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Anonymous,
***The Owdham Chap's Visit to th' Queen* (n.d.)**

It happen'd t'other Monday morn, while seated at my loom, sirs,
Pickin' th' ends fro, eaut o'th yorn, eaur Nan pop'd into th' room, sirs,
Hoo shouted eaut, aw tell thee, Dick, aw think thour't actin shabby,
So off to Lunnon cut thy stick, and look at th' royal babby.
Every thing wur fun an' glee, they laugh'd at o aw tow'd em,
An' ax'd if th' folk wur o like me, ut happen'd t' come fro' Owdham.

Then off aw goes an' never stops, till into th' palace handy,
Th' child wur sucking lollypops, plums, and sugarcandy;
An' little Vic i'th nook aw spied, a monkey on her lap, mon,
An' Albert sittin' by her side, a mixin' gin an' pap mon.
Everything wur, &c.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Owdham Chap's... (n.d.)

When Albert seed me, up he jumps, an' reet to me did waddle;
An' little Vicky sprung her pumps wi' shakin' o' my daddle;
They ax'd to have a glass o' wine, for pleasure up it waxes;
O yes, says aw, six eight or nine, it o' comes eaut o'th taxes.
Everything wur, &c.

They took the Prince of Wales up soon, an' gan it me to daudle;
Then Albert fotch'd a silver spoon, an' ax'd me to taste at t' caudle,
Ecod, says aw, that's good aw buck, it's taste aws ne'er forget mon,
An' if my owd mother'd gan sich suck, 'cod aw'd been suckin yet mon.
Everything wur, &c.

They ax't me heau aw liked their son, an' prais'd both th' nose an eyes on't,
Aw tow'd 'em though 't were only fun, 't wur big enough for the size on't,
Says aw your Queenship makes a stir (hoo shapes none like a dunce mon
But if eaur Nan lived as well as her hoo'd breed 'em two at wonce mon,)
Everything wur, &c.

They said they'd send their on to school as soon as he could walk mon,
And then for fear he'd be a foo, they'd larn him th' Owdham talk mon,
Says aw there's summat else as well, there's nout loik drainin th' whole pit,
For fear he'll ha for t' keep hissell, aw'd larn him work i'th coal pit.
Everything wur, &c.

Then up o'th slopes we hod a walk' to give our joints relief sir,
And then we sat us deun to talk, 'beaut politics and beef sirs,
Aw tow'd 'em th' corn laws wur but froth, an' th' taxes must o drop mon,
That when eaur Nan wur makin broath, some fat might get to th' top mon,
Everything wur, &c.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Owdham Chap's...* (n.d.)

So neau my tale is at an end but nowt truth aw tells sirs,
If ever we want the times to mend we'll ha' for t' do 't eaur sells sirs,
So neau yo seen aw've tow'd my sprees, and sure as aw am wick mon,
If my owd wife and Albert dees aw'll try for t' wed wi Vic mon.
Everything wur, &c.

J. Harkness, Printer, 121, Church Street, Preston.