

The Salamanca Corpus: "Aw connut dry my heen, Robin"  
(1866)

**Author:** John Scholes (1808-1863)

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**e-text**

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[196]

**AW CONNUT DRY MY HEEN, ROBIN**  
BY THE LATE JOHN SHOLES

"Come, woipe thi heen; iv throuble's eawrs,  
Un' things gwon wrang to-day,  
Thae knows, moi lass, its April sheaw'rs  
'Ut makun' th' fleaw'rs o' May.  
Put th' childer o to bed, un' come  
Aw'll tak my pipe un' smook,  
Un' we'st happun feel moar comfortsome  
Iv thae'll read a bit i' th' Book."

[197]

"Aw connut read to-neet, Robin,  
Aw connut read to-neet;  
Thir's a feaw un fearful seet, Robin,  
Come atwixt mi un' the leet—  
It's the seet o' th' childer starvin',  
Un' the beds thi sleep on gwon,  
Fur yon chap, to th' latest farthin'  
He'll sell up stick un' stwon.

"Oh! it's weel mi heart mey break, Robin!  
It's weel my heart mey break,  
Aw con see the Bayli's mark, Robin,

The Salamanca Corpus: "Aw connut dry my heen, Robin"  
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On oitch thing we han to take;  
Thir's the clock ut wur mi Gronny's,  
Un' mi drawers so breet un noice,  
Un' th' cradle, it wur eawr Johnny's,  
Fur it's had new rockers twice.

"Thir's thi Faythur's rockin-cheer, Robin,  
Wheer Wesley once sat deawn,  
Un' th' candlesticks up theer, Robin,  
'Ut cost mi hauve-a-creawn;  
Un' eh! mi corner kubbort,  
'Ut geet yon knob knockt off,  
When wi kessunt eawr poor Roburt,  
'Ut deed o' th' hoopin-cough."

"Come, dri thi heen, Ailse; try un' seek  
Comfort, un' hope, un' rest."  
Un' a tear stole deawn owd Robin's cheek,  
Whol he said, "Let's hope for th' best."

[198]

"Aw connut dry my heen, Robin,  
Aw connut kneel, nur pray,  
Fur they'll sell moi Willy's loikeness,  
'Ut's gwon to Omerika.

"Thae knows that morn he left, Robin,  
When th' neeburs o geet reawnd—  
Aw'd raythur see that lad, Robin,  
But, oh! aw'd raythur far ha' lain him  
I' yon spot wheer wi mun lay;  
Fur those natives mun ha' slain him,  
Or else he's dreawn'd i' th' say.

"Thae'll see his picthur swd, Robin,  
Un' th' mug wi' his name on too;  
Aw'd raythur part wi' loife, Robin,  
Than those two thins should goo.  
Un' oh! sin' Willy started,  
Its six long year, un' moar,  
Not a leththur sin' wi parted—  
But thir's sumb'dy knocks at th' dur!"

"Come in! come in! who con it be?  
Not Nancy, come a borrowin' th' maiden!  
Nay, Nancy wouldn't knock, not she—  
Eawr Willy's lass is summat made on."

The Salamanca Corpus: "Aw connut dry my heen, Robin"  
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But in coom Nancy, trippin' leet,  
Un said, "A felli 'ud lost his way;  
Could thi lodge a stranger theer that neet,  
'Ut had comed fro' Omerika?"

[199]

"He mey ha' th' cous-cheer drawn up to th' foire,  
He mey sleep wi' Tummy un' Joe,  
Un' eh! if he's bin eawt o' Englundshoire,  
He'll ha sin eawr Willy, aw know."  
Muffl't i' shawls un' winter cwots,  
The stranger stood on th' floor,  
'Ut seem'd wi' its whoite un marbl't spots,  
T' ha' bin dappl't wi' daisies o'er.

"I've got a letter here," he said,  
"With twenty pounds inside,  
From Willy Blithe—a sailor lad,  
And I've brought some gold beside:  
His mother and father live hereby,  
And if you'll tell me where,  
I'll hasten on, to give them joy,  
And save them many a tear."

"Oh yer yoh, Robin! he's livin', Robin!  
Eawr Will" —Ailse said na moar;  
Un' th' good owd mon wur soarly sobbin',  
As he kneelt him deawn o' th' floor.  
"Aw connut howd—aw connt bide,  
It's him! It's him, hissell!"  
Poor Nancy sobb'd, un' laugh'd un' cried,  
Un' Willy's muffler fell.

"Aw'm fit to dee wi' joy, Robin!  
Though aw couldn't kneel nur pray.  
Un' th' ONE that yerd mi greet, Robin!  
Browt *him* fro' Omerika"

[200]

"O Ailse, thae's cause to bless  
'Ut we'er na moar distress'd:  
Lord, fill us o wi' thankfulness;  
Thoi ways are olez best."

'Twur on a Monday morn i' May,  
Yung Willy un' his Nancy  
To Ratchda' church tripp'd leet un' gay,  
As frolicsome as fancy.

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Un' Willy towd in affhur-years,  
Heaw in seechin' Franklin bold,  
'Mung ice, un' snow, un' grisly bears,  
He'd toil'd for love un' gold.