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STVDII  
SALAMANTINI

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**Anonymous,**

***The Lost 'Bus* (1867)**

One eve, as I with sauntering feet was pacing lonely Market-street,  
I heard a voice, 'twas nowise sweet, and turning, I espied  
A stout man from the country, drest in velveteen and hairy vest;  
With florid face and fiery crest, and thus he wildly cried,---

By gow! bur aw'm welly gon mad, that aw am; aw could ston i' this street neaw an'  
cuss!

Has ever a one o' yo' folk come across owt at favvers a Pendleton 'bus?

Aw wish yo' could tell me wheer-ever they're gone, fur aw'm fixed heaw ta foind'um,  
aw'm sure,

An' aw've trailed up an' deawn a' this day till aw' think as aw never shall see 'um no  
moore.

It's no use o' thee bobby a-sayin', "move on!" fur aw've moved till aw'm ready ta drop;  
An' aw'm dall'd if a seet o' a 'bus fur Peel Park aw've ever bin able ta kop.

Whatever theyn shifted 'um out o' th' owd place fur is moor nor aw'm able ta tell,

An' by th' mass, aw'm fain t' think, as it's moor'n could be tow'd by th' cod-yeded  
fellas thetsel.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Lost 'Bus* (1867)

'Tlast toime as aw seed one, wur six wick agoo; they stud a' i' Market-street then,  
An' of coorse aw ne'er dreamt when aw coom int' th' teawn bur aw'd foind um a' ston'  
theer agen,  
Aw geet out at Bank Top an' piked deawn t' th' owd place; yo may guess as aw felt  
rather queer  
When a fella he says "they're i' Albert Square neaw, an' tha'd better gulook fur um  
theer.

An' a rare job aw had ta root that owd Square, fur no fella could tell wheer it wur;  
An' then when aw did, by Gum! bur aw wished as aw'd holt o' some fella ta pur.  
There were no 'buses theer, but a mon made o' stone as stud under a preachin'-heawse  
top,  
An' a cab chap as said they'd bin swopped an' St. Ann's wur the street wheer i' futur  
they'd stop.

Aw're sum mad that aw wur! an' owd scratch ony knows wheer it wur, bur aw fun it at  
last.

An' then, afther a' as aw'd done, aw' fun out as aw're just welly a'most as fast,  
For afther aw'd stud fur an hour-an'-a-hawve, a fella aw happen'd ta meet  
Said "why, tha'st geet out o' thy nest, fur that 'bus is shifted agen t' th' owd street."

Bur aw've trapsed every yerd o' its length, an' it's noan: an' aw say who has gen 'um  
the sack?

They're a'-foo's, that they are, an' if aw liv'd i' here, they'd soon have to fot 'um a'  
back.

Dun they think we'n goo peighlin' about ta please them---why, aw've bin every bit o'  
this day

A seekin' that 'bus, an' aw hanno't foun't yet, an aw ax dun yo' think it fair play?

What's that? It's deawn theer---so it is as aw live---a standin' by th' lamp at th'  
Exchange---

Tha' con ston theer ow'd divvleskin neaw till next wick, when tha'll ha' to mak' some  
other change,

Tha're too lat' fur me, fur dayleet's welly gon, an' now to my whoam aw mun mogg;  
Bur aw'd like ta gie't chaps as han shifted they perch a gradely good taste o' my clog.