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**Bealey, Richard R. (1828-1887)**

*Th' Owd Whitefield Weyver in Australia abeawt th'  
"Besses" Bazaar  
(18?)*

[3]

Come Sally, let thy wark alone,  
An' sit thee deawn beside o' me,  
Aw want to talk to thee a bit  
Of days an' times at used to be.  
Aw've put a log o' wood on th' fire,  
An th' blaze ull creep along it soon;  
It's Summer-time awhoam, owd lass,  
But here its Winter though its June.

Tha knows its one-an-twenty yer,  
Sin thee an me laft England's shore,  
Wi' fear as dark an hope as breet  
As ever fowt in hearts afore.

It hurt us stretchin' th' heart strings so,  
An sayin' t' friends we loved, "good bye,"  
An when aw think abeawt it neaw  
A quiet tear ull wet a sigh.

[4]

Full mony a time when aw'm i' th' fields,  
Aw mak a sudden stop, an' muse,  
Of owden times an' good owd friends,  
An alus fins it fresh as news.  
There's lots o' things aw'd clean forgot,  
Come to me like a vision then,  
An' mae me long wi' o' my heart,  
To see th' owd places o'er again.

An' summat's alus turnin' up,  
To mind one of what's past away,  
Some birth, or death, or kessenin,  
Some village wakes, or weddin day;  
An' eh! when memory's wakened up,  
An' fancy gilds o'th' memories o'er,  
What heaven we mak o' bits o' yearth,  
Where nowt like heaven wur seen afore.

Dost recollect those happy days,  
When thee an' me, two childer, played,  
Little buttesflees i' Besses' fields,  
An' mony a while past beditime stay'd?  
An' heaw they used to seech us eawt  
An' shout for us to come to bed;  
An' th' lickins ut we used to get,  
Because we' hide an play istancead?

[5]

An' dost ta mind those butter-cakes  
We used to tak wi' us to schoo',  
Wi' neaw an' then some traycle on,  
To sweeten th' road we had to goo?  
An' dost ta recollect, owd lass,  
When aw played wag that summer day,  
An' th' mester cotch'd me after schoo',  
In Park Lane meadow, tentin hay?

An' Sally, dost remember, lass,  
When schoo' were laft an wark begun,  
Heaw aw grew quieter wi thee,  
As if tha'd melted o' my fun?  
An' heaw tha started blushin too  
When e'er aw look'd thee straight ith' een;  
An we' wur booath as deep i'love,  
As ever folk ith' world wur seen?

Nay lass! tha's noan forgot, aw know  
By th' tears ut fo' uppo my hond,  
Ut tha's bin pressin' i' thy own  
To mak me still moor understond.  
Those owden times! those dear owd times!  
What han we done ut they mun goo,  
Wi o' their pleasures i' their honds,  
An lev us nobbut th' cowl an new?

[6]

Heaw aw should like to see th' owd spot;  
Aw think aw should know every stone  
"I' Whitefield," "Rooden Lone," an "Stond,"  
"Besses-o'-th'-Barn," an "Heigher Lone."  
What lots o' things aw'd yer an' see,  
If aw wur nobbut theer a day;  
But Sally, it 'ud break my heart  
When th' time had coom to goo away.

Aw should like t' yer those Prestwich Bells  
Ring eawt again their merry tune,  
An' th' music fling wi' generous hond,  
To th' settin' sin, i' rosy June.  
An' aw should like to walk i' th' clough,  
As oft aw've done i' days gone by,  
An' listen th' brids an' wayter sing,  
While th' trees hide o' but glints o'sky.

An' Sally, aw should gradely like  
To see owd "Kesmus" donned i' snow;  
For when he's wreathed i' summer flowers,  
His wrinkled face aw hardly know.  
An' aw should like t' see "Whissun-week,"  
An' yer those thousand childer sing,  
As through th' lung crowded streets they walk

O' donned i' white, --a flowery string.

[7]

An' lots of other things beside,  
There is 'ut aw should like to see,  
To give my een an' heart a feast,  
Just once again afore aw dee.  
For if aw lived a thousand yer,  
Or more, in ony foreign part,  
Owd England still 'ud be my whoam,  
An' Whitefield still 'ud howd my heart.

