

Author: Anonymous

Text type: Verse

Date of composition: 1866

Editions: Unknown

Source text:

Anon. *Peterloo*. Published in *The Free-lance: A Journey of Humour and Criticism*. vol. I, No. 1, December 22, 1866. 4-5.

e-text:

Access and transcription: July 2011

Number of words: 392

Dialect represented: Lancashire

Produced by Javier Ruano-García

Copyright © 2011- DING, The Salamanca Corpus, Universidad de Salamanca



STVDII
SALAMANINI

Anonymous
***Peterloo* (1866)**

[4]

One Seturday, towards th' edge o' dark,
Her washin' nicely done,
Owd Nan o' Jona's on th' cellar step
Keawrt smookin', watchin' th' fun.
They'd ta'an up th' street foreneinst hur place,
Where played hur dowter's dowter Grace.

Grace seed hur little Cousin Dick
Wi summat, lookin' fain;
He'd fun it rootink in a hole
They'd cut ta make a drain.
He went to where th' owd dame did sit,
An' axt her for ta kessen it.

Owd Nanny took it in hur fist,
Hoo gan two little sniffs,
Hoo turn't it o'er an' o'er again,

Then took a twothrey whiffs;
“It’s some poor weighvur’s clog,” said hoo,
“He’s had it split at Peterloo.

“Aw’ve fun’ sich things as this afore,
An’ bits o’ poor folks’ duds;
An’ once’t or twice, o’ washin’ days,
Aw’ve wesh’t um up ith’ suds!
They’re folk booath lawm’t an’ kilt,” said hoo,
“Aye, that there wur, at Peterloo.

“It wur those Yeomen,” Gronny said,
“Set on th’ poor folk, pell mell;
But th’ rayson why, a’ do believe,
If axt, they couldn’t tell.
But everybody said,” said hoo,
“Twur shomefu’ wark at Peterloo.

“My Uncle Bill to th’ coal hole run,
An’ hid hisselt’ ‘mung the sleek;
Aw clap’t a bucket o’er his yed,
An’ hill’d him up to th’ neck;
An’ then aw crope to th’ top oth heawse,
An’ kept as still as ony meawse.

“They cut an’ slash’t o’ up an’ deawn---
There ‘re no Free Trade Ho then---
An’ women, aye, an’ childer too,
Wur hurt as weel as men.
Eh, dear o’ me! it wur a do,
Wur th’ massacree o’ Peterloo.

“It wur a reight deawn awfo’ seet,
When th’ butcherin’ wur done,
For dacent, harmless folk lay their,
As couldn’t awse for t’ run.
It never could be reet,” said hoo,
“sich gooins on as Peterloo.

“Some said ‘twere th’ Yeomen were to blame,
An’ some said Hunt wur wrung.”
Said little Grace, “Powse on um aw!
They aw deserved t’ be hung.”
“Nay, nay!” owd Nany said, said hoo,
“There ‘re booath soarts at Peterloo.

[5]

“An’ some folk said it settlet things
For t’ let a sope o’ blood.”
But little Dick said, “Gronmother,
Did it do any good?”
“Aw raally cannot say,” said hoo,
“Aw’re but a lass at Peterloo.”

