

**Author:** Joseph Ramsbottom (?-?)

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**Ramsbottom, Joseph (?-?),**

***Sorrowin'* (1866)**

Dunno speak, dunno laugh, Tommy, husht;  
Dunno tell thi tales neaw, stop thi play,  
For thi good, doatin' Feyther's just gone,  
An' we'n bwoth lost eawr main prop to-day.  
Come an' kiss me, mi lad, for the pain  
An' the sad pressin' weight o' this blow  
Makes mi heart closer cling, Tom, to thee,  
'Cose aw'm fyert lest aw losse thee an' o'.

In his pain he'r as patient as Job;  
An' heaw yearnsful he lookt as he lee,  
Wi' my hont grippen fast in his two,  
An' besowt me t' tak great care o' thee.  
Tom, he blest the three times ere he dee'd,  
An' thi name on his lips hung to th' last;  
Heaw aw wish't for thi up at th' bedside,  
When aw fun ut he'r sinkin' so fast.

What a Feyther he's bin, too, to thee,  
An' heaw ill thea'll find th' want on him soon;  
Heaw he clemm'd an he wove for those clogs  
When thi toes wur'n o' eawt o' thi shoon.  
Oft aw've known when we'rn rin to th' last crust,  
An' it's those mak o' times ut thry men,  
Ut he's shar'd it between us; an' so,  
Aftther tastin', to th' loom turnt agen.

He wur patient when th' mayl-poke wur low;  
He wur preawd when 't wur full up to th' neck;  
An' o' patience, a wayver's great need,  
For one gets nowt bi two-an'-two check.  
When we'n naygert an' teightl uppo th' loom,  
Fro dayleet i'th' morn tin t' wur dark,  
When aw'r harrisht an powfagg'd to th' dyeath,  
Oft to cheer me he'd sing like a lark.

He wur fond of his wife an' his whoam,  
An' o' th' fondher, becose they wur poor;  
He'd ha' sheawted an' laugh'd ov a neet,  
An' ha' marlockt wi' thee uppo th' floor.  
If aw'd happent t' be petchin' i'th' nook,  
An' if quiet no longer thea'd keep,  
He'd ha' sung hush-a-bee, hush-a-bo,  
An' ha' rockt till he'd rockt thi asleep.

Then he sometimes 'ud hugg thi i'th' fields,  
An' he'd get thi a nice hazel bough;  
An' a pozy bunch tee thi o' th' eend,  
Made o' daisies an' primroses too.  
An' he'd bridneeses show thi an' o',  
An' he's put th' little eggs i' thi brat;  
Bo he'd noa let thi break 'em, aw know,  
He wur noane so hard-hearted as that.

Wark had wussent soon aftther we'rn wed,  
An' grim Want has knockt oft at eawt dur;  
Heaw we'n hop'd 'ut these hard times 'ud mend,  
Bo aw really do think they gwon wur.  
Fro pottatoes, an' flesh, an' churn milk,  
To pottatoes, an' saut, an' nowt else,  
Is a step not o'er pleasant to tak,  
An' we known what a sad tale it tells.

When thy Feyther sowl th' goods to get mayt,  
An' th' geraniums had t' goo, heaw he soikt;  
An' to see him mi heart fill'd so full  
Aw wur like t' goo away while aw skroikt;  
For as one afther one they went deawn,  
An' the'rn o' i' sich bonny bloom too,  
He'r so back'art ut takkin' up th' brass,  
'Ut what else could a wakely wife do?

Bo it's hard when we'n foughten wi' want,  
As han foughten thi Feyther an' me,  
Just at th' time when we feel we con win,  
Ut ther's one sthruken deawn an' mun dee.  
Little rest, heavy care, an' great need,  
Clung abeawt him fro th' heawr of his birth;  
Aw should think ut he'll surely go t' heaven,  
For he's bin so il plagu'd uppo th' earth.