 'at th' gooid-for-nowt's bred,
May aw be as deead as a herrin!

But what does ta say? 'Aw mun draand 'em?' nooan soa!
Just luk ha they're seekin ther mother;
Shoo must be a poor little softhead to goa;
For awm nooan baan to cause her noa bother.

But its rayther to bad, just to mak her hooam thear;
For mi old en's net fit to be seen in;
An this new en, awm thinkin, 'll luk rayther queer
After sich a rum lot as that's been in.

But shut up awr pussy, an heed what aw say;
Yo mun keep a sharp eye or shoo'll chait us;

Ah if shoo sees th' mother shoo'll kill it! An pray
What mun become o' these poor helpless crayturs?

A'a dear! fowk have mich to be thankful for, yet,
'At's a roof o' ther own to cawer under,
For if we'd to seek ony nook we could get,
Whativver'd come on us aw wonder?

We should nooan on us like to be turned aght o' door,
Wi' a lot o' young bairns to take care on;
An altho' awm baght bonnet, an think misen poor,
What little aw have yo'st have't share on.

That poor little maase aw dooant think meant me harm,
Shoo ne'er knew what that bonnet had cost me;
All shoo wanted wor some little nook snug an warm
An a gooid two-o'-three shillin its lost me.

Aw should think as they've come into th' world born i' silk,
They'll be aristocratical varmin;
But awm wasting mi time! awl goa get 'em some milk,
An na daat but th' owd lass likes it warmin.

Bless mi life! a few drops 'll sarve them! If we try
Awm weel sure we can easily spare 'em,
But as sooin as they're able, awl mak 'em all fly!
Nivver mind if aw dooant! harum scarum!"

A Quiet Tawk.

"Nah, lass, caar thi daan, an let's have a chat—
It's long sin we'd th' haase to ussen;
Just give me thi nooations o' this thing an that,
What tha thinks abaat measures an men.

We've lived a long time i' this world an we've seen,
A share of its joys an its cares;
Tha wor nooan born baight wit, an tha'rt net varry green,
Soa let's hear what tha thinks of affairs."

"Well, Jooany, aw've thowt a gooid deal i' mi time,
An aw think wi' one thing tha'll agree—
If tha'd listened sometimes to advice sich as mine,
It mud ha been better for thee.
This smookin an drinkin—tha knows tha does booath,
It's a sad waste o' brass tha'll admit;
But awm net findin fault—noa indeed! awd be looath!
But aw want thi to reason a bit."

"Then tha'rt lawse i' thi tawk, tho' tha doesn't mean wrang,
An tha says stuff aw darnt repeat;
An tha grumels at hooam if we chonce to be thrang,
When tha comes throo thi wark of a neet.
An if th' childer are noisy, tha kicks up a shine,
Tha mud want 'em as dummy as wax;
An if they should want owt to laik wi' 'at's thine,
They're ommost too fretened to ax."

"An they all want new clooas, they're ashamed to be seen,
An aw've net had a new cap this year;
An awm sewer it's fair cappin ha careful we've been,
There's nooan like us for that onnywhear."
"Come, lass, that's enuff—when aw ax'd thi to talk,
It worn't a sarmon aw meant,
Soa aw'll don on mi hat, an aw'll goa for a walk,
For dang it! tha'rt nivver content!"

Lines, on Startling a Rabbit.

Whew!—Tha'rt in a famous hurry!
Awm noan baan to try to catch thi!
Aw've noa dogs wi' me to worry
Thee poor thing—aw like to watch thi.
Tha'rt a runner! aw dar back thi,
Why, tha ommost seems to fly!
Did ta think aw meant to tak thi?
Well, awm fond o' rabbit pie.

Aw dooan't want th' world to misen, mun,
Awm noan like a dog i'th' manger;
Yet still 'twor happen best to run,
For tha'rt th' safest aght o' danger.
An sometimes fowks' inclination
Leads 'em to do what they shouldn't;—
But tha's saved me a temptation—
Aw've net harmed thi, 'coss aw couldn't.

Aw wish all temptations fled me,
As tha's fled throo me to-day;
For they've oft to trouble led me,
For which aw've had dear to pay.
An a taicher wise aw've faand thi,
An this lesson gained throo thee;
'At when dangers gether raand me,
Th' wisest tactics is to flee.

They may call thi coward, Bunny,
But if mine had been thy lot,
Aw should fail to see owt funny,
To be stewin in a pot.
Life to thee, awm sewer is sweeter,
Nor thi flesh to me could prove;
May thy lot an mine grow breeter,
Blest wi' liberty an love.