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**Hampson, Walter (1864-1932),**  
*A Yorkshire Tyke* (1917)

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'll sell;  
The'r lots gooan into th' trenches, an' on to th' battlefield,  
An' caused monny a rahnd o' laughter when it's wit hes been revealed.  
An' "Tykes Abroad" 'il bless tha for monny a year to come,  
An' Tykes at hooam'll not forget when marchin' to the drum.  
Sooa hears 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 hoopin' Ah' s'all see tha, an' that afooar 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 know  
Tha offers me a friendly paw,  
Becoss tha knaws Ah allus like  
To greet a true-bred Yorkshire Tyke.

Ah mak nowt o'theese 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's erect,  
An' treeats 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'll do for me.

Tha nivver knew a thorough Tyke  
Refuse to feight, or gooa on strike,  
Rayther nor be a crawlin' toad,  
Or bear 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'll do a fair, square, full day's wark,  
But let ma alsooa heear remark,  
He'll hev his wage, or else, by gow!  
Ther'll be a divvel of a row.

*The Salamanca Corpus: A Yorkshire Tyke (1917)*

He understands a deeacent hoss,  
Knows hah' t' treat a gradely boss  
'At nivver puts him too much weight on;  
An' likes a boan 'at's got some meit on.

He's sense enough to know a chap  
May hev some brains an' wear a cap,  
He alsoo knows 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--withaht 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 leaves 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 gooid reasons why.

An' thus he simply jogs along  
Contended, happy, manly, strong;  
Withaht a foolish care abaht him,  
But th' world 'ud be warse off withaht him.

An' nah, owd Tyke, Ah hooap an' trust  
Ah've drawn his portrait fair and just,  
An' fowk 'at know 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.



*The Salamanca Corpus: A Yorkshire Tyke (1917)*

WALTER HAMPSON  
April, 1917.

