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Richardson, George (1807- 1886)
The Ghost of Tim Bobbin: A Tale in Rhyme for
***Christmas Time* (1850)**

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ARGUMENT

One stormy, dark, and dismal night,
It happen'd that a Rochdale wight--
O'erta'en with drink and Devils-Blue--
Was heedless where he wander'd to.
He moped about the Church-yard lone,
Where moulders many a human bone;
At length it was his luck to greet
The Golden Ball, in Packer Street.
'Twixt ale and sleep, in rev'ry lost,
He wakes,--and lo! "Tim Bobbin" Ghost!
With fear he falls, and thinks Owd Nick

Had come to take him hellward wick,
Such woful plight distracts his nob.
In truth 'twas only poor Tim Bob!
Who'd come, with virtuous inclination,
Or ghostly moral obligation,
To negative some scandal shame
Of certain authors in his name,
Who've said that he to drink was prone--
A charge much better let alone,
For best of reasons, known full well
That each can take a "sope his sel,"--
So turns the tables, and, eh gadlin,
Gives both these knaves a greedly rad'lin--
Speaks of a lawless innovation,
With manly, honest indignation.
The sequel shews, that famous Tim,
The Fettler snubs, for fettlin him.
Reader, this Tale oth' Rachda Tikes,
Was told to th' Author, Judd o' Ikes.

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I.
One neet aw'r boggl't, mop't, un queer--
'Twur dusky, weet, un cowd,
Un Rachda teawn wur feerfo still,
Un th' church loik'd dim un owd.

II.

No moon nur star to leet meh wey,
Aw grop't be monny a grave;
Aw'r feeort o' Ghost's,--weh neer a friend
Meh kecklin limbs to save.

III.

Meh teeth wur chatt'rin eh meh yed,
Aw'r neer as ill afore,
Un felt noan reet weh dhrink t' last neet,
Un neaw aw wantut moor.

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IV.

Aw'r loike an arrant bedlamite,
Un knoad na wheer furt' goo;
Aw stawter't heer, un wambl't theer,
A moydert, gawpin foo.

V.

Fro th' church to th' Packer-street aw steer't,
As flay'd as onny eawl,
Fur i meh een, a hundthert feen
Seem't fratching fur meh seawl.

VI.

Aw gloor't un grop't fro soide to soide,
Oytch foote aw'r feert to fo,
Boh fene aw geet, fur neaw aw'r reet
At th' dur o' th' Gowden Bo.

VII.

So in aw crope to th' verry room,
Weer Tim ud us't furt' sit;
Un welly dee'd--fur wot aw seed,
Aw'll tell yo in a bit.

VIII.

Aw'r beh meh sel, un th' owd church bell
Ud struck'n th' heawr o' one!
Aw'r feeor't to stir, so queer aw wur
A maddl't--dhrunken mon.

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IX.

Aw swoipt a gill ur two o' ale,
To dreawm meh anguish deep;
Aw smook't un doz'd, boh noan kumpos'd,
It wur boh thrubb'lt sleep.

X.

Aw wack'nt then, weh feerfo dreoms,
Un th' foyer brunt low un dim,
Aw cud na boide, fur on th' tone soide,
Theer stooode the Ghost o' Tim!

XI.

Stark fierce he wur, his wizzn't cheeks
Wore Deoth's unseetly trace,
Fur in his shroud, pale, stern, un cowd,
He glendhurt eh meh face!

XII.

Meh een wur full--meh jaws drop't deawn--
Meh blud wur loike to freeze,
Meh legs to shake, aw cud na spake,
Boh cruttlet o' meh knees.

XIII.

Cowd swat drop't fro meh wakkerin limbs,
Aw wish't aw'r whom ogen;
Aw'r feeor't Owd Nick wud ha me wick,
Un tey meh to his den.

XIV.

Then Tim coom nar un o'er meh stooode,
Wi angur on his broo,
He shak't iz yed, un awfo sed--
"Yo're one o'th' lyin' crew.

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XV.

"Yo're one o'those ut's frumpt un leaugh't,
Mede mock'ry eh meh name,
Put uncoth fibs inta meh meawth,
Un marr'd meh honest fame.

XVI.

“It’s th’ loikes o’ yo,” th’ vex’t Fantum sed,
Weh fierce un haggart face,
“Weh folly’s breath ut slanthurt deoth,
Weh noathur luv nur grace.

XVII.

“Yoan writt’n books, un on yon stone,
Dishonnerin’ meh neme;
Un rhoines beh Sam, un Shaw’s rank gam,
Yoan gloatut on weh shame.

XVIII.

“Sam’s towld, weh crump unhallo’d lips,
A gawstrin spytfo tale;--
Aw dhrunk a mug, ur elz a jug
‘O Daniel Kesmus’ ale;’

XIX.

“Un swoip’t a gallon ut a woint:
Tel th’ gawby its na true,
Fur as eh ston, a specthur mon,
Aw’r neer that dhrunken foo!

XX.

“Aw moot sumtoimes o tan a sope,--
Just neaw un then a gill,--
Boh neer that sot, weh a full pot,
To swoipe it off loike swill.

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XXI.

“Boh, if ‘twur throe, full sure eh am,
(As stonidin’ heer i’th room.)
If’t cost him owt, un ‘nobba greawt,
He’d a sup’t it as he coom.

XXII.

“Fur Sammy’s noan so keen, egad,--
Aw need na bawk to menshun,--
To stond a mug, nur gill nur jug--
It’s a fattlin invenshun.

XXIII.

“Besoide, as I’m Tim Bobbin Ghost,
(Aw owe him just a lick)--
He wud na gey, nur susepence pey,
To save meh fro Owd Nick.

