

Author: Munby, Arthur Joseph (1828-1910)

Text type: Verse

Date of composition: 1885

Editions: 1865, 1992

Source text:

Munby, Arthur Joseph. 1865. "T'Statties". *Verses New and Old*. London: Bell and Daldy: 69-71.

e-text

Access and transcription: April 2015

Number of words: 368

Dialect represented: North Yorkshire

Produced by María F. García-Bermejo Giner

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[69]

T' STATTIES.

D'ye want a sarvant, if ye please?
Well, look ye, here's mah daughter: she's
Owd Farmer Dixon lass, ye know,
Be Cockwra' Foot. An' you mun gaw
Fra' Cockwra' Foot te Hernshawgaate,
(For all Ah says't 'at shouldn't saa't)
An' nut fahnd sharper wits nor she's got.
Dixon! Ah laa all t' lads 'at he's got,
One wi' anoother, 's nut sae warm
I't waas an' worrks about a farm,
As this here gell. An' Ah'll be boond
'At ye mud search t' Noth coountry roond
An' hardlins leet o' sich a good un
For collops, an' for tansy-pudden.
Wha larnt her that? Wah, me. It's trew
Me an' oor John has bairns enew,
An' feeds 'em wi' a few small broth,
Or taaters, ma'am, or may be bawth;

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Bud then, mah maaster lahks a slice,

When tahms is good, o' sum'at nice
Te sup his aale wi': aye, an' t' gell,
Fettlin' them broth, sha fraam'd sae well,
Thinks Ah one daa, Wat, Ah'll awand
Yon lass of oors can lend a hand
Te mak' her faather sum'at juicy!
That's t' waa sha coom'd te cook, did Lucy.

Hoo owld? Sha's tonn'd o' seventeen:
It's gone two year, ma'am, sin' sha's been
Wi' Dixons; bud tha' kept her on,
Backend, wahl Martlemas was done;
Saw, sha wer lahk te tak their bid
Anooother twelvemunth; an' sha did.
Lass didna want te leeave 'em; aye,
An' t' Missis, sha wer fit te cry
When sha *did* leeave: bud, wi' her aage,
Sha's tahd te addle better waage
Nor wat t' owd farmer son wad give.

It's a good step fra weer wa live
Tiv 'ere; an' Ah's nut one o't strongest;
Bud Norton statties, ma'am, is t' throngest

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Of all aboot; an' *Ah* dawn't care,
Bud lass wer mad te coom te t' fair;
An' when wa gan, furrend o't daa,
Tha'll set us yaam a piece o't waa
I't cart. Wah naw; Ah's noan sae tired
O' stannin'—nobbut gell gets 'ired.

Nahn pund? Hod oot thee 'and fo' t' brass,
An' tak thee Godspenny, me lass!
One hand 'at smacks o' worrk, tha' saa,
Is wo'th two soft uns, ony daa.