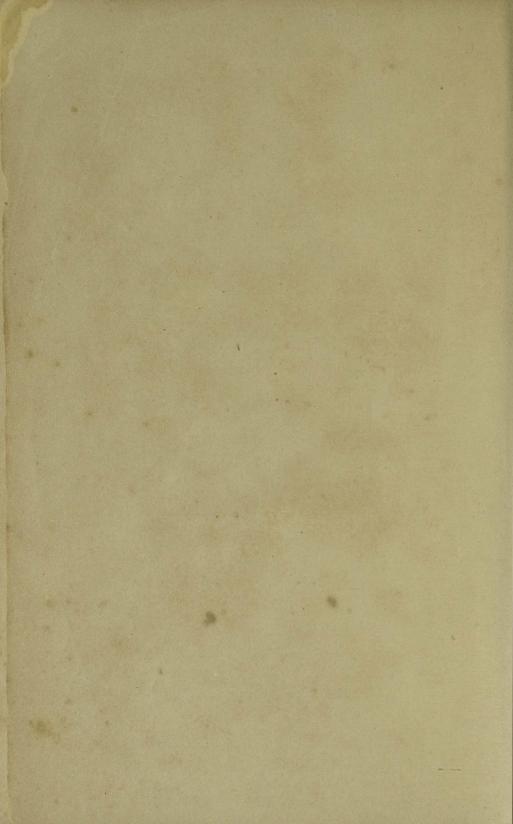
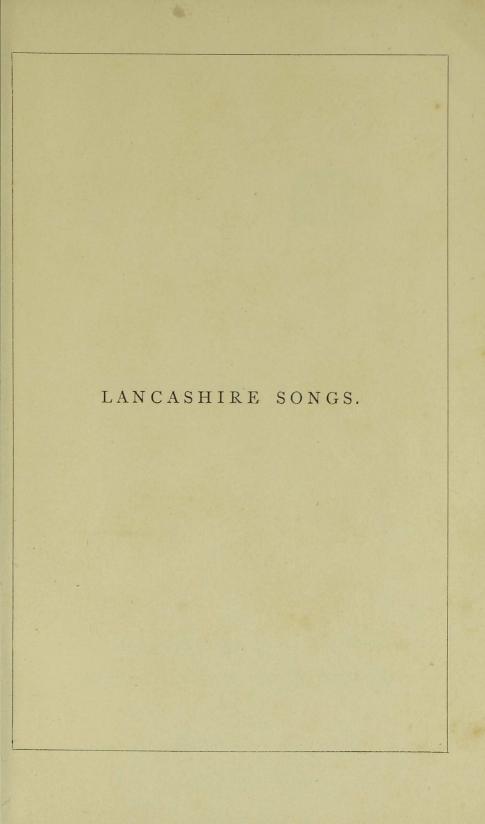
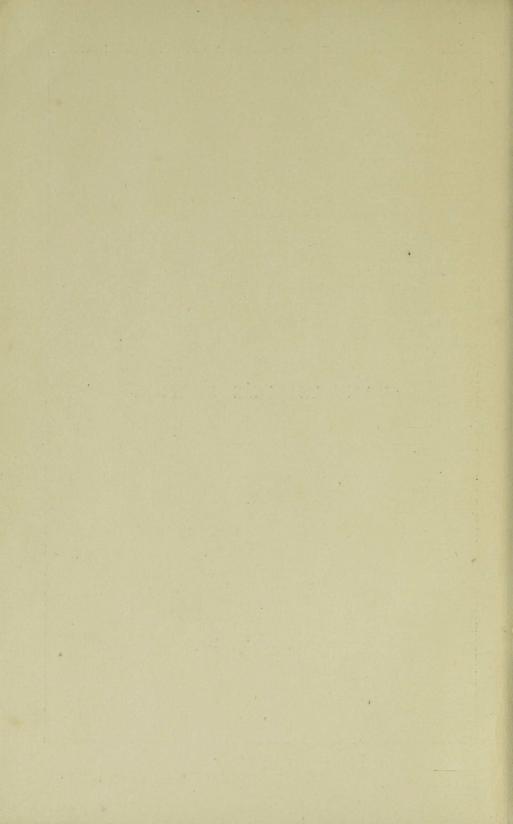
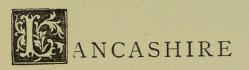


James Officion Emili











EDWIN WAUGH.

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# COME WHOAM TO THI CHILDER AN' ME.

W'VE just mended th' fire wi' a cob;

Owd Swaddle has brought thi new shoon;

There's some nice bacon collops o'th hob,

An' a quart o' ale-posset i'th oon;

Aw've brought thi top cwot, doesto know,

For th' rain's comin' deawn very dree;

An' th' har'stone's as white as new snow;

Come whoam to thi childer an' me.

When aw put little Sally to bed,

Hoo cried 'cose her feyther weren't theer;
So aw kiss'd th' little thing, an' aw said

Thae'd bring her a ribbin fro' th' fair;
An' aw gav her her doll, an' some rags,
An' a nice little white cotton bo';
An' aw kiss'd her again; but hoo said

At hoo wanted to kiss thee an' o'.

An' Dick, too, aw'd sich wark wi' him,
Afore aw could get him up stairs;
Thae towd him thae'd bring him a drum,
He said, when he're sayin' his prayers;
Then he look'd i' my face, an' he said,
"Has th' boggarts taen houd o' my dad?"
An' he cried whol his e'en were quite red;
He likes thee some weel, does yon lad!

At th' lung-length aw geet 'em laid still;
An' aw hearken't folks' feet at went by;
So aw iron't o' my clooas reet weel,
An' aw hanged 'em o'th maiden to dry;
When aw'd mended thi stockin's an' shirts,
Aw sit deawn to knit i' my cheer,
An' aw rayley did feel rather hurt—
Mon, aw'm one-ly when theaw art'nt theer.

"Aw've a drum and a trumpet for Dick;
Aw've a yard o' blue ribbin for Sal;
Aw've a book full o' babs; an' a stick,
An' some bacco an' pipes for mysel;
Aw've brought thee some coffee an' tay—
Iv thae'll feel i' my pocket, thae'll see;
An' aw've bought tho a new cap to-day,—
But aw olez bring summat for thee!

"God bless tho, my lass; aw'll go whoam,
An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' childer o' reawnd;
Thae knows, at wheerever aw roam,
Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd greawnd;
Aw can do wi' a crack o'er a glass;
Aw can do wi' a bit ov a spree;
But aw've no gradely comfort, my lass,
Except wi' yon childer and thee."





## WHAT AILS THEE, MY SON ROBIN?

HAT ails thee, my son Robin?

