

**Author:** Joseph Ramsbottom (?-?)

**Text type:** Verse

**Date of composition:** 1866

**Editions:** Unknown

**Source text:**

Ramsbottom, Joseph. *Coaxin'*. In *Country Words: A North of England Magazine of Literature, Science and Art*. No. 3, Saturday, November 17. 25

**e-text:**


**Access and transcription:** August 2011

**Number of words:** 294

**Dialect represented:** Lancashire

**Produced by** Javier Ruano-García

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**Ramsbottom, Joseph (?-?),**  
***Coaxin'* (1866)**

Hi thi, Jenny, lyev thi loom,  
Ther's a bonny sky above;  
Eawt o' th' days we wortch to live,  
We may tak a day to love.  
Wilto stop thi bangin' lathe;  
Come away fro th' neighsy jar;  
Let thi shuttle quiet lie,  
For thi bobbins winno mar.

Fling thi clogs an brat aside;  
Let thi treddles rest to-day;  
Tee thi napkin o'er thi yead;  
Don thi shoon an' come away.  
Everlastin' tugg un teighl,  
If eawr lives mun so be spent,  
What's the good o' whistlin' brids?  
Why wur posies ever sent?

Deawn bi th' well, at th' hollow oak,  
Under th' hawthorn blossom sweet,  
Wheer a linet sings above,  
An' the red rimm'd daisies look  
Wi' their gowden een int' heaven,  
An' eawr gronnies used to tell  
Ut the little fairies liven.

Theer we'll sit, an' talk o' th' time  
Ut we so mich wish ud come,  
When we'st find it reet to wed;  
When we'st have a tidy whoam,  
Wi' sich lots o' babby smocks,  
An sich rows o' clogs an' shoon,  
An' sich breeches, skirts, an' frocks;  
Why---it conno come too soon.

If aw ha t' goo eawt t' mi wark,  
Thea'll noa miss me for a day,  
When thea's hauve-a-dozen tongues  
Prattlin' reawnd while aw'm away;  
An' a dozen patherin' feet  
Racin' into th' loane ull come;  
They'll be fain to meet their dad  
When they known he's comin' whoam.

O, the skips, the jumps, the romps,  
An' the little songs they'll sing;  
Thea'll be th' graceful queen o'th' hearts,  
Lass, an' aw'st be th' jolly king.  
So neaw come an' lyev thi loom,  
Ther's a bonny sky above;  
Eawt o' th' days we wortch to live,  
We may tak' one day to love.