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Text type: Verse

Date of composition: 1800?

Editions: Unknown

Source text:

Anon. *Jone's Ramble from Grinfelt to Owdham*. In William Hay, MA, *Scrapbook, vol. III*. Chetham's Library MS. 1800-1810. Manchester. 109.

e-text:

Access and transcription: July 2011

Number of words: 441

Dialect represented: Lancashire

Produced by Javier Ruano-García

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Anonymous,
Jone's Ramble from Grinfelt to Owdham (n.d.)

Says Jone to his wife on o whot summer's dey.
I'm resolv't in Grinfelt no lunger to stey,
For I'll go to Owdham as fast as I con,
So fare the weel Grinfelt, and fare the Weel Nan,
A souger I'll be, an brave Owdham I'll see,
And I'll hav a battle with French.

Dere Jone then sed Nan, an hoo bitterly cry'd,
Wilt be one oth foote, or tha meeonst t'ride?
Odzouns I'll ride oather ass or a mule,
Ere I'll kewer e Grinfelt os black os tha dule,
Booath clamink an starvink, and nere o farthink,
Ecod t' wou'd meke ony mon mad.

Aye Jone sin we coome int' Grinfelt fort' dwell,
Ween had monney a bare meel I con vary weel tell,
Bare meel, ecod aye that I vary weel know,

The Salamanca Corpus: Jone's Ramble from Grinfelt... (n.d.)

There's bin two deys this week ot ween had nowt ot o,
I'm very nee sided, before I'll abide it,
I'll feyght oather Spanish or French.

Then seys me noant Margate, ah! Jone thourt so wot,
I'd nere go to Owdham, boh e Englund I'd stop;
It matters nowt Madge, for t' Owdham I'll gooa
I'll naw clam to deooth boh somebry thall know.
Furst Frenchman I find I'll tell him me mind,
An if he'll naw feyght he shall run.

Then deawnt broo I coome for we liv'nt at top,
I thowt I'd reach Owdham e'er ever I stopt.
Ecod hew they staret[un] when I geet to th' Mumps,
Me owd hat e me hont an me cloggs full o stumps,
Boh I soon towd um I're gooin' t Owdham,
An I'd hav a battle with French.

I kept endway throoth lone an to Owdham I went,
I asht a recruit if they mede up their keawnt;
No, no, honest lad, for he tawkt like a king,
Go whimme throo th' street an thee I will bring
Where if theaw art willing, theaw may hav a shilling,
Ecod I think this wur rare newe.

He browt meh to th' pleck where they measure ther heyght,
An if they bin length, there's nowt sed obeawt th' weyght,
I stretch't meh an wretch't meh, an ne'er did flinch,
Sed th' mon, I believe theaw'rt meh lad to an inch
I thowt this'll do, awst ha ginnes enoo,
Ecod Owdham, brave Owdham for me.

So save the weel Grinfelt a souger I'm made,
I getten new shoon and a rare cockade;
I'll feyght for Owd Englund os hard os I con.
Oather French, Dutch, or Spanish to me its o whon,
I'll mak um t' stare like a new started hare,
An I'll t[u]ll um fro Owdham I cum.

A. Swindelis, Printer.