My heart is sore for thee;

Thi cheeks are grooin' thinner,

An' th' leet has laft thi e'e;

Theaw trails abeawt so lonesome,

An' looks so pale at morn;

God bless tho, lad, aw'm soory

To see tho so forlorn.

Thi fuutstep's sadly awter't,—
Aw used to know it weel;
Neaw, arto fairy-strucken;
Or, arto gradely ill?
Or, hasto bin wi' th' witches
I'th' cloof, at deep o'th' neet?
Come, tell mo, Robin, tell mo,
For summat is not reet!

"Neaw, mother, dunnot fret yo;
Aw am not like mysel';
But, 'tis not lung o'th' feeorin'
That han to do wi'th deil;
There's nought at thus could daunt mo,
I'th' cloof, by neet nor day;—
It's yon blue e'en o' Mary's;—
They taen my life away.

"Aw deawt aw've done wi comfort
To th' day that aw mun dee;
For th' place hoo sets her fuut on,
It's fairy greawnd to me;
But oh, it's useless speighkin',
Aw connut ston her pride;
An' when a true heart's breighkin
It's very hard to bide!"

Neaw God be wi' tho, Robin;
Just let her have her way;
Hoo'll never meet thy marrow,
For mony a summer day!
Aw're just same wi' thi feyther,
When first he spoke to me:
So, go thi ways, an' whistle;
An' th' lass'll come to thee!



#### GOD BLESS THESE POOR FOLK!

OD bless these poor folk that are strivin'
By means that are honest an' true,
For something to keep 'em alive in
This world 'at we're scramblin' through;
As th' life ov a mon's full o' feightin',
A poor soul that wants to feight fair,
Should never be grudged ov his heytin',
For th' hardest o'th battle's his share.

Chorus.—As th' life ov a mon.

This world's kin to trouble; i'th best on't,

There's mony sad changes come reawnd;

We wandern abeawt to find rest on't,

An' th' worm yammers for us i'th' greawnd;

May he that'll wortch while he's able,
Be never long hungry nor dry;
An' th' childer 'at sit at his table,—
God bless' em wi' plenty, say I.

Chorus.—As th' life oy a mon.

An' he that can feel it a pleasur'
To leeten misfortin an' pain,—
May his pantry be olez full measur',
To cut at, and come to again;
May God bless his cup and his cupbort,
A theawsan for one that he gives;
An' his heart be a bumper o' comfort,
To th' very last minute he lives!

Chorus.—As th' life oy a mon.

An' he that scorns ale to his victual,

Is welcome to let it alone;
There's some can be wise with a little,
An' some that are foolish wi' noan;
An' some are so quare i' their natur'
That nought wi' their stomachs agree;
But, he that would liefer drink wayter,
Shall never be stinted by me.

Chorus.—As th' life ov a mon.

One likes to see hearty folk wortchin',
An' weary folk havin' a rest;
One likes to yer poor women singin'
To th' little things laid o' their breast;
Good cooks are my favourite doctors;
Good livers my parsons shall be;
An' ony poor craytur 'at's clemmin,
May come have a meawthful wi' me.

Chorus.—As th' life oy a mon.

Owd Time,—he's a troublesome codger,—
Keeps nudgin' us on to decay,
An' whispers, "Yo're nobbut a lodger;
Get ready for goin' away;
Then let's ha' no skulking' nor sniv'lin',
Whatever misfortins befo',
God bless him that fends for his livin',
An' houds up his yed through it o'!

Chorus.—As th' life ov a mon.





# COME, MARY, LINK THI ARM I' MINE.

An' lilt away wi' me;
An' dry that little drop o' brine,
Fro' th' corner o' thi e'e;
Th' mornin' dew i'th' heather-bell's
A bonny gem o' weet;
That tear a different story tells,—
It pains my heart to see't.
So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

No lordly ho' o'th' country-side's
So welcome to my view,
As th' little cottage where abides
My sweetheart, kind an' true;

But, there's a nook beside yon spring, An' iv thae'll share't wi' me; Aw'll buy tho th' prattist gowden ring That ever theaw did see!

So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

My feyther's gan mo forty peawnd,
I' silver an' i' gowd;
An' a bonny bit o' garden greawnd,
O'th' mornin' side o'th' fowd;
An' a honsome bible, clen an' new,
To read for days to come;
There's leaves for writin' names in, too,
Like th' owd un at's awhoam.

So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

Eawr Jenny's bin a-buyin' in,
An' every day hoo brings
Knives an' forks, an' pots; or irons
For smoothin' caps an' things;
My gronny's sent a chist o' drawers,
Sunday clooas to keep;
An' little Fanny's bought a glass
For thee an' me to peep.

So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

Eawr Tum has sent a bacon-flitch;
Eawr Jem a load o' coals;
Eawr Charlie's bought some pickters, an'
He's hanged 'em upo' th' woles;
Owd Posy's white-weshed th' cottage through;
Eawr Matty's made it sweet;
An Jack's gan mo his Jarman flute,
To play by th' fire at neet!
So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

There's cups an' saucers; porritch-pons,
An' tables, greyt an' smo';
There's brushes, mugs, an' ladin-cans;
An eight days' clock an' o';
There's a cheer for thee, an' one for me,
An' one i' every nook;
Thi mother's has a cushion on't—
It's th' nicest cheer i'th' rook.

So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

My mother's gan me th' four-post bed,
Wi' curtains to't an' o';
An' pillows, sheets, an' bowsters, too,
As white as driven snow;

It isn't stuffed wi' fither-deawn;
But th' flocks are clen an' new;
Hoo says there's daycent folk i'th' teawn
'That's made a warse un do.

So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

Aw peeped into my cot last neet;
It made me hutchin' fain;
A bonny fire were winkin' breet
I' every window-pane;
Aw marlocked upo' th' white hearth-stone,
An' drummed o'th' kettle lid,
An' sung, "My neest is snug an' sweet,
Aw'll go and fotch my brid!"
So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.





## CHIRRUP.

OUNG Chirrup wur a mettled cowt:

His heart an' limbs wur true;

At foot race, or at wrostlin'-beawt,

Or aught he buckled to;
At wark or play, reet gallantly
He laid into his game:
An' he're very fond o' singing-brids—

That's heaw he geet his name.

He're straight as ony pickin'-rod,
An' limber as a snig:
He're th' heartist cock o' th' village clod,
At every country rig:
His shinin' e'en wur clear an' blue;
His face wur frank an' bowd;
An' th' yure abeawt his monly broo
Wur crispt i' curls o' gowd.

