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VNiVERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANTIINI

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**POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.**

BY

THE LATE REV. THOMAS, BROWNE,
OF KINGSTON-UPON-HULL

"Me lusit amabilis insania." HOR.

PRINTED FOR VERNOR & HOOD, LONDON
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and
THOMAS BROWNE, HULL.
1800

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SPECIMENS

of the

YORKSHIRE DIALECT

SONG.

Ye loit'ring minutes faster flee,
Y' are all ower slow by hauf for me,
That wait impatient for the mornin';
To-morn's the lang, lang-wish'd-for fair,
I'll try to shine the fooremost there,
Mysen in finest claes adornin',
To grace the day.

I'll put my best white stockings on,
And pair o' new cauf-leather shoon,
My clain wash'd gown o' printed cotton;

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About my neck a muslin shawl,
A new silk handkerchee ower all,
Wi' sike a careless air I'll put on,
I'll shine this day.

My partner Ned, I no', thinks he,
He'll mak' his sen secure o' me,
He's often sed he'd treat me rarely;
But Ise think o' some other fun,
I'll aim for some rich farmer's son,

The Salamanca Corpus: "Specimens of Yorkshire Dialect" (1800)

And cheat our simple Neddy fairly,
Sae sly this day.

Why mud not I succeed as weel,
An' get a man full out genteel,
As aud John Darby's daughter Nelly?
I think mysen as good as she,
She can't mak' cheese or spin like me,
That's mair 'an beauty, let me tell ye,
On onie day.

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Then hey! for sports and puppy shows,
An' temptin' spice-stalls rang'd i' rows,
An' danglin' dolls by't necks all hangin';
An' thousand other pratty see'ts,
An' lasses traul'd along the streets,
Wi' lads to't yall-hoose gangin',
To drink this day.

Let's leck at' to' winder, I can see't,
It seems as tho' 'twas growan lee't,
The clouds wi' early rays adorning;
Ye loit'ring minuets faster flee,
Y' ere al owerslo' be hauf for me,
'At wait impatient for the morning.
O' sike a day.

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SONG

When I was a wee little tottering bairn,

The Salamanca Corpus: "Specimens of Yorkshire Dialect" (1800)

An' had nobbut just gitten short frocks;
When to gang I at first was beginnin' to lairn,
On my brow I gat monie hard knocks:
For se waik, an' se silly an' helpless was I
I was always a tumbling down then,
While my mother would twattle me gently and cry,
"Honey Jenny! tak' care o' thysen.

When I grew bigger, an' gat to be strang,
'At I cannily ran all about
By mysen, whor I lik'd, then I always mud gang
Bithout bein' tell'd about ought;
When, however, I com' to be sixteen year auld,
An' rattled an' ramp'd amang men,
My mother wad call o' me in an' would scauld,
An' cry— Huzzy! tak' care o' thysen."

I've a sweetheart comes now upo' Setterday nights,
An' he swears 'at he'll mak me his wife—

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My Mam grows se stingy, she scaulds and she flytes,
And twitters me out of my life.
But she may leuk sour, an' consait hersen wise,
An' preach again likin' young men;
Sen I's grown a woman her clack I'll despise,
And I's—marry! —tak' care o' mysen.

SONG

I leotly lov'd a lass right weel,
Was beautiful and witty,
But all I sed (an it was a deal),

The Salamanca Corpus: "Specimens of Yorkshire Dialect" (1800)

Could never raise her pity,
Or mak her love me.

I tell'd her owre and owre again,
(Did monie reasons render,)
Sh'ed never fynd another swain,
Wad be so fond and tender,
If she'd bud love me.

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I'd tent my sheep i' field or faud,
Wi' spirits light and cheary,
Thro' summer's heat, and winter's-caud,
If she wad be my deary,
And say she'd love me.

I's nobbut a poor shepherd lad,
My hands aleeen mainteean me;
Waes me! weel may I be se sad,
That maks the lass diseean me,
'At winnot love me.

I thought at first, i' my dispair,
I'd gang and get me listed,
And bravely meet my death i' war,
Because the lass insisted
She wad not love me,

But now I've teean another mind,
I'll try to quite forget her;

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Another lass may be mair kind,

The Salamanca Corpus: "Specimens of Yorkshire Dialect" (1800)

I'se like as weel or better,

An' she may love me.

