

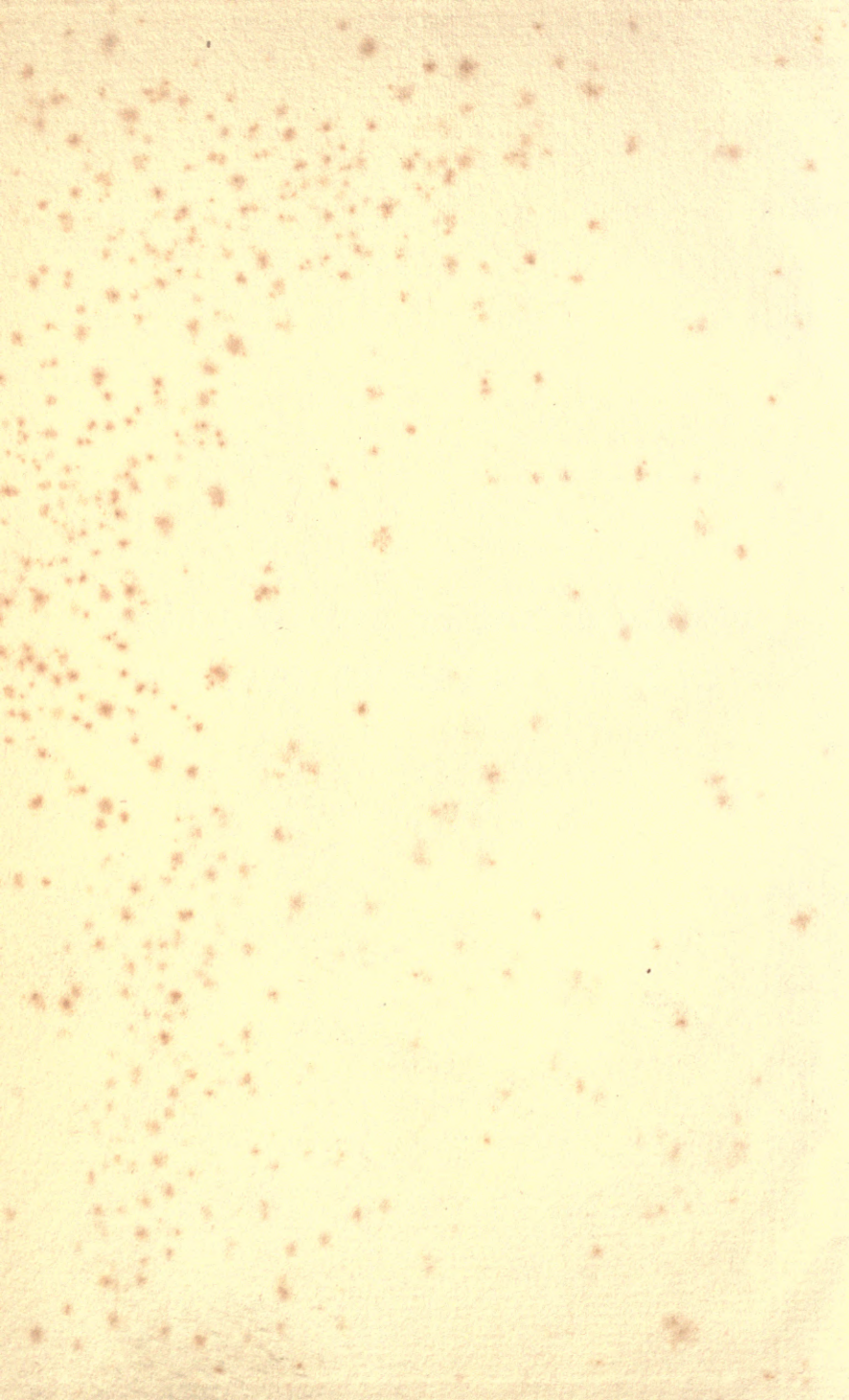
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ORIGINAL TALES AND BALLADS
IN THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT



ORIGINAL TALES
AND BALLADS
IN THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT

KNOWN ALSO AS INGLIS, THE
LANGUAGE OF THE ANGLES,
AND THE NORTHUMBRIAN DIALECT:
SPOKEN TO-DAY IN YORKSHIRE,
AND IN EARLY TIMES FROM
SOUTH YORKSHIRE TO ABERDEEN

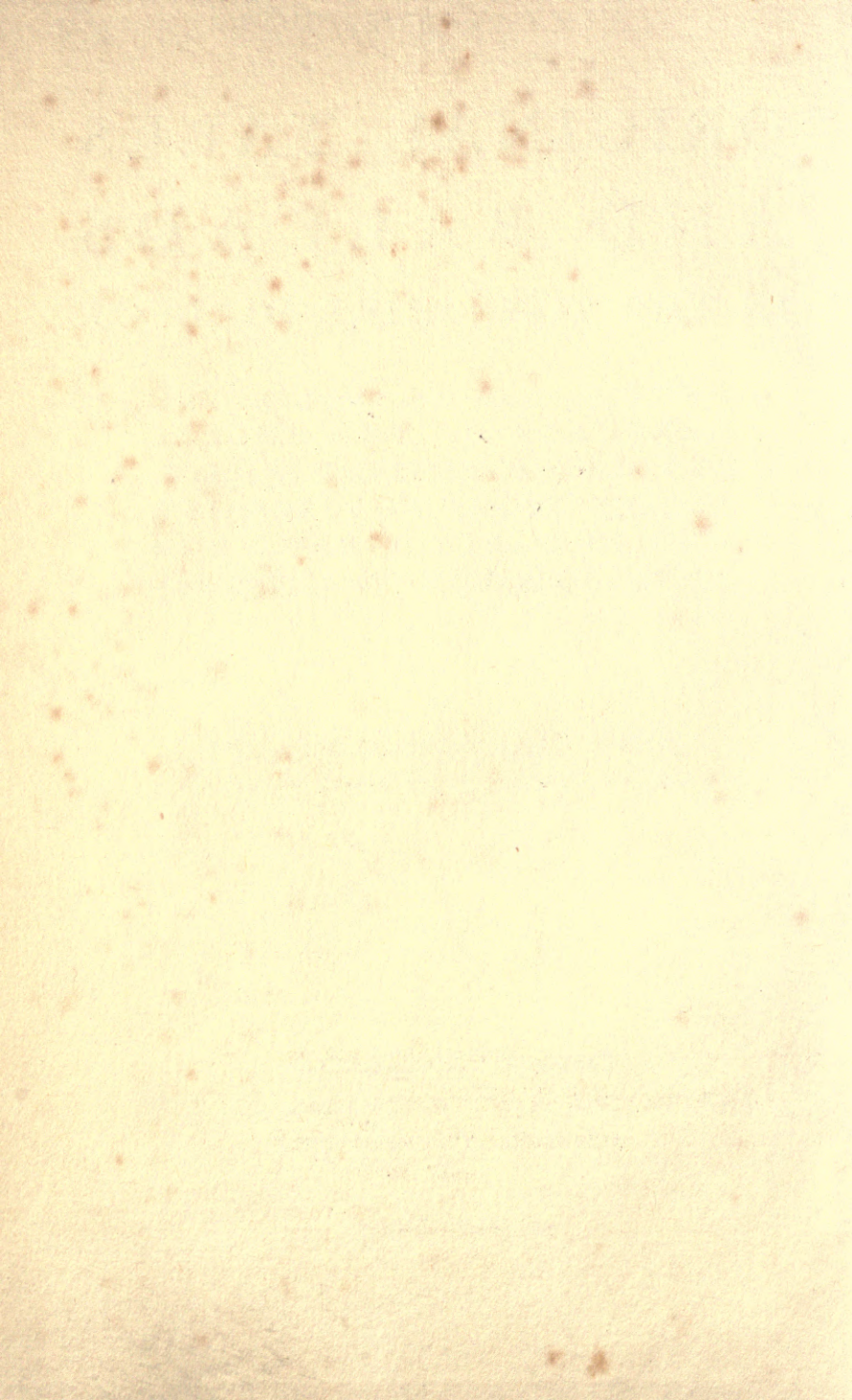
BY

JOHN MALHAM-DEMBLEBY

AUTHOR OF "THE KEY TO THE BRONTË WORKS," ETC.

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PREFACE.

THE ancient element of this volume makes necessary the statement of the fact that these "Tales and Ballads" are all throughout entirely my own original work. My Historical Introduction will show the dialect I have written herein, the which is known also as Inglis, the language of the Angles, and the Northumbrian dialect, spoken to-day in Yorkshire, and in early times from South Yorkshire to Aberdeen, is a rare and signal inheritance—the language of a race pre-eminently the English of the English.

A modern national language is a survival of one or more of the several ancient dialects. Neither the language of the Saxons of Wessex nor the older language of the early English—the Angles, whose speech was spoken from Aberdeen even down to the Midlands, came to be the nationally surviving dialect. The East Midland variety it was that survived. Tendency towards the adoption of the English now common was manifest in writers as early as Chaucer; and literary men being invariably scholars writing for those who might understand words of Greek, Latin, and French association, their English, even at a time when it yet preserved archaic early English forms, gave us a Latinized English—neither purely Anglian nor Saxon.

The Yorkshire dialect, which is a survival of Inglis, as its Scots writers called the language of the Angles or early English, and of what is also known as the Northern dialect, owes absolutely nothing of its present oral preservation to literary transcriptions. My chapter on the pronunciation makes ascertainable the distance Modern English, and the Yorkshire dialect as spoken to-day, are from each other, and,

to quote the words I use elsewhere, we truly perceive that "the Yorkshire dialect in which I have written these Tales and Ballads is Inglis, the purest of pure English."

It is therefore from no mere parochial standpoint we must view the contents of this volume; hence I am glad that even before its publication the book has found welcoming friends in the leading universities, and in the representative libraries of the English-speaking world.

Yorkshire has several varieties of dialect. I find, however, that fundamentally all the Yorkshire dialects are one (indeed, the same might be said of all varieties of the Northumbrian), and excepting something of accidence, sundry idioms, and odd words peculiar to each. A chief distinction is that in the North and East Ridings the West Riding vowel sound "ooan," as in "stooan," is "eean," as in "steean," etc. The ballad I have written entitled "Robin Hood an His Merrie Men at come fro t' Ridins Threi," contains five distinct Yorkshire dialects. But I must point out that in writing each dialect I very often—when possible—avoided accidence, idioms, and words, used identically in all five dialects; thus the differentiation of the dialects appears more marked than it really is. In this connection I may add in the words of Robin Hood in the above-mentioned ballad:—

" I'm Yorksher, goid Sir King !
An noan a drop o better blood
E'er weet a grey gois wing !"

I have in my veins the blood of the North West Riding folk, of the East Riding seafarers, and of the South West Riding folk, as I state particularly in a note on the ballad, "Robin Hood an His Merrie Men at come fro t' Ridins Threi." I trust therefore that in my selection for my "Tales and Ballads in the Yorkshire Dialect," of what scholars call the Windhill dialect of Yorkshire, as spoken about Keighley, Bradford, and Leeds, I shall not be accused of local sentiment. Very many reasons, the entering into of which is

here unnecessary, though some may be obvious to the reader, make this dialect the most suitable for the presentation of the Yorkshire dialect in these "Tales and Ballads." The dialect is fast and surely dying out, and it is well thus to endeavour to perpetuate the memory of our ancient speech. A happy coincidence is the fact that I have lived from my early teens on the top of Windhill itself—on Wrose Hill, that volcanic-looking bleak hill one sees in Airedale, towering above Shipley, north of Bradford; and there I learned of the old dialect-speaking folk the purest Windhill dialect, of which dialect Professor Joseph Wright wrote an excellent work—*Grammar of the Dialect of Windhill*. Hence all that can be required in the way of exact knowledge of the accidence, etc., and scientific pronunciation of the dialect of my "Tales and Ballads," may be discovered in Professor Wright's valuable grammar.

In my chapter on the pronunciation, however, I have not at all had in mind the writing of Dr. Wright. Scholars therefore will find much interest in the two independent testimonies on this beautiful old speech of the North Countrei. Where they may differ perhaps neither must be blamed as in error. For instance, I think Dr. Wright in his *Grammar* gives "lois" for the present of "lose." I nearly always write "loss," which is often heard here, as in the North Riding. In Stannington, a scattered moorland parish five miles north of Sheffield, where I lived as a boy, I only heard "loise" and never "loss," for the present. But I myself seldom hear "loise" used about Bradford and Windhill for present "lose"; mostly it is "loss." See my note on "Nobbud an Ackren."

Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Oxford, and Editor of the *English Dialect Dictionary*, Dr. Joseph Wright is a native of Windhill, near Bradford, and can himself speak the dialect. It may be well, therefore, to state herewith that on his reading my story, "'E'd said it!" which I print in this volume, the Professor wrote me:—

“Please accept my best thanks for kindly sending me a copy of your most excellent specimen of the dialect, which will be very useful indeed.”

I should betray a responsibility scholarship and fact compel me to respect for the sake of the genuine dialect, if I did not repeat the words of that other authority on the Yorkshire dialect and the English language, the learned Dr. Henry Bradley, M.A., Ph.D., co-editor of the *Oxford English Dictionary*, who, having read my writing, subscribed for a copy of this work, saying in the course of a most encouraging letter:—

“. . . There is no doubt about the genuineness of your dialect. There is in existence a wofully large amount of dialect writing that is not worth the paper it is printed on, and I think one ought to take every precaution against encouraging any additions to that rubbish heap, even when the authors are obviously well-meaning. . . . I am promising myself a good deal of pleasure from reading your book. . . .”

Professor W. W. Skeat, of Cambridge, Professor G. C. Moore Smith, of the University of Sheffield, and other authorities, have written me in similar terms regarding much of the printed dialect, some of which Professor Moore Smith declares to be “often modern English in a dialect disguise,” though but for the responsibility implied above I would not myself have made this reference.

