



[4]

Hestha browt owt to't market; owr's thee te'ame?  
Are all thee bairns quite fresh at yam, and t' de'ame?  
Ah sud ha' thowt you'd all been thrang at t' farm           15  
Mang t' hay and coorn, for this is't thrangest tarme.

BOB. Wi' soom foo'aks it may be, bood, bairn, mah hay  
Hez all been stack'd and theack'd this monny a day;  
And as t' wheat weant be ripe a fotnith yit,  
And glooaring at it winnot mak it fit,                           20  
Ah've coom te York te weast an hoor or se'a,  
Since ah had nowt partick'ler else te de'a;  
And mun, for soom tarme past Ah've re'ally been  
Just crazed te know about this '*Minsther Screen.*'  
T' newspapers used te talk of nothing else,                   25  
It mead mair noise than yan o't minsther bells,  
And sea ah've coom'd te see what it be like,  
Diz thoo know owt at all about it, Mike?

MIKE. Thoo mood ha' seerched all t'coountry sarde te see  
A chap at knaws yah hauf as mich as me.-                   30  
Put up thee hoss, mun, heer in't Minsther Yard,  
And then we'll gang and hev a leak insard.

[Bob here gives his horse to Mr. Moss's hostler, with sundry directions respecting the treatment of him & c. They then enter the Minster.]

BOB. Bon! its a strange gre'at ple'ace, and dash it, Mike,  
It maks a chap feel desprit lahtle like;

[5]

Ah' feels all iv a trimmle , with the dre'ad                   35  
Lest ony bad thowt now sud fill mah he'ad.  
Bood, show us owr this Screen is te be foond,  
Is't summut up o't re'af, or doon o't ground?

MIKE. Whah' sootha, lootha, leakstha, there it stands,  
The bonniest wark ere me'ad by mottal hands;               40  
That thing all clairmed wi' lahtle dolls, is't screen,  
About which all this noise and wark hez been,  
And if thoo'l whisht a minnit, mun, or s'ea,  
Ah'll sean insenstha into t' yal te de'a.  
Thoo sees, when Martin, wiv his crackbrained tricks,  
Set fire t'minsther like a he'ap o' wicks,                   46

Foo'aks frev all pairts o't coonthry vary se'an,  
 Clubbed bras te pay for reeting it age'an;  
 Se'a Ah, mang t' rest o't quality, put doon  
 (For iv'ry lahtle helps, thoo knaws), a croon. 50  
 Noo se'an as t' brass was getten, afore lang,  
 Frev iv'ry pairt a soort o' chaps did thrang:  
 Ste'an-me'asins, airchitecks, and sike-like straight  
 All clusthered roond like mennies at a bait,  
 Soom te leak on and give advice, and, Bob, 55  
 Ne'a doot, soom on em com te late a job. –  
 Bood when te leak thruff t' minsther they began,  
 They started te finnd faut weet tiv' a man;

[6]

This thing was ower big, that ower small,  
 While t'other had ne'a business there at all.- 60  
 If ivver thoo did tiv a cobler send  
 A pair of sheun he did not mak, to mend,  
 Thoo's heerd what scoores o' fauts he vary seun  
 Wad start to finnd oot wiv thà poor o'ad sheun; -  
 'T'sowing wad be bad, and se'a wad t' mak, 65  
 And t' leather good te nowt at all bood crack.'  
 Just se'a the'as chaps foond faut wi' ne'a pretense,  
 Bood just 'at ple'ace was noot belt by theirsens;-  
 Noo when they com to t' screen, it strake em blinnd;  
 For noot yah singel faut weet could they finnd, 70  
 Until yah cunning chap, te show his teaste,  
 Threaped oot like mad at it wur *wrangly plea'ced*.-  
 He said 'it sud ha' been thrast fodther back,  
 For t' Ne'ave leak ower lahtle it did mak,  
 And that it se'a confarned his view o' t' ple'ace 75  
 To let it bard wad be a sair disgre'ace.'