AWD DAISY, AN ECLOGUE.

GOORGY AND ROBERT.

GOORGY.

Weel met, good Robert! saw ye my awd meer?

I've lated her, an hour, i' t'loonin here;

But howsumivver, spite of all my care,

I cannot spy her, nowther heead nor hair!

ROBERT.

Whaw, Goorgy, I've te teyl ye dowly news,

Syke as I's varra seer will mak ye muse:

I just this minnit left your poor awd tyke,

Dead as a steean i' Johnny Dobson's dyke.

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GOORGY.

Whoor! —what's that, Robert? —tell us owre ageean,

You're joking— or you've mebbly been misteean;

ROBERT.

Nay, marry, George, I's seer I can't be wrang,

You kno' I've keyn'd awd Daisy now se lang.

Her bread-ratch'd feeace, and twa white hinder legs,

Preav'd it was hor, as seer as eggs is eggs.

The Salamanca Corpus: "Specimens of Yorkshire Dialect" (1800)
GOORGY.

Poor thing! —what deead then?—had she laid there lang?

Whor abouts is she? —Robert, will ye gang?

ROBERT.

I care nut, Goorgy, I hant mich te dea,

A good hour's labour, or may happen twea;

Bud as I nivver like to hing behynd,

When I can dea a kaundness tiv a frynd,

An I can help ye, wi my hand or teeam,

I'll help to skin her, or to bring her heeam.

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GOORGY.

Thank ye, good Robert! — I can't think, belike,

How t' poor awd creature's tummled inte t' dyke,

ROBERT.

Ye maund shee'd fun her sen just gaun te dee,

An' sea laid down by t' side, (as seeams to me,)

An' when she felt the pains o' death within,

She'd fick'd, an' struggled, an' se towpled in.

GOORGY.

Meast lickly,—bud— what was she dead outreet,

When ye furst gat up; when ye gat t' furst seet?

ROBERT.

Youse hear— as I was gaun down 't loan, I spy'd,

A scoore or mair o' Crows by t' gutter side,

All se thrang, hoppin in, an' hoppin out,

I wonder'd what i'th warld they were about.

The Salamanca Corpus: "Specimens of Yorkshire Dialect" (1800)

I leuks, an' then I sees an awd yode laid,
Gaspin' an' pantin' there, an' ommost dead;

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An' as they pick'd it's een, an' pick'd ageean,
It just cud lift it's leg, and give a greean,
But when I fand awd Daisy was their prey,
I wav'd my hat, an' shoo'd 'em all away.
Poor Dais!—ye maund, she's now woorn fairly out.
She's lang been quite hard sett te trail about. —
But yonder, Goorgy, loo' ye whoor she's laid,
An' twea 'r three Nanpies chatt'rin owre her head.

GOORGY.

Aye, marry! —this I nivver wish'd to see,
She's been se good— se true a frynd te me. —
An' is thou cum te this, my poor awd meer?
Thou's been a trusty sarvant monny a year,
An' better treatment thou's desarv'd fra me,
Than, thus neglected in a dyke te dee. —
Monny a daywark, we ha' wrought together,
An' bidden monny a blast o' wind and weather;
Monny a lang dree maule, owre moss an' moor,
An' monny a hill, an' deéal we've travell'd owre;
But now— waes me! — thou'll nivver trot ne mair,
Te nowther kirk nor market, spoort nor fair;

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And now, fort' future, thoff I's awd and leam,
I mun be foorc'd te walk, or stay at heam. —
Ne mair thou'l bring me cooals fra' Blakay brow,
Or sticks fra' t' wood, or turves fra' Leaf how cow.

My poor awd Dais! afoor I dig thy greeave,
Thy weel-worn shoon I will for keep-seeakes seeave;
Thy hide, poor lass! I'll hev it taun'd wi' care,
"Twill mak' a cover te my awd airm chair;
An' pairt, an apron for my wife te wear,
When cardin' woul, or weshin' t' parlour fleer.
Deep i' t' cawd yearth I will thy carcass pleeace,
'At thy poor beean may lig, and rist i' pleaaace,
Deep i' t' cawd yearth, 'at dogs may'nt scrat' thee out,
An' rauve thy flesh, an' trail thy beean about.
Thou's been se faithful for se lang te me,
Thou sannut at thy death neglected be.
Seyldom a christian 'at yan now can fynd,
Wad be mair trusty or mair true a frynd.

