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T' WOODBURNLEA KERSMAS TEA PARTY.

IN THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT BY J. W. PARRATT, ILKEY.

It hed got to be a custom wi' all t' fowk at Woodburnlea

To ask all t' bairns 't' neighbourhood at Kersmas time to t' tea.

Owd Mrs. Ripley shoo wor t' furst to hit o' this idea,

An' ivver sing' shoo started it, it's goan on ivvery year.

For t' farmers' wives, each i' their turn, all t' neighbours' kids invite:

An' t' time I'm bahn to tell yer on it fell to Mrs. White.

Shoo hed no childer of her own, an' envied them 'at hed;

But t' thowt o' heving some to t' tea 'ud awmost do i'sted.

An' Mr. White wor glad an' all, an' tewed wi' all his might;

He knew they'd mak' a fuss of him on t' famous party night.

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Party (1900)*

So off he set wi' t' owd brahn mare all ovver t' country side,

An' called at ivvery hahse he knew - an' monny a one beside.

"Nah, all ye bairns, ye all mun come on Kersmus Eve at neet!

We're bahn to hev a reight gooid 'do,' an' give yer all a treat.

So brush yor shooins, an' bring yer pots, an' don yer in yer best;

An' if ye've ony sweethearts, ye mun bring 'em on wi' t' rest!"

An' when he gate back home at neet, for sewer he'd tell'd 'em all.

There worn't a hahse for miles arahnd, but where he'd made a call,

For monny a day afore t' great 'do' he couldn't sleep at neet

Wi' thinkin' what they'd hev to get for all them bairns to eat.

An' Mrs. White wor reight upset abaht the whole affair;

But ' thing 'at bothered her heead most war what shood hev to wear.

"An' wheear we're goin' to put all t' bairns," shoo said, " fra all up an' dahn?"

" Why, wheear's ta think ?" her husband said, "We'll put 'em into t' barn."

At last t' long-looked-for day arrived, an' worn't it just a treat

To see them lads an' lasses! Aye, be gum, it wor a seet!

An' didn't tables just look grand, wi' all t'spice cake i' t'middle!

An' just afore they set 'em dahn owd Billy White played t'iddle.

At efter that they made a start, an' wired in wi' a will

Why, some o' t'childer ate as if they'd nivver get their fill.

Whol' Mrs. White, shoo niver 'stopped a-fillin' t'cups wi' tea;

They drunk it up as fast as - why, aso fast as fast could be.

There wor cakes, an' buns, an' biscuits, parkin pigs wi' curran' eyes,



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Buttered toast, spice loaves, an' sweet cakes, an' pork pies.

Ye nivver see'd so monny things, set art i' ony baker's shop,

An' t'bairns they tucked intul 'em till ye'd think they'd nivver stop.

But varry sooin all t' things wor done, an' what wor they to do;

For some o' t'bairns hed hed three buns, an' some'd hed nobbut two?

They kicked up such a rumpus, White war sewer they'd nivver stop;

An' t'tea war done an' all - they' hedn't left a single drop,

An' didn't them poor bairns look fahl when Mrs. White gave aht

At them 'at hed newt to ait 'ud hev to do withaht.

So then, of course, all t' tea war over, an' worn't it just a sight

When al stod up an' gav three cheers for Dame an' Daddy White!

An' wished 'em both prosperity, an' health an' riches too;

An hoped they'd both be spared to give another jolly do!

Then they hed a roight good dance, an' played at kissing-ring.

An' one or two o' t' bairns got up an' hed a try to sing.

Wi' "Auld Lang Syne" they finished off an' afore all said "Good night "

They gav' three more hearty cheers for Dame and Daddy White.