Heaw fain we are when letters coom,  
An' heaw they're read wi greedy een,  
While owd an' young coom crowdin' reawnd,  
An' o'er each others shoulders lean.  
An' heaw they're talk'd on day by day,  
An' oppen'd o'er an' o'er again,  
An' just for th' sake o' one peep moor,  
Pretendin' summut is'nt plain.

We know some changes 'uts been made,  
In th' village wheer we both wur bred;  
New faces in an' owd friends house,  
An' mony o' one we know 'uts dead.  
Owd buildings deawn, an' new un's up,  
A Chapel raised near Besses Bar;  
An' Sally, it's abeawt this time  
They wur to have their Grand Bazaar.

[8]

Aw wish 'em weel wi' o' my heart,  
For Chapel debt's a starin' shame,  
An' God ull never co' a place  
His own, 'ut other folk con claim.  
A house 'uts co'd a House o' God,  
Should want that name until its free,  
For while a mon howds th' writin's, lass,  
It's his, if owt i' th' world con be.

We yer they dun a deal o' good,  
An' th' Parson's weel respected too,  
Tak's th' gospel into th' cottages,

An's rare an' fond o' th' Sunday Schoo'.  
Well! if a Parson likes his job,  
Aw'm sure he'll worch as weell as pray,  
An' care no moor for rich folk's wine,  
Nor what he will for poor folk's tay.

An mak' no 'count o' parson folk,  
'Ut tak' to preachin' like a trade  
Because it's co'd respectable,  
An' th' livin's good an' yezzy made.  
Aw co' 'em nobstick parsons, thoose,  
'Ut ne'er out t' tread on th' pulpit stairs;  
They're sarmon buyers, gradely shams,  
'Ut stond good need to sat their prayers.

[9]

Just fancy, Paul, wi' white neckbant,  
An' swellin' wi' a gowd-yed stick,  
As if he'd nowt i' th' world to do,  
But find th' best way o' keepin' wick.  
Neaw th' chap they'n got at Besses theer,  
Is noan that mak' o' chap at o',--  
He worches hard, an' does a deal,  
An' does it beawt a deal o' show.

Then Sally, lass, let's hope an' trust,  
'Ut when th' next batch o' news we get,  
There'll be this bit o' gradely good,  
'Ut Besses Chapel's eawt o' debt.  
They'll do it lass, awm' sure they will.  
They're gradely folk i' Pilkington;  
For when they tak' a thing i' hond,  
Yo're sure its just as good as done.

They'd feight a lord if he should tread  
Wi' nowtiness appo' their toes,  
Bang at him like a common chap,  
As one o'th' biggest on em knows.  
They'n pluck for onythin, owd lass,  
They're feart o' nowt i'th' world, not they,  
An' it'll be a queerish thing,  
If th' Chapel debt they cannot pay.

[10]

Eh! heaw aw wish aw wur but theer,  
Aw'd wear some brass wi' 'em aw know,  
To help 'em t' wipe that shop score eawt,  
An' do a bit beside an' o'.  
Heaw fain aw should be just to see,  
Th' New Chapel 'ut they'n built, owd lass,  
Then stond at Besses Bar an hour,  
An' pike owd friends eawt as they'd pass.

But sithee lass, heaw th' log o' wood,  
Is branchin' eawt i' leafy blase  
An' sparklin' bloom, as if 'twur fain  
To yer abeawt those owden days.  
An' look at th' shadows upo' th' walls,  
'Ut doance abeawt i' frolic glee,  
Like boggarts of owd' merry days,  
Coom eawt to frisk wi' thee an' me.

But hush! lets say no moor, owd girl,  
Aw'm just inclined to doze away,  
An travel into th' lond o' dreams,  
To wake some sleepin' by-gone day.  
An if tha goo's away thysel,  
To th' quiet lond, just look for me;  
Aw think tha'll find me deawn i' th' clough,  
By th' wayter, lookin' eawt for thee.