Young Chirrup donned his clinker't shoon,
An' startin' off to th' fair,
He swore by th' leet o'th' harvest moon,
He'd have a marlock there;
He poo'd a sprig fro th' hawthorn-tree,
That blossomed by the way;—
"Iv ony mon says wrang to me,
Aw'll tan his hide to-day!"

Full sorely mony a lass would sigh,
That chanced to wander near,
An' peep into his e'en to spy
Iv love were lurkin' theer;
So fair an' free he stept o'th' green,
An' trollin' eawt a song,
Wi' leetsome heart, an' twinklin' e'en,
Went chirrupin' along.

Young Chirrup woo'd a village maid,—
An' hoo wur th' flower ov o',—
Wi' kisses kind, i'th' woodlan' shade,
An' whispers soft an' low;
I' Matty's ear twur th' sweetest chime
That ever mortal sung;
An' Matty's heart beat pleasant time
To th' music of his tung.

Oh, th' kindest mates, this world within,

Mun sometimes meet wi' pain;

But, if this pair could life begin,

They'd buckle to again;

For, though he're hearty, blunt, an' tough,

An' Matty sweet an' mild;

For three-score year, through smooth an' rough,

Hoo led him like a child.





### THE DULE'S I' THIS BONNET O' MINE.

HE dule's i' this bonnet o' mine;

My ribbins'll never be reet;

Here, Mally, aw'm like to be fine,

For Jamie'll be comin' to neet;

He met me i'th' lone tother day,—

Aw're gooin' for wayter to th' well,—

An' he begged that aw'd wed him i' May;—

Bi'th mass, iv he'll let me, aw will!

When he took my two honds into his,
Good Lord, heaw they trembled between;
An' aw durstn't look up in his face,
Becose on him seein' my e'en;
My cheek went as red as a rose;
There's never a mortal can tell
Heaw happy aw felt; for, thea knows,
One couldn't ha' axed him theirsel'.

But th' tale wur at th' end o' my tung,—
To let it eawt wouldn't be reet,—
For aw thought to seem forrud wur wrung,
So aw towd him aw'd tell him to-neet;
But, Mally, thae knows very weel,—
Though it isn't a thing one should own,—
Iv aw'd th' pikein' o'th world to mysel',
Aw'd oather ha' Jamie or noan.

Neaw, Mally, aw've towd tho my mind;
What wouldto do iv 'twur thee?
"Aw'd tak him just while he're inclined,
An' a farrantly bargain he'd be;
For Jamie's as gradely a lad
As ever stept eawt into th' sun;—
Go, jump at thy chance, an' get wed,
An' may th' best o'th job when it's done!"

Eh, dear, but it's time to be gwon,—
Aw shouldn't like Jamie to wait;
Aw connut for shame be to soon,
An' aw wouldn't for th' world be to late;
Aw'm o' ov a tremble to th' heel,—
Dost think at my bonnet'll do?—
"Be off, lass,—thae looks very weel;
He wants noan o'th bonnet, thae foo!"



#### TICKLE TIMES.

ERE'S Robin, he looks very gloomy;

An' Jamie keeps starin' at th' greawnd;

An' thinkin' o'th table at's empty,

An' th' little things yammerin' reawnd;
It's true, that it's dark just afore us,—
But, keep your hearts eawt o' your shoon,—
Though clouds may be thickenin' o'er us,
There's lots o' blue sky up aboon!

But, when a mon's honestly willin'
To wortch, an' it connot be had;
And clemmin' for want ov a shillin',—
No wonder 'at he should be sad;
It troubles his heart to keep seein',
His little brids feedin' o'th air;
An' it feels very hard to be deein',
An' never a mortal to care.

But life's sich a quare bit o' travel,—
A marlock wi' sun an' wi' shade,—
An' then, on a bowster o' gravel,
They lay'n us i' bed wi' a spade;
It's no use a peawtin' an' fratchin'—
As th' whirligig's twirlin' areawnd,
Have at it again; an' keep scratchin'
As lung as your yed's aboon greawnd.

Iv one could but grope i'th inside on't,

There's trouble i' every heart;

An' thoose that'n th' biggest o'th pride on't,

Oft leeten o'th keenest o'th' smart.

Whatever may chance to come to us,

Let's may th' best we con ov er share,—

For there's mony a fine suit o' clooas

That covers a terrible care.

There's danger i' every station,—
I'th' palace as mich as i'th cot;
There's hanker i' every condition,
An' canker i' every lot;
There's folk that are weary o' livin',
That never fear't hunger nor cowd;
An' there's mony a miserly nowmun
At's deed ov a surfeit o' gowd.

One feels, neaw at times are so nippin',

A mon's at a troublesome schoo',

That slaves like a horse for a livin',

An' flings it away like a foo;

But, as pleasur's sometimes a misfortin',

An' trouble sometimes a good thing,—

Though we livin' o'th' floor same as layrocks,

We'n go up, like layrocks, to sing!





# JAMIE'S FROLIC.

NE neet aw crope whoam when my weighvin' were o'er,

To brush mo, an' wesh mo, an' fettle my yure; Then, trailin' abeawt, wi' my heart i' my shoon, Kept tryin' my hond at a bit ov a tune;

As Mally sit rockin',
An' darnin' a stockin',
An' tentin' her bakin' i'th' oon.

Th' chylt were asleep, an' my clooas were reet; Th' baggin' were ready, an' o' lookin' sweet; But aw're mazy, an' nattle, an' fasten't to tell What the dule it could be that're ailin' mysel';

An' it made me so naught,

That, o' someheaw, aw thought,

"Aw could just like a snap at eawr Mall."

Poor lass, hoo were kinder becose aw were quare;
"Come, Jamie, an' sattle thisel in a cheer;
Thae's looked very yonderly mony a day;
It's grievin' to see heaw thae'rt wearin' away,
An' trailin' abeawt,
Like a hen at's i'th meawt;
Do, pritho, poo up to thi tay!

"Thae wants some new flannels; thae's getten a cowd;
Thae'rt noather so ugly, my lad, nor so owd;
But, thae'rt makin' thisel' into nought but a slave,
Wi' weighvin', an' thinkin', an' tryin' to save;

Get summat to heyt,
Or thae'll go eawt o' seet,—

For thae'rt wortchin thisel' into th' grave."

Thinks I, "Th' lass's reet, an' aw houd wi' her wit;"
So aw said—for aw wanted to cheer her a bit—
"Owd crayter, aw've noan made my mind up to dee,
A frolic'll just be the physic for me!

Aw'll see some fresh places,
An' look at fresh faces—
An' go have a bit ov a spree!"

Then, bumpin' an' splashin' her kettle went deawn;
"I'th name o' good Katty, Jem, wheer arto beawn?
An' what sort o' faces dost want—con to tell?
Aw deawt thae'rt for makin' a foo o' thisel',—
The dule may tent th' o'on,
Iv aw go witheawt shoon,
Aw'll see where thae gwos to mysel'!"

