

Author: Munby, Arthur Joseph (1828-1910)

Text type: Verse

Date of composition: 1885

Editions: 1865, 1992

Source text:

Munby, Arthur Joseph. 1865. "T'Moossel Getherers". *Verses New and Old*.
London: Bell and Daldy: 53-63.

e-text

Access and transcription: April 2015

Number of words: 1,557

Dialect represented: North Yorkshire

Produced by María F. García-Bermejo Giner

Copyright © 2015– DING, The Salamanca Corpus, Universidad de Salamanca

VNiVERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANIINI

T' MOOSSEL GETHERERS.

[53]

Noo waw is yon lass coomin' oop off o't scars,
Wi'a moossel bag of her back?
Be t' waa sha steps, an' be t' waa sha stan's,
There's a good few on 'em i't sack!

"An' waw is yon t'ooother, gans on be her sahd,
Basket an' bags an' all?
Be t' showders sha's getten a leeak o' oor Poll—
Bud yon's ovver stoot an' tall."

[54]

"Aye, it's noan o' your Polly, Daame Oothet," he says,
"For Ah seed 'em bawth mysel;
An' t' big un is Jenny o' Sandgaate Foot,
An' t'ooother's auld Robson Nell."

He seed 'em bawth as he coom'd frae t' Nab,
Nobbut aaf an hooer agone:
An' he stopp'd, did Jan, for a bit of a crack,
For t' gells was lahk aloan.

"Noo wat mun E deah for yer moossels?" he says;
An' Nelly leeaks oop sae sly—
Says, "Maybe ye'll gie us a lift wi' wer bags,
When ye've getten leeave te try!"

He tew'd sae sair, an' he swat sae sair,
An' t' bag was fit te fall;
Bud if she didna kep it reet intiv her airms,
As if it was nowt at all!

"Thoo's fair an' bet wi' this lahtle bag,
Thoo's fair an' bet," says she;
"An' Ah laa t' would a broossen thee back, me lad,
Te fettle mah looad for me!"

[55]

Well Jenny, sha stood iv a pool near 'and,
A-pickin' be twos and threes;
An' her skets, 'at was all o' the flannel sae blew,
Pinn'd oop atwixt her knees.

Sha heerd 'em skrike, an' sha heerd 'em shoot,
An' sha rause hersel oop te see;
Says, "Aa, bud thoo's getten a feal, me lass,
Fo' te addle thah penny for thee!"

Sha's shoooken t' sea-watter all oot o' her shoe,
Says, "Ah dinna care *that* for 't men!
Ye ma' etta clim' oop, ye ma' etta clim' doon,
Bud Ah'd lug mah looads mesen.

"It's a waant long waa frae Laverock Awl,
It's a waant long waa te t'toon;
An' trod is as slaape as slaape can be,
For a lass iv her cloompin' shoon;

"Bud Ah's yah bag yonder, an' t'oother o't'rock,
An' Ah lugs 'em bawth mesen;
An' Ah'd slither an' slither o't slaapest trod,
Afoor Ah'd ax at men!"

[56]

"Aye, thoo mud ax, Big Jenny," he says,

"An' thoo'd gan thee waas for me;
Bud if oor Gil Beilby coom'd ti't' scar,
Ah laa he'd lug wi' thee!"

Sha's tooken a sup o' the graa watter,
Sha's tooken it intiv her 'and;
Sha's skelp'd him sae, an' sha's spank'd him sae,
Wahl hardlins he could stand.

Then oop an' spak' auld Robson Nell,
An' fair as a flooer was she;
"Thoo'd niver heerd tell o' Gil Beilby, lass,
If thoo'd letten t' yoong fondhead be!"

"Wat, Ah sud a letten him be, sesta?
Wah then he mud joost think on:
Wativer's Gil Beilby naam tiv 'im,
Fo' te lig iv his mooth lahk yon?"

"Ah've kenn'd a good few i' mah born daas,
An' Ah've niver said Yiss nor Naw;
Bud if Ah thinks owt o' yon Gil, thoo knaws
Ah niver a tell'd him saw.

[57]

"Thoo's thowt on a deaal theesen, Nelly,
An' a varry deaal mair 'an me;
Bud hoo mony lads i't' toon, Nelly,
Has iver lugg'd owt wi' thee?"

"If lads thinks sum'at o' me, Jenny,
An' offens Ah knaw tha' deah,
It's a pity bud wat tha'd gat sumbody else
Te jabber their coortin' teah!

"Sweethearts ma' coom, sweethearts ma' gan,
Bud if ivery stick ed a steean,
Mah faather'd a wed amoong quality fawk,
An' Ah sud ed nowt tull a deean.

"An' if Ah'd ed nowt tull a deean, Jenny,
It wadna a fretted ma' sair!
Ah'd soon get shut o' me skets sae blew,
An' Ah'd coom te t' scars nae mair.

"Ah'd get t' auld chahmer sahded oop,

An' Ah'd fettle mesen for a spree;
An' Ah'd off an' awaa wi' a saalor chap,
Hes a heart bawth kind an' free!"

[58]

Big Jenny has clapp'd her twae bare hands
At sic an ootlandish taale;
An' the taane on the t'ooother coom'd doon wi' a smack
Lahk a hammer atop of a naal.

Big Jenny has loupén a yard an' mair,
An' laugh'd bawth lood an' long:
"Wativer's te deah wi' thee, Nelly,
'At was allas sae stoot an strong?"

