

Author: John Bolton Rogerson (1809-1859)

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TH' BALLIES.*

A TRUE LANCASHIRE STORY.

Aw'r stonidin' by Dick Livesey heawse,
The Fleece i' Withy Grove;
His wife an' him wur foin' eawt,
So in aw thout aw'd shove.

An' theer, on th' sonded kitchen flure,
Aw seed Dick glooarin' stond,
Wi' face as red as th' kitchen foyar,
An' th' poker i' his hond.

Aw fix'd on Dick my awfo' een,

The Salamanca Corpus: "Th' Ballies" (1850)

Aw ne'er had known to fail,
An' said "Neaw Dick, lad, come wi' me,
An' drink a gill o' ale."

His yed it tumb'l't on his breast,
An' th' poker tumb'l't too;
Aw said "Come, Dick, an' sit thee deawn,
An dunno' be a fooo."

*The Bellows.—The above bagatelle is the versification of an anecdote related of himself, at a social meeting, by a Lancashire author, whose skill in the vernacular idiom is well-known. The conclusion is somewhat altered from the original narrative, for the purpose of drawing a sort of moral. The verses were written merely for the amusement of a few friends, but, at the request of several admirers of the dialect, the author has included them in the present volume.

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We seet us deawn, an' geet some drink,
When in Dick wife hoo sallies,
An' at my yed, wi' aw hur meet,
Hoo bang'd a pair o' ballies.

The ballies whistled i' my ear,
An' smash'd on th' aleheawse wall,
Or aw should ne'er ha' tow'd this tale,
Or stood beside my stall.

Aw fix'd on th' wife my awfo' e'en,
Boh fun it wouldno, doo,
So aw thowt aw'd tak mysel away,

The Salamanca Corpus: "Th' Ballies" (1850)

If ho'od boh lemme goo.

My hure stood up, my pluck wur deawn,
Aw wackert cowl an' pale;
Aw thowt aw'd grope my way to th' dur,
Boh first aw swoipt my ale.

Dick wife hoo glooart, an' aw'r so feart,
Aw couldno' tak my wint,
Boh aw bolted into Withy Grove,
An' never look't behint.

So neaw aw'm safe—tak my advice,
An' keep fro' Dick's an' Mallie's,
For if yo goo 'tween mon an' wife,
Hoo'l split yer yed wit' ballies.