Thinks I, "Th' fat's i'th fire,—aw mun make it no wur,—

For there's plenty o' feightin' to do eawt o'th dur; So, aw'll talk very prattily to her, as heaw, Or else hoo'll have houd o' my toppin' in neaw;"

An' bith' leet in her e'en,
It were fair to be sin
That hoo're ready to rive me i' teaw.

Iv truth mun be towd, aw began to be fain
To study a bit o' my cwortin' again;
So aw said to her, "Mally, this world's rough enoo!
To fo' eawt wi' thoose one likes best, winnut do,—
It's a very sore smart,
An' it sticks long i'th heart,"—
An', egad, aw said nought but what's true!

Lord, heaw a mon talks when his heart's in his tung! Aw roos't her, poor lass, an' aw show'd hoo wur wrung, Till hoo took mo bith hond, with a tear in her e'e, An' said, "Jamie, there's noabry as tender as thee!

Forgi mo, lad, do:

For aw'm nobbut a foo,—

An' bide wi' mo, neaw, till aw dee!"

So, we'n bide one another, whatever may come; For there's no peace i'th world iv there's no peace awhoam;

An' neaw, when a random word gies her some pain, Or makes her a little bit crossish i'th grain,

Sunshine comes back, As soon as aw crack

O' beginning my cwortin again.





#### OWD PINDER.

WD Pinder were a rackless foo,
An' spent his days i' spreein';
At th' end ov every drinkin'-do,

He're sure to crack o' deein';
"Go, sell my rags, an' sell my shoon;
Aw's never live to trail 'em;
My ballis-pipes are eawt o' tune,
An' th' wynt begins to fail 'em!"

"Eawr Matty's very fresh an' yung;
'Twould ony mon bewilder;
Hoo'll wed again afore it's lung,
For th' lass is fond o' childer;
My bit o' brass'll fly,—yo'n see,—
When th' coffin-lid has screened me;
It gwos again my pluck to dee,
An' lev her wick beheend me."

"Come, Matty, come, an' cool my yed,
Aw'm finished, to my thinkin';"
Hoo happed him nicely up, an' said,
"Thae's brought it on wi' drinkin'!"—
"Nay, nay," said he, "my fuddle's done;
We're partin' t'one fro' t'other;
So, promise me that when aw'm gwon,
Thea'll never wed another!"

"Th' owd tale," said hoo, an' laft her stoo,
"It's rayley past believin';
Thee think o'th' world thea'rt goin' to,
An' leave this world to th' livin';
What use to me can deead folk be?
Thae's kilt thisel' wi' spreein';
An' iv that's o' thae wants wi' me,
Get forrud wi' thi deein'!"

He scrat his yed, he rubbed his e'e,
An' then he donned his breeches;
"Eawr Matty gets as fause," said he,
"As one o' Pendle witches;
Iv ever aw'm to muster wit,
It mun be now or never;
Aw think aw'll try to live a bit;
It wouldn't do to lev her!"



# COME, JAMIE, LET'S UNDO THI SHOON.

OME, Jamie, let's undo thi shoon,

An' don summat dry o' thi feet;

Wi' toilin' i'th sheaw'r up an' deawn;

Aw'm fleyed at thi stockins are weet;
An', here, wi' my yung uns i'th neest,
Aw bin heark'nin' th' patter o'th' rain,
An' longin' for th' wanderin' brid,
To comfort my spirits again.

To-day, when it pelted at th' height,

"Aw'll ston it no longer," said I;

An', rayley, it didn't look reet

To keawer under cover so dry;

So, though it were rainin' like mad,

Aw thought—for my heart gav' a swell,—

"Come deawn asto will, but yon lad

Shall not have it o' to hissel'!"

So, whippin' my bucket i'th rain,

Aw ga' th' bits o' windows a swill;

An', though aw geet drenched to my skin,

Aw're better content wi' mysel';

But, theaw stons theer smilin' o'th floor,

Like a sun-fleawer drippin' wi' weet;

Eh, Jamie, theaw knowsn't, aw'm sure,

Heaw fain aw'm to see tho to-neet!

Why lass; what's a sheawer to me?
Wi' plenty o' sun in his breast,
One's wark keeps one hearty an' free,
An' gi's one a relish for rest;
Aw'm noan made o' sugar nor saut,
That melts wi' a steepin' o' rain;
An', as for my jacket,—it's nought,—
Aw'll dry it by th' leet o' thi e'en!

So, sit the deawn close by my side,—
Aw'm full as a cricket wi' glee;
Aw'm trouble't wi' nothin' but pride,
An' o' on it owin' to thee;
Theaw trim little pattern for wives;—
Come, give a poor body a kiss!
Aw wish every storm ov e'r lives
May end up as nicely as this!



#### TH' GOBLIN PARSON.

H' wynt wur still i'th shade o'th hill,
An' stars began o' glowin'
I'th' fadin' leet, one summer neet,
When th' dew wur softly foin';
Wi' weary shanks, by primrose banks,
Where rindlin' weet wur shinin',
Aw whistle't careless, wanderin' slow,
Toward my cot inclinin'.

Through th' woodlan' green aw tooted keen,
For th' little window winkin';—
Th' stars may shine, they're noan as fine
As Matty's candle blinkin';
O'er th' rosy hedge aw went to th' ridge
O'th lonesome-shaded plantin',
To get another blink o' th' leet
That set my heart a-pantin'.

Then deawn bi'th well i'th fairy-dell,
Wi' trees aboon it knittin',
Where, near an' fur, ther nowt astur
But bats i'th eawl-leet flittin';
An' fearfo' seawnds that rustle't reawnd
Wi' mony a goblin-twitter,
As swarmin' dark to flaysome wark
They flew wi' hellish titter.

There, reet anent aw geet a glent
At brought a shiver o'er mo,
For, fair i'th track ther summat black
Coom creepin' on afore mo;
It wur not clear, but it wur theer,—
Wi' th' gloomy shadow blendin',
Neaw black an' slim, neaw grey an' grim,
Wi' noather side nor endin'.

Cowd drops wur tremblin' o' my broo,
As there aw stood belated;—
Aw durstn't turn, nor durstn't goo,
But shut my e'en, an' waited;
An' just as aw begun to pray,
There coom fro' th' creepin' spectre
A weel known seawnd that said, "Well, James!"—
'Twur nowt but th' village rector.