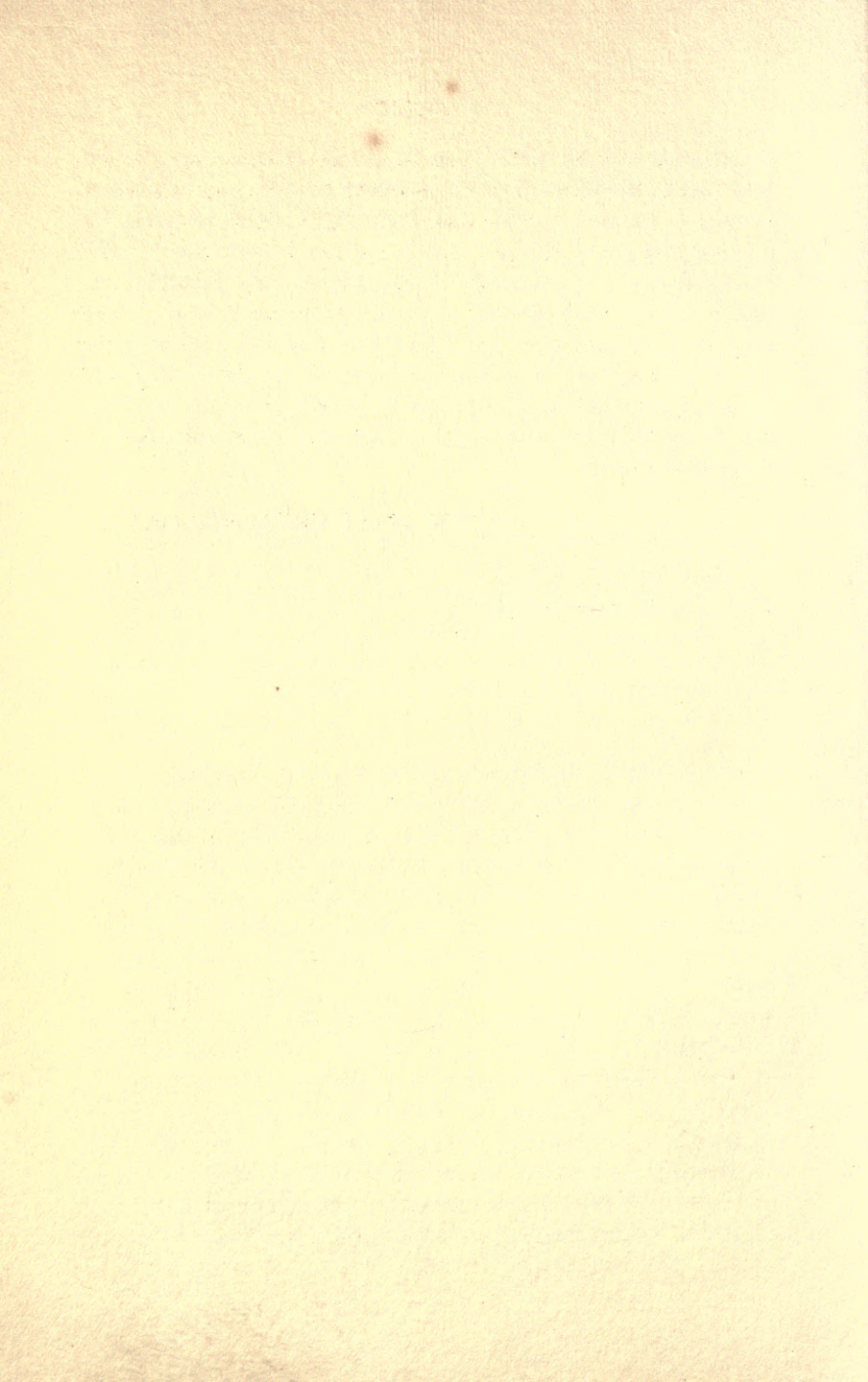
I thank Professor Joseph Wright, Litt.D., of Oxford University, for his warm encouragement; and the Rev. Professor W. W. Skeat, M.A., Litt.D., of Cambridge University, who gave me valuable advice when I was an unknown writer in my teens, I thank for his continued interest. To Dr. Henry Bradley, M.A., Ph.D., of Oxford, I also owe my gratitude for kind and hearty encouragement.

My subscribers to the first edition of these “Tales and Ballads”—I thank you. Glad I am your names appear in

a list that will be preserved as being of those who loved and wished to perpetuate the memory of our ancient mother tongue. Some of you will feel the medium I herewith employ brings us closer. Always when I write do I think of my friends—those readers the present and future have, whom I may dare to call my very intimate friends. The other world, that may not know you and me, and care for us, is then away. I will not assume it hears me say the bard is bard whatever language he employ, and his in unity, the sweet aria and the syllabic line, the glad anthem and the joyful dance.

JOHN MALHAM-DEMBLEBY.

SCARR HILL,
ECCLESHILL, BRADFORD,
YORKSHIRE.



HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

YORKSHIRE is very England. It was Deira, the home of the Angles. Who is not familiar with the story of those early Yorkshire children of English history who are said to have brought Gregory to make us Christians?

“Gregory had once seen some English slaves in the Roman market, where their blue eyes, yellow hair, and fair complexions contrasted strongly with the dark looks and swarthy cheeks of Southern captives. On inquiring who and whence they were, his fancy was struck by the Scripture significance of the answers he received. ‘Angles!’ he exclaimed; ‘not Angles, but angels! From Deira? Then they shall be de ira eruti—snatched from wrath. Name of their king, Ælla? That is Alleluiah!’”

Says Professor W. W. Skeat, Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Cambridge University:—“The Anglo-Saxons were not Angles, and English in the extreme literal sense was the language of the Angles.”

Scholars now speak of the Wessex dialect as Saxon, and of the Northumbrian and Mercian as Anglian—the Mercian dialect being spoken so far down as the Midlands. The language of the Angles was called “Inglis,” the which is known also as the Northumbrian or Northern dialect and the Yorkshire dialect. Again to quote Prof. Skeat’s excellent handbook, *English Dialects*, 1911:—

“Down to 1400 or a little later the men of the Scottish Lowlands and the men of the northern part of England spoke not only the same language, but the same dialect of that language. In Scotland the Northumbrian dialect was spoken by all but the Celts, without much variety; the minor differences need not be considered. And this dialect, called Inglis, as we have seen by the Lowlanders themselves, had no rival, as the difference between it and the Erse, or Gaelic, was obvious and immutable. . . . The study of the Northern dialect from early times to 1400 . . . leads to a result but

little known, and that is in direct contradiction to general, uninstructed opinion—namely, that the written documents in the Northumbrian are practically all in one and the same dialect, or nearly so, from the Humber as far north as Aberdeen. . . . The chief literary dialect in the earliest period was Northumbrian, or ‘Anglian,’ down to the middle of the ninth century. After that time our literature was mostly in the Southern or Wessex dialect, commonly called Anglo-Saxon. . . . The Durham dialect of the ‘Cursor Mundi’ and the Aberdeen Scotch of Barbour . . . both bear a remarkable resemblance to the Yorkshire dialect as found in Hampole. . . . We should particularly note Dr. Murray’s statement in his essay on ‘The Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland,’ at page 29, that:—‘Barbour, at Aberdeen, and Richard Rolle de Hampole, near Doncaster, wrote for their several countrymen in the same identical dialect . . . it would be very difficult even now to convince a native of the Scottish Lowlands—unless he is a philologist—that he is likely to be of Anglian descent,¹ and to have a better title to be called an “Englishman” than a native of Hampshire or Devon, who, after all, may be only a Saxon.’ To quote Dr. Murray once more, p. 41:—

‘. . . the facts are still from being generally known, and I have repeatedly been amused, on reading passages from “Cursor Mundi” and Hampole, to men of education, both English and Scotch, to hear them all pronounce the dialect “Old Scotch.” Great has been the surprise of the latter . . . on being told that Richard the Hermit—*i.e.*, of Hampole—wrote in the extreme south of Yorkshire. . . .’

In this light, therefore, I have pleasure in making an interesting comparison between the Yorkshire dialect as written by me in this volume, the which I have learned only as a Yorkshireman living among Yorkshiremen, and not from books, and the early Northumbrian or Yorkshire dialect, otherwise Inglis, as it was called by its Scots writers.

I will choose first the early English Psalter in the North-

¹ Says John Hill Burton, and the fact should be widely known:—“If the Highlands [and the Gaelic-speaking Scot] had never existed, the history of Scotland would not have been materially different from what it now is. It was ever the Lowland Scandinavian [Anglian] population which formed the Scottish people who really counted.” See also Sir Henry Craik’s *Century of Scottish History*.

umbrian dialect of about A.D. 1250, which, in the Rev. R. Morris's and Professor Skeat's *Specimens of Early English*, is stated to have represented the Yorkshire speech from about 1250 to 1300. My transcriptions are made from that work. In my own Yorkshire dialect of to-day, which I print to the right in parallel with that spoken in 1250, I have not tried to construe with a care to nicety of expression, metre, and rhyme, but have followed somewhat closely the ancient Northumbrian writer to allow an interesting comparison, which more than substantiates the foregoing observations on the oneness of the Northumbrian dialect, or Inglis, from South Yorkshire to Aberdeen. Nor have I striven to affect the archaic. Hence such words as "ware," to spend or spread out; "stegh," to climb, related to Yorkshire "stee," a ladder, a stile; "fang," to find, to touch, whence Yorkshire fire-fanged; "mickle," much, etc., I do not repeat in the context, though they are in some senses in the Yorkshire dialect and used by me in my "Tales and Ballads."

PSALM XVIII.

Representing the speech of Yorkshire and the Northumbrian dialect, or Inglis, about A.D. 1250.

13. And Lauerd thoner'd fra
heven, and heghest sire

Gaf his steven; haile, coles
of fire.

And he sent his arwes, and
skatered tha;

Felefelded levening, and
dreved tham swa.

PSALM XVIII.

The Yorkshire dialect as spoken to-day about Keighley, Bradford, and Leeds, and known to scholars as the Windhill dialect — Windhill, near Shipley, is in the parish of Calverley, northward of Bradford—this being the dialect in which I have written these Tales and Ballads.

An Looard thunner'd fro
(frër) heven, an heighest
God

Gav his word: hael, live coils.

An he sent his arrers, an
scattered em.

Wi leetnin, an drived em
soa.

- And schewed welles of watres ware,
 Andgroundes of ertheli werlde unhiled are,
 For thi snibbing, Lauerd myne;
 For one sprute of gast of wreth thine.
 He sent fra hegh, and uptoke me.
 Fra many watres me nam he,
 He outtoke me there amang
 Fra mi faas that war sa strang,
 And fra tha me that hated ai.
25. And Lauerd to me for-yhelde he sal
 After mi rightwisnes al,
 And after clenness of mi hend swa
 In sight of eghen his twa.
 With hali halgh bes of the;
 With man underand, under-and be.
 With chosen, and be chosen thou sal;
 With il-torned, and il-tornest al.
 For thou meke folk sauf make sal nou;
 And eghen of proude meke sal-tou.
 For thou lightes mi lantern bright,
 Mi God, mi mirkenes light.
 For in the be I outtane fra fanding al,
 And in mi God sal I owerfare the wall.
- An shoad wells o watter wide
 An t' under-grahnds o t' warld are unhoiled,
 For thi snubbin, Looard mine;
 Wi one snort o thi breeath i wrath.
 He sent fro heigh an uptook ma.
 Fro monny watters he clicked ma,
 He took ma aht theer thro amang
 Fro mi fooas at war sooa strang
 An fro sichlike at allus haeted me.
- An the Looard he sal yeild tul ma
 Efter all mi reight ways,
 An efter t' cleanness o mi hands, sooa an all,
 An i seet o his twoa een.
 Wi t' hali hali tha sal be;
 Wi man baht harm, baht harm be.
 Wi t' chossen, be chossen tha sal.
 Wi t' wrang wrang an-all.
 For tha meik fowk sal mak reight,
 An t' een o t' heigh sal ta lower.
 For tha leets mi canle breet,
 Mi God leet t' mirk.
 For i thee om taen aht fro all fondness,
 An i mi God sal I lowp ower t' wall.

PSALM XXIV.

3. Wha sal stegh in hille of
Lauerd winli
Or wha sal stand in his stede
hali?

He sal fang of Lauerd
blissing,

This es the strend of him
sekand

The face of God Jacob laitand.

Oppenes your yates wide,
Yhe that princes ere in pride

And king of blisse income
sal he.

Wha es he king of blisse?
Lauerd strang,

And mightland in fight,
Lauerd mightland lang.

Oppenes your yates wide.

PSALM XXIV.

Whoa sal goa intul wer
Looard hill

Or whoa sal stand i his hali
hooam-steead?

He sal finnd wer Looard
blessin,

Theas is t' straen on em at
seik him

An at God Jacob face are
laitin.¹

Oppen yar yates¹ wide,
Yei at t' gert are i yar pride

An heven king he sal come in.

Whoa is he, heven king?
Looard strang,

An mighty i feyts, Looard
mighty lang.

Oppen yar yates wide.

Laurence Minot, who wrote in the Northumbrian dialect, A. D. 1346, presents further interesting comparisons. Take a fragment from his "Landing of Edward at La Hogue":—

" Franche men put tham to pine
At Cressy, when thai brak the brig,
That saw Edward with both his ine,
Than likid him no langer to lig;
Ilk Inglis man on others rig,
Ower that water er thai went;
To batail er thai baldly big,
With brade ax and with bowes bent."

¹ We say in the Windhill dialect "gaet," pronounced "gaert"; and "yate" for "gate" is heard just over the other side of Otley Chevin, in the next valley to the Aire. "Lait," for "seek," is much commoner in the other Yorkshire dialects than the Windhill.

To-day we say in Yorkshire, and in the dialect of my "Tales and Ballads":—Brak t' brig; boath his een; noa langer to lig; on other rig; ower; bowldly big, etc.; for broke the bridge; both his eyes; no longer to remain or tarry; on each other's back; over; boldly build. I will conclude this chapter with a comparison between our Yorkshire Windhill dialect and "Homilies in Verse" in the Northumbrian dialect, A.D. 1330, and between the Aberdeen Scots dialect, or Inglis, of A.D. 1375.

Homilies in Verse in the Northumbrian Dialect. About A.D. 1330.

The Yorkshire dialect as spoken to-day, and written by me in these Tales and Ballads.

The first dai, sal al the se
Boln and ris and heyer be
Than ani fel of al the land,
And als a felle up sal it stand.

T' first day sal all t' sei
Boil an rise an heyer bei
Nor onny fell of all t' land,
A fell an-all up sal it stand.

And als mikel, the tother
day,
Sal it sattel and wit away,

An mich mooar an all the
tother day,
Sal it sattel an witter away,

Thefift day, sal greses and tres
Swet blodi deu, that grisli
bes.

T' fift day sal gers an trei
Sweeat bloodie diew, at grisli
sal bei.

An al the erthe, the achtande
day
Sal stir and quac and al folc
flay.

An all t' erthe, t' eight day
Sal stir an quaerk an all fowk
flay.

"Robert Bruce, King of Scots," by John Barbour, in the Aberdeen Scots dialect, or Inglis, A.D. 1375.

BOOK VII.

444 "Sall no man say we
drede the swa,
That we with arrowis sall the
sla,"

"Sal noa man say we dred
thi sooa,
At we wi arrers sal thi
slay,"

With that thair bowis away thai kest	Wi theas ther bows away the kest
And com on fast but langar frest.	An come on fast baht langer reast.
He lap till ane and can hym ta	He loup'd til one an did him ta
Richt be the nek full felony Till top ower taill he gert him ly.	Reight bi t' neck full fahl Till top ower tael he made him lig.
"Perfay," quod thai, "we may weill se	"Bi goi," the said, "we ma weel see
That it is hard till undirtak Sich mellyng with yow for to mak."	At it is hard to undertak Sich mellin wi ye for to mak."
"For richt wicht men all thre war thai."	"For reight wick men the all three war."

Archdeacon Barbour said he wrote "Inglis," the language of the Angles, and the foregoing comparisons declare that the Yorkshire dialect in which I have written these "Tales and Ballads" is Inglis or English, and that they are in the purest of pure English extant. Even the literary Northumbrian dialect, as written between A.D. 1250-1375, shows the influence of the Latinity of scholars, and a shaping towards the modern forms of English which our genuine Yorkshire dialect to-day yet ignores. Speakers of the true Yorkshire dialect never use many words of Latin or French origin save those the Normans brought, and these retain the Norman form, as, grant, grand; seur or sewer, sure; varry (verroie), very, etc. They would far rather say "mother sister," than "aunt," etc.

