

**Author:** John Brown (1812-1890)

**Text type:** Verse

**Date of composition:** 1841

**Editions:** 1841, 1855

**Source text:**

Brown, John. 1841. *Neddy and Sally or the Statute Day. A Lincolnshire Tale*. Lincoln: Printed by R. E. Leary.

**e-text**

**Access and transcription:** September 2014

**Number of words:** 1,526

**Dialect represented:** Lincolnshire

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**NEDDY**  
and  
**SALLY**  
OR  
**THE STATUTES DAY.**  
A Lincolnshire Tale

BY **JOHN BROWN.**

AUTHOR OF POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY R. E. Leary, Bookbinder, 20, Strait.

Price Two pence,

[NP]

TO  
JAMES CONNOLLY, Esq.,  
IS HUMBL Y AND MOST RESPECTFULL Y DEDICATED  
THE STATUTE DAY,  
BY THE AUTHOR OF  
POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Lincoln, Dec. 24<sup>th</sup>, 1841.

[5]

**NEDDY AND SALLY.**

Cum, Sall, it's time we started now,  
Yon's Farmer Haycock's lasses ready,  
And maister ses he'll feed the cow.—  
He didn't say so— did he Neddy?

Yees that he did, so make thee haste,  
And git thee sen made smart and pretty;  
We yaller ribbon round the waist,  
The same as oud Squire Lowden's Kitty.

And I'll go fetch my sister Bess,  
I'm sartin sewer she's up and ready,  
Cum gies a bus, thou can't do less,"  
Says Sally, "No thou musn't Neddy."

But Neddy, then, his Sally's lips  
A kiss imprinted on their ruby;  
and Sally gave him some sly nips,

**The Salamanca Corpus: *Neddy and Sally* (1841)**

And said, "Be quiet, do, thou booby."

But then 'twas said with such a smile,  
That Neddy's heart was quite inflamed,  
And as he looked out towards the stile,  
He jumped for joy and thus exclaimed;

[6]

See, yonders Bess a cumming cross  
The fields, we lots o' lads and lasses,  
All haim be haim and brother Joss  
A shouting to the foaks as passes.

Odds dickens, Sall, we'll hev a spree,  
Me heart's as light as ony feather;  
There's not a chap dust russel me,  
Not all the town's chaps put together.

The farmer's wife came smiling in,  
Her heart was ever light and gay,  
To caution Ned she did begin—  
"Be sure thou don't get drunk to-day."

"And mind thee money, dust thee hear,  
And keep from out the sowdgers way,  
Thou recollects this time last year,  
Whe thou the smart was forced to pay."

Yees, that I do,— responded Ned,  
"But I'll tek care, mum, for the fewter,  
'Twas all through what the sargent said, —

**The Salamanca Corpus: *Neddy and Sally* (1841)**

Gosh, dang him, now he'll find I'm cuter!"

Up came the merry rural throng,  
The lasses all were smart and fine,  
Come Ned said they, come, come along,  
I'm sure we shan't get there by nine."

Ned bawled for Sal, —down stairs she came,  
And mingled in the merry crowd,  
They bade good bye the farmer's dame,  
And raised their voices then aloud.

And o'er the Fields with mirth and glee,  
Their notes resounded o'er the vale,  
The April sun shone cheerfully,  
All happy were, — all young and hale

[7]

Now soon they reached the top-most hill,  
From which they view the statute town;  
And there they see the five-sail'd mill,  
A wonder sure of great renown.

Quick down the hill they gladsome run,  
With hearts as light as light can be,  
And laugh and gigue at the fun,  
That they anticipating see.

Yet e're the town they enter in,  
All anxious soon in order get,  
They smile to hear the noise and din—

**The Salamanca Corpus: *Neddy and Sally* (1841)**

But whose to lead the van crises Bet?

Hey, whose to lead? the echo sounds  
“For toaner couple must and shall,  
Doan’t let’s go stragglin in like hounds.  
The honour falls on Ned and Sall.

Now they with smiles confess their joy,  
And willingly obey the call,  
Joss loudly bawls, our Ned’s the boy,  
Hey, Ned’s the boy bawl one and all.

Ned twir’ld his ash plant in the air  
A signal which to start was known;  
Boys flock around and at them stare,  
To see them enter in the town.

And up the middle of the street,  
Each couple arm in arm do walk;  
Soon some old friendly face they meet,  
and in the public house do stalk.

‘Tis there the quart is pass’d around,  
A token due to friendship’s glow, —  
Wit, mirth, and jollity abound,  
With laughing eyes that glances throw.

[8]

They tell of joys that’s pass’d and gone,  
Each ardent soul joins in the tale;  
But ah! the moments still wing on,

**The Salamanca Corpus: *Neddy and Sally* (1841)**

While they sit chatting o'er their ale.

From fields and high-roads, streets and lanes,  
O'er hills and valleys far between,  
There comes a host of rural swains,  
With lasses too to charm the scene.

And interspersed amid the throng,  
Are farmers with their wives so gay,  
All jogging merrily along,

'Mid happy smiles that round them play.

