

Author: Anonymous

Text type: Verse

Date of composition: 1800?

Editions: Unknown

Source text:

Anon. *Jone's Return to Grenfelt*. In William Hay, MA, *Scrapbook, vol. III*. Chetham's Library MS. 1800-1810. Manchester. 110.

e-text:

Access and transcription: July 2011

Number of words: 387

Dialect represented: Lancashire

Produced by Javier Ruano-García

Copyright © 2011– DING, The Salamanca Corpus, Universidad de Salamanca



Anonymous,
Jone's Return to Grenfelt (n.d.)

I'm th' mon that went ewt o Grenfelt to list,
An in dooin soa I thowt nowt amiss;
I went wet intent to feight fort' king,
But meh conshunce towd meh Ide doon o rang thing,
A mackin meh fun, wei a souger's gun,
To kill oather Sponnish ort Dewtch.

When I went for o souger I mant fort ride,
They browt meh a titt, I geet oth' rang side:
I geet oth' rang side, on I soon tumbelt ore,
Meh offizer sed thawst naer ride na moor;
I thowt that's quite reet, I con gooa meh feet,
Os far os I list fort gooa.

They browt meh gun, on they cryde left on reet,
Tha mun owde upth' yead on keep shifting th' feet:
They wheld meh abewt tel I feel on won side,

The Salamanca Corpus: Jone's Return to Grenfelt... (n.d.)

Meh offizer sed tha con nother wauk nor ride,
I wish thart at Oudham but I ne'er towd em,
Ut I'd be there ere lang.

Newst mornin me offizer gay meh me pay,
I laft him me hat on I coom streight away;
I laft him me hat fort tell him me name
On streight untoo Grenfelt rocks I coome:
Where I shall stey, till th' French cum that wey.
On then I'll bee a souger agen.

Az soon az me wife seed meh cummin upth' lone,
Hoo ran intoo Jammy's on sed here's awer Jone:
Here cums awer Jone, he's az fast az pig,
He's shown th' dragons a Grenfelt rig,
He's gan em th' goa, on heel soon let 'em noa,
Ut the mun ne'er hav him agen.

Naw the'n ad a fling wi Saddleworth Jone.
The'n ne'er laff ot meh wen I'm gooin throo the lone,
The'n nother laff ot meh hat, nor meh clogs full o stumps,
Wen I'm gooin throo Oudham or cummin past Mumps
Then sey nevvver mind him we noa wheer to find him,
He's up toth' riggs o' th' warre.

For neaw I'm cum whom th' loom's set ogate,
We'n plent o' 'tatos ond dumplins to eat
For neaw peaos is mede weyver mey laff,
At Billy's brawn loaves mede o'bran ond chaff
I'll fit quiet ot me loom since th' French darn't cum,
En they doo, than I'll feyght em agen.

[J. Pratt], Printer, Long Millgate, Manchester.