

Author: Anonymous

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[] has been used to indicate that a spelling is doubtful

SALAMANTiNI

Anonymous,
***Lancashire Distress* (1862)**

(Recited in Lancashire Dialect)

(From the *Wigan Standard*)

Eh, dear! What weary toimes are these,
When scores o'honest workin folk
Reawnd th' poor-law office dur one sees,
Loike cadgers, we a cadgin poke;
It's bad to see't, bo wus a dyeal,
When one's sel helps to make up th' lot;
We'n a nowt to do, we darno stayl,

The Salamanca Corpus: *Lancashire Distress* (1862)

Nor con wo heighl an empty pot.

Aw hate this pooing oakum wark,
An breakin stones for t' get relief;
To be a pauper--pity's mark--
Ull break an honest heart wi grief.
We're mixt wi th' stonidin paupers, too,
Ut winno wark when wark's t' be had,
A scurvy, fawnin, whoinin crew--
It's hard to clem, bo that's as bad.

An for mysel aw would no do't
Aw'd starve until aw sunk to th' floor;
Bo th' little childer bring me to't,
And would do th' bst i'th lo[a]d ow'm sure,
If folk han childer starvin theer,
An still keep eawt, there noan so good;
Aw've mony a toime felt rayther queer,
Bo then aw knew they must ha food.

When wark fell off aw did m best,
To keep mysel and fam'ly clear;
My wants aw've never forrud prest,
For pity is a thing aw fear.
My little savins soon were done,
Un then aw sowd my twoth'ry things--
My books and bookcase o' are gone,
My mother's picther, too, fun wings.

A bacco box wi two queer lids,
Sent whoam from Indy by Jim Bell,

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My fuschia plants and pots, my brids
An cages, too, aw'm forced to sell;
My feyther's rockin cheer's gone,
My mother's corner cubbert, too;
An' th' eight days' clock has followed, mon--
What con a hungry body do?

Aw've gan my little garden up,
Wi mony a pratty flower and root,
Aw've sowd my gronny's silver cup,
Aw've sowd my uncle Bobin's flute;
Aw've sowd my tables, sowd my beds,
My bedstocks, blankets, sheets as weel;
Each ne[c]t o' straw wo rest eawr yeads,
An we an God knows what we feel.

Aw've sowd until aw've nowt to sell.
An heaw we'n clem'd's past o' belief;
What next for t' do aw couldno tell,
It wur degradin t'ax relief.
Ther wur no wark, for th' mill wur stopt,
My childer couldno dee, you known;
Aw'm neaw a pauper cose aw've dhropt
To this low state o' breakin stone.

Bo wonst aw knew a diff'rent day,
When every heawr ud comfort bring;
Aw earned my bread, aw paid my way,
Aw wouldno stoop to lord or king.
Aw felt my independence then,
My sad dependence neaw, aw know;

Aw ne'er shall taste those jeighs ogen--
Aw'm sinkin wi my weight o' woo.