The town now spreads its varied ware,  
A rich profusion every where;  
Tradesmen in expectation share  
In profits that the day may clear.

Showmen begin with clam'rous strife,  
Exhibiting such wonders rare;  
Soldiers with merry drum and fife,  
March through the town to lively air.

And flying swings hurl to and fro,  
While round-about 'twixt earth and sky  
Quick circumvolting round they go  
With marvellous velocity.

And shouts proclaim with pure delight,  
That now the statute sports begin;  
Another scene glads every sight.  
'Tis honest Ned and Sall com'd in.

**The Salamanca Corpus: *Neddy and Sally* (1841)**

Followed by all, the rustic flame

Was rous'd; Ned marched through all the bustle

And whispered, —Sall, keep how my haim,

And stick to me close as a mussel.”

[9]

And we'll go see the shows set out,

See all the sights that's worth while seeing

Mon, dall you lass, I care for nought,

I don't a-faix as I'm a being.

Now Sall most cheerfully complied,

And to the shows their way were hying;

Ned caught the canvass and he cried,

I'm blamb'd but yons a wild hoss flying.

Lawd look besides there's lots o' things,

All striped about in shape o' donkeys,

I wonder what's them there we wings,

See what a precious load of monkeys.

From sheet to sheet of canvass spread,

The rustic train admiring gaze,

Walk up and see the wild beast fed

Such wonders will ye all amaze.

Music invites, and all desire

To see the wondrous sights that's there,

And every breast with ardent fire

Must go no longer they forbear.

**The Salamanca Corpus: *Neddy and Sally* (1841)**

Up, up the steps they mount their way,  
With wonder working in the mind,  
And with astonishment they stay,  
To look upon the savage kind.

From show to show, from scene to scene,  
E'en every sight they crave to view,  
No wonders 'scape them there I ween,  
All meet respectfully their due.

The day is wearing fast apace,  
The sun is drooping towards the west.  
A converse sweet gives timely place  
To sports and which will please them best.

[10]

Deliberating thus awhile,  
On future joys—to fancy seeming,  
Exulting Ned with a smile  
Exclaimed—cum wakken, are you dreamin.

Consarn you Sall I'm reight you see,  
My toes and knees seems all a dingle;  
Let's go and dance, and merry be,  
It's the last stattus we'll be single."

Away unto a well-known inn,  
Where merry tunes enchant the ear,  
A country dance they soon begin,  
All happy— all devoid of care.



**The Salamanca Corpus: *Neddy and Sally* (1841)**

And thus they pass the fleeting hours  
Till tired of dancing,—song and tale  
Awakens all their social powers,  
Moistened with hearty quaffs of ale.

The lasses sing, the lads admire  
The simple lays of love they tell,  
Rous'd by their strains— an am'rous fire  
Speaks forth their eyes— their bosoms swell.

Inspiring ale impassioned love,  
How many dangers ye are scorning;  
The sequel of my tale shall prove.  
Ned, let's go home, — I went till morning.

I feel mysen just reight and streight,  
For out you like, to kick or rassel,  
Hey you a town's chap wants to feight,  
Here's up my hat, —I'll show him muscle.”

The crowd gave way and from behind,  
The chap advanced— a Morgan rattler;  
Ned shouts for joy, says, niver mind,  
Let him cum on mun, I'm his mattler.”

[11]

In a green grass field which lay by  
The ring was form'd, the fight began,  
Each deals his blows most lustily,  
But Ned's proclaimed the conqu'ring man.

**The Salamanca Corpus: Neddy and Sally (1841)**

Sally around him begs and prays,  
While tears fast from her eye-lids start,  
That all for home should go their ways,  
Without the woeful task to part.

Thus she implored, and he replied,  
Wot meagrim's art thee up to Sally,  
It's nought no use I want be tied,  
Goa home thee sen dont dilly dally."

Nay promise me that thou'll go home,  
We Joss and Bess and all the tothers;  
But let's go home just as we come,  
I've got some fairings for our mothers.

"Well, well I will, but here's a spree,  
The sodgers are all frisk and merry,  
There's some o' them I know knows me,  
I'll go shak hands we Sargent Berry.

"It's twelvemonths since this blessed day,  
Me poor old sargent eyed and ogled;  
I'd one pound one or more to pay,  
Blam'd I was nicely connyfogled."

With right good will the sergeant greets,  
and tells him many a tale and story;  
Boldly he marches through the streets,  
With sword in hand he'll die for glory.

Poor Sally's hopes had been that morn,  
Buoyant, confident, and light;

**The Salamanca Corpus: *Neddy and Sally* (1841)**

That evening saw her wretched, shorn

Of all, on all her hopes a blight.

[12]

With many a lingering look behind,  
She lonely left the statute's fair,  
Hoping that Ned his home would find,  
And this she thought would end her care.

Ned thought not of his home and fair,  
The sergeant's scarf he had untwisted,  
And bound it on with martial air,  
And Ned, poor honest Ned, was listed!

Leary, Printer and Bookbinder, Strait, Lincoln.