Seeing, therefore, as examination proves, that the Yorkshire dialect in which I have written this volume of "Tales and Ballads"—the dialect of the Windhill district—is virtually at one with the purest Inglis or Northumbrian, as spoken from 1200 to 1350 A.D., and it will be remembered that a

language must have a prior oral existence of nothing less than two hundred and fifty years—indeed, perhaps, very much more—to obtain wide literary practice, we have evidence that dialect distinctions which make for dissimilarity with the Yorkshire dialect of this volume merely enhance the historic importance of our dialect, and prove it a remarkable survival of the Northern or Anglian dialect, while some other dialects have suffered the changes that Northumbrian literature shows commenced after A.D. 1370.

Says Professor Earle in his manual on *Anglo-Saxon Literature*:—

“Evidence makes it natural to regard the whole brilliant period from the later seventh to the early ninth century as the Anglian period. . . . Anglia became for a century the light spot of European history; and we here recognize the first great stage in the revival of learning, and the first great stage towards the establishment of public order in things temporal and spiritual. . . .”

And the religious works I have quoted were the result of that authority and responsibility which this period created in Anglian or Northumbrian writers. A further interesting and informing insight into the history, antiquity, and importance of the Yorkshire or Northumbrian dialect of these “Tales and Ballads” is given in my chapter on the pronunciation.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF THESE TALES AND BALLADS IN THE LIGHT OF THAT OF EARLY ENGLISH AND CHAUCER.

A COMPREHENSION of the antiquity of the Yorkshire dialect is obtained when we see it has preserved to this day such ancient words as heigh (hey), yit, yis, iren, brast, spak, afore (afoor), whilk, wood, wud, artow (are ta), rowt, brig, busk, slack, triew, bliew, delve, dole, dostow (does ta), een, saig, buish, brak, egre, aigre, fer, feigh, fonde, fro, gam, lat, neigh, pike, schipne (shippon), seur, or sewer, shoon, shryke, tan (t'ane), etc., spoken in and before the fourteenth century, and found in the writings of John Barbour of Aberdeen, Richard Rolle de Hampole (1340), Geoffrey Chaucer, and earlier. We may say even that the Yorkshire dialect will give us something of the pronunciation of the speech of the Angles and other early races that remotely lived in our isle north of the Humber, seeing that our Yorkshire cowd, owd, smook, greean, sark, thunner, gers, agean, ackren, skare, seur, dael, murn, i or e, and iv (in), fur (for), fro, fra, frav, raun (roe), at-efter, at (that), an (than), lig, flig, lang, amang, baht, neet, etc., are virtually at one with Dutch, koud, oud, smook; Old Norse, graenn; Danish, saerk; Anglo-Saxon, thuner, gers, ongean, murnan, dael, fleógan, lang, onmang, butan, neaht; Norman, seur; Gothic, ligan, akran; Old Norse, skara, í, fyr, frá, at (that), an (than); Norse, atefter; Icelandic, hrogn; and Danish, rogn, roe, or fish spawn.

For the survival of a word in the Yorkshire dialect means the survival of a sound, since the words in the dialect do not in any wise soever owe their preservation to the com-

promises of literary transcription. From the standpoint of primal purity, as I have already said, we herewith find a richer store of elemental discovery, and we are closer to the speech of a people who lived a thousand years ago than it once seemed likely we could hope to be. Recognizing all this and the sure voice of our historic testimony, I was not surprised to discover on examination how radically the pronunciation of the Yorkshire dialect differed from that of Modern English. My native oral testimony afforded an excellent criterion for inquiry into the relation of the pronunciation of the Yorkshire dialect to that of Early English, in the light of the conclusions arrived at by Alexander J. Ellis on that subject, the which has been applied to Chaucer's pronunciation.¹

I may note:—

“The modern sound, *ai*, in wait, was not established till the seventeenth century.”

Certainly in the Yorkshire dialect, wait, thwaite, gate, wail, rain, lape, day, tale, dale, wave, made, cake, lake, and all words spelt as with long *a* in Modern English, are pronounced waaert, thwaaert, gaaert, waaerl, raaern, laaerp, daaer, taaerl, daaerl, waaerv, maaerd, caaerk, laaerk, etc. And let me say that *ae* in the Yorkshire dialect, and in my “Tales and Ballads,” is always *aa-er*, as in the foregoing words.

Ah-ee is given as Chaucer's pronunciation in this class of words, which if correct was not that of the Yorkshire or Northumbrian dialect. When words which in English have this long *a* do not take the “aer” sound, *a* becomes short, as in tak, mak, brak, lat, which has also laert, etc. Long *a*, as in English father, I will deal with after these comparisons.

“The present-day sound of *ee* in eel dates only from the beginning of the eighteenth century.”

¹ *The Poetical Works of Chaucer*, edited by Richard Morris, LL.D.

I note that the more "modern" the pronunciation of Yorkshire folk, the less we hear of the *eea* or *eer* distinction, which is a real characteristic of the dialect. Hence for tea we have not the sound tee, but teer. Green, mean, clean, lean, bean, are greern—"greean"; the *a* which I use in this class of word is pronounced, as I show later, er—meern, cleern, leern, beern, but the above statement as to the *ee* sound in eel does not prevent my recalling that we say weet, weel, neet, leet. If the axiom is correct, then the *ee* is a modernizing of the dialect, and we have at once Anglo-Saxon wœt, neaht, leoht. Often words that in Modern English take this long *ee* sound have in the Yorkshire dialect the sound of "ey," as feyld, field; meyl, meal; threi, three; mei, me; sey, sea, which also has seer, seea (*cf.* Icelandic seór); trei, tree, which also has treea (*cf.* Old Saxon treo); bei, be, which has more commonly bi, short, as in bit, be it having the sound of bi't, by it; ye, save for emphasis, is short yi, and it is also yer; mei, me, which has also short mi and mer or ma, as "shoo teld mer," or "mi"; pey, pea; thei, thee, which has also short thi, and ther, or tha. He, of which the *h* is not aspirate, has short i, and is i or hi (*cf.* Fris, hi), hence immer is the sound of "he may"; we, has wi short (*cf.* Old Fris, wî).

EA is pronounced eer, which is slightly different to Early English *ee*, if that sound was as stated. Thus we have breed or breerd—for in these examples I use short er instead of *a*, which, like short *o*, in Yorkshire has this sound—lead or leerd; reead or reerd, read; cleean or cleern—compare Anglo-Saxon breed, lædan, rædan, clæan.

EI is pronounced ey, as in feyld, field; meyl, meal; heigh, high; neigh, nigh; reight, right, etc.; with many words that in Modern English take long *ee* or *i*.

EW equals *eu* and *ew* in Chaucer, the sound being that of the French *u* or the German *ü*. Seur or sewer, sure; sieu, sow, preterite; trew or triew; snew, snow, pret.; blew or blieu, have the sound as in sieur. Lewk, look, and do pro-

nounced dew, have the same sound. This is not exactly the ew of English ew in new, but thinner and longer. Thus blew and trew do not rhyme with Modern English new, but have the thin long sound, bliew, trieu, like the Scots ui in puir. Seur or sewer has the sound of cieu-r.

H, as in Chaucer, is generally omitted. I use it as I do other spellings, for the sake of the familiar association. Hence I spell bread, breead, when it could be breed, like the Anglo-Saxons spelt it, seeing short *o* in the Yorkshire dialect has the sound of er, short, as I have said.

I long, we are told, was not at all the modern sound of *i*. It is said to have had in Chaucer's time the sound of ea in steal. That, however, is not the value of long *I* in the Yorkshire dialect. Recent writers have used two forms, oi and ah. Hence tahm, toime; sahd, soid. These transcriptions are uncertain, and they are unnecessary when the reader remembers that Modern English words with the long *I*, in the Yorkshire dialect should have the sound of the exclamation ah followed by short *I*. Thus side is sah-id, elided quickly, abide, abah-id, etc. The personal pronoun I is short Or; I'm is Omm, and may be also Orm, which has emphasis. I s', and I s'l—I shall—sound like Oss, and Ossl. I'd, is short Odd. I'll, is short Ol. I've, is short Ov.

I short is like *i* in bit. I t', in the, is like modern English it; and i, in, like i in bit. To save confounding this with the personal pronoun I, when a capital i is required at the beginning of a new line I use e. See "Kirkstall Abbey." Bi (by and be), he, she, thee, ye, mi (my), thi (thy), and see, which has also sea or seer, all have this short sound.

O short, which is clearly "odd" short, in hod, wod, God, is often er short, and this explains why I use preost and leost as well as preeast and leeast, all the same sound. See "Kirkstall Abbey." Therefore to, preposition, is ter, short; compare Old Saxon te. Nor him, is "nerrim"; what e'er o ill, is "what eerer ill." Short o before a vowel takes n. Hence thowt o it, is "thowt on it" (thought of it), and

“thowt ’nait.” In the main “on,” the preposition of, sounds like the preposition on.

Wor, was and were, sounds like war, bellum. It is also often like wer or worr, short. War has strength and emphasis.

Oo.—The modern sound of long *o*, as in school, which is said to date from no earlier than the middle of the sixteenth century, is not common in the Yorkshire dialect. Words in modern English that now take this sound have in the dialect *ooi*, the *i* having the short *i* as in bit. Hence, schooil, fooil, shooin (shoes), nooin, mooin, shootit. Long *o* also is *ooa*, or *ooer*, as *go*, *goa* or *goeer*, which has likewise short *u*, *gu*; *so*, *sooer* or *soa*; *no*, *nooer* or *nooa*. *Aboon*, above, is like *oo* in modern English “soon.” We have not the long *o* or “aw,” accredited to Chaucer.

U long is like long *o* or *oo*, but shorter. Hence bluid or blood—both one sound; gooid, footit, shuin, shooin, etc., could be spelt with *ooi* or *ui*. It has also the sound of Yorkshire *iew* or *ew*, which see, do, as I have said thereon, sounding like “dieu.” Thus we perceive the weakness of our ordinary alphabet in phonetics, since this would make “sew” rightly pronounce the Yorkshire preterite, “sieu.”

U short is like *oo* in hood and good, but deeper, somewhat. Hence sud, mud—should, and must or might. The modern sound of *u* in but was not established till the seventeenth century.

So far we have had a glimpse of light on the antiquity of the pronunciation of the Yorkshire dialect of this book.

The facility with which the dialect makes *ea*, *oa*, and *oi* into dissyllabic *eea*, *ooa*, *ooi*, or pronounces them as the *ea* in hear, uttered rapidly, the *oa* in soa, to rhyme with sure, the *ooi*, as in the words “boo it,” spoken rapidly, which give the dialect for boot—bootit, is a characteristic that must most certainly be well noted by the reader of these Tales and Ballads. We use both long and short forms; which these are the quantity and foot tell, for I may not use always *eea*,

ooa, and ooi, for the monosyllabic or dissyllabic forms, but sometimes ea, oa, and oi; ea and oa must never be ee and o.

It is instructive to hear a cricketer easily making runs laconically urged by a stentorian Yorkshireman to run "a-gee-an!" pronounced er-gee-ern, and then when likely to chance a risky run, urged sharply, "a-geean!" (er-geern), to rhyme with the words "see an," uttered quickly as possible.

I will now say a word on *a*, which I have reserved on account of its special importance. In the Yorkshire dialect we seldom say "a" to rhyme with hay, save in ma, make, and ta, take, which incline to maaer and taaer. See my remarks on *ai*, and on *a* short, therewith. Sal, shall, is like the sal of "salad." *A* short has the sound of *a* in any, er in ter, short, and ir in sir, short. Hence ta (thou), is ter, short. Thus "is ta"? (art thou?) is like ister. Sometimes, however, ta (thou), has the sound of the ordinary exclamation ah! as in the affectionate "Ta is mah lass" ("Thou art my lass"). And this sound ta (thou), always has at the beginning of a sentence. Hence:—"Tar is. . .," page 71.

A long.—The long *a* of the Yorkshire dialect, as in fahl, war (worse), wark, cart, yard, yar, yars, clart, bahn, ahrs, ahr (ours, our), nar or nah (now), some writers indicate by ah. But the long *a* has not the sound of the exclamation ah! and hence I may not always use the ah form. While writers have familiarized "ah" for this sound, they have yet used it at the same time for the pronoun I, Ah, and for ahr, the affirmative, which are wholly distinct in sound from each other. Whenever I use ah, save in mah (my) "mar," it is for Yorkshire long *a*; but I could not always have ah for long *a*, as in wark, yars, yar, etc., though I use ah in the affirmative, yah, which in sound is nearly like yar, your. Aw, as in awther and nawther, is like oh, not like southern "owe."

I can at once tell a dialect-speaking Yorkshireman by asking him to say the affirmative ahr, which is the Yorkshire long *a* emphasized. Modern English has no equivalent sound,

but a Yorkshireman would be glad to give any reader a lesson how to obtain it. For an adventure say "ah" with the mouth wide open until its tone is altered and the sound is emitted from the back of the throat with a strong breathing. Much help may be had from the scientific notation employed by Professor Joseph Wright in his *Grammar of the Windhill Dialect*, which is founded on the Roman sounds, like palæotype, and can be read, as Professor Skeat assures me, by any student of any country in Europe. It will be useful if the reader knows that all the fore-mentioned words have not the ordinary English *a*—that yard, hah, how, clart, a blow, do not rhyme at all with modern English barred, bar, and chart.

OW.—A like difficulty is the Yorkshire *ow*, as in fowt, mouldy-smelling, nowt, owt, browt, sowt, gowd, bowl, bowld, cowd, owd, fowd, and the emphatically used Yorkshire negative now—no. These and other words in *ow* do not rhyme with "doubt" or any other Modern English word. Thus, in these Tales and Ballads I have never written "now" for the negative, which is most common as an emphasized or casual "no." I have generally used "noa," nooer, which is also much heard. The Yorkshire *ow* perhaps may be acquired by saying foe and wit, and making therewith fow't, giving the stress on fow. Soul gives something of the sound if the ou is audible and the pronunciation is not modern "sole." Some words with ou and ow, however, have the sound of Modern English ou in sour, such as clout, another form of clart, a blow, how, to chop or hew, towse, to pull about or ill use, etc.

T, the.—Readers should make as little of the article the, t', as possible. For instance:—T' lot, the lot, is pronounced clot; t' leeast, the least, cleeast; i t' middle, in the middle, as if spelt "it middle." Often t', "the," is joined to a preceding vowel, as:—"bi t' walk," by the walk, pronounced, bit walk. T' should never be given individual value. In such a sentence as "An nah I wor t' squire t' new parson

teld me" the pronunciation would be "An nah I wart squire." But t' before "new" would not be caught; instead a delicate nasal sound would precede the "n." If the non-Yorkshire reader feels compelled to give an individual quantity to the article t', let him omit it altogether, for to say "ter new parson" in the run of such a sentence as the above would be wrong. It is really 'er new parson, the "er" particle of the article being elided into the "n" of the "new." Sometimes the article t' is merely expressed by a pause, stress, or accent on the syllable immediately before the word it distinguishes, as, ern' childer, "an t' childer," emphasis being also given to the first syllable of the word the syncopated t' distinguishes.

I will conclude by giving examples of the pronunciation first from my ballad "Kirkstall Abbay," and then from my lines "Nobbud an Ackren." Note that er is like "er" in "winter."