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THE INVASION, AN ECLOGUE.

Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit? —Virg.

A wanton wether had disdain'd the bounds
That kept him close confin'd to Willy's grounds;
Broke thro' the hedge, he wander'd far astray,
He knew not whither, on the public way.
As Willy strives, with all attentive care,
The fence to strengthen, and the gap repair,
His neighbour Roger, from the fair return'd,
Appears in sight, in riding-graith adorn'd;
Whom, soon as Willy fast approaching, spies,
Thus to his friend, behind the hedge, he cries—

WILLY.

The Salamanca Corpus: "Specimens of Yorkshire Dialect" (1800)

How de ye, Roger? ha' ye been at 't fair?

How gangs things? Made ye onny bargans there?

ROGER.

I kno' not, Willy; things deant luke owre weel,

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Coorn sattles fast, thoff bease 'll fetch a deal;

Te sell 'tawd intack barley, I desaun'd,

But cuddet git a price te suit my maund;

What wi' rack-rents, an' syke a want of trade,

I kno'nt how yan's te git yan's landloords paid.

Mair oure au that, they say, i' spring o't year,

Franch is intarmin'd on't te 'tack us here.

WILLY.

Yea, mun! what are they cummin hither for,

Depend upon't they'd better nivver storr.

ROGER.

True, Willy— nobbut Inglishmen 'll stand,

By yan another o' their awn good land;

They'll nivver suffer (Ise be bun to say)

The Franch to tak a single sheep away;

Fightin' for heame, upo' their own fair field,

All pow'r i' France cud nivver mak 'em yield.

WILLY.

Whaw, seer you cannot think, when put ti't pinch,

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'An onny Inglishman i' ll ivver flinch!

The Salamanca Corpus: "Specimens of Yorkshire Dialect" (1800)

If Franch dea cum here, Roger, I'll be hang'd,
And they deant git their sens reet soundly bang'd:
I can't bud think (thoff I may be mistean)
Not monny on 'em 'ill get back ageean.

ROGER.

Ah think nut, Willy— bud sum fouk will say,
Our English fleet let 't Franch ships git away,
When they were laid (thou kno's) in Bantry Bay;
'At they could ne'vver all hev geen 'em 'tslip,
Bud 'tnglish wanted nut te tak a ship.

WILLY.

Eah! that's all lees!

ROGER.

I dinnot say it's true,
It's all unnone te syke as me an' you,
How do we kno' when fleets do reet or wrang?
I whoop it's all on't fause— but so talks gang.

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Howsivver this I kno' 'at when they please,
Our sailors always beat 'em uppo't seas,
And if they nobbut sharply luke about,
They needent let a single ship cum out;
At least they'll drub 'em weel, I dinnot fear,
An' keep 'em fairly off, fra landin' here.

WILLY.

I whoop sa, Roger, bud an if they dea,
Cum owre, I then shals sharpen my awd lea.

The Salamanca Corpus: "Specimens of Yorkshire Dialect" (1800)

What, thoff I can bud o've a lautle boast,
You kno' yan waddent ha that lautle lost:
Ise send our Mally an' all't bairns away,
And I mysen 'll by the yamstead stay.
I'll fight, if need; an' if I fall, whaw then,
Ise suffer all the warst mishap mysen:
Was I bud seer, my wife and bairns were seeaf,
I then sud be to dee content eneeaf.

ROGER.

Reet, Willy! Mun, what ,an they put us tea't,
I will mysen put forrad my best feat;

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What, thoff I's awd, I's nut sa easily scar'd,
On his awn midden, an awd cock fights hard.
They say a Franchman's turn'd a different man,
A braver, better soldier, ten to yan;
But let the Franch be turn'd te what they will,
They'll find 'at Englishmen are English still,
O' their awn grund they'll nowther flinch nor flee,
They'll owther conquer, or they'll bravely dee.