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**Byrom, John (1692-1763)**  
***Miscellaneous Poems***  
**(1773)**

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**A Lancashire Dialogue Occasioned by a Clergyman's Preaching without Notes**

James. Wus yo at Church o' Sunday Morning, John?

John. Ay Jeeams, I wus—and wou'd no' but ha' gone  
For ne're so mich—what, wur yo no' theer then?

James. Nou; and I ha' no' mist, I know no' when.

John. Whoy, yo had e'en faoo Luck on't.

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James. So I hear,  
'At maes me ash ye, whether yo wur theer.  
They tell'n me that a Pairson coome, and took  
His Text bi Hairt—and preacht withaoot a Book.

John. He did, for sartin—and hauf freeten'd mee—  
And moor besaide—but he soon leet us see  
He wanted noane.

James. Whoy, cou'd he do withaoot?

John. Yoi, better, Mon, bi hauf, for being baoot.  
It gan me sich a Notion—for my Pairt,  
I think 'at au true Preaching is by Hairt:  
Sich as we han I do not meean to bleeame,  
But conno' cau it—fairly—bi that Neeame.  
A Book may do at Whooam—for Larning seeake,  
But—in a Pilpit—wheer a Mon shid speeake,  
And look at th' Congregation i' their Feeace,  
He ta'es fro' them what he mun say—and then—  
Just looks—as if he gan it 'um again.

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It is i'th Church—or one cou'd hairdly tell  
But he wur conning summat to himsel.  
Monny a good Thing, theer, I ha' hard read oo'er,  
But never knew what Preeaching wus befoor.

James. And prei ye, John, haoo done ye know it naoo?

John. Lukko—this Mon has tou't it me, sumhao.

James. A ready Scholar!

John. Scholar? whoy—a Dunce,

May see, beloike, what's shown him au at wunce.

James. It mae's me think—yo're allivated soa—  
O'one that's gloppen'd, 'at has seen a Shoa.

John. Wou'd yo had seen—and hard, as weel as I—  
And if I shid say—felt—I shid no' lie—

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Whot it wus moy good Luck to hyear, and see—  
Yo'd a bin gloppen'd too—as weel as me.

James. Happen, I meecht—but con I understond  
Onny thing on't, good John, at second Hond?  
Yo han this preeching Seeacret, at a Hit—  
Con yo remember—haoo it wus—a Bit?

John. Con yo remember—comes into mi Hyead—  
Yoar telling once o' whot yoar Lowyer said  
Agen ou'd Hunks—the Justice o'the Peeace,  
'At wou'd ha' ta'en away yoar Faithers Leease;  
Haoo yo discroib'd him—what a Mon o'th Lows!  
What a fine Tungue! and haoo he geet the Coaze:  
Haoo thooas, at wur not at the Soizes too,  
Cou'd no' believe t'one hauf o'whot wus true!

James. Remember? ay! and shall do, while I'm whick,  
Haoo bravely he fund aoot a knavish Trick.  
He seeav'd my Faither monny a Starling Paoond,  
And bu' for him I had no' bin o'th' Graoond.  
That wus a Mon worth hyearing—if yoar Mon  
cou'd tauk loike him—I shid be gloppen'd, John.

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But, lukko' me—theeas Lowyers are au tou't  
To speak their Nomminies, as soon as thou't:  
Haoo done yo think wou'd Judge and Jury look,

If onny on ‘um shid go tak a Book  
Aoot of his Pockett—and so read away?  
They’d’n soon think, he had no’ mich to say.  
Aoor honest Lowyer had my Faither’s Deed,  
But, Mon, he gan it th’ Clark o’th’ Coort to read—  
And then—he spooak! and if yo had bu’ seen—  
Whoy, th’ Judge himsel’ cou’d ne’er keep off his Een;  
The Jury gaupt agen—and weel they meeght;  
For e’ry Word, ‘at he had said, wus reeght.

John. Weel Jeeams—and if a Mon shid be as wairm  
Abaoot his Hev’n, as yo abaoot your Fairm,  
Dunno’ yo’ think, he’d be as pleeast to hear  
A Pairson mak his Reeght to hou’d it clear?  
And show the De’el to be as fause a Foe,  
As that ou’d Rogue the Justice wus to yo?