" What stoories odd wer Yarksher daaerls
 Erv tah-imes ern fowk all lang sinn gooern,
 Twodd brek yarr art tertellyit taaerls
 Erteener boolder stooernez nooern.
 Once eer wah-it bull ern stiff wah-ild booyer,
 E erd er looern er maaerted rooerm'd
 Blak wald ern leergs erv alt ern mooer,
 Nooern flayd er sleerted dogs bifoorm'd."

Rhymes: These are never false. Hence in agreement with my remarks on the pronunciation they are in this ballad:—Booyer skooer, weern greern, saajer maaer, seern greern, gooer mooer, daaerl haaerl, gooer fooer, asst fasst, yeer leer, dreerm gleerm, leer seer, thwaaert maaert, nah flah (the Yorkshire long *a*, as in baht, bahn, etc.), hooerst mooerst, seern geern, snaht claht (the Yorkshire long *a* again), taaerl gaaerl, cowl owd (the Yorkshire *ow*, as in owt, gowd, etc.), nooers gooers, mey drey or meer dreer, and me and dree (see my remarks on *ee*), blasst gaast, breet weet or breert weert (again see what I have said on long *ee*), nooerd rooerd,

steerd seerd, Leerds needs, thwaaert gaaert, sah-id bah-id
(see my remarks on long z).

“ Ern akren ed tumml d frutt opponer treer
Ern fan itsen swimmin reyt dahn intert seer.
‘ Omm nobbud ernakren,’ it waaerld bak tult tarn,
‘ Ern goeer Or salatter wheer eert bek is bahn,
Omm nobbud ernakren nowt else sal Or bei
Fott watter is weshing mer dahn intert sei.
Ern oerks ern oerk Omm reyt chuff ter knoer,
Ter bi one missen ev Or langdivver soer :
Yit nobbud ernakren will ivver Or bei
Fott watter is weshing mer dahn intert sei.
Odd leerver er sproten e dank bosky deern,
Ern ev rassell d wi breers brash ern wi eern
Twik seervs erclumpin aneytht moss summer-goss,
Nerrev fun Orm swimmin missen fottter loss
It claaer raddled bekwatter makkin fott sei,
E which bud ernakren Or salivver bei’.” Etc.

The foregoing observations apply to the language of all my Tales and Ballads with the exception of the North, East, and Craven dialects of Yorkshire I use in the ballad “Robin Hood an His Merrie Men at come fro t’ Ridins Threi.” It is important that the reader sees my notes on that ballad, and also my introduction to the Glossary.

TALES AND BALLADS IN THE
YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

BALLAD :

KIRKSTALL ABBAY.

WHAT stories hod wer Yorksher daels
Of times an fowk all lang sin gooan !—
'T wod brek yar heart to tell ye t' tael
At e'en a boolder-stooan hes knooan !
Once here white bull an stiff wild booar
E herd, or loan or maeted, rooam'd
Black wold an leagues of holt an moor,
Noan flayd o sleeated dogs befooam'd.

Bud days the comed when deer nor booar
Could langer rooam wi reckless will ;
Wer huntsman thrust an hahnds bi t' scoor
Wod then i bloody slaughter kill.
An sich it war i t' dael, I weean,
Of Headingleia wheer wer Ayre
Wi t' wind-flahs cal'd, an t' seeaves greean,
At lov'd her holmes like t' blosms fair.

An sich it war when comed, the say,
One Seleth at hed dreems seen
At telt him he sud triewly ma
A hally shrine i t' woodland greean.

20

A munk of owd hes setten dahn,
 At lat one neet whol Seleth slep,
 Alooan, far fro Yorksher tahn,
 He bidden war, an noan ma threp:—

MARY.

“ Up, Seleth, rise, tul Yorksher goa,
 An triewly seyk bi sweet Ayredael,
 A bosky dean 'mid wold an moor,
 For theer sal men say, ‘ Mary, hael ’!”

SELETH.

“ An whoa bi yei to mell wi mei?
 O why sud I tul Yorksher goa?
 E Ayredael Seleth nowt sal sei
 At others hevn't taen afoor!
 Tul t' sahthards o ther swirlin Ayre
 Belangs tiv Wyllm Rameville;
 Tul t' north, de Poitou hes his share:
 Twoa Wyllms at wod do ma ill.

“ Bud triewly I sud noan a ast;
 I mun forseur be bid wi ye
 At Son full forty days did fast,
 An whisht a storm off Galilee!
 E like ways Caedmon hed his dreeam
 In t'days agoon, as the tell:
 I s'oss missen soin as a gleeam
 O leet will leead ma fro t' hostel.”

An soa it war at Seleth gat
 E Ayredael an bi Headingleea,
 An theer alooan on a plat
 He liv'd as all med fairly seea.

De Rameville an de Poitou

Med then a grommel'd, bud the said,
A gooid man baht spear an bow
Sud willin mak a brecken bed.

It war a bonnie plat i t' thwaet,
An greean as t' moss inside a well,
Wi butter-blobs an flahs to maet,
An blosms moor nor I can tell;
Wi t' blieu-bell drukken sweatness nah,
Afoor t' cuckow hes sing'd him hooast,
An t' honey-suckles gie a flah
Tul t' breears at the fond on mooast.

Wer Lady mantel then wor seean,
An t' foxgluv chimin his gert bells,
Whol t' hare-bell peyl reng back ageean,
A reight goa-to ameng thersels.
A shreea-mahse oft shrugg'd his snaht,
An t' mouidi-warps wor flayd an scun,
As freeten'd puss, wi thwack an claht,
Away thro Seleth loup'd an run.

Big hummel bees wod lollop aht
O t' gers-hid hoil o t' hive i t' bank,
An buzzin, whirr reight wild abaht,
As thoa ther haet on him wor rank.
Bud Seleth minded nooan at all,
His thowts wor allus God-ards bent;
He liv'd o blegs an nuts i t' fall,
E other days on what wor sent.

One back-end teld a bitter tael,
War neer afoor seed t' forest king:
Whol snooas drave wi t' freeasin gael
It snirp'd up ommost ivvry thing.

An yit all croodled up i t' cowl
 This nobbud kneyled him dahn an said,
 " O, what is winter wind tul t' owd
 At all ther brakky tears hev shed !
 Wer Jesu went afoor an knooas
 What e'er o ill ther be for me ;
 For t' Lady sake, what ivver gooas,
 I sal lig here, bi't wild or dree."

Then suddin, loa ! drop t' stangin blast,
 An spreng eych tree fro t' forrard bend ;
 A red-breast hopp'd aht fause an ghastr
 As med be Seleth war it friend ;
 An t' ollins shak'd ther wessel bobs,
 Soa greean an spreng wi berries red,
 At girn at t' mistletoa wan blobs,
 Sin Jesu blooid hes bin shed.
 " It's Kersmas Morn !" said Seleth then,
 " O hael this day of tidins breet !—
 For all mankind God's son wor gen,
 He gladness brings whol tears be weet !"

Soa t' name o Seleth wide gat knooad
 To mean bud rest an gooid life ;
 An sooin tuv him ivvry rooad
 Wor bringin fowk at haeted strife.
 One nooin comed on milk-white steed
 A man be-cahld, wi other threi,
 An stood i t' glaed until he seed
 At bonnie war this counterei.
 He lewk'd tards wheer wor little Ledes,
 An owre tul Bramla bit o hill ;
 He sigh'd at thowt o Bradeford needs,
 Bud cross'd an said, "'Tis Mary will !"

T' crow-fooit shoits wor knoppin greean,
 An blooims white wor strown i t' thwaet ;
 Whol midges swarmin t' stream wor seen,
 At kep a glestrin trout agaet.
 He sees it all, an moor beside,
 As in a simmin-glass, a kirk,
 A reight gert abbay wheer abide
 A brotherhood of men at shirk
 Noa lowliness, bud trewly skimp
 Thersens i ivvry seemly way,
 An shew tul pride—fahl boggard imp !—
 At Jesu's thowt on neet an day.

Bud nah he white hes turn'd as chalk :
 A blacken'd, brokken, biggin stands,
 Wi nother rig nor scantlin balk,
 An waste an fowt are t' abbay lands !
 Then t' hossman slow draw'd back his cowl,
 An let t' wind fresh on tuv him blow ;
 He strook'd wi steady hand his jowl
 An said at "t' sowin's kaled bi t' mow :
 For all mun dee at life wor gen,
 An t' end mun come tul ivvry thing,
 Bi t' hay-seed sprut or e'en yarsen,
 Bi t' strangist oak or t' greeanist ling.

" What sowls mud here be made for t' sky
 An breeten'd ere all t' tael be teld !
 What wrangs be smooth'd at bitter sigh
 Wod reighten neer, chois hah the beld !
 Wer Christ hissen, Mary an all,
 The comed thersens tul t' sorry day ;
 An sooa we moant lig and dole
 If happen we sarn't hev wer way.

“ O, ho !” he shafts, this hossman bowld ;
 His esquires threi i t' saddles start,
 An forrard spur tho all are jowl'd,
 To do his biddin like a dart.

“ O, hei yarsens mi trusty threi,
 An tul this Seleth goid word gie :
 Om assin him hissen to sey,
 An t' Prior o Fountaynes sends !” spak he.

E haest the went—the comed i haest ;
 An tidins browt fro t' woodland greean,
 O t' gooid men livin loan i t' waest
 Like booars at eyt bud mast an bean :—

“ We fan a thack an theer we seed
 One owd, a-bended low wi years ;
 'Twor Seleth, for he teld his bead
 For Mary, an wor on his kneeas.

“ We telt as hah ye bid us all
 To fotch him back to ye, an moor,
 We telt at ye'd us sorely call
 Unless he comed thro aht his door.
 Bud come he wodn't, noa nit he ;
 We s'hev to mak him if we mud,
 An soa to ass ye here we be,
 Less do owt hard or wrang we sud.”

Yit t' Prior laugh'd an forrard rade ;
 An sooin wi Seleth war he fun
 Aneyth a rowan spell an shade,
 A shelter boath fro craft an sun.
 Soa lang the talk, soa lang the cal,
 Soa lang the hobnob, mummel, mince,
 At one o t' squires he says, “ I sal
 Hod sooin at Seleth war a prince !”

" I s' leeaver hod t' esh hes bewitch'd
 Wer Abbot, an hes boath em cuss'd,"
 Spak other then at gert hand itch'd
 To finnd his pummil for a thrust.
 Bud Seleth went anyeth his thack
 An browt aht milk, an browt aht vens,
 On which i triewth ther war noa lack,
 An telt em come an help thersens.

SELETH.

" This day is mine, I sal be t' hoast,
 For bi God's will here sal arise
 An abbay sich as France med booast,
 Bud Yorksher fowk sal loss noa wise."

An soa it war, for t' Abbot browt
 Tul Seleth word at he wor gen,
 A choice o lands wheer e'er he thowt
 Med likely lewk untuv hissen.
 An soa it wor, for de Lacy
 Hissen hed bun tul t' Abbot when,
 A-liggin on his bed badly,
 He said he'd build for hally men,
 An build a reight gert monastrie,
 Nobbud for t' white Munks o t' Cisteaux ;
 An this did Henry de Lacy
 Full trewly do, as ye mun knooa.

His gransire Ilbert hed bin gen,
 Bi Willyum Duke o Normandie,
 To hod an keeap all for hissen,
 A hunderd manors an fifty
 In t' West Ridin alooan, bud,
 As't happ'd wheer Seleth war, all t' land,
 Fro stream to benk, fro benk to wood,
 Wor held bi other Norman hand.

Bud whoa sud t' Earl de Lincoln nay,
 An Baron Pontefract granson !
 Forseur he nobbud hed to say
 Soa t' abbay buildin bei begun.
 For thirty year an t' delvers delv'd,
 An t' scrapper iren reng an reng,
 Whol t' masons limed an wall'd an shelv'd,
 An t' delf-hoil howers how'd i t' threng.

What hooaps oft i t' lime are set
 I t' nicks o t' stooan wark i a wall !
 What sweatness at all wod forget,
 A trowil mark ma yit up-call !
 Bud lags mi tael, I mun bestir
 Or neer I s' come tul t' varry end ;
 I s' leeave mich, or happen slur
 An ower-lewk what sud be penn'd.

Tul wer Blest Mary 'twar all gen,
 As Seleth dreeam med ye a telt,
 An Seleth nah wi t' Lacy men
 Ligs theer at rest as God hes dealt.
 Soa Fountaynes Alexander, he
 Wor Abbot first i Headingleeia ;
 An t' name o Kirkstall ye ma see
 Wor getten efter t' Kirk wor theer.

Ralph Hageeth other war to be
 As Abbot here, bud what a tael
 O kingly wrath ther is to gie :
 Hah t' Abbot went fro sweat Ayredael
 Wi t' gowden chalice an sich like
 As hali wark hev oft to dew,
 An owt at t' Abbot ee could pike,
 At happen wod mak Henry rew.

He sent an-all ta t' mardy king
 God's hali Word writ aht wi t' quill,
 An t' choicist gift at man could bring,
 Tul him at made em Beckett kill !
 O think o t' lang an stallin wark
 To scrawk wi splay-nooas'd scratty pen
 God's gospels, whol ye wear a sark
 O hemp, baht cinglit, next yarsen !

An soa Ralph he went an deed
 At Fountaynes Abbay, wheer he ligs.
 An then at Kirkstall to be seed
 Wor t' Abbot Lambert, as time fligs.
 Sir Richard Eland, knight, an he
 Thro t' Grange Clivacher feytin gan :
 De Eland threpp'd aht it sud be
 His oan, as 'twar afoor, baht ban.

Bud Lambert fleng aht t' fowk baht rewth,
 An made ther hooam a monastrie.
 This riled, an seur 'tis a trewth
 The burn'd dahn t' grange an murther'd three.
 To murther preeasts is flaysome wark !
 An threi lay brothers is as bad ;
 I cannot thoil to ass ye hark
 Untul a tael at 'is soa sad.
 I nobbud hooap at theas red glear,
 At breeten'd rahnd when the it let,
 Made Richard Eland wrang forswear,
 An Abbot Lambert gin to fret.

I will uphod Turgesius,
 T' next Abbot as a likely preost.
 He nooan forgat at God's wi us
 When think we at wersens are t' leost :

We s'e ta hev less pride an gab,
 An mind at best on us is nowt ;
 We sud forseur drop wi t' grab,
 An hev for all a kindly thowt.

Turgesius thro morn to neet,
 Thro neet to morn, an year to year,
 E sack cloth lapp'd up war a seet
 At freeten'd t' imps fro comin near.
 His roarin sowl'd his cheeks i t' sile,
 An sodden'd t' haly vestments threw ;
 He wared one cahl an tunic while
 Hot summer brunn'd or winter snew.
 For nine year lang he tarried here,
 An then tul Fountaynes Abbay flit,
 An sooin deed, as ye ma seea
 Bi what a munk o t' Abbay writ.

Bud then comed Abbot Helia turn,
 At gumpshun hed i brass an t' like ;
 An next i kale ther war to murn
 As leeaves swimmin dahn ta t' dike,
 Eight Abbots—first, Ralph Newcastle,
 Walter, Maurice, Adam an all,
 Till Hugh Mikela comed i t' wrassle,
 An t' next wor t' one the Simon call,
 William de Leedes, an t' last o t' eight
 Wor Gilbert de Cartles at gav up :
 Soa Henry Carr gat t' Abbot meyt,
 An gat his wark an t' Abbot sup.

