Lines to my Friend, Walter Hampson

Ah’m glad to tell tha, Walter, ‘at thi book is gooin’ well, An’ when tha writes another Ah knaw ‘at it’l sell; The’r lots goooan into th’ trenches, an’ on to th’ battlefield, An’ caused monny a rahnd o’ laughter when it’s wit hes been revealed. An’ “Tykes Abrooad” ‘ll bless tha for monny a year to come, An’ Tykes at hooam’ll not forget when marchin’ to the drum. Sooa heears my paw, Ah’ll let tha knaw ‘at Ah’m a Yorkshire Tyke, An’ glad to meet a brother pup--especially one Ah like. Ah’m hoapin’ Ah’ s’all see tha, an’ that afoor so long, An’ then we’ll chat things ower wi’ bacca, pipe an’ song.

HENRY HUDSON
May, 1917
A Yorkshire Tyke

Written in answer to a poem the Author received from Mr. H. Hudson, a brother Tyke, in which he offered the Author a friendly “paw”.

Ah’m varry glad, owd Tyke to knaw
Tha offers me a friendly paw,
Becoss tha knaws Ah allus like
To greet a true-bred Yorkshire Tyke.

Ah mak nowt o’theease hauf-bred pups
Who maup abaht like gaumless tups,
Wi’ nauther humour, sense, nor wit,
An’ varry little manly grit.

Ah like a man ‘at stan’se erect,
An’ treatis his neighbours wi’ respect;
An’ faces life’s rough storms and shocks
As bold as wave-resistin’ rocks.

Nooa daht, amang us Yorkshire fowk,
Tha may find heear an’ theear a bloke
‘At isn’t what he owt to be;
Still, Yorkshire fowk’l do for me.

Tha’ nivver knew a thorough Tyke
Refuse to feight, or gooa on strike,
Rayther nor be a crawlin’ tooad,
Or beear a tyrant’s heavy looad.

He mooastly knaws what things belongs,
His friendship grips like blacksmith’s tongs,
He knaws ‘at God made all men free.
An’ liberty he’ll hev or dee.

Tha’ nivver heears him whine an’ yelp
If fortune gi’es a back-hand skelp;
He pricks his lung an’ squares his jaws,
An’ grips her fast between his paws.

He’l do a fair, square, full day’s wark,
But let ma alsooa heear remark,
He’l hev his wage, or else, by gow!
Ther’ll be a divvel of a row.
He understands a decent hoss,
Knaws hah’ t’ treat a gradely boss
‘At nivver puts him too much weight on;
An’ likes a booran ‘at’s got some meit on.

He’s sense enough to knaw a chap
May hev some brains an’ weear a cap,
He alsooa knaws a flat’s a flat,
Altho’ he wears a tall silk hat.

An’ if on life’s rough, stormy wave
He meets a feller strugglin’ brave,--
His compass lost—withhahn a hooap--
He allus thraws a friendly rooap.

He doesn’t ax if him an’ th’ wife
Hev allus lived a thrifty life,
Or hah mich brass he wastes or spends,
Or which is th’ chapel he attends.

Whate’er he gi’es he doesn’t grudge,
He leeaves it in God’s hands to judge;
All noble actions he regards
As things ‘at brings ther awn rewards.

Ther’s room for pity in his heart,
He nivver tak’s a bully’s part;
An’ if some times he tells a lie,
Can allus gi’e good reasons why.

An’ thus he simply jogs along
Contended, happy, manly, strong;
Withhahn a foolish care abaht him,
But th’ world ‘ud be warse off withhahn him.

An’ nah, owd Tyke, Ah hooap an’ trust
Ah’ve drawn his portrait fair and just,
An’ fowk ‘at knaw tha will agree
In monny things he’s just like thee.

Sooa let us wag us paws together,
Enjoyin’ friendship’s sunny weather;
An’ face life’s roughest dams an’ dykes,
Like honest true-bred Yorkshire Tykes.
WALTER HAMPSON
April, 1917.