James. Naoo, John, I see what you been droiving at—  
And I’m o’ yoar Oppinion—as to that—  
I shid no’ grutch at takking a lung Wauk  
To hyear a Clargyman, that cou’d bu’ tauk  
As that Mon did—cou’d sarch a Thing to th’ Boosan—  
And in good yarnest—mak the Coaze his oaan.

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I seeldom mis a Sunday hyearing thooas,  
‘At preeachen weel enough—as preeaching gooas—  
But I ha’ thou’t, sometimes, haooever good,  
A Sarmon meeght be better, if it wou’d:  
‘At if it cou’d no’ make Folks e’en to weep,  
It, sartinly—mit keep ‘um aw fro’ Sleep:  
Yet I ha’ seen ‘um nodding, Toimes enoo,  
Not ooanly Childer—but Church-Wairdens too,  
Cou’d yoar foine Preeacher—Morning wus too soon—  
Ha’ kept Folks wakken, John, i’th’ Afternoon?

John. I wish he wou’d ha’ tri’d—and, I dare say,  
That Morning meeght have onswer’d for aw Day:

He must ha' ta'en a pratty Dose, I think,  
'At could ha' gen that Afternoon a Wink.  
Sich looking! and sich list'ning! one mit read  
In e'ry Feeace—ay, heer's a Mon indeed!  
Some meeght ha' slept, if he had com'n agen,  
Befoor he spooak—I'm shure they cou'd no' then.

James. They wurn, its loike, whaint fond o'summut new.

John. Nea, nea—that winno' hou'd a Sarmon throo—  
Aw they that listen'd, when he first begun,

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Kept list'ning moor, and moor, 'till he had done.  
Had he gone eend way—I gi' mi Word—  
He had me fast bi th' Ears—I'd not ha' strir'd.  
Naoo yo mun think, 'at he tauk't weel, at leeast,  
And passing weel—'at Eich-body wur pleeast.  
They wou'd no, likly, give him au their Vooats,  
Ooanly, becose o' Preeaching withaoot Nooats,

James. Whoy, but according to my Thinking, John,  
It gi's a hugeous Vontidge to a Mon,  
To preeach withaoot Book—if he con bu' do't—  
And he mun needs be better hard to boot.  
Aoor Lawyers had noane—and, I hauf con feel,  
It wus the Reeason whoy he spooak so weel:  
Yet, as yo sen—that ooanly winno' do—  
For th' Mon agen him praited like a Foo.

John. Jeeams—its een haird upon a Lowyer's Tungue;  
The hoirn it aoot to oather reeght or wrung—  
A diff'rent Keease to that o' Pairsons woide,  
They ar—or shid be—au o' the same Soide,  
It makes, may hap, aoor Lowyers reeadier far  
To pleeas withaoot Book, til aoor Pairsons are.

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James. It's loike it duz—for Folks will larn to speeak  
Sannner bi hauf, for Contradickshon seeak;  
And specially, if when their Tale is tou'd  
I' Truth, or Loies, they mun be paid i' Goud.  
Pairsons are paid—and, if they win, may pay;  
Their Curates, John, to preeach for 'um, or pray;  
And then—they do not, when they ma'en a Raoot,  
Tungue it so mich—as fling thir Book abaoot.  
Yet Word o' Maooth, if it be reeght, 's no Sin;  
Whoy conno' Pairsons preeach by't, if they win?

John. I know no'—Custom's druvn to Extreems;  
This may be one 'at they han getten, Jeeams;  
Some feeamous Fellies meeght, at first, begin;  
And au the rest han follow'd 'um e're sin:  
When a Bell Weather leeaps—but o'er a Stray—  
At that same Pleck, au th' rest mun jump away.

James. I wish 'at Pairsons, one i'ten,  
Wou'd bu' jump back into th' oud Way agen.  
Some han great Books, enoo to fill a Cairt—  
Straunge! 'at they conno' lay a Thing to Hairt,  
Sich as they loiken best, and ha' the Paoor  
To dray it fro' within, for one hauf Haoor  
Haoor coome this Mon to do't?

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John. I conno' tell—  
Do it he did—so yeeasy to himsel—  
And yet wi' so mich Yarnestness, and Fooarce,  
Of Tungue, and Hond, and Look, and good Discooarse,  
Aw smooth, and clear—and e'ry turn in took,  
Still wounding to't, like Weater in a Brook:  
'At onny Mon o' Larning, takking Aiam,  
Meeght ha' larnt fro' him to ha' done the saiaame.