When Hugh call'd Grimstone comed he oss'd
 To loisen t' Abbay, an wer king,
 Wer Edward t' First, this Abbot bloss'd,
 An brass an help did t' Abbay bring :

Ye moant ass hah it war he thrave
 An bet a king an loisen'd t' looans ;
 Ther's moor nor ranseck'd oppen'd grave
 Will tell agean, or rummag'd booans !

At-efter Hugh comed like teld beads,
 John de Bridesal, Abbot Walker,
 Then William, then Roger de Leedes,
 John Thomberg an John de Bardsa ;
 William Grayson comed then an all,
 An Abbot Thomas Wymbersleea,
 Wi Robert Kelynbeck foor t' fall
 An Kirkstall hed bud Abbots threea.

Will Stockdael i fifteen hunderd,
 An one to boit, to reckon reight,
 As Abbot comed ere t' bells thunner'd
 I t' gert heigh tahr for mass an meyt.
 For William Marshall lower'd t' rig,
 At "W.M" ye'll yit finnd
 Abaht on t' walls at he did big,
 When t' bells o t' tahr reng aht on t' wind.

An nah is woe an woe indeed !—
 It's t' end we nah hev comed up tul,
 An t' end at Alexander seed
 When t' Abbot sowl aht Seleth hull.
 For till John Ripla hev we come,
 At t' last o t' Kirkstall Abbots war,
 When Henry t' Eight as king soa glum
 All t' lives o t' preosts did sadly mar :
 O weel med wer Heigh Preeast o York,
 Owd Wolsa, lig him dahn an dee,
 Wi t' words at 't ed bin gooid wark
 To set God foor King Henerie !

Ten thahsand pund i sterlin trieu
 Wor year in year aht t' Abbay bit,
 Wi sheep an beeasts nooan a few,
 An corn an plate at e'er come wi 't.
 Bud brass will allus mak a heeap,
 An sin I hev mi say to say :
 I'd sooiner gooid men wod reeap
 Nor sich at dar gu onny way.

O lewk yi on this Kersmas Day,
 Fifteen hunderd an thirty nine,
 An t' Abbay last fair Kersmas Day
 Afoor t' winds rahnd her altars whine.
 Ther's Tempest, Vavasour—sich names,
 Ther likes a scoor I could ye gie,
 Wi barons, kneysts, an Yorksher dames,
 Comed ivvry one o heigh degree.

T' owd almonder an t' sacristan
 Tul Prior an Abbot gie em heed,
 Whol preeast, deacon, under-man,
 Are bi t' Heigh Mass sedilia seed.
 Wi stooans a bishop mitre gleeams ;
 An white like t' spotless snooa on t' fells
 Are alb an rochet, as reight seeams
 For t' fair bahn Christ, t' owd munk book tells.

Then nave an aisle an transept throng,
 An bends low t' heead o kneyt an 'squire,
 As matins soft like angel song
 On incense wings flooat ower t' quire.
 Fro loft an balk hing t' clarted flags,
 At trossell'd war, as t' blood ren
 An starcken'd hard on t' mail an t' rags
 O t' chain-clad kneysts an t' feytin men.

O bonnie lads sing heigh an sweet
 On yar Convent last Kersmas Morn !
 O incense smoor an clahd fro seet
 Yon rig at sooin will be goan !
 Noa frahn be seen, noa dratin heeard,
 An all yar both'rin, let't a-be !—
 God's monks at reight an trew lives leead,
 Sud nooan be flayd o Henery.

I knooa ye wor soin swep aht,
 An huddled war like dith'rin sheeap ;
 I've seen t' owd hahse wheer baht a claht
 Ye hiddid, tum'lin i a heeap.
 Soa hey, for t' gladsome Kersmas Day !
 A brust-up comes tul t' varry best ;
 An fallin stars flare for to say
 At breet is t' way tuv Heven rest !

Bud ere hed Kersmas comed ageean
 All scether'd war theas Godly throng,
 An ranseck'd war all t' kirk an leean,
 An hush'd for aye wor t' belfry clong.

Last Kersmas Morn I stood missen
 In t' rigless Abbay an t' kirk queer :
 Noa preost wor theer—I bow'd, an then,
 Bethowt me on mi song an leear.
 “Ageean,” said I, “sal t' gladness rise !
 I am bud one missen I knooa ;
 Yit hoaps wor gen to reik tul t' skies,
 An if God will, tul Heven door :
 Noa might of hand, noa fowt or sun,
 Sal blast a blithesome song at's sung,
 Or mull a tael at's fair begun
 An monny hearts made glad or wrung !”

I s'ass ye harken bud a while,
 To hear at Leedes fowk once hed gen
 Sixpence a day to men beguile,
 An Kirkstall rive to build thersen.
 One word I'll say an nooan forget,
 'Tis theas, at Leedes hes turn'd ageean,
 An watchers nah hes trewly set
 To ower-lewk t' kirk garth an greean.

Tho Esseheld lois'd her Nunnery
 At war bi t' fooit o Eckershill,
 This tahn o Leeds will allus gie
 A thowt for Kirkstall Abbay still !
 Tho t' Peers de Ardyngton Priory
 It Peers nah maes bud little knooan,
 Wer Seleth hes a pile to see
 To-day, an 't will be seen to-moorn.

An soa t' owd Abbay walls yit say:—
 “ We s' tell it aht tul one an all,
 At what builds t' lowly in his day,
 Sal nivver altogether fall !”

NOBBUD AN ACKREN.

AN ackren hed tummel'd fro t' top on a treea,
An fan itsen swimmin reight dahn into t' seea.
" I'm nobbud an ackren," it wael'd back tul t' tarn,
" An goa I sal a to wheer e'er t' beck is bahn ;
I'm nobbud an ackren, nowt else sal I bei
For t' watter is weshin ma dahn into t' sei !

" An oak's an oak, I'm reight chuff to knooa ;
To be one missen hev I lang'd ivver soa :
Yit nobbud an ackren will ivver I bei
For t' watter is weshin ma dahn into t' sei !

" I'd leeaver a sproten i dank bosky dean,
An hev wrassl'd wi breears, brash, an wi e'en,
T' wick seeaves a-clumpin aneyth t' moss summer-goss,
Nor hev fun I'm swimmin missen for to loss
I t' clay-raddl'd beck-watter makkin for t' sei,
E which bud an ackren I sal ivver bei !

" I'd leeaver a grown intul t' balk i a rig,
Or intul a thyble or eldin, nor lig,
As gormless as ivin on stooan i a thwait,
An sackless as wanklin owd stoops wi a yate,
E watter at's sich a ghastr goit for t' sei,
For theer bud an ackren I sal ivver bei !"

Then t' ackren went swirlin bi rush, wort an fern,
Throa feilds white wi wheeat, an gert tahns i turn,
Throa moors ling-bedizen'd, an spraggy wi stooan,

Bi hurst-land an royd, an bi hoam-steeds looan,
Till cahrd wor all t' sallows away fro t' brak sei
An scraney wing'd gulls the oss'd inland to bei.

“Brak seea,” wael'd wer ackren, “tul thee I am browt;
To swim aht like a ship I nivver hed thowt!
Yit hed I a-grow'd tul an ooak gert an stiff,
Noa wind wod a blow'd ma i t' beck wi a whiff.
Bark-skeller'd an fahl, an as is wi owd fowk,
Storm-flash wod a snirp'd ma bud harder at t' cowk.

“I'm bud a grean ackren, yit wind an wide sei
An t' fause, sea-fond tarn beck, ma hoin all threi.
I'm bud a grean ackren, yit yei at are strang
Hev taen mi an lois'd mi at nowt wod do wrang!
I'm noan a gert ship like agean mi flooats t' wave,
An nobbud an ackren ye've browt tuv it grave!”

Then spak theas big ship, thooa for far lands set sael,
Gooid heed it hed gen tul wer grean ackren tael:—
“Yi fond little ackren,” it said, “lewk at me,
I comed missen mooastly fro ackrens like thee.
Tul strang ooaks the grow'd i days lang sin gooan,
An how'd wor bi t' woodman i t' forrist sooa looan,
Yit meeat yi together at last i t' gert sei;
What on't one is ackren, an t' other wor trei!

“Some ackrens ma fowt nor ma sprut when at hooam,
The nobbud are sooiner merl'd up i t' looam;
An gert, black owd ooaks, be ther innards o stooan,
Ma be ligg'in one day, deead clogs all alooan!
To be awther ackren, an ooak or fair ship,
Is nowt, sael we t' blier sea or spraht i a grip:
Wer lot is wer wide world's, for of it we bei;
Trei, ackorn, or ship, we're an all land an sei!”

'E'D SAID IT!

T' SUN hed dropped beheend t' Ilkla moors, an hed left a lang blaze o red stretchin reight ower bi Keethla. An soa, as 't wor neet comin on, t' delvers i Nathan Garth delf-hoil wor makkin hooamards—all on em bud Miles Rodam.

Nah Miles wor a likely young chap, wi black een, an oppen, sunny face, an limbs at onny scrapper at ivver reng steel on stooan med ha been prahd on; an it wor said ameng t' delvers at 'e wor sweet on Garth dowter. At sundahn Miles lad hed been told nit to goa till t' delf-maister hed seen 'im; an soa 'e wor waiting in t' delf when owd Garth, wi a scahl, come up tul 'im an reight ats 'im ower t' lass, for sha'd told 'im at sa wor i love wi Miles, an wod hev 'im come what wod.

“I'm 'ere to ler thi knooa at tha'rt nit bahn to wed mah Ada,” 'e snarled. “Tha's done what tha could to mak 'er fond, bud I'll see 'er deead afoor I'll hev 'er wed a scrapper o mine. An when I hev said it, I hev said it!”

An that neet when 'e gor hooam, t' owd maister told t' tale tuv 'is dowter Ada an all:—

“Wer fam'ly wants liffin up, nit teein dahn, as it wod be wi Miles Rodam. I've work'd i t' delf missen, an I knooa what it is. Bud ther's bahn to be nowt betwix ye twoa becos on that; an I hev said, Ada, at I'll sithee dead afoor tha s'l be Rodam wife!”

T' lass wor nobbud young, an sha war noan soa strang, for sha'd been browt up on a bleek owd hill, an though sha wor Nathan Garth dowter sha'd noan taen after 'im soa mich as after t' mother, at, when shoo lived, wor thowt one o t' heigher bred fowk.

“Father,” sha waeled, ’er face white, an tears i ’er gray een, “it sarn’t be as I sal lower t’ fam’ly—I’ll noan lower t’ fam’ly!” An aht sha swep.

It war at after bleggin time, an a cowl wutherin wind at cut like a sharp saig wor jenderin t’ winders, an wor lairkin rahnd bi t’ reight o Rum’ll’s Moor to reckon winter wor abaht. Bud a north wind i October wor noan eniff to flay Ada. Sha ren aht an ne’er stopped till ’er legs gav under ’er, an sha tummel’d i t’ heath-leng, rooarin as if sha’d brust ’er heart, for sha knoad all wor ower.

T’ year whiled on; Kersmas hed supped t’ owd yale an hed etten t’ cairk; t’ red olin berries hed bedizened t’ hahse walls; an t’ white crudded snooa hed screnched neyth t’ foit o monny a merry waistrel, bud nowt wor ivver seed o Miles Rodam bi Garth dowter. Sha hed gen Miles to understand at sha’d noan hev ’im i t’ teeth on ’er father, an somehah t’ lad hed taen ’er to hev made an end o t’ courtin. If ’e’d nobbud a knoan at sha wor pinin away thro botherin ower ’im, hah soin wod ’e hev come tul ’er! Bud he knoad nowt.

It warn’t lang afoor Ada father could see t’ lass wor lewkin noan as sha med, an soin it gan to be t’ talk at sha wor ta’in t’ bahnist road to ’evm. Still, nowt wod mak t’ father change ’is mind when once ’e’d said it.

Bud bi t’ ’arvist agean sha gat war an war, an t’ tale went rahnd at sha wor deen, soa ’evnly-lewkin wor sha.

Of a neet i t’ Backend it seemed to Garth ’issen at Ada breathin wor comin tul a stop, an sha wor nobbud liggin on t’ owd langsettle, wheer sha’d tippled asleep waitin up on ’im. T’ owd delf-maister rave at ’is silvry ’air an spreng aht’n ’is chair.

“Bi goi! es t’ badly, lass?” ’e shahted.

Ther wor n’ answer, an blutherin like a bahn ’e senk dahn on ’is knees at t’ side on ’er. Bud sha nobbud smiled at ’im an waived ’er white ’ands; an then sha wor dead—dead as sa mod bi.

It strack Garth dahn like as if it med a bin a sythe-strook, an 'e tummel'd as gooid as goan 'issen, 'is legs sprottlin wide aht on t' hearth, gormless; an all t' while t' limbs o t' fairest lass at ivver tred greean gerse wor starkenin. When 'e come rahnd 'e wor ameng a lot o wimmin at wor doin t' last for Ada.

"Sha's goan, t' angel 'er! Shame on thi, Nathan! shame on thi! Ta said it at tha'd see 'er dead afoor sha sud wed Miles Rodam, an nah sha'll wed cowl clay i t' buryin-hoil asteead. Shame on thi for hevin said it!"

An sooa t' wimmin deng at 'im, callin 'im thro hill to burn.

T' blooid wor i 'is head, bud 'e raised 'issen an steggered to t' door-stooan. T' neet wor dark, an t' stars aboon wor bliw. 'E shrenk back ower t' thressel an scrammel'd up tul 'is rahm, wheer 'e fleng 'issen on t' bed. For monny a lang hah 'e wrassled an writhed an tew'd, blamin 'issen for Ada deein.

When it war dayleet 'e felt 'e mun fotch Miles Rodam, an tak tul 'im for t' lass sake. An baht a word to t' wimmin at wor fussin abaht t' hahse 'e went, makkin to t' delf wheer Miles wod be. It wor soin: t' white aim wor glesterin i t' red sunshine, t' miln whews wor wailin aht near an far, an t' ring o t' delvers agate wor heerd i t' delves abaht.

Ommost done up Nathan reiked t' quarry-hoil 'e wanted, an stopped to wind. Bud at t' same time comed up a lahd shaht thro t' throits o t' delvers, an t' next heerd wor a deep blooid-cruddlin sahnd as hunderds o tuns o stooan hurled thersens dahn an dahn to t' delf bottom. Then ther wor a still minute. Bud sooin snap shahts come thro t' delvers at wor scattered wide.

"It's Miles Rodam!—Miles Rodam! . . . 'e's reight under . . . bud 'e'll be deead eniff nah, an aht'n it all!"

"Lord forgi' me, bud I'd said it," bluthered Nathan.

'E oppened 'is een, an 'e wor i 'is oan armchair agean, wheer 'e'd dreamed it all. T' first lewk 'e gav wor tul t'

langsettle, wheer, sewer eniff, wor Ada, set up, 'er gray een on 'is face.

"Ye hev been speykin queerly, father," sha said.

"Hev I, lass?" wi a huskiness; "what's wakken'd ma?"

"It's Ann; sha says at—at——"

"At what, lass?"

"At Miles is at t' door."

"Bi gow, lass, if 'e is 'e sal ha thi—bud noa—noa: I hev said—I hev said——"

Then Miles wor stood afoor em.

"What do ye want, Miles Rodam, at this lat har o t' neet?" ast Nathan, 'is hard sen agean.

