

Author: Anonymous

Text type: Verse

Date of composition: 1868

Editions: Unknown

Source text:

Anon. *T' Little Brid*. Published in *The Sphinx*. vol. I, No. 17,
November 14, 1868. 133.

e-text:

Access and transcription: July 2011

Number of words: 385

Dialect represented: Lancashire

Produced by Javier Ruano-García

Copyright © 2011- DING, The Salamanca Corpus, Universidad de Salamanca

STVDII
SALAMANTINI

——
Anonymous

***T' Little Brid* (1868)**

Let th' bantlin' sup?--Aye, eigh, for sure,
An' that for sure I will;
Here, feel at this, young rosy face,
An' see an' ta' thy fill.

An' Missis, come your ways to th' nook,
An' clap your body deawn;
It's but a 'onely bit o' road
From here to Rachda' teawn.

You're reet if once yo getten theer?
Well--come--that's noan so bad;
A pleasant thowt'll shorten th' road.
Heaw owd's this little lad?

I tell o' what, this nestle-cock
'S a wick un, I con see;
Nay, let him bide, he cannot frame

A mite too roough for me.

I wish eawr Mally had bin in,
Hoo's gone as far as th' well;
An' should no' be so lung away;
Hoo went o' by hersel'.

Hood stir thoose bits o' pins o' hers,
I'll warrant, if hoo knowed;
I'd bet a farthin' cake hoo's leet
O' summut upo' th' road.

I tell o' what, these little uns,
For aw their teeny ways,
They grew a comfort to owd folk
I'th' winter o' their days.

Heaw mitch is th' milk? Nay, nay, for sure,
That winnot fit, choose heaw;
Chargn' for that at costs us naught---
Yo seen we keep a keaw.

An' so he're two i' August last,
Same day as Peterloo;
That's just meet th' age o' one we had,
Eawr Jo wur turn't o' two:

An' th' fust an' th' last we ever had,
He pike't off in a fit;
I think hoo goes to th' well sometimes,
For t'have it eawt a bit.

If me or her has mist him th' moost,
I'm sure I connot say;
I know it seems as fresh to me
As if 'twere yesterday.

He wur a bonny little chap,
Wi' hure o' curlin' gowd;
An' ne'er wur still---until one day,
We laid him still an' cowl.

We'd peace an' quietness after that---
Too much just neaw and then;
It's fourteen year sin, past an' gone,
Come t' shortest day again.



The Salamanca Corpus: *T' Little Brid* (1868)

We took him off oth' twenty fourt'
To Rachda church away;
An' Mally said hoo're fain he'd be
I' heaven o' Kesmus day.

But I kept tryin' t' shape him theree,
Below his coffin lid---
What! so you're off---well, fare yo weel;
God bless thee, little brid!