"Well, James," said he, "I'm fain to see
Yo'r pew so weel attended;
But then, yo shouldn't fo' asleep
Afore my sarmon's ended:
To dreawsy ears it's useless quite
To scatter holy teychin':
Why don't yo bring a bit o' snuff,
An, tak it while I'm preychin'."

"Well, well," said aw, "There's mony a way
O' keepin' e'en fro' closin';
A needle would keep th' body wake,
An' th' soul met still be dozin';
But this receipt would set it reet,
Iv th' mixture wur a warm un,—
Yo'm get some stingin' gospel-snuff,
An' put it into th' sarmon."

He stare't like mad, but th' good owd lad
Then grip't my hond, warm-hearted,
An' said, "Yo're reet, yo're reet—good neet!"
An' that wur heaw we parted.
It touched my heart, an' made it smart,
He spoke so mild and pratty;
Aw blest him as he walked away,
An' then went whoam to Matty.



## WHILE TAKIN' A WIFT O' MY PIPE.

HILE takin' a wift o' my pipe tother neet,
A thowt trickled into my pate,
That sulkin' becose everything isn't sweet,
Is nought but a foolish consate;
Iv mon had bin made for a bit of a spree,
An' th' world were a marlockin' schoo',
Wi' nought nobbut heytin', an' drinkin', an' glee,
An' haliday gam to go through,
He'd sicken afore
His frolic were o'er,
An' feel he'd bin born for a foo'.

Poor crayter, he's o' discontentment an' deawt,
Whatever his fortin may be;
He's just like a chylt at goes cryin' abeawt,
"Eawr Johnny's moor traycle nor me;"
One minute he's trouble't, next minute he's fain,
An' then, they're so blended i' one,
It's hard to tell whether he's laughin' through pain,
Or whether he's peawtin' for fun;
He stumbles, an' grumbles,
He struggles, an' juggles,—
He capers a bit,—an' he's gone.

It's wise to be humble i' prosperous ways,
For trouble may chance to be nee;
It's wise for to struggle wi' sorrowful days
Till sorrow breeds sensible glee;
He's rich that, contented wi' little, lives weel,
An' nurses his little to moor;
He's weel off 'at's rich, iv he nobbut can feel
He's brother to thoose that are poor;
An' to him 'at does fair,
Though his livin' be bare,
Some comfort shall olez be sure.

We'n nobbut a lifetime a-piece here below,
An' th' lungest is very soon spent;
There's summat aboon measur's cuts for us o',
An' th' most on 'em nobbut a fent;
Lung or short, rough or fine, little matter for that,
We'n make th' best o'th stuff till it's done,
An' when it leets eawt to get rivven a bit,
Let's darn it as weel as we con;
When th' order comes to us
To doff these owd clooas,
There'll surely be new uns to don.





### GOD BLESS THI SILVER YURE!

ONE, lad, though thi hond's
Like reawsty iron to feel,
There's very few i'th lond
Aw like to gripe as weel.
Thae'll never dee i'th dumps
Becose o' bein' poor,
Thae good owd king o' trumps,—
God bless thi silver yure!

Poo up to th' side o'th hob,
An' rest thi weary shanks,
An' dunnot fret thy nob
Wi' fortin' an' her pranks;
These folk at's preawd an' rich
May tremble at her freawn,
They'n further far nor sich
As thee to tumble deawn.

Theaw never longs for wine,

Nor dainties rich an' rare,

For sich a life as thine

Can sweeten simple fare;

Contented wi' thi meal,

Thae's wit enough to know

That daisies liven weel

Where tulips connot grow.

An' though thi cloas are rough,
An' gettin' very owd,
They'n onswer weel enough
To keep thi limbs fro' th' cowd;
A foo would pine away'
I' such a suit as thine,
But, thaer't the stuff to may
A fustian jacket fine.

A tattered clowt may lap
A very noble prize;
A king may be, by hap,
A beggar i' disguise.
When t'one has laft his feast,
An' t'other done his crust,
Then, which is which at last,—
These little piles o' dust?

An' though thy share o' life,
May seem a losin' game,
Thae's striven fair i'th strife,
An' kept a daycent aim;
No meawse-nooks i' thi mind,
No malice i' thi breast,
Thae's still bin true an' kind,
An' trusted fate wi' th' rest.

Through trouble, toil, an' wrung,
Thae's whistle't at thi wark,
An' wrostle't life so lung,
Thi limbs are gettin stark;
But, sich a heart as thine's
A never-failin' friend;
It cheer's a mon's decline,
An' keeps it sweet to th' end.

Thy banner'll soon be furled,
An' then they'n ha' to tell,
"He travell't th' dirty world,
An' never soil't hissel'!"
An' when aw come to dee,
An' death has ta'en his tow,
Aw hope to leet o' thee,—
God bless thi snowy pow!



#### MARGIT'S COMIN'.

AIR-" Th' Rakes o' Mellor."



H! Sam, whatever does to meeon; Aw see thae'rt theer i'th nook again; Where aw've a gill thae's nine or ten:

Thae mun have heir't a fortin!
Aw wonder heaw a mon can sit
An' waste his bit o' wage an' wit:
If aw're thi wife aw'd make tho flit,
Wi' little time to start in.

But, houd; yor Margit's up i'th teawn;
Aw yerd her ax for thee at th' Crown;
An', just meet neaw, aw scampert deawn;
It's true as aught i'th Bible!
Thae knows yor Margit weel ov owd;
Her tung—it makes mo fair go cowd
Sin' th' day hoo broke my nose i'th fowd
Wi' th' edge o'th porritch thible.

It's ten to one hoo'll co' in here,
An' poo tho eawt o'th corner cheer;
So, sit fur back, where th' runnin's clear;
Aw'll keep my e'en o'th window;
Thae'm mind te hits, an' when aw sheawt
Be limber-legged, an' lammas eawt;
An'—though hoo'll not believe, aw deawt,
Aw'll swear aw never sin tho.

Aw'll bite my tung aw will, bith mon,
An' plug my ears up till hoo's gwon;
A grooin' tree could hardly ston
A savage woman flytin';
Iv folk were nobbut o' i'th mind
To make their bits o' booses kind,
There'd be less wanderin' eawt to find
A corner to be quiet in.

It's nearly three o'clock bith chime:
This ale o' Jem's is very prime;
Aw'll keawer mo deawn till baggin-time,
An' have a reech o' bacco;
Aw guess thae's yerd 'at Clinker lad
An' Liltin' Jenny's getten wed;
An' Collop's gooin wrang i'th yed,—
But that's not mich to crack o'.

There's news that chaps 'at wore a creawn,
Are gettin' powler't up an' deawn,
They're puncin' 'em fro teawn to teawn,
Like foot-bo's in a pastur;
Yon Garibaldi's gan 'em silk;
Th' owd lad, he's fairly made 'em swilk;
An' neaw, they sen he's sellin' milk
To raise new clooas for Ayster.