BOB. Wha, sike a feal as that sud nivver stop  
 Doon heer beloe, but gang and gloore fre' t' top;  
 Ah mood as weel ding mah back-deer of t' creaks,  
 And then tell t' wife at it confarned mah leaks; 80  
 Mah wod! she'd se'an confarn mah leaks for me,  
 Wiv what Ah weel sud merit, a black ee.

MIKE. 'Yah feal maks mony,' is a thing weel knawn,  
 And t' truth of it was heer me'ast truly shown;

[7]

A soort o' chaps, at scarcely could desarn 85  
The dif'rence twixt an oad chetch and a barn,  
Fre' t' coonhry-sarde all roond aboot did thrang,  
And sware it sud be shifted, reet or wrang;  
Noo de'ant thoo think that Ah had nowt te say,  
Bood just did let em hev their o'an fond way; 90  
Nay – hundhreds, bairn, of foo'aks agreed wi' me  
That stoored it owt noot, and sud nivver be.-  
Disputes and diffrences that had ne'a end  
Began te start, friend quarrelled sean wi friend.-  
Mair nonsense te'a, about it, bairn, was writ, 95  
Than ivver hez been fairly read thruff yit;  
For mony a feal, his help each way to lend,  
Gease-quills and fealscap wea'sted without end.  
Meetings were held, men spak till they gat hoo'arse,  
And barley-seager raise in price, of coo'arse; 100  
While soom foo'aks to their friends said se'a mich then,  
Yah wod together they've noot spokken sen.  
Bood tho' se'a despritly they talked and fowt,  
Ne'an o' theas meetings ivver com te owt:  
At last they did resolve te call anoother, 105  
Te settle t' qeshun at yah way or t'ooother,  
When efther beals and shouts, and claps and gre'ans,  
Eneaf te wakken t' vary tonpike ste'ans,  
The qeshun to t' subscribers there was poot,  
Whether it sud be shifted, or sud noot.- 110  
We gat it, mun, as se'af as se'af could be,  
For ivry man o' sense did vo'at wi me;  
When lo! t' o'ad chairman frev his pocket-beuk  
A lot o' vo'ats lapt up in paper teuk,  
With which, in spite of all we could say, 115  
He turned the qeshun clean the t'ooother way,  
And thus desarded it sud shifted be,  
Bood *shifted* t' nivver was, as thoo may see.  
For perhaps they thowt, in spite of all their wits  
T' screen wad, if stoo'ared, ha' tummele all te bits.-  
Nea doot, thoo knows t' oad riddle of an egg, 121  
I've knawn 't sen Ah was boot t' book o' my leg, -  
Its 'hoompty-dumpty sat upon a wall'  
'And hoompty-doompty gat a desprit fall,  
'And all t' king's hosses there, all t' king's men,  
'Could neer set hoompty-doompty reet agen.' 126

Se'a they consated if they rarved this screen  
 Bood yance fre 't ple'ace in which t' had awlus been,  
 Like hoompty-doompty, it could neer age'an  
 Be set te reets, let what pains wad be te'an.- 130  
 Bood there thoo sees it stands, yal and compleat,  
 And that's because they've nivver de'an nowt weet:  
 A bonny thing like that, is bonny still,  
 Put it in whatsumivver ple'ace you will;  
 And as t'was weel while nowt was was at it de'an, 135  
 They've just de'an weel in letting weel ale'an.  
 Bood what did seam to uncommon hard,  
 And vexed me se'a, Ah knew noot how te bard,  
 Was that mah money, dash it, sud be te'an,  
 Te de'a that with, Ah wished sud noot be de'an, - 140  
 Could Ah hev gotten mah croon back, Ah sware  
 That egg or shell on't they sud not see mair.