James. Larning! when Preeachers first coome in, they sen,

They wurn no' monny on 'um larned Men,  
Nor Gentry nooather—

John. Whoy, and they sen true—  
But in aoor Days, I daoot it woono' do,  
To ha' thooas preeach 'at comn so meeghty short  
O' th' first Beginners, so weel fitted for't.  
Wou'd but aoor Gentlemen o' Larning troy  
To preeach fro' th' Hairt, and lay their Pappers bye;  
We shid no' think warse on 'um for thir Kin,  
Nor loike 'um less, haoover larn'd they bin:  
Aoor Folks i' Church Toime, wou'd be moor devaoot,  
And moin'd the Bus'ness, 'at they wurn aboot:

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And thooas good Sarmons, 'at mooast o'n 'em ma'en,  
By aw good Folks wou'd be mich better ta'en.  
Witness this Gentlemon—o' Sunday Morn—  
The best 'at I e're hard sin I wur born.  
But—come; I'll say no moor—yo'st hear him first—  
I wish with au my Hairt he wur the worst.

James. Ay, yo may wish—but will he preeach agen?  
Hao ar yo shure o'that?

John. Nay—soa they sen—  
Yo're loike to tak yoar Chaunce, as weel as I.

Ja. If onny comes I'll tak it—John—Good bye.

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**A Dialogue between Sir John Jobson and Harry Homespun, Occasioned by the  
March of the Highlanders into Lancashire in the Year 1745**

Sir John. Was ye not sadly frighten'd, honest Harry,  
To see those Highland Fellows--

Harry. Not I, marry,--

Sir John. No! how comes that?

Harry. Whoy, Sur, I conno' see  
What their wur in 'um that shid freeten me--

Sir John. So many armed Ruffians as came here,  
Was there not cause enough for all to fear? --

Harry. Aw whoa Sur John? it happen mit be so  
Wi' sich foine lordly Gentlemen as yo:  
But we poor Foke--

Sir John. Why, prithe, poor or rich,  
Is it not much the same?

Harry. nout not fo mich;  
We warken hard, as't iz, for meeat and clooas,  
And cannot eem to be so seert, God knooas,

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Sir John. But, Harry, to see Fire and Sword advance!  
To have such Enemies as Rome and France!  
Shou'd not this move alike both Rich and Poor,  
To drive impending Ruin from their Door?

Harry. As for the Rich, Sur John, I conno' tell,  
But for the Poor, I'll onser for mysel;  
If fire shid come, I ha' nout for it to brun,  
Nor wark to find for oather Swooard, or Gun:  
For France and Rome my feering is no greater,  
They lyen, I think, o'th tother Side oth Weater.

Sir John. You don't consider what may be the End  
Of such a strange Indifference, my Friend;  
Pray, whether you have more or less to lose,



Wou'd you not guard your Country from its Foes?

Harry. My Country, Sur? I have, yo' understand,  
In aw the Country not one Inch o' Lond:  
They that wood'n feight, and ha' Mons Blood be spilt,  
May if they win, but whoy mun I be kilt?

Sir John. Your Country, Friend, is not the Ground alone;  
There is the King, that fits upon the Throne;  
The Protestant Succession lies at Stake,  
That bloody-minded Papists want to shake:  
Now you have some Religion left, I hope,  
And wou'd not tamely give it to the Pope.

Harry. He wou'd no' have it, happen, if I wou'd,  
Th' oud Mon beloike mit think his oon as gud;  
And true Religion, Sur, if I have onny,  
No Mon i' th' Ward con tak it fro me, con he?

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Sir John. If you but knew, Friend Harry, what a Scene  
Of Mischiefs happen'd in King James's Reign;  
How, but for Orange's immortal Prince,  
The Protestants had all been kill'd long since;  
If I should tell you--

Harry. Nay, we aw, Sur John,  
Known weel enough that yo're a larnid Mon;  
So wus my Gronfayther, and ore his Ale  
Monny a Toime has toud another Tale;  
And I darr say mi Gronfayther toud true;  
For, lukko me, th' oud Felly wus no Foo,  
Nor Rebbil noather--

Sir John. And what was't he tou'd?

