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SALAMANTINI

B.Y. (?-?)

## *A Welcome to "Country Words" fra Craven (1866)*

Smaw friend, 'at like the hamely robin  
Comes, when November rants an' roars--  
Wi' lile shy hops an' fluttered curtseys,  
Axing a morsel at wer dooars.

Larned men till now, to mend wer morals,  
Hey tried lang words to mak a rattle;  
"We'se flay 'em soon wi' noise aboon 'em,"  
They thowt, "as thunder freghtens cattle."

An', aa, but it wor grand to hear'em,  
Sich jaw com banging out each minit;  
Some said 'twor Greek, some vowed 'twor Latin,  
But naan could quite tell what wor in it.

An' now thou's here--yan o'wersels, like,

To try another mak o' mendin';  
Wi' good plain words, an' simple speeches,  
To tell plain fooak when they're offendin'.

Thou'll hev a crack, na doubt, wi' t' goodman,  
An' mebbe talk for t' wife an' lasses;  
Lang taals for t' lads, an' looads o' laughter,  
An' bonnie songs to suit aw classes.

Come in, then--mak' na banns about it--  
There isn't yan but's glad to sit tho;  
An' we'se be fain, when thou's i' fettle,  
To hear aw t'news 'at thou's browt wi' tho.