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VNiVERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANIINI

——

NEDDY

and

SALLY

OR

THE STATUTE DAY.

A Lincolnshire Tale
of Real Life

BY
JOHN BROWN.

PRICE SIX-PENCE

BY R. FARBON, BOOKSELLER, BULL-RING, HORNCastle,

[3]

**NEDDY AND
SALLY.**

“Cum, Sall, it’s time we started now,
Yon’s Farmer Haycock’s lasses reddy,
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 pritty;
Wi yaller ribbon round thee waist,
The same as owd Squire Lowden’s Kitty.”

“And I’ll goa fetch my sister Bess,
I’m sartin sewer she’s up and reddy,
Cum gie’s a buss, thou can’t do less.”
Says Sally, “Noa thou musn’t Neddy.”

[4]

But Neddy, then, his Sally’s lips
A kiss imprinted on their ruby;
and Sally gave him some sly nips,
And said, “Be quiet, do, thou booby.”

But then ‘twas said with such a smile,
That Neddy’s heart was quite inflamed,

The Salamanca Corpus: *Neddy and Sally* (1855)

And as he look'd out towards the stile,
He jump'd for joy and thus exclaimed;

“See, yonders Bess a cumming cross
The fields, wi lots o' lads and lasses,
All aerm be aerm 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 sewer thou doan't get drunk to-day.”

[5]

“And mind th' 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 wot the sargent sed, —
Gosh, dang him, now he'll find I'm cuter!”

Up came the merry rural throng,
The lasses all were smart and fine,

The Salamanca Corpus: *Neddy and Sally* (1855)

“Cum Ned,” said they, “cum, cum along,
We shant, be sewer, get there be nine.”

Ned bawled for Sal, —down stairs she came,
And mingled in the merry crowd,
They bad good bye the farmer’s dame,
And raised their merry voices loud.

So joyously they pass along,
Devoid of every envious thought,
The simple burden of their song—
‘Twas such as rustic bards had taught.

[6]

Of blackbirds singing in the bush,
The blooming milk maid blithe and gay;
The sky-lark, linnet, and the thrush,
With Roger’s love when making hay.

And o’er the fields with mirth and glee,
Their notes resounded through the vale;
The April sun shone cheerfull, —
All happy were, —all young and hale.

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,

The Salamanca Corpus: *Neddy and Sally* (1855)

And laugh and gigue at the fun,
That they anticipating see.

Yet ere the town they enter in,
All anxious soon in order get,
They smile to hear the noise and din—
“But whose to lead the van” crises Bet?

[7]

“Hey, whose to lead?” the echo sounds
“For toaner couple must and shall,
Doan’t let’s goa 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, “ower 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,
They arm in arm in couples walk;
Soon some old friendly face they meet,
and in the public house they stalk.

‘Tis there the quart is pass’d around,
A token due to friendship’s glow, —

The Salamanca Corpus: *Neddy and Sally* (1855)

Wit, mirth, and jollity abound,
With laughing eyes that glances throw.

[8]

They tell of joys now pass'd and gone,
Each joins with pleasure in the tale;
But ah! the moments still wing on,
While they sit chatting o'er their ale.

O happy hour! when kindred hearts,
Unite in one sweet social tie;
The worth is more than gold imparts,
Richer than India's mines can buy.

From fields and high-roads, streets & 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.

[9]

The Salamanca Corpus: *Neddy and Sally* (1855)

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's '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.

Followed by all, the rustic flame

Was rous'd; Ned marched through all the bustle

And whispered, "Sall, keep how my aerm,

And stick to me close as a mussel."

"And we'll goa see the shows set out,

See all the sights that's worth while seein

Mun, dall you lass, I care for nowt,

I don't a-faix as I'm a bein."

[10]

Sally most cheerfully complied,

And to the shows their way were hying;

Ned caught the canvass and he cried,

"I'm blamb'd but yon's a wild herse flying."

The Salamanca Corpus: *Neddy and Sally* (1855)

“Lawd look besides there’s lots o’ things,
All striped about in shape o’ donkeys;
I wonder wot’s them there wi’ 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 beasts fed—
Such wonders will ye all amaze.”

Music invites, and all desire
To see each wondrous sight that’s there,
And every breast with ardent fire
Must go, no longer they forbear.

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.

[11]

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.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Neddy and Sally* (1855)

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 toaes and knees seems all a-dingle;
Let’s goa 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.

[12]

And thus they pass the fleeting hours
Till tired of dancing,—song and tale
Awaken 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 from 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 goa home,” “I weant till morning.”

The Salamanca Corpus: *Neddy and Sally* (1855)

“I feel mysen just, reight and streight,
For owt you like, to kick or rassel,
Hey you a town’s chap wants to feight?
Here’s up my hat, I’ll show him mussel.”

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.”

[13]

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.

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 meagrims art th’ up to, Sally?
It’s nowt noa use, I want be tied,
Goa home thee sen, doant dilly dally.”

“Nay, promise me that thou’ll goa home,
Wi’ Joss and Bess and all the tuthers;
But let’s goa home just as we cum,
I’ve got some fairings for our mothers.”

The Salamanca Corpus: *Neddy and Sally* (1855)

“Well, well I will, but here’s a spree,
The Sowdgers are all frisk and merry;
There’s some o’ them I know knows me,
I’ll goa shak hands wi’ Sargent Berry.”

[14]

“It’s twelvemonths since, this blessed day,
Me poor owd 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,
So buoyant, confident, and light;
That evening saw her wretched, shorn
Of all, on all her hopes a blight.

[15]

With many a lingering look behind,
She lonely left the Statute 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,



The Salamanca Corpus: *Neddy and Sally* (1855)
And Ned, poor honest Ned, was listed!

HORNCastle:

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