Harry. Whoy! moor a deal than my Brainpon con houd.  
Its like yo known as haoo Sur, th' Oliverians  
Cut off th' King's Hyead--

Sir John. Yes,

Harry. And haoo th' Presbyterians  
Turnt aoot his Son, and maden a Rebelution.

Sir John. They did it Man to save the Constitution;  
'Twas Churchmen too that brought King William in,  
As well as they--

Harry. Whoy, be they whoa they winn,  
One Egg, be sed, wus ne'er moor loike another,  
Than thooas two mac o' Foke, wurn like tone tother:

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They wurn at aw toimes En'mies to th' blood Royal,  
And naoo woud'n ha' it, that none but horn are loyal:  
Hao con that be Sur?

Sir John. Why, I'll tell thee how--

Harry. Nay, but yo connot--

Sir John. Well, but hear me now--  
Our Kings are Stewards--

Harry. Sur, yo meean they wurn,  
For Things, yo known, han tan another Turn,  
The Stuarts Race is--

Sir John. Poh! thou takes me wrong--

Harry. Hao mun I tak o'reet?

Sir John. I say, so long--  
As Kings are our Protectors--

Harry. Luk ye theer!

Oud Oliver agen--

Sir John. Nay, prithee hear,  
And keep thy Nonsense in, till I have done--

Harry. Weel, weel, I'zt hear yoars first then, if I mun.

Sir John. The People, Harry, when they all agree--

Harry. Aw Sur!

Sir John. Be quiet choose them a Trustee,

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And call him King; now, if he break his Trust,  
They have a Right to turn him out, and must;  
Unless they wou'd be ruin'd; dost thou think  
For one Man's swimming all the rest shou'd sink?

Harry. Yo lov'n a King, Sur, waintly; sink or swim,  
No Mon, I foind, is to be draont but him.  
This chozzen King mit happen draoon yo furst,  
Then yo mit sink him after, an yo durst.  
If Folks may tak whot Kings they han a Moind,  
Whot Faut wi' aw these Scotchmen con yo foind?

Sir John. Hang 'em all--have they not a King already,  
That keeps his Contract with the People steady?  
Rebels!

Harry. Whoy, ay, that's reet, fir they wur byetten;  
They lost the Feight; but, haoo, if they had getten,  
Wou'd yo ha' lik't it, Sur, if an Heelonder  
Had toud o' Sauce for th' Goose wur Sauce for th' Gonder--

Sir John. Thou'rt a sly Tyke, I'll talk with thee no more--

Harry. Whoy, if yo pleeasen then, Sur, ween give ore,  
Wishing that e'ry Mon may have his Reet,  
Feight as feight winn, and so, Sur John, good Neet.

Sir John. Thou'lt look, I find, to thy own Carcass still--

Harry. Yoi, Sur, as lung as ere I con, I will--

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**A Dialogue Between the Same, about Compelling a Person  
to Take the Oaths to the Government.**

Sir John. Why so grave Harry? what's the matter pray?

What makes thee look so sorrowful To-day?

Harry. Whoy, Sur, I geet sore trubbl'd i' my Moind,  
At whot yon Folk han tou'd me, wheer I doind.

Sir John. Prithee what's that?

Harry. They touden me, Sur John,  
That yo han sent a Summons to a Mon  
To tak an Ooath, a meety lung on too;  
An' they aw sen its moore till he con doo.

Sir John. Do, or not do, what Bus'ness is't of thine?

Harry. Bus'ness? whoy, he's a Naibor Sur, o'mine;  
An' yo han hard, beloike, aoor Pairson tell,  
That one mun love their Naibor, as theirsel;  
Besoides 'at he's a sarviseable Felly,  
As onny 'at we han o'th' Bus'ness, welly.  
And, then, an Ooath yo shanno' hyear come aoot  
O' that Mon's Maooth, Sur John, the year aboot;  
And if he be i' th' Moind, 'at he has been,  
Yo'n foind it mich ado to cram one in

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Sir John. Harry, that Matter we shall soon discuss;  
Trial of Skill is now 'twixt him and us.

We must, and will subdue him, if we can,  
He's a seditious, refractory Man.