XXIV.

“Bo’ th’ Rachda fok, un th’ country reawnd,
Ha flyer’t meh dey beh dey,
Un ad no feeor yer words to heer
O’ my insulted clay.

XXV.

“Aw neer geet op! boh, iv eh cud,
Aw’d mak em rue the dey--
Aw’d nettle um, un aw’d ‘fettle’ um,
Un in a ‘greedly’ wey:

XXVI.

“Aye, iv aw’r wick aw’d paint oycth face
As feaw as onny cannibals,
Un turn theer jackets tone soide eawt,
Fur onny cullert hannimals.

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XXVII.

“Eh justis to meh fame I’m cum’n,
Un tel em, iv ta chuses,
Aw dunnaw loike the sneerin’ ways
Uv theer ill natur’t Muses.

XXVIII.

“Mey eawt a fere un greadly tale,
(A pair o’ gawmliss foos,)
Beawt th’ Doctur’s Shop ut Newton Yeth,
Ut th’ ale ut Willey Booth’s.

XXIX.

“Ur elz sum fratchin hately tyke,
To try theer cracks un sallies,
Loike Dick ut fow’t, when Mal did nowt
Boh ‘bang’d a pair o’ ballies.’

XXX.

“Theer’s wark fur th’ Fettler, aye, enooff,
‘Tween Manchester un Owdum;
Fur friends he’s noan--fur, one beh one,
He’s us’t um op, ur sowd um.

XXXI.

“Ur heaw he turnt iz back on o,
Eigh, un thankless lost um soon,--
Un when, beh th’ mass, he grabb’d ther brass,
Wur thrut off loike owd shoon!

XXXII.

“Han yo furgett’n wot aw’ve sed,
(Theawr’t lookin feerfo glum)
That sad mishap weh th’ bitch un th’ eawl,
Os Meary yerd fro Tum?

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XXXIII.

“Un, neaw, beh th’ maskins, Sammy’s crack’t,
He’s gan yo aw a stunner;
Aw yer, odzooks, he’s fettlin books,
Un meddlin weh “mah thunner”!

XXXIV.

“No mon boh him con fettle Tim,
He sez, weh peeort ambishun;
Fur o wur prowtt, till he coom eawt,
Wi th’ greadly edishun.

XXXV.

“He’s th’ Hammil Sconce o’ Lankeshur.--
O’ writin’s nowt boh bother,--
Un poor Tim Bob iz boh a hob,
His dialect o flother.

XXXVI.

“He’d better fettle up his own,--
His ‘Passages’ un ‘Lays,’
Un try his pow’rs t’ improve his ‘Hours,’
Un mend his ‘Early Days’.

XXXVII.

“Ur happun wroite his ‘Lattur Days,’--
Iv still fur crap he rages;
Un print sum trash, ur balderdash,
Then tawk obeawt his wages!

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XXXVIII.

“Ur mey beh turn a grateful mon,
Un pray it beh no libel;
Un humbl’t be, before he dee,
Beh fettlin o’ th’ Bible.

XXXIX.

“Un iv he’s dun weh t’ loike o’ me,
Whot next? (good lorjus deys!)
He’ll mak o’ Homer some misnomer,
Ur fettle Shakspere’s Plays!

XL.

“Theer’s fettlin wark eh Pindar’s Book,
Let Sam gie him his reets;
Ur poo eh wrythen Saxon rhoime,
Why, o th’ Arabian Neets;

XLI.

“Ur Scotland’s dialect uv Burns,
Un Pope’s hee cullert sung;
Why, tak em o, un print em o,
I’ th’ gradely Ratchda tung.

XLII.

“Fur Sammy’s eigh o’er fond o’ brass,
Un fond, too, o’ book-jobbin;
Fur, short o’ stuff, he’s flusk enuff
To mutilate Tim Bobbin.

XLIII.

“Boh let him tel a tale his sel
Nur touch o moine, a letthur,
Un let im hob un thrutch his nob,
Fur summit true un betthur.

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XLIV.

“Aye--keep mee fro his greadly stuff,
Un, moind yo, tell im so,
Ur eh this reawm sum neet o’ gleawn
Beware o th’ Gowden Bo.”

XLV.

“Aw will,” aw sed, “poor, deer Tim,
Y’n spok’n weel un reet;”
Then he strid back, un in a crack
Aw welley lost meh seet!

XLVI.

A din loike thunner shak't o th' roof,
An awfo woint did blow,--
Un th' Ghost o Tim look't feerfo grim,
Un vanish't deawn below.

XLVII.

Aye, deawn he went, boh under th' floor,
Spok leawd his trubb'lt soul:
"Remember Tim! un, Sam, tel him
Win meet eh th' Boggart hole.

XLVIII.

"Ur elz sum neet beh Blackley fout,
As shure as he's o mon,
When Whiskey cheer, has made him queer,
Aw'l face him iv eh con.

XLIX.

He winna loike th' tone hawve aw've sed,
Un gi meh praps a treawncin,
Un then at th' Bo, aw'l cum t' tel o
His gawstrin un beawncin."

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L.

Aw wakkert loike a new drop't kawfe,--
Cowd, timmersome, un queer;
Stoode op o' th' floor, un gloor't fur th' door,
Un swoip't meh pot o' beer!

LI.

Then off aw seet, that wary neet,
To rest meh lutchin yed,
Boh sleep ud gon--a moythert mon,
Aw tumblet into bed.

LII.

Aw thowt aw'd tell this ghostly Tale,
To keep fawse foak fro snobbin;
Its o quite true, un neaw--Adieu!
Un rest to thee, *Tim Bobbin*.