"I've come intul a—a fortune thro a cousinn at's goan hooam," blurted Miles, reddenin an keepin 'is een on t' floor.

Drawin 'isseln back t' owd delf-maister once more ast Miles what it wor 'e'd come for.

"I've come for mi—mi mother necklet at war gen bi me to yar Ada," said Miles, lamely. "I'm bahn away to-morn, an——"

"Want to tak it wi ye, I reckon," put in Nathan Garth, i a tahrin rage. "Pike aht, an I'll bring y' it."

Garth words wor threatenin, an Ada face wor white. Baht a word Miles piked aht an waited i t' cowl.

"Finnd that necklet, Ada!" thunner'd t' father. An trem'lin, sha gav 'im it thro rahnd 'er bonnie neck.

E a bit at after Nathan Garth hed gen it to Miles, an wor sittin bi t' fire as if nowt hed happened an Rodam lad hed noan been near. Bud when t' owd man turned to bid Ada gooid neet 'e said:

"I s'think, nah Miles Rodam thinks 'issen too gooid for thi, nah 'e's weel off, at tha'll pine noa langer abaht 'im, bud reckon 'im aht o t' gait, an keep thi een oppen for another! 'E's goin t' rig an reight!"

T' lass cheek wor tinglin wi hummel'd pride, an sha said nowt. Sha thowt sha wod swelt.

Nit monny weeks at efter Ada Garth wor to be fun walkin

aht o doors, an varry sooin sha wor 'er owd sen, for nah sha'd been soa slighted bi 'er father an t' man sha'd thowt soa mich abaht sha buckled up. Blooim o health lewks weel where'er it be, bud it wor at best on sweet Ada face, sewerly.

One crisp January morn a huntsman horn wound on t' sunny frosty air near Nathan's. Ada happened to be aht on t' moor, an sha waited till t' pack o mahthin beagles wor i seet. Hah grant they come on, pantin an whimperin! Then the passed 'er like a flock o low-fleein watter birds off o t' heigh moor swamps; an sha wor stood shiverin wi a strange chill when up rade at top speed a young man on a sorrel mare, shahtin wi purple cheeks:—

“Yo ho! yo ho!” 'is een strainin hard aforrards to t' meltin pack on t' brow. Bud a flutterin skirt an a girl face hed spun 'is brain, an 'e wished 'issen at t' side o sweet Ada Garth; yit withers an holloa, bayin pack an fleein quarry, swep 'im away like t' wind.

It wor neet comin on, an Ada Garth wor sittin bi hersen i t' big kitchin, hevin a cup o' teah bi t' leet o t' lamp, when t' waitin woman, Ann, step in an said ther wor a hare sent thro t' young squire o Staines.

“Who's browt it?” ast Ada wi a blush, an shamin, for it wor 'im at hed ridden past 'er i t' forenoin.

“T' young squire 'issen!”

Ada wor reight taen back, bud sha said at t' squire wor to come in. An forrards 'e come wi a huntsman ready hand an oppen face.

“I've browt puss to ye, Ada Garth,” said 'e. “Sha's duffed us sin t' forenoin when sha mun a passed wheer ye wor on t' moor. . . . Ye mak a varry leean welcome for ma. Bud hark, lass: I've heeard ther's better nor Garth blood i yar veins. Nah I've comed to say as I weant live if I am 'it bahn to mak thi Mistress o Staines Hall.”

An t' young squire lived on, soa it's plain 'e wed 'er.

Bud t' early days on Ada bein t' squire o Staines wife

wor marked bi t' pair on em forgettin t' father, an when 'e come to dee nobb'dy wor wi 'im bud triew lad Miles at hed comed back thro abroad. An Miles Rodam wor t' ony one to follow t' owd man coffin tul t' moorside buryin grahnd, for t' dowter wor gooidness knooas wheer !

Soin t' coffin wor lowered i t' buryin-hoil; an t' Vicar wor readin aht when reight at hand ther wor t' sahnd on a worryin pack o hahnds. Other minute ther lowped ower t' wall a gert hare; an flayd o nowt bud t' dog red fangs it made fo' t' grave an spreng dahn bi t' side o t' coffin, cahrin ditherin theer. An 'ead ower 'eels t' beagles o t' squire o Staines wor after it.

Rodam lad blood wor up; 'e clicked hod on a shovel an sleshed reight an left ameng t' bloody-tongued pack. An all through t' rakkit a horseman on a sorrel mare wor ridin tards em, cursin an shahtin. Then, madman he war, 'e set t' mare at t' sixfoit wall, bud sha decked, an t' rider wor flung ower, slap ageean a grave-stooan. When 'e wor picked up 'e wor deead, 'is back brokken; an it wor t' young squire o Staines !

Years at after, Miles Rodam happ'd to meet t' squire widder, aht wi 'er little son, t' new squire o Staines.

"Ada," said 'e, t' words trem'lin, "I'd like to tell yi at when I come for mi mother necklet I'd nobbud made it aht as summat at wod get ma neyth t' owd rig wi ye, bud yar father wor 'ard as ivver, an I thowt——"

"What yi thowt, Miles Rodam, is nowt to me, nah," sha brak in sharp, an turnin away; "mi father said 'e wod see mi deead afoor I sud bi wife o yars. An thoa 'e's gooan 'issen, an 's nawther taen mi love nor likin wi 'im, fowk sal knooa at when Garth lass father hed said it, 'e'd said it."

BALLAD :

COVERLA.

O GLAD wor Cove'la woods an greean
Thro Aire to Eckleshill,
An birds gav Lenten song ageean
Thro glade to clovven gill.

An ridin ower bent an meead,
An under t' grean-wood trei,
His brow begemm'd wi t' sweeat bead
Come Walter Coverley.

“ O woe is me an woe is mine !”
Wi heart wark sore he wailed,
“ I've lov'd mi sup, I neer wod pine,
An fahl wi fair I've kaled.

“ An nah I'm shut bi all mi fowk,
An nah I'm baht a friend,
An t' wife's nit fond o me at t' cowk:
O wheer then mun I wend ?

“ Mi heart wi kinnel'd eldin burns ;
Bi Satan brimm'd it war !
He maes me rail an tew i turns—
O Lady send him far !

“Bud curses on mi owdest bahn!
 On him mi land is teed;
 O curses on mi ivvry bahn:
 I wod the all hed deed!

“An Philippa is nowt, I’m telt,
 Mi bahns are nowt an all:
 I want to slay! the want to swelt!—
 I s’ hee me back to t’ hall.

“Mi head it reels; a gird’s agate
 A-whirlin ma i t’ gam;
 Mi life is nowt—o Heaven ta ’t,
 For hoamin it E am!”

He sees his hooam squat on t’ lea
 At liffs tul grean Wodehall,
 He sees an all bi t’ stooan steea,
 His laithes an t’ chapel wall.

“O why,” he cries, “is t’ hill a dael?
 An why is t’ grean ing grey?
 An why is lvvry sahnd a wael
 At thrills me through, I pray?”

“O why, O Blessed Lady, tell,
 Is t’ grean ing wither’d soa?
 An say, if t’ hill’s abahn to hell,
 O sal I wi it goa?”

“It’s dark, an neet is all arahnd,
 An t’ stars aboon are een,
 A-starin hard as t’ guytrash hahnd,
 Wi t’ barghest greany sheen!

“ Soa Death is like to breathe his blast
 On one o mine or me !
 O wod he'd leeave mi bahns to t' last,
 An nah tak maddled me !”

Bud bliew wor t' sky, an t' ing wor green,
 Noa neet ther war, nor een ;
 An t' hill wor lower nowt to meean
 Nor heretofoor 't ed been.

Enah, at last, it comes abaht
 At Coverla can see,
 His hall an ivvrything wi aht
 A wrang i t' heead un ee.

He rides wi haste up t' hill an maes
 A clockin hen i fret,
 Forger all thowt o sittin days,
 Soa swift his steed an fleet !

He rides i haste becoss he strives
 His bahns and wife to see,
 Afoor in tul his heart ther slives
 A wish at the ma dee.

O hah he loves his bahns an t' wife !
 O hah he langs to say,
 At be ther hate or be ther strife
 He loves em neet an day !

O Walter Coverla, thi sire
 War grandson tul that knight,
 At Shireeve war o wer Yorkshyre
 An war Sir Wyll'm hight.

Soa Walter Coverla mak haste,
 Thi heart is beatin trew !
 Yit bee ma t' last o honey taste,
 An knop sip ne'er o dew !

An heart ma loss it love afoor
 A kuss hes teld it tael ;
 An sooin hoaps at heighest sooar,
 On t' grahnd ma trosslin trael !

He reins in t' steed, an wi a bahnd,
 He lowps him dahn an stands
 In front o t' hall, an stroaks a hahnd,
 At dithrin, slakes his hands.

His rein he gies him tul a lad,
 An maks his way i t' hall ;
 He sees at t' hahse is looan an sad,
 An coud an dark an all.

“ Ho, stack on eldin ! ” lahd he cries,
 “ An let's ha breeter cheer ;
 Let glare o blaze wer rahms bedize,
 We'll hev noa shadders here ! ”

His words are heard i t' rahm aboon
 Bi Coverla slim wife,
 An quick sha dons her gahn an shoon
 Aflayd mischief is rife.

Her een the glester nah wi tears,
 Her hands the shak wi freet ;
 An when her husband foit sa hears
 Sha prays for to-morn leet.

“ O ill’s this Avril day,” sha wails,
 “ O dark it seems to me,
 E’en t’ clahdless sky aboon t’ rig fails
 To breeten owt I see !

“ O sal we safely tide o’er t’ neet !
 O sal yit other day
 It finnd mi cheek wi rooarin weet,
 An Walter goan away !”

Bud Walter Coverla’s aneyth
 T’ flat-flewted roof below,
 A-watchin t’ reek it elf-rings wreyth,
 An t’ blazin eldin glow.

He feels a naigerin at heart,
 He feels a burnin brain,
 Wi ivvry nah an then a dart
 O sharp an stangin pain.

“ O Philippa,” he gasps enah,
 “ Thi lips wod freshen me,
 If cool upon mi heated brah
 Tha’d press em tenderly.

“ An if an all, o bahns o mine,
 Ye’d snootch up nah to ma,
 I’d ne’er forger at t’ head o t’ line
 E am o Coverla.

“ I’d tak ye reight intul mi arms,
 At wacker queer to see ;
 I’d hug ye both abaht wer rahms,
 For kusses ye sud gie.

“ An is't, o Walter Coverley,
 Thi pulin sen tha hears?
 An is ta then abahn to bei
 Soft fond as clickin breears?

“ Oh, why's mi Wyll'm soa beheehand!
 An why his welcome lat!
 Mi childer sud bi nah be weeaned,
 All bud that Henry brat!

“ An what are t' bahns an t' wife to me
 At I sud bother soa?
 Mi bahns will nivver scrawm mi knee,
 An t' wife will nobbud roar.

“ O hah I hate mi mardy lot!
 Ma curses on em fall
 An blast mi ivvry bahn I wot,
 An t' bluth'rin wife an all!

“ Bud hah red breet this eldin burns!
 O why noan burns it bliew,
 Wi grean or yolla i ther turns
 Asteead this blood hiew!”

He puts a hand afoor his een
 An steggars him tul t' stair;
 He heaves a sigh, an then, I ween,
 His lips the move i prayer.

An nah agean he is that same
 At rade to kuss his bahns;
 An nah agean he gan to frame
 To loss his crewil frahns.

An i t' gert keepin rahm aboon
 Is Coverla slim wife,
 An shoo hes donn'd her gahn an shoon
 E readiness for strife.

“ O Carver,” says sa tul her man
 At come i t' rahm an all,
 “ I'm flayd at nah an evil ban
 On t' hahse is bahn to fall !”

At last is Walter Coverley
 His dith'rin wife afoor,
 An sad he asses why sud bei
 Her face as white as snooa.

“ O say an is ta flayd on owt !
 O say an tell to mei
 Why t' blood flees thi face for nowt,
 Becoss at E am neigh !”

As swift as aigle spreads her wings
 Her fledglin heigh to bear,
 As swift an wide his arms he flings
 An clasps his lady fair.

O sad at sich sud iver be !
 Sa wrassles wild an flayd
 Thro Coverla hersen to free,
 An lahdly calls her maid.

Bud noan nor t' man at war abaht
 Wor theer to answer t' cry,
 An quick he tul em come wi aht
 As mich as tellin why.

“ Bid Carver fotch mi youngist bahn
 At's wi his wife at nurse !”
 Said Coverla wi scahlin frahn,
 An black an ugly curse.

“ O Carver fotch mi Henery,”
 Sha tremlin tells her man ;
 Bud tear an sigh the say at he
 Mun think o t' evil ban.

An soa he nivver went away
 To fotch her bahn back hooam,
 Bud stay'd i t' court to while on t' day :
 Noa farther wod he rooam.

“ An seur t' maister's drukken mad,
 I seed his ee wi greean !
 An seur I'll noan fotch his lad,
 Bud goa i t' hall ageean.”

An this did Carver trewly do,
 As tells sad history :
 He went i t' hall tul t' fratchin two,
 An reyt riled Coverlee.

“ O think ye I mi bahn wod hurt ?
 O think ye I'd him harm ?
 I'd raether feyt wi t' strang an t' gert
 Nor bahn o mine alarm !”

An soa i rage did Coverla
 Ageean em lahdly rail—
 “ A bahn o mine at t' seet o ma
 I knooa wod nivver pale !”

An list'nin tul him ramp an reeave
His owdist bahn hed been,
An nah wor watchin t' mother greeave
Wi wide an starin een.

He war bud fower, t' little'n, then,
An noan could understand,
Soa quick he tul his father ren
To tig his father hand.

An reyt an prahd is Coverley,
Becoss he nah can show
At t' bahn noan flayd on him wod bei,
An thoa he lig him low.

Bud nah a weapon finnds his hand
An liffs his arm up hee,
An heavy falls to sear t' red brand
O shame on Coverlee.

An stabb'd an deein wor his bahn
On t' floor, an wheer ther fell
His blood red at spurted dahn,
Wer history can tell.

O deed o blood an red shame !
O deed o thirsty blade !
Why dyed ye dark a knightly name,
An honour thro it taed !

Bud t'seet o Wyll'm blood made
His father madness flee;
An yit he raced wi t' drippin blade
His Walter bahn to see.

Al be his wife an Carver strave
 His reekin hand to stay,
 Wi steady arm his blade he drave
 An Walter bahn did slay.

Then woundin t' wife at click'd his knei,
 He dahn wi Carver fell,
 An thoa he worn't a Coverley,
 This wrassl'd reight, the tell.

Bud fair away gat Coverlee,
 An on his hoss he rade,
 At toppist speed fro t' hall to gie
 A death brod wi t' blade.

He rides to kill his Henery,
 At's aht away at nurse,
 As slew he Walter, soa to free
 Him thro t' black murther curse.

Bud t' hoss it shutter'd dahn an roll'd
 Wi Walter Coverley,
 As ridin up wi hearts full bowld,
 Come hossmen two or threi.

The click strang hod o Coverlee,
 An tak him tul a jail,
 An noan a wit the knooa at he
 Is nobbud reight i kale.

An fower months at after he
 Wor squeez'd to death becoss
 He wodn't plead, lest Henery
 Sud t' father chattels loss.

O still wor t' woods o Coverley
Thro stream to lordin scarr;
Noa bird gav grean-wood song i trei,
Thro glade tul greeavin carr.