"Thoo's coom'd te t' scars i't even an' morn;
Ah've gether'd a vast wi' thee
When t' stars was shinin' i' winter tahn,
An' t' sun far doon i't sea.

"Thoo's coom'd te t' scars bawth even an' morn,
Thruff mony a munth an' year;
Bud Ah doot thoo's fast wi' soom Soothron chap,
Wad rive thee awaa friv here.

"Wat, thoo edn't need be a quality lass,
Lahk them 'at walks o't sands
An' keeps a twitterin' toong i' their 'eeds,
'At nawbody oonderstands;

[59]

"An' blinds their eyes when t' sun is oot,
If it's nobbut aaf an hooer;
An' runs te t' rocks wi' a scream an' a skrike,
Sure as iver it cooms a shooer!

"Ah seed yan yance, when Billy an' me
Was flitherin' here wi' moother;
An' Ah wish, if E live tiv a thoosand year,
Ah mud niver see sich anoother.

"Mah wod! Te leeak at her lahtle shoon,
An' her bits o' shanks an' all,
Ah seer Ah wunder'd an' thowt for daas
Hoo a body mud be sae small!

"A fahn yoong chap was along o' her sahd,
An' thinks Ah, if t' lass sud tumle,
Yon fahn yoong chap 'ud be pickin' her oop,
An' Ah laa he wadna grumle!

"He tell'd her which was t' gaanest rooad,
An' he kept fast 'od o' her 'and;
Bud sha wemled about i' them lahtle shoon,
Wahl sha couldna step nor stand.

[60]

"Sha maad sich deed as ye niver heerd tell
When tha' gat tiv a spot te joomp,
An' sha hing'd hersen on tiv her sweetheart airm
Saam as boocket hings on te t' poomp.

"An' when tha coom'd te t' forrend o't scar,
Sha was all of a trimle for breathe;
An' when tha coom'd ti't backend o't scar,
Sha was a'most flaa'd te deeah;

"An' last of all—it's trewth, Nelly,
If this was mah dyin' daa—
What *did* sha deah bud scroonch'd a crab,
An' swounded reet awaa!"

Sha laugh'd a bit, did bonny broon Nell,
When sha heerd t' ootlandish taale;
Sha laugh'd a bit, bud sha niver spak mich,
An' sha tonn'd as paale as paale.

"Coom lass," sha says, "we sall etta gan yahm,
For tahd, sha's rause lahk owt;
An' fawks 'ud think, te hear wer talk,
'At w'ad getten a laakin' bout.

[61]

"Here's ight stun o' moossels'll want to be skaan'd,
An' thoo knaws they're all te buy;
An' mony a scoor o' eeaks te baat,
An' lahns te hug te t' quay:

"Eh, Jenny, there's soom 'at can laak all daa,
An' soom 'at has brass enew;

Bud them 'at bahds i' their faather hoose
Mun bahd their faather too."

"Geroot wi' tha then, an' thee ifs an' ans!
Geroot wi' tha, lass!" sha said:
"A gell mun bahd iv her faather hoose
Wahl sha's getten her man, an' wed!

"An' Leah!" said Jenny, "this finger o' mahn;
Ah dinna care wat tha' bring,
Bud naw Gils sall niver ha' nowt fra' me,
Wahl tha find it a gowden ring!"

Broon Nelly sha bloosh'd, broon Nelly sha sigh'd;
Ah niver a wod spak she,
Bud, "Lass, ista boon te gan yahm teneet,
An' mun E gan yahm wi' thee?"

[62]

Saw them twae gells gaed oop frae't scars
Te fettle thersens for a start;
An' Jenny sha smack'd her airms for cauld,
Bud Nelly sha smack'd her heart.

Tha' tahd their ankerchers ower their eeads,
Let doon their skets o' blew,
An' bootton'd their jackets aboon their breeasts,
For t' weather it frawze an' snaw.

Tha' leean'd their backs uptill a rock
Weer a lass mud lig her load;
An' sattled their bags wi' a length o' band
Behint their showders brooad.

An' them twae gells gaed doon te t' Baa,
An' thruff Mill Beck an' all:
An' sky was thick wi' maftin' fog,
An' neet begun te fall.

Aw wet, wet, was them weary sands,
An' sair t' Noth wind did blaw,
An' lood an' roor'd yon moontin' sea,
An' grimly flew the snaw;

[63]

An' wet, wet, was a' their claes,
Or iver them twae gat yahm:
"Eh lass!" says Jenny, "Ah wish temorn
Mud bring us a bonnier tahm!"

For Jenny was allas sae leet o' heart,
An' still sae lood sha soong,
"Aw weel for them 'at is stoot an' strong,
An' weel for them 'at is yoong!"

Bud Nelly, sha streak'd her drippin' hair,
Was allas sae bright an' broon;
An' sha set her faace to the blindin' blast,
An' a tear coom'd tricklin' doon.

"Aye marry," sha says, "it's a rare good thing
For a lass te be blithe an' yoong;
Bud if thoo could a trimled as soom fawks deah,
Ah laa thoo'd hod thee toong!"

"Aw Jenny! Ah trimles at quality talk,
An' wishes Ah'd niver heerd neean;
Or else could a tonn'd tiv a laady mesen,
An' niver ed nowt tull a deean."