BOB. Thah keas joost maks me think o' Jamie Broom,  
 T'oad dhrunken carpenter of our toon.-  
 Thoo sees, yah day to Jamie's hoose Ah went, 145  
 And fand he'd gotten t' bailier's in for rent.  
 His wife, poor thing, was awmeast flay'd te de'ad,  
 And rarved off t'hair by neavesful frev her he'ad,  
 And t' bairns all roo'red te see their mooother roore,  
 Ah nivver i my life seed sike a stoore.- 150

[9]

O'ad Jamie he was set in t' ingle-neuk,  
 Glooaring at t' fire wiv a hauf fond leuk;  
 Yah hand waz iv his britches pocket thrust,  
 While t' other picked his nooas-end desprit fast;  
 For him, thoo sees, Ah cared n't hauf a pin, 155  
 For dhrink had browt him te t' state he was in,  
 Bood mah heart warked te see t' poore bairns and t'  
 de'ame;

And se'a Ah moonted t' meer and skelped off he'ame,  
 And there Ah teuke fahve poond, pairt of a hoo'ard,  
 Ah'd felt in t' bahble te be out o't ro'ard 160  
 (For Ah's yan o' thor chaps at's ommust se'af  
 To spend all t' bras at's handy te my ne'af),  
 And sent it tiv him by our dowther Nance,  
 At he mood pay off t' bailiers at yance.  
 Wad you believe, as se'an as t' brass he gat, 165  
 He off te t' public-hoose, and there he sat,

And sat and smeuk'd, and dhrank away,  
Fra two'alve o'clock, te two'alve o'clock next day,

[11]

Just then Ah enthered t' hoose as Ah past by,  
Te get a dhrink, for Ah was desprit dry, 170  
And there Ah fand t'oad raggil, te be seer,  
Stritched on his back, dea'd dhrunk, o't parlour-fleer.-  
Ah thrast mah hand intiv his pocket-neuk,  
And back agean mah fahve poond noo'ate Ah teuk,  
For when Ah gav him't, it was mah intent, 175  
That he sud de'a nowt weet bood pay his rent.  
Just se'a, Ah think thoo had a reet to tak  
T' croon thoo subscrarbed, cud thoo ha' gotten't back;  
Since they te whom t'was geen had got ne'a a reet  
Te de'a owt else, bood what t'was geen for, weet. 180

MIKE. Thoo's reet, thoo's reet, Ah'd seaner had that  
croon,  
Te we'ast in blush and dhrink like Jamie Broom,  
Than they ha' gotten't, for then, mun, at le'ast,  
Ah'd ple'ased mah oan, and noot anoother's te'ast.

BOB. Pray whe'ah belt minsther? For it se'ams te me  
He kenned far best just whor this screen sud be; 186  
What tho' theas chaps may talk a he'ap o' blush,  
Ah wad'nt give a haup'ny for their trash,  
Unless te pre'ave his joodgment good, some yan  
Builds sike a spot as t' minsther here, and than, 190  
And noot till than, thoo sees, a body may  
Be called upon te heed what he may say.

MIKE. And noo Ah thinks Ah've telled thee all Ah' ken,  
And mead thee just as wise, mun, as mysen,

[12]

Se'a coom thoo yam wi me and see t' o'ad lass,  
And get a bite o' summut and a glass; 196  
For Ah'se se'a hungered tonned Ah scarce can barde,  
Ah've gotten quite a wembling in t' insarde.

BOB. Ah've ne'a objection, bood afore Ah wag  
A single leg, Ah's tied te see mah nag. 200

MIKE. Thoo need n't, mun, in Moss's yard he's seaf;  
Ah's warrant, he'll get hay and coorn eneaf,  
His is'nt t' inn where rogueish hostlers che'at,  
And grease t' hoss' mouths te set 'em past their  
me'at.

Nay, Moss's man will tak mair tent o' t' be'ast                    205  
Than ony moother of her bairn, awm' east.

BOB. Nea doot, nea doot, he'll tent it weel, bood bon!  
Ah mood as weel just see how he gets on,  
He may ha' slipped his helther wiv a tug,  
Or getten yah leg ovr't te scrat his lug.                                210

[13]

MIKE. Aweel, leak sharp, and dean't be ovr lang,  
Or yam bedoot thee Ah'se be foorced te gang.

BOB. Yah minnit for me, bairn, thoo need n't stop,  
For Ah'll be back in t' cracking ov a lop.                                214