There's some are creepin' eawt o'th slutch,
An' some are gettin' deawn i'th doitch;
Bith mon, aw never yerd o' sich
A world for change o' fortin!
They're gooin' groanin' eawt o'th seet,
They're comin' cryin' into th' leet;
But howd! aw yerd last Monday neet
A tale abeawt a cwortin'.

Poo up! aw'll tell it iv aw con;—
Thae knows that bow-legged railway mon?—
But, heigh, owd lad! yor Margit's yon,—
Hoo's comin' like a racer!—
Some foo' has put her upo' th' track;
Cut, Sam; hoo'll have us in a crack!
Aw said hoo'd come—let's run eawt th' back;
Bith' mass, aw dar not face her!



#### EAWR FOLK.

AWR Johnny gi's his mind to books;

Eawr Abram studies plants,—

He caps the dule for moss an' ferns,

An' grooin' polyants;

For aught abeawt mechanickin',

Eawr Ned's the very lad;

My uncle Jamie roots i'th stars,

Enough to drive him mad.

Eawr Alick keeps a badger's shop,
An' teyches Sunday schoo';
Eawr Joseph's welly blynt, poor lad;
Eawr Timothy's—a foo';—
He's tried three different maks o' trades,
An' olez missed his tip;
But, then, he's th' nicest whistler
That ever cocked a lip!

Eawr Matty helps my mother, an'
Hoo sews, an' tents eawr Joe;
At doin' sums, an' sich as that,
My feyther licks 'em o'!
Eawr Charley,—eh, there connot be
Another pate like his;
It's o' crom-full o' ancientry,
An' Roman haw-pennies!

Eawr Tummy's taen to preitchin',—
He's a topper at it, too!
But then,—what's th' use,—eawr Bill comes in
An' swears it winnut do:
When t'one's bin strivin' o' he con
To awter wicked men,
Then t'other mays some marlocks, an'
Convarts 'em o'er again.

Eawr Abel's th' yung'st; an' next to Joe,
My mother likes him t' best;
Hoo gi's him brass, aboon his share,
To keep him nicely drest;—
He's gettin in wi' th' quality;
An' when his clarkin's done,
He's olez oather cricketin',
Or shootin' wi' a gun.

My uncle Sam's a fiddler; an'
Aw fain could yer him play
Fro' set o' sun till winter neet
Had melted into day;
For eh,—sich glee!—sich tenderness!
Through every changin' part,
It's th' heart 'at stirs his fiddle,—
An' his fiddle stirs his heart.

When th' owd brid touches th' tremblin' streng,
It knows his thowt so weel,
It seawnds as iv an angel tried
To tell what angels feel;
An', sometimes, th' water in his e'en,
'At fun has made to flow,
Can hardly roll away, afore
It's weet wi' drops o' woe.

Then, here's to Jone, an' Ab, an' Ned,
An' Matty,—an' eawr Joe,—
My feyther, an' my mother; an'
Eawr t'other lads an' o';
An' thee, too, owd musicianer,—
Aw wish lung life to thee,—
A mon 'at plays a fiddle weel
Should never awse to dee!



## TH' SWEETHEART GATE.

AIR-" The Manchester Angel."

H, there's mony a gate eawt ov eawr teawn-end,
But nobbut one for me;
It winds by a rindlin' wayter side,
An' o'er a posied lea.

It wanders into a shady dell;
An' when aw've done for th' day,
Aw never can sattle this heart o' mine,

Beawt walkin' deawn that way.

It's noather garden, nor posied lea,

Nor wayter rindlin' clear;

But deawn i'th vale there's a rosy nook,

An' my true love lives theer.

It's olez summer where th' heart's content,

Tho' wintry winds may blow;

An' there's never a gate 'at's so kind to th' fuut,

As th' gate one likes to go.

When aw set off o' sweetheartin', aw've
A theawsan' things to say;
But th' very first glent o' yon chimbley-top,
It drives 'em o' away;
An' when aw meet wi' my bonny lass,
It sets my heart a-jee;
Oh, there's summut i'th leet o' yon two blue e'en
That plays the dule wi' me!

When th' layrock's finished his wark aboon,
An' laid his music by,
He flutters deawn to his mate, an' stops
Till dayleet stirs i'th sky.
Though Matty sends me away at dark,
Aw know that hoo's reet full well;
An' it's heaw aw love a true-hearted lass,
No mortal tung can tell!

Aw wish that Candlemas day were past,

When wakin' time comes on;

An' aw wish that Kesmass time were here,

An Matty an' me were one.

Aw wish this wanderin' wark were o'er—

This maunderin' to an' fro;

That aw could go whoam to my own true love,

An' stop at neet an' o'.



## GENTLE JONE.

AIR-"Jenny's Bawbee."



SEED a thowtful chap one day, His face were mild, his toppin grey; Wi' wanderin' fuut he went astray, Deawn yon lone.

I axed a lame owd mon i'th road,
To tell me what that chap were co'd;
Says he, "I thowt oitch body knowed
Gentle Jone."

"Owd lad," said I, "just look heaw ronk
These daisies groo'n at th' edge o'th bonk;
Let's keawer us deawn, an' have a conk,
Just whol noon."
He poo'd a reech o' bacco eawt,
An' cheese an' mouffin in a cleawt;
An' thus began to tell abeawt

Gentle Jone.

Says he, "Some chaps o' brass are fond; They're trouble't sore wi' cramp i'th hond; But yon's the fleawer ov o' this lond,—

Gentle Jone!
His heart's as true as guinea-gowd;
He's good to folk at's ill an' owd;
Childer poo'n his lap i'th fowd,—
Gentle Jone!

"I'll bet a groat he's off to th' vale,
Just neaw, to yer some soory tale;
I never knowed his kindness fail,—
Gentle Jone!
O'er hill, an' cloof, an' moss, an' moor,
He's reet weel known to folk at's poor;
A welcome fuut at every door,—
Gentle Jone!

"He taks delight i' roving reawnd,
To nooks where trouble's mostly feawnd;
He comes like rain to drufty greawnd,—
Gentle Jone!
He's very slow at thinkin' ill;
Forgi's a faut wi' hearty will;
An' doin' good's his pastime still,—
Gentle Jone!

"At th' time I broke this poor owd limb, I should ha' dee'd except for him."

He said no moor; his e'en geet dim,—

Mine were th' same.

"Owd lad," said I, "Come, have a gill!"

"Naw, naw," said he, "I'm rayther ill;

It's time to paddle deawn this hill,

To th' owd dame."