O grean hill shield Sa'nt Wyllfred Kirk !
O grean wode cluther rahnd !
Esh, olin, aigh an crookl'd birk,
Pen in her hally grahnd !

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TUL A GREEAN-WOOD FLAH.

IN t' days o early childhood
I nivver thowt o tahn,
Bud lairk'd abaht i t' greean-wood,
A reight wick Yorksher bahn.

Ther war a steep wi bliew bells,
A bonnie copse wi nests,
An ivvry flah t' honey tells
Hes bumble-bees for guests.

Ther war gert trees o ollin,
A brambly bracken glade,
Ther war a woodman trollin,
Ther war a dyke I made.

A dyke I made i t' dingle
Bi stuffin t' goit-hoil full,
Wi sods o t' bent, an shingle,
Or owt at I could pull.

I knooa at theer askards war,
An moudiwarps hev moiled;
Ackrens, blegs an aighs ther are,
An t' wasp nests I've unhoiled.

Bud reight tul this varry day,
I cannot finnd ageean,
A flah at I loved to ta
Mi mother when a weean !

O white it war an elfish,
As t' frailest flah or spray,
An Spring, at's nivver selfish,
Sa browt it ere come May.

O little flah o Spring-tide,
Tha nameless art to me,
Bud ne'er will wer Yorksher wide
Finnd love like mine for thee !

T' FAIRY RING O ESHING.

BETWIX t' Otley Chevin an Pennigant Hill ther war ne'er a blither-hearted couple nor Amos Skaife an Lily Hollindael, till t' lady o t' manor o Eshing come back fro abroad; bud after that t' April itsen wor noan as tearful as sweet Hollindael lass face, an ther worn't a bliew bell weet wi dawn dew at glestered more nor t' lass sky-hiewed een.

T' manor lady wor young an handsome. Sha hed come dahn thro a lang line o rich landed fowk an hed browt t' lands dahn wi 'er; an soa, though Hollindael lass wor t' better lewkin o t' two wimmim, t' reckonin wor for t' manor lady—brass is sich a goid mak-weight—an Hollindael lass went away fro Eshing to dee wi a brokken 'art.

An Amos noan fret 'issen mich abaht that when Frances Slingsby an t' lands o Eshing wor likely to beleng 'im. 'E wor nobbud flayd at as t' days slithered by, t' chance o ther spurrins bein heard wod slither an all. This did bother 'im, an 'e ommost nattered 'issen to death ower it, for t' manor lady wodn't mak up 'er mind to hev 'im. 'E thowt 'er mood wod tide by; an 'e bided a bit.

Abaht a year 'e waited, an then 'e wor reight stalled. Soa of a neet 'e went ower tul an owd hag 'e'd heard on, an ast what 'e mud do to leearn if 'e wod wed t' lady-love.

"I knooa weel hah ye med leearn, an hah ye med see t' woman ye mun wed," said t' owd hag. "To-morn is May day, an at abaht sundahn, when t' fairies are sick o ther lairkin an ready for other gam, ye mun goa dahn tul t' lang pasture i t' dale, an at t' nethermost end ye'll finnd a sycamore.

Noan seven strides thro 't is a ring o greean gerse, as if it med a bin wheer a giant sythe hed yance left a gert swathe-balk. Here ye mun go rahnd sunwithards as oft as ther be days 'twix nah an Whitsunda, an sewerly ye sal see 'er ye mun wed."

It wor wi a laugh an a fleer at Skaife lad mahnted 'is mare t' next eventide an rade to t' lang pasture. Tetherin t' mare tul a pale 'e scrammeled t' gate an waded through t' fause young gerse at wor ower-chuf becos on that Spring wor abaht; an reight timely wor 'e bi t' owd sycamore at t' nethermost end o t' feyld.

Sewer eniff t' fairy ring wor theer; an Amos gan to walk rahnd an rahnd sunwithards times as oft as days wor 'twix then an Whitsunda. Times rahnd 'e went an times agean; 'e'd ne'er thowt afore at Whitsunda wor soa far thro t' first o May. 'E loised 'is reckonin, bud summat held 'im on till dusk. Then e an ee twinkle 'e'd fun 'issen stood stock-still, an theer i t' middle o t' ring wor a hazy mist. 'E gloared an gloared, till at last 'e made aht ther wor a woman.

"Sewer an it's t' manor lady—I s'wed 'er, I sal, I sal!" 'e said to 'issen.

Bud speykin mun a brokken a spell, for t' mist hed melted away an left noan nor Hollindael lass, 'er blieu een breet wi tears. An sa reiked aht 'er 'ands beseechin, tards 'im.

"Wed ye!" cried Skaife i scorn, "Wed ye! Nivver! I s'wed noan bud Frances Slingsby." An 'e scutched 'er ower t' cheek. Bud it seemed as if 'is whip hed nobbud swished through t' air; an a chill quailed 'is 'art, for Hollindael lass hed goan, an 'e wor alooan i t' lang pasture, wi t' owd swayin sycamore!

T' next day Amos couldn't mind hah 'e gat hooam t' neet afoor. An as what hed happened worn't ower-nice to crack on, 'e made believe tuv 'issen at 'e'd bin dreeamin. In t' forenoin 'e went up tul t' Manor Hall an ast for Frances Slingsby. Bud 'e wor teld sha wodn't see 'im.

"That caps ma," said 'e, "for yis'da sha telt me to

come. Nah, it wodn't be owt aht o yar way if ye telt me why yar mistress weant see ma."

T' man thowt a bit. "I s' ne be doin mich wrang if I do," said 'e: "Shoo wor sitten at table yester eve when all at once sha gav a shrike an said at some'dy hed scutched 'er ower t' face wi a whip. Sewer eniff ther wor soin a red weal to be seen; an it's becoss it's noan goan off on 'er face yit at sha weant see ye, Maister Skaife, this forenoin."

This wor aboon Skaife lad ken, an 'e went hooam reight maddled wi thinkin it ower.

A weal across a fair face is noan nice, an soa thowt Frances, t' manor lady, as t' weal wodn't goa.

"Oh, what mun I do? what mun I do?" sha waeled. At last sha went tul t' hag o Eshing.

"Why, lass," said shoo, "if ye will nobbud go dahn to t' fairy ring bi t' owd sycamore i t' lang pasture to-morn neet ye sal lois t' weal thro yar face. I'm sewer on't, if ye'll nobbud goa rahnd sunwithards till reight dusk!"

Soa early t' next neet t' manor lady wor dahn bi t' fairy ring.

"I s' goa hooam," sha said to 'ersen as sha stood agean t' owd sycamore: "This is all a gam!"

Bud noa soiner hed sha said it nor big drops o rain gan to fall on t' sycamore leaves an mak a

Pit pat pit,
Pit purty pity pat,
Pit pat pit.

At first sha listened an kep time wi 'er toa on t' sward. Then sha clapped 'er 'ands an seng wi t'

Pit pat pit,
Pit purty pity pat,
Pit pat pit.

Soin this worn't eniff, sha mun leg it an all. Soa aht on t ring sha stepped an frisked it like a watter-wraithe. An all

t' while t' heavy rain drops wor silin dahn on t' sycamore, bud noawheer else. Dark wor comin on, an though t' manor lady wor flayd o neet as wor t' sun at hed skulked off beheend t' Craven hills, yit sha still foited t' ring tul t' tune o t' rain.

Bud summat moor wor to betide: Amos wor i t' lang pasture an all, for 'e 'd come dahn tul t' fairy ring to fend for 'issen, an, as 'e wor e 'is cups, an druffen, 'e sweer'd at if t' owd love i t' shape o Hollindael lass wor to show 'ersen agean. it sud goa hard wi 'er, flesh or ghooast. When 'is een falled on t' manor lady dancin rahnd an rahnd t' ring i t' dusk 'is blood boiled:

“Curse 'er, it's Lily!” 'e shahted. “Bud sha s' ha summat for comin!” 'Is words wor lahd, yit t' manor lady ne'er heeard 'em; an Amos rushed forrards an scutched 'er arm thro behind wi t' riding whip.

This brak t' spell, an t' manor lady turned an brust into tears at t' smart o t' whip.

“Is't ye, Amos Skaife?” sha cried. “Scamp ye! for what strack ye at me?”

“Bi t' Megs, it's t' lady love!” said Amos. “I thowt it wor Hollindael lass!” An t' lad wor soa aghast 'e rubbed 'is een, an rubbed an rubbed agean. Bud when 'e lewk'd up t' manor lady hed goan.

Ne'er hed Skaife lad raced soa blithely dahn tul t' Manor Hall as 'e sped on t' eve o t' day after 'e hed seen t' manor lady i t' fairy ring. 'E minded weel at t' hag o Eshing hed telt 'im 'e wod wed 'er at wod come tul 'im i t' lang pasture; an soa 'e wor noan flayd at Frances wod click t' mishap on 'is hevin gen 'er arm a scutch wi 'is whip, an mak that come between 'em.

An a reight welcome did sha gie 'im:

“I'm glad ye've come,” sha said, “I've two cousinns 'ere at want to see ye.”

“An what want the to see me for, Frances? Am't I bud a stranger tul em?”

“Ay, bud ye sarn’t be stranger lang, scamp ye!” An afoor Skaife lad hed made owt o t’ change at hed come ower t’ lady love, ’er two gert cousinns wor i t’ rahm an ’e ’d fun ’issen taen bi t’ skuft o t’ neck :

“We s’ teych ye to try whip wer cousinn!” the shahted, as the dragged ’im aht o doors.

“Hod, bud ye’re wrang—wrang,” spluttered Amos through t’ fingers at wor ower ’is mahth ; “it wor all a maerlerk o som’dy’s.”

“Nowt o t’ kind! It war a faerk o yars. Aht wi ye ; an if we’re telt ye come rahnd ’ere ageean, ye s’ev a goid poisin for t’ Hollindael lass sake an all!” Then they sleng ’im aht an left ’im.

Eeh, bud this wor ower mich to thoil for Skaife lad !

“Curse Hollindael lass!” ’e yelled. “It’s through ’er, this ; curse ’er an t’ fairy ring wi ’er! Tul t’ lang pasture I’m bahn ; an come Hollindael lass ther sal be an end on ’t!”

’E louped ower a drain-grip, an scrawmin up a tree bi t’ hey wall o t’ Manor Hall grahnds ’e scrammel’d on to t’ stooan an sluthered dahn t’ other side. Neet wor agate wi black clahds shuttin off t’ day beheend t’ glum moors, an t’ little puddles under owd brokken fences wor lairkin at bein silver dykes, whol dark, ghoastlike swifties slithered through t’ twileet sky, athwart ivvry path, like deead men goid wishes, bud nowt wor seen by Amos Skaife. Dahn tul t’ lang pasture wor ’e makkin ; nor stopped ’e till ’e hed reiked it an ’e wor stood aneyth t’ owd sycamore.

“Fairies or whoe’er it be at made this ring, curses on ye!” ’e shahted. “Curses on ye an Hollindael lass an all!” An sewer ’is hate o t’ lass wor ronk !

Bud t’ unlikely comes rahnd ower-oft. When Skaife lad hed done, t’ sycamore shuddered thro clutchin root to ditherin twig, an all t’ grean leeaves whispered strangely ameng thersens. Amos glanced up into t’ tree, an then dahn to t’ fairy ring ; an theer i t’ middle o t’ ring wor Lily Hollindael! Nit far off wor a gert stooan, an wi a yell o

rage Amos rushed forrard an liffin it up 'e hurled it like a madman at t' lass. Bud asteead on it touchin 'er it went an brak oppen ageean t' sycamore, an aht on it spreng a frog.

This wor seen by Scaife lad, bud t' fairies on a suddin hed made all t' loveliness o Hollindael lass be read in 'er face, an t' seet on 'er drave 'im fond-wild for love on 'er:—

“Lily, lass,” 'e waeled, “I hev been blinnd, an sewer! Why hev I forgotten thi to nah? Bud ta is mah lass; I'll wed thi, an I sal, by goi!”

Then t' listenin sycamore leeaves whispered an laughed ameng thersens.

“Amos,” said Hollindael lass, i words sweet sahdin as t' purlin o runnin watter, “why did ta brek mi heart?”

“Bye-goans, Hollindael lass, are bye-goans!” An 'e went tards 'er.

“Ne, bud I am'it bahn wi thi, Amos. Witt a goa wi me?”

“Sewer I will.” An 'e followed 'er through t' lang pasture, rahnd bi a coppice o hep-brears till 'e'd fun the war i t' dael.

“Wheer's ta leadin, lass? Ta moant forget at t' beck dike's 'ere abaht!”

“Noan I, Amos; mi een are bliew, an ther's dayleet e em when it's twileet goan,” sa softly answered. An 'e followed on.

“Lily, lass, ta's ower nimble for ma! Hod whol I come,” 'e gasped ageean, reight aht o breath, an flayd; “ther's summat white like a sea o yarrow blooims afoor ma. What is't, Lily lass? T' mooin's ower-cussen.”

Bud sa nobbud gav a laugh; an nettled at 'er finndin 'e wor fretted 'e spreng reight ameng what 'e hed thowt wor yarrow blom. Lahd ringin war 'is shrikes as a flayd bird skirl, an hill bandied em tul hill; Skaife lad hed tummel'd head-lang i t' white, foam-skummed water o t' foist beck dike, an 'e wor drahdin!

An as 'e falled i t' Ower-lang Sleeap 'e thowt at t' frog at hed jumped aht o t' stooan 'e'd brokken agean t' sycamore hed been browt to life bi t' fairies soa it med tell a hunderd frogs or moor to hiddy t' dike watter wi t' frog spit. An then 'e seed at ower a year agoan Hollindael lass hed deed thro a brokken heart.

'E put aht a hand to 'Evn. Bud a scutch thro t' dark sky fell on it, an t' slow syke whispered thro below :—

“Ye sal wed noan bud t' deead, ye sal !”

HUNTIN SONG.

It's neet an nah we're here, lads,
We're in for gooid cheer, lads !
Yorkshermen we all on us are,
Yorkshermen for better or war !
We' tykes an we' ghaast uns,
We' pade uns an fast uns—
Awther for better or awther for war !

ALL T' LOT.

Then shaht till ye've gorr hooast, lads !
Sing:—"Yorkshermen, wer tooast, lads !
Wer king, wer heeath, wer hahnds, lads !
Wer hooam, wer hearth, wer bahns, lads !"

The's some at nooan are here, lads !—
Forger em we sal ne'er, lads !
Yorkshermen the all on em war !
Yorkshermen yit all on em are !
The's thrang uns an looan uns,
The's wick uns an gooan uns !
The're all reight somewheer—an we s' be noa war !

ALL T' LOT.

Then shaht till ye've gorr hooast, lads !
Sing:—"Yorkshermen, wer tooast, lads !
Wer king, wer heeath, wer hahnds, lads !
Wer hooam, wer hearth, wer bahns, lads !"

IN T' BLEGGIN DAYS.

HAAH t' midges made for fowk on t' day when we all on us went tul t' woods of a September afternoin, wi ahr black an tan Scots collie Lassie, an 'er gert pup Colin, wi us to sleet at owt! The mud a knoad we wor comin, an I'm seur the'd clammed thersens soa the could mak a reyt meyl on us. The mud a knoad an all at we wor lads, an at we sud be stark-naked soin as ivver we gor agean t' beck-hoil, else wer mothers wod neer a hed to wesh us all-ower i milk to lay t' midge bites at-efter as the hed.¹ Shots! an worn't t first lang dive an t' spleshin do we hed wi fretened Jud Hodgins worth it all! We fair sossed 'im!