Harry. Nay, if ye bin for giving, aoot o' Hond,  
Hard Words, Sur, 'at one cannot understand,  
I'll say no moor; or else I ha' ta'en a Wauk,  
That yo and I mit'n have a Bit o' Tauk:  
But happen naoo yo're not ith' Humour--

Sir John. Yes;  
Talk what thou wilt

Harry. And yo'n no' tak't amiss?

Sir John. No--

Harry. Then I'll tell 'o, Mester, whot I think.

Sir John. Sit thee down first; wilt have a little Drink?

Harry. Nou; nor yo noather; we'n be soaber booath,  
God willing, Sur, and tank aboot this Ooath.

Sir John. What dost thou know about it?

Harry. Whoy, no' mich,  
That's true enough, thank God, I'm no' so rich;  
But I con guex aboot it weel enough:  
Foke, 'at han tan it, sen it's weary tough;  
There's monny a one that wou'd ha' gen a Craoon  
With aw his Heart, he neer had leet it daoon.

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Sir John. But it shall cost this Fellow more than so,  
If he don't take it, that I'll let him know.

Harry. Win ye, Sur?

Sir John. Yes, I will.

Harry. And if yo win,  
Sur John, yo're guilty of a wicked Sin.

Sir John. Am I? how so?

Harry. Whoy, dunnot yo maintain  
That Mon may tak God's holy Name i' vain?

Sir John. No indeed, don't I; 'tis what I abhor.

Harry. Then, pray ye nooo, whot is this Summons for?  
Is it not sent to make a Mon so swear  
Summot abaoot the King, and hit reet Heir?  
And are not yo weel satisfy'd, to boot,  
That he mun tak God's Name i' vain to do't?

Sir John. That's his Affair to look to, and not ours;  
We act according to the legal Pow'rs:  
If private Conscience slight the public Call,  
It must e'en take the Consequence, that's all.

Harry. Marry, enough o' Conscience, and good Feeake  
Too mich by hauf, if Consciences may speeak.  
What mak' han yo'--to make another Mon  
T' swear agen his--what cawn ye that, Sur John?

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Sir John. We cannot make him, Man, unless he will.

Harry. Sur, Sur, it comes to the same Mischief still,  
Or warse, if oather; for, if he fears God,  
And winno' swear, then yo tan up the Rod:  
Here's a Commandment kept, that God has spokken,  
And he mun pay--for one o' yo'rs that's brokken:  
I say agen, that shift it haoo yo win,  
Sur John, yo're guilty of a wicked Sin.

Sir John. Harry, as Justice of the Peace, I'm ty'd  
For public Peace and Safety to provide;  
So are my Brethren; now with this Intent,  
The Law directs our Summons to be sent;  
If disaffected Persons will not give  
The Constitution, under which they live,  
Proper Security, they must be made  
To feel the Force of what they wou'd evade:  
If we shou'd suffer these nonjuring Knaves,  
We shall in Time be Papists all, and Slaves.

Harry. Papists and Slaves! whoy, good Sur John, the Pope,  
The Deel himsel, can do no moor, I hope,  
Then tempt a Mon to utter with his Tung,  
I' th' Name o'God, whot he believes is rung.  
Mun we be Papists, if we dunnot make  
A Mon belye his Maker, for aoor Sake?  
Mun we be Slaves, except we forcen Foke  
To come, and put their Necks into aoor Yoke?

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Sir John. Thou dost not, Harry, understand the Laws--

Harry. Whoy, han they, Sur, such desperate lung Claws,  
That a Mon's Conscience, hid within his Hairt,  
Mun be scratch'd aoot on't by 'um? for my Pairt,  
Laws, or noa Laws, I'm sure we shidden do,  
As we aw wishen to be done unto.

Sir John. Good Faith! thou preachest tolerably well;  
But wouldst thou have thy Neighbour to rebell?  
To make Disturbances in Church and State,  
And not be punish'd till it is too late?  
Magistrares, Man, must have a Care in Time,  
And in the Bud must nip the sprouting Crime.

Harry. Nip it i'th' Bud? and so it mun be doon,

Yo thinken then, by punishing too soon?  
Magistrates, Sur, so haesty, and so hard,  
Ma'en aw th' Rebellions, 'at thir ar i'th' Ward.  
Let Foke be quiet, when they are so, Sur,  
And noather Church nor State will mak a Slur;  
But to be made to pay, or be forswaurn,  
Vexes 'em booath, as sure as yo are baurn.  
Whoy mun yo mak my Naibor pay sich Scores?  
His Sowl is his, as weel as yoars is yoars.