'Twere nearly noon, i'th month o' May;
We said we'd meet some other day;
An' then th' owd crayter limped away
Deawn th' green lone.
An' neaw, let's do the thing that's reet,
An' then, when death puts eawt e'r leet,
We's haply ston a chance to meet
Gentle Jone!





#### NEET-FO'.

OLD AIR-" When Dolly and I got wed."

H' wynt blows keen thro' th' shiverin' thorn,
An' th' leet looks wild i'th sky;
Come, Tet, stir up that fire, an' draw
That keyther gently by;
Aw've done my weshin', gronny; an'
Aw've tidied every thing;
An' neaw aw'll sit me deawn to sew,
An' hearken th' kettle sing.

Bring in some coals; an' shut that dur,—
It's quite a wintry day;
Reitch deawn that ham; eawr Robin likes
A relish to his tay.
Sweep th' grate, an' set this table eawt;
Put th' tay-pot upo' th' oon;
It's gettin' on for baggin' time,
An' he'll be comin' soon.

Th' fire bruns clear; an' th' heawse begins,
A-lookin' brisk an' breet,
As th' time draws near when he gets back,
Fro' th' teawn at th' edge o' neet;
It makes one hutch wi' glee to yer
A favourite fuut come whoam;
An' it's very fine to hearken, when
One knows its sure to come.

Th' cat pricks up her ears at th' sneck,
Wi' mony a leetsome toot;
An' th' owd arm-cheer i'th corner seems,
As if it yerd his fuut;
Th' window blinks; an' th' clock begins
A-tickin' leawd an' fain;
An' th' tin things winkin' upo' th' wole,—
They groon as breet again.

Th' kettle's hummin' o'er wi' fun—
Just look at th' end o'th speawt;
It's like some little sooty lad
At's set his lips to sheawt.
Yon wayter-drops at fo'n fro' th' tap,
Are gettin' wick wi' glee;
An' yo're fain, gronny, too, aw know,—
But noan as fain as me.

Keep th' rockers gooin' soft an' slow,
An' shade that leet away;
Aw think this little duck's o'th mend;
Hoo sleeps so weel to-day;
Doze on, my darlin'; keep 'em shut,—
Those teeny windows blue;
Good Lord! iv aught should happen thee,
What could thi mother do!

Here, gronny, put this cover on,
An' tuck it nicely in;
Keep th' keyther stirrin' gently; an'
Make very little din.
An' lap thoose dimpled honds away
Fro' th' frosty winter air;
They lie'n a-top o' th' bit o' quilt,
Like two clock-hommers theer.

But stop; hoo's laughin'! come, hie up;
My bonny little puss!
God bless it! Daddy's noan far off;
Let mammy have a buss!
He's here! He's here! Tet, bring that cheer!
Eh, dear; these darlin's two!
Iv it wur not for this chylt an' him,
What could a body do!



## AW'VE WORN MY BITS O' SHOON AWAY.

W'VE worn my bits o' shoon away,
Wi' roving up an' deawn,
To see yon moorlan' valleys, an'
Yon little country teawn:
The dule tak shoon, and stockins too!
My heart feels warm an' fain;
An', if aw trudge it bar-fuut, lads,
Aw'll see yon teawn again!

It's what care I for cities grand,—
We never shall agree;
Aw'd rayther live where th' layrock sings,—
A country teawn for me!
A country teawn, where one can meet
Wi' friends, an' neighbours known;
Where one can lounge i'th market-place,
An' see the meadows mown.

Yon rollin' hills are very fine,
At th' end o' sweet July;
Yon woodlan' cloofs, an valleys green,—
The bonnist under th' sky;
Yon dainty rindles, dancin' deawn
Fro' th' meawntains into th' plain;—
As soon as th' new moon rises, lads,
Aw'm off to th' moors again!

There's jolly lads among yon hills,
An' in yon country teawn;
They'n far moor sense than preawder folk,—
Aw'll peawnd it for a creawn;
They're wick an' warm at wark an' fun,
Wherever they may go,—
The primest breed o' lads i'th world,—
Good luck attend 'em o'!

Last neet aw laft the city thrung,
An' climbed you hillock green;
An' sat me deawn to look at th' hills,
Wi' th' wayter i' my e'en;
Wi' th' wayter wellin' i' my e'en;
Aw'll bundle up, an' go,
An' live an' dee i' my own countrie,
Where moorlan' breezes blow!



#### YESTERNEET.

GEET up a-milkin' this mornin',—

I geet up afore it wur leet;

I ne'er slept a minute for thinkin'

What Robin said yesterneet;

I've brokken two basins i'th dairy;

I've scoaded my gronny wi' tay;

It's no use a tryin' a-spinnin'—

My wheel's eawt o' trim to-day.

#### Chorus.

It's oh, yon Robin, yon Robin;
His e'en ne'er twinkle't so breet,
As they did when he meazur't my finger
For th' little gowd ring last neet.

Eawr Dorothy's singin' i'th shippon;
Eawr Jonathan's leawngin' i'th fowd;
Eawr Tummy's at th' fair, where he lippens
O' swappin' his cowt for gowd;

My gronny's asleep wi' her knittin',
An' th' kittlin's playin' wi' th' yarn;
Eawr Betty's gone eawt wi' a gallon
To th' chaps at their wark i'th barn.

Chorus-But oh, yon Robin, yon Robin.

Th' lasses an' lads are i'th meadow;

They're gettin' their baggin' i'th hay;
I yer 'em as leetsome as layrocks,
I'th sky ov a shiny day;
But, little I care for their marlocks;
I dunnot want them for to see,
Though I'm fitter for cryin' than laughin',
There's nob'dy as fain as me.

Chorus-For oh, yon Robin, yon Robin.

When I crept into th' nook wi' my sewin',
My mother looked reawnd so sly;
Hoo know'd I could see across th' coppice,
Where Robin comes ridin' by;
Then hoo coom to me, smilin' an' tootin',
An' whisperin', "Heaw does to feel?
Dost think I should send for a doctor?"
But, th' doctor hoo knows reet weel,

Chorus—It's nought i'th world but Robin.

My feyther sits dozin' i'th corner,
He's dreamin' o'th' harvest day;
When Robin comes in for his daughter,
Eh, what'll my feyther say?
Th' rosebuds are peepin' i'th garden;
An' th' blossom's o'th apple tree;
Oh, heaw will life's winter time find us,—
Yon Robin o' mine, an' me?

Chorus-For oh, yon Robin, yon Robin.

Then, hey for kisses an' blushes,
An' hurryin' to an' fro;
An' hey for sly, sweet whispers,
That nob'dy but me mun know!
Then, hey for rings, an' ribbins,
An' bonnets, an' posies fine!
An' eh,—it's o' in a flutter,—
This little fond heart o' mine!

#### Chorus.

For oh, yon Robin, yon Robin;
His e'en ne'er twinkle't so breet,
As they did when he meazur't my finger
For th' little gowd ring last neet.



#### BONNY NAN.

As ony brid 'at sings i' May;
Come, sit tho deawn, aw'll spend a creawn,
We'n have a roozin' rant to-day;
Let's doance an' sing; aw've bought a ring,
For bonny Nan i'th Owler dale;
Then heigh for fun; my mopin's done!
An' neaw aw'm brisk as bottle't ale!
Oh, guess, owd brid,
What's beawn to be;
For I like Nan,—
An' hoo likes me!

Twelve months i' weeds, when Robin deed,
Hoo look'd so deawn, wi' ne'er a smile
Aw couldn't find i' heart or mind
To cheep o' weddin' for a while;
Aw thought aw'd bide; but still aw sighed
For th' mournin' cleawd to clear away;
Aw watched her e'en groo breet again,—
A layrock tootin' eawt for day!
Neaw, guess, owd brid,
What's beawn to be;
For I like Nan,—
An' hoo likes me!

Oh, Nanny's fair, an' trim, an' rare;
A modest lass, an' sweet to see;
Her e'en are blue, her heart it's true,—
But Nanny's hardly twenty-three;
An' life it's strung, when folk are yung;
An' waitin' lunger wouldno do;
For, th' moor-end lads, hoo turns their yeds,—
Hoo's bin a widow lung enoo!
Then guess, owd brid,
What's beawn to be;
For I like Nan,—
An' hoo likes me!

Aw've sin, at neet, abeawt a leet,
A midge keep buzzin' to an' fro,
Then dart at th' shine, 'at looked so fine,
An' brun his wings at th' end ov o';
That midge's me, it's plain to see,
My wings are brunt, an' yet aw'm fain,
For, wheer aw leet, aw find so sweet,
Aw's never want to fly again.
Then guess, owd brid,
What's beawn to be;
For I like Nan,—
An' hoo likes me!





## A LIFT ON THE WAY.

AIR-" Come, sit down, my cronies."

OME, what's th' use o' fratchin', lads, this life's noan so lung,

So, iv yo'n gether reawnd, aw'll try my hond at a sung;

It may shew a guidin' glimmer to some wand'rer astray, Or, haply, gi' some poor owd soul a lift on the way.

> A lift on the way; A lift on the way;

Or, haply, gi' some poor owd soul a lift on the way.

Life's road's full o' ruts; it's very slutchy, an' it's dree; An' mony a worn-eawt limper lies him deawn there to dee;

Then, fleawnd'rin' low i'th gutter, he looks reawnd wi' dismay,

To see iv aught i'th world can give a lift on the way.

A lift on the way;

A lift on the way;

To see iv aught i'th world can give a lift on the way.

Oh, there's some folk 'at mun trudge it, an' there's some folk 'at may ride,

But, never mortal mon con tell what chance may betide;

To-day, he may be blossomin', like roses i' May; To-morn, he may be beggin' for a lift on the way.

> A lift on the way; A lift on the way;

To-morn, he may be beggin' for a lift on the way.

Good-will, it's a jewel, where there's little else to spare; An' a mon may help another though his pouch may be bare;

A gen'rous heart, like sunshine, brings good cheer in its ray,

An' a friendly word can sometimes give a lift on the way.

A lift on the way; A lift on the way;

An' a friendly word can sometimes give a lift on the way.

Like posies 'at are parchin' in the midsummer sun, There's mony a poor heart faints afore the journey be run;

Then, lay the dust wi' kindness, till the close of the day, An' gi' these droopin' travellers a lift on the way;

A lift on the way;
A lift on the way;

An' gi' these drooping travellers a lift on the way.

Oh, soft be his pillow, when he sinks deawn to his rest, That can keep the lamp o' charity alive in his breast; May pleasant feelin's haunt him as he's dozin' away, An' angels give him, up aboon, a lift on the way.

A lift on the way; A lift on the way;

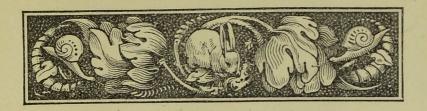
An' angels give him, up aboon, a lift on the way.

Jog on, my noble comrades, then, an' so mote it be,— That hond in hond we travel till the day we mun dee; An' neaw, to end my ditty, lads, let's heartily pray That heaven may give us ev'ry one a lift on the way.

A lift on the way;

A lift on the way;

That heaven may give us ev'ry one a lift on the way.



#### TUM RINDLE.

AIR-" Robin Tamson's Smithy."

UM RINDLE lope fro' the chimbley nook,
As th' winter sun wur sinkin';
Aw'm tire't o' keawrin' here i'th smooke,

An' wastin' time i' thinkin':

It frets my heart, an' racks my broo— It sets my yed a-stewin':

A mon that wouldn't dee a foo, Mun up, an' start a-doin'!

Then, Mally, reitch my Sunday shoon,

To rom my bits o' toes in;

An' hond mo th' jug, fro' top o'th oon,—

An' let mo dip my nose in!

An', come, an' fill it up again;

An' dunnot look so deawldy;

There's nought can lick a marlock, when

One's brains are gettin' meawldy.

Aw'll laithe a rook o' neighbour lads,—
Frisky cowts, an' bowd uns;
An' let 'em bring their mams an' dads;
We'n have it pranked wi' owd uns?
An' th' lads an' lasses they sha'n sing,
An' fuut it, leet an' limber;
An' Robin Lilter, he shall bring
His merry bit o' timber!

An' Joe shall come, an' Jone, an' Ben;
An' poor owd limpin' 'Lijah;
An' Mall, an' Sall, an' Fan, an' Nan,
An' curly-pated 'Bijah;
An' gentle Charlie shall be theer;
An' little Dick, the ringer;
An' Moston Sam,—aw like to yer
A snowy-yedded singer!

Aw'll poo mi gronny eawt o'th nook,
An' send for Dolly Maybo',
For, when hoo's gradely donned, hoo'll look
As grand as th' queen o' Shayba;
An' little Nell shall doance wi' me,—
Eawr Nelly's yung an' bonny;
An' when aw've had a doance wi' thee,
Aw'll caper wi' my gronny!

Then, Mally, fill it up again;
An' dunnot look so deawldy;
There's nought can lick a marlock, when
One's brains are gettin' meawldy!
We're yung an' hearty; dunnot croak,
Let's frisk it neaw, or never;
So, here's good luck to country folk
An' country fun, for ever!



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