Sir John. The Law, not I, obliges him to pay.

Harry. Whoy win yo tak that Law agen him, hay?  
If yo mun do't, whether yo win or not,  
Are yo a Papist, or a Slave, or whot?

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Tell me, if this faoo Play be not yoar o oan,  
What mun yo pay for letting him alooan?

Sir John. I pay? no Law obliges me to that  
What is it, Harry, that thou would'st be at?

H. Whoy, Sur, at this When Laws ma'en mich adoo,  
Monny a wife Mon is made into a Foo;  
Freeten'd, o'th' sudden, aoot of his reet Sense,  
He'll sell his Wits and aw, to save his Pence.  
But, pray, whot Mon, with hauf o' yoar good Thout,  
Wou'd do his Naibor an ill Turn for Nout?  
When he himsel gets nere a Farthing by't,  
But shaum of hurting aoot of arrant Spite:  
This is the Wark, if yo'n consider weel,  
Not of a Mon, Sur John, but of a Deel;  
If one cud tak a Look i' that Mon's Breast,  
We shudden see him what they cawn possest.

Sir John. Thou mak'st a Devil of me--very well!



Harry. Nou, nou; it's yo that ma'en one o' yo'rsel;  
I'd make a Mon o' ye, Sur, if I coud,  
A gradely Mon, that seeches to do good;  
And not to labbor Books, and sarch a Cawse  
For hately Doings in hard savord Laws.

Sir John. Thou sarches me, I'm sure--where hast thou had  
This same Book-searching Information, Lad?  
We have, 'tis true, been studying in what Shape  
We best might catch thy Neighbour in a Scrape;

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But, by thy Talking, we might spare the Pains,  
And better Bus'ness might employ our Brains.

Harry. Ay marry meeght it; thooas, that letten aoot  
Their Breeans to Mischief, mit as weel be baoot;  
Whoile they done so, it con be no greeat News,  
That Fokes shid caw'um summat warse then Fooks.

Sir John. Harry, thou'rt got into a talking Cue.

Harry. Yo gin me Leeaf, Sur, do not ye--

Sir John. I do.  
Now, prithe, tell me then, and talk away,  
Nor mince the Matter, what do People say?

Harry. I'll tell'o, Sur--aoor Justices, they sen,  
That tan themsels to be sich loyal Men,  
Makken moor Enemies to th' King and Craoon,  
Till onny Twenty Men besoid i'th' Taoon;  
They praisen mich this Government of aoor,  
Becose it has no harbittary Paoors:  
For Trade, Religion, Liberties enjoy'd,  
It sheds aw th' Governments i'th' Ward besoid:  
His o oan Oppinion e'ry Mon may take;  
Noa Parsecution in't for Conscience Sake:

Monny sich Words they han, as smooth as Oyl,  
And Deeds as sharp as Alegar au th' whoile;  
They getten to a CORNER by 'umsels,  
And there they donet i'th' Ward o' God, nowt elz,

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But tan their Books, their Bacco, and their Beer,  
And conjurn up poor Fellows to appear;  
And then the gost'ring, what'n ye caw it, Corum,  
Mun huff and ding, and carry au before 'um,

Sir John. A fine Description truly! and quite free!  
But, Harry, how did it appear to thee?  
Could'st thou not find, where thou hast been to dine,  
One Word to say for an old Friend of thine.

Harry. Yoi, Sur, I said as mich as e'er I coud,  
But whaint ado I had to mak it good.  
This Summons, Sur, this Summons! fie upon't!  
Whot argufi'd my Tung agen yoar Hondt?  
Whene'er they thrutten that into my Dish,  
It strick me dumb aootreet at onny Fish:  
Had I gooan on, I know, Sur, what I know,  
They'd soon ha' said I wur as bad as yo.  
Yo conno' think, if I may be believed,  
Yo conno' think, Sur, haoo my Heart wus griev'd;  
I'd fain ha' yo belovd, Sur, in yoar Turn,  
As aw your Anciters before ye wurn;  
And I believe that none o' th' Race before,  
Be who they win, cou'd e'er desarve it moor;  
If thooas good Qualities, that God has gin ye,  
Mit but appear withaoot, as they are in ye:  
But i' this one faoo Pleck, I need mun say,  
Yo generaten fro' 'um quite away.  
I hope you tan it i' good Part, Sur John:  
I meean to sarve ye--

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Sir John. Honest Lad, go on,  
I think thou dost; thee I shall sooner heed  
Than twenty prating Wiseacres--proceed.

Harry. Whoy then, Sur John, if I may be so boud,  
Good Will, when getten, is as good as Goud:  
Yoar Faither left ye here a foine Estate,  
He sout his Naibors Love, and not their Hate;  
His Principles wurn of another Mack  
From thooas, 'at yo han been advoisd to tak:  
This greate lung Ooath he ne'er coud understond;  
If yo bin wiser, naoo yo han his Lond,  
Better for yo--and yet I conno' skill,  
Hao it shid happen--but be that as't will;  
Yet for yoar Faither's Seeake, 'at's deead and gone,  
Yo shid'n consider wi' your sel, Sur John,  
Whether its hondsom for his Son and Heir  
To foorce loike-moinded Men to come and swear:  
Monny han said, that seen ye so behave,  
Sur John here tramples on his Faither's Grave.  
If, when th' oud Mester wur alive himsel,  
The Justices, for Fear he shid rebell,  
Had usend him as yo done other Foke,  
Yoar Wheels had wanted monny a pratty Spoke:  
Had he been made, agen his o oan Consent,  
A Papish, Sur, by Act o' Parliament,  
Yo woud'n ha' caw'd 'um by their proper Name,  
That did the Thing, tho naoo yo done the same;  
Th' oud Mon's hard yoozitch woud ha' raisd yoar Blood

Sir John. So really, Harry, I believe it wou'd;

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I shou'd not quietly have sitten still,  
Had any of 'em us'd my Father ill.

Harry. Whoy, Sur, and conno' yo think at it then,

And show some Marcy naoo to other Men?  
Suppose this Mon, becose he conno' think  
Just as yo dene, had nooather Meeat nor Drink;  
Coud no', becose 'at Laws ma'en sich a Paoose,  
Wark in his Bus'ness, and maintain his Haoose;  
But aw his Children wurn to beg i' th' Street--  
Wouden yo think it sich a bleffed Seet?  
Woud no' yo say, at seeing Rags and Ruin,  
The Deel wus in me! what wus I adoin'g?--  
Yo gan me Leeaf to tauk, Sur--

Sir John. So I did,  
And must confess that I am fairly chid;  
Thy honest Bluntness oft has made me smile,  
Harry, but I ne'er hed thee all the while:  
Now I believe that thou hast gain'd thy End,  
And I, a better Temper tow'rds thy Friend,

Harry. Eh! Sur! God send it! if yoar Heart wur oppen'd  
To loving Thouts, haoo Naibors wou'd be gloppen'd!  
Before this Justicing made sitch a Pother,  
Haoo naiburly we livened with t'one t'other!  
But naoo--

Sir John. Well, Harry, thou hast said enough;  
I hope, I shan't hereafter be so rough;  
Nor sharpen, when they come within my Sphere,  
Laws, of themselves, sufficiently severe:

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When thou shalt see him, tell thy Friend from me,  
If he'll be quiet, quiet he shall be;  
Tell all thy Neighbours that the Thing is done,  
The Father's Memory shan't reproach the Son;  
Tho' all his Thoughts and mine were not the same,  
His Worth and Virtues shall direct my Aim.  
And now I have confest to thee, Friend Harry,  
We'll call another Cause, if thou canst tarry;

This thou hast richly merited to win:  
Here! who's in waiting? bring a Tankard in.

Harry. Nay, Sur, yo mun excuse me, if yo pleeasen;  
Yoar Kindness here, in harkening to Reeason,  
Has made my Hairt, (dry as a Kex, Sur John,)  
Weeter and leeter, till good Likkor con:  
I'll go my Ways, Sur, whooam, afore it's dark,  
And let aoor Naibors know o' this Day's Wark;  
I lung to see 'um, feeling whot I feel,  
At present, Sur, God bless ye! and fareweel.