I can tell when wer clooas wor stown, an hah we scrawmed up t' trees to hiddy fro fowk at comed wer way. Bud t' day at Hodgin lad wor wi us nob'dy faerked to steyl a cloa—we wor wild an reyt. We couldn't thoil to hod at Jud wod ger hooam aneyth 'is father rig ageean baht finndin t' world hed taistrils in 't.

At-efter we'd hed a bade i t' beck we went a-waspin, an fan a wasp-nest at foit 'n a esh.

“Nah, Jud,” we said tul Hodgin lad, “tha'rt nooan up to lairkin wi t' waspies. Get thi scrawmed intul t' trei, reyt aht o t' rooad, afor we ger agate o mellin wi t' nest. Pike off. We moant ha thee mankin wi it, mun we, Brookie?”

“Noa, an we moant.”

Soa we gav Jud a leg-up intul t' esh; an reyt chuf 'e wor, for 'e wor allus flayd o me an Brookie hevin a maerlerk wi 'im. Then we rived dreed owd twitch gers, an stuffed it chockful o t' twitch, an Brookie gat t' gers agate.

¹ An experience the present writer has enjoyed in the circumstances given.

"Ye nooan bahn to burn t' esh dahn, are yi?"

"Nor us; doant thee lois thi peeak. Sithi, it does nowt bud reek; an tha'rt nooan bahn to be flayd on a putther, is ta?"

"Nor I, I sudn't mind t' putther if war nor gers wor ma'in it, bud ye twoa are allus up to summat an——"

"Gi ower shahtin," we said. "Hah sal we gerr all t' waspies aht if we dooant smook em?"

"An will it daze em?" 'e ast; an 'e war e a way.

"Ahr, it'll daze em," we answered. "Tha wanted to bring thi mother cower-rake wi thi."

"Cowl-raerk, yi meean!"

"Nah then, poyt t' gers aht," said Brookie to me, "t' hoil's reyt cagged up wi muck an stooans." Soa I scathered it aht wi a lang stick like a potter, an then we scuttered off as if we med a been gert fretened arrands, for we wor all legs as lads. Whew! t' waspies putthered aht i a reight clahd, an I neer stopped till a brammel legged me dahn. Brookie wor ommost brussen wi laughin, an couldn't speyk. Bud all t' while ther wor sich lahd shrikes thro t' top o t' esh, an we knoad t' waspies hed fun t' soft gauvison, an at 'e wor thrang. Eeh, it war a gooid seet to see Jud Hodgins sluther. Bud once on t' grahnd ageean 'e made dahn tul t' beck-hoil like a wild an.

"Come on after 'im," shahted Brookie, "t' waspies hev getten i 'is clooas, an 'e'll chuck 'issen i t' beck for to drahd em."

By shots, bud it war a race; an we nobbud clicked hod on 'im bi t' beck-hoil. Then Brookie gan an gav 'im a lammasin.

"Nay, what's ta payin 'im for, Brookie?" says I. "Tha'll brek ivvry booan e 'is hide."

"Oh, stash it!—stash it, Brookie!—what's ta sluggin me for!" hockered Jud. "Does ta want to kill ma or summat!"

"Ahr, tha knooas what t' lads say Bradfeild an Shevild

rooard, 'Cauf wick, cah wick, bull wick, come thi ways piggy-jack, come to t' scratch!' Does ta like saim on tooast? I can eyt kitchin crusses slaped wi t' drippin, till t' cahs come up. Nah then soft 'n, off wi thi sark—shut thi punky faerce or I sal slug thi an reyt! Hah's ta undo thi galluses?—Why, lewk 'ere at fower wasps i 'is sark at I've mushed flat ageean 'im. The nobbud kittled. Kick em i t' watter an ler em hev a swim like wer kitlins, an t' ratton at we fan. Hey, bid, bid, biddy duck. Dig, dig, diggie, diggie! Off nah wi thi sark an thi flannin cinglit." An yarkin em off wi a jert 'e gav em me to shak.

"Gie ower blutherin Jud, tha'rt like to rooar, bud tha art a kid! Sithi, t' waspies hev getten i Lassie coit! Lewk hah sha's feighin! Tha made us flayd o settin fire to t' touchwood i t' trei, an t' waspies didn't get reight dazed. We sudn't a browt thee wi us, for tha'rt allus gerrin us into bother. Thi knop's weeat yit; bud what's ta done wi thi lip? It's as big ageean!"

"Tha knooas what it is," bluthered Hodgins lad; "a wasp tenged me theer. It's t' worsist I've ivver hed."

"I'n't it spiffin at killin days!" said I to Brookie, as if Jud hedn't spokken. "I allus ass to fotch t' ale up for t' pig-sticker an t' men when the're hoddin t' pig on t' scratch. Ye dooan't hear t' squeals soa on t' cellar-head or i t' cellar, then. If it worn't wer oan pig it could squeal t' lairth dahn an goa on till t' varry stee flegs wor splitten, I sudn't mind nowt."

"Thee get thi 'is things on! Tha knooas I've getten a demmicked thumb," said Brookie to me, nooan heedin. "I'm bahn tul t' top o yon ollin. Ther's a throssle nest I wor lewkin at i t' nestin-time, day mi mother brother thro Reeavy Beeacon, ower bi t' top o Whibsa, browt mi t' pair o jimmers for mi rabbit-hoil, afoor the'd flitten to Whibsa Slack. Ther wor nobbud one egg in. I'm bahn to sey if it's gooan."

When Jud wor ageean summat a bit like, Brookie comed back wi a throssle egg.

"It's a forsak, an it'll be addled, bud I s'l ta it hooam an blow it."

Bud we went moor intul t' woods.

"I nè'er knoad tha'd hed thi jimmers gen thi," said I, "an I allus thowt tha'd awther fun em or snaked em."

Then we loised Brookie, an when we fan 'im 'e wor packin 'issen wi blegs, as monny as 'e could sam, an eytin em till 'e wor fair gloppen'd.

"Wags!" I shahts; "we goa whacks!"

"Ye're nawther bahn whacks, nor wags, nor shags. Mi cousinn thro Stannin'ton allus says 'wags an shags!'—Shevvild rooad, it is. Bud ye mun gerr em yarsen—seea, I hev this pockit reyt full on em. Ther's a skep-ful! I st hug em hooam missen."

"Eeh, weant it be spiffin!—the'll mak a reight dumplin on em to-morn!" spak up Jud, wakknin fro 'is mardy sulk, an 'e gan to cram his pockits wi t' blegs. "The' called bummelkites i t' daels."

"Dumplin maks ahr Sis gip," said Brookie, "an sha weant eyt nowt sad nawther. Sha can allus smell if t' breading's dazin i t' oven. 'Sal I put some mooar coil on, mother?' sha shahts; 't' looaves are dazin! The'll be reight dazed! Ye knoa I sarn't eyt owt at clags!' An sha ommost rooars. I'n't sha soft? Bud I dooant like owt clarty missen. It maks me bocken. Soa does owt walsh and worf. I wish we hed some milk; I'm ommost slockened!"

"Ahr," said I, "an I could sup a reight panshunful, wi a chunk o moggy; or a drop o rabbit broth wi whot meyl lithenin."

"I could sup a maidnin-pot full!" said Hodgins lad, puttin on t' man a bit.

Then Brookie telt us we could goa whacks if we wod put wer blegs i 'is gert handkercher; an when it wor teed up wi t' throssle egg, a bonnie bruntlin, reight wick, some ackrens, some rowans, an greean aighs, an breet red poison berries, an t' cowk 'n a gert greean apple 'e'd scrumped, we all set off

hooamards. Bud t' blegs neer gor hooam, for Brookie dropped all t' lot on em off'n 'is stick i t' middle o t' rooad, an the wor all mushed up wi t' addled throssle egg.

"Tha wants thi mother skummer!" laughed Hodgin lad.

Sin this wor I hev fun missen an owd man, an thoa mi legs wacker neyth ma, an I'm a bit hard o hearin, an t' best fowks reckon to say abaht ma is at I'm reyt an canny for mi years, yit I knooa, somehah, I'm t' same owd sen I wor when I went scrumpin mi father apples wi t' hill-top gang. Things hev getten nobbud t' leeast bit aht o gear: When mi father wor t' squire t' owd parson said it wor a shame hah I gav mi father apples tuv all t' wild lads abaht; an nah E am t' squire, t' new parson tells ma at it is a shame hah mah son lad steyls mi apples an gi's em tul t' mouchers abaht. God bless em! bud weeant I shak mi stick at em when I set een on t' young rapsCALLIONS—t' raffle-toppins em!

Bud it's bleggin time ageean, an yis'da I went dahn to t' kirk to see t' bedizenin the'd been giein it for t' harvis. Ther worn't a bleg to con ameng it all! I comed aht slow threw t' kirk-garth, an mi een dropt on tul a little stiff owd chap chuckin t' muck aht'n a buryin-hoil bi t' causa walk. For monny a year I'd bin away fro t' owd hooam, an soa as I thowt t' chap wodn't knooa ma, I made up tuv 'im, an ast hah lang 'e med a bin at 'is job.

"Sin ivver I can tell, ommost."

"Then it's a while an reight," said I; "bud ye'll nooan bi noa war for hevin hed to graft."

"Happen an I sal, happen an I sarn't. I've awther hed to addle mi meyt or clam. Neer bite nor sup I've hed sin mi loisin, bud what I addled missen."

"Then yi hed a loisin?"

"Ahr, an I hed, an I've hed to goa short shacks ivver sin," said 'e, leeanin on t' mattock; "an nobbud yis'da, it seems sin the seng—'Hod yer liquor aboon yer chin!'"

"Ne, an it wor n't yis'da," said I.

"An it warn't, squire."

"Whoa telt yi I wor t' squire?"

"I reckon I sud want nob'dy to tell mi, bud happen ye'd a to hev som'dy to tell whoa I wor."

"Why, an whoa med yi be?"

"Om Jud."

"Jud? I dooan't mind t' name," said I. "Bud hod! nah I comes to goa back, ther wor a lad o t' name at lairked abaht wi ma when I wor a lad missen. I knooad 'im when 'e wared a brat. 'Is fowk thoa warn't soa varry weeal off I think, bud when mi father sent me away thro hooam I loss seet on 'im. I can tell when we all on us wod goa chumpin in t' woods for Bunfire Day, when mi mother tharf-cake wor smellin hot i t' oven, an sha wor makkin t' scotch; an hah we wod sing afoor t' hahses—

' Oily coily, Bunfire Day,
If ye doant gie us some coil,
Or gie us some sleck,
We'll all on us come an knock off yer door sneck!'

I've nooan heered it said of laert. We said an all, tha knooas—

' Remember, remember t' fift o November
An t' Gunpowder Plot!
Gi mi some coil, cowks or sleck,
Or I'll oily coily yar door sneck!'

It allus riled mi father at I went maets wi a wildish cletch. Bud I've sin fun sich lads mak reight men o young fowk. Jud at I knooad wor a bit of a shandy, fretened soort i 'is way; 'e wor nobbud a jimmy little chap an all."

"An 'e war," said t' owd delver.

"Why, did ye knooa Jud o t' Loin Ends, t' top o t' Delf Hill, bi t' crookl'd owd red aigh?"

T' owd man doubled 'is kneive an bared 'is arm aboon t' shackle, up tul t' elbow:—

"Lewk at this arr; it wor done all thro ye an Brookie, when 'e gav me a kahl!"

"Why, tha'rt Jud!" I wor reight hooarse.

"Yah, an I'm Jud," said 'e wi a bit of a wacker i t' words. "Dooant lewk at mi clooas; t' mence is taen aht on 'em. I'm rayther mucky an all, an could dew wi a goid sowl at t' sink-stooan."

"Way, Jud lad," I said, "I'm reight an flayd at tha's made bad aht. Hes ta nooa bahns?"

"Ye see t' owd elder clump bi t' church end yonder?—ther's fower on 'em theer, an t' wife."

I wiped mi een, an summat weeat wor kitlin mi cheek:—

"I'm glad I seed thi, Jud," said I; "we booath on us owd nah, an tha'rt a bit younger nor mei, bud if ivver tha wants owt send thi for me; an if I dee first I s' nooan forget thi, nother."

"It's reight gooid o ye, Squire. I've allus hed to leearn hah to prog aht for missen, an I sal be like to dee i mi shooin."

"Tha nivver knooas," I put in, slivin a guinea i 'is 'and, an fetchin 'im a nope. "Siew yis'da, sow to-morn. Thooas at siew seid once, sal sow ageean. Does ta mind i t' bleggin days when Brookie told thi to goa intul t' esh whol wi reeaked t' wasp nest?"

"I nobbud reckened a-Sat'da," said 'e, lewkin a bit soft ower t' brass, an shamin. "Bud ahr—ahr, I mind t' wasp nest weel. It wor i t' bleggin days, worn't it—an nah it's t' bleggin days ageean!"

'E wor that slockened, an 'is mahth that twitchy I couldn't thoil it, an felt reight wammy missen. I thowt I sud swelt; soa I made an ast wheer Brookie wor, an if 'e hed flitten fro t' hill top, an hah 'e wor gerrin on ameng it all.

"Om delvin nah for Brookie," wor t' answer; "'e deed nobbud t' day afoor yis'da, an to-morn the bahn to lig 'im 'ere!"

WER TIDE.

SUMMER, gooid-bye !
I say soa wi a sigh—
Hark, wer tide's comed !

T' wind is cowd at neets
When on t' moor-side are leets,
An wer tide's comed !

Gipsies are at t' door,
Ther caravan's on t' moor :
Ahr, wer tide's comed !

Theer are bud moors nah,
To hem wer hamlet brah,
Wheer wer tide comes !

Time ma show to fowk
A spot all spread wi cowk,
Wheer wer tide comes !

An yit, little tide,
At breetens wer moor side,
Ivvy year come !

An sud tahn be theer,
Seek aht a place at's clear,
Let wer tide come !

Wer owd, happy tide,
At oft finnds lad a bride—
 We glad ye've comed !

Summer, gooid-bye !
T' hills purple ling says "hie,"
 An wer tide's comed !

BALLAD :

IN T' BURNIN O T' GREEAN.

IN t' North Countree °
Ther liv'd a kneyt
O heigh degree,
Sir Walter height.

Sir Walter hed
Bud dowters twain,
One Winifred,
The tother Jane.

An Jane for love
Sha soin wed;
Bud noan for love
Wed Winifred.

Asteead sha said
Sweetheart sud bide,
Till t' brass he hed
To tak a bride.

An owd sha gat
An fahl to see,
Wi grabbin at
Bud gowd an fee.

At last ther deed
Her sister Jane,
An t' husband he'd
In t' wars bin slain.

TALES AND BALLADS

Beheend the left
 An elfin lass,
 At thoa bereft,
 Hed lands an brass.

Her een wor blew,
 Her hair floss gowd ;
 Her years bud few :
 Ten harvists mow'd.

Yit lands an brass
 T' a'nt fro her taed,
 An soin t' lass
 Becomed her maid.

A maid to sing,
 A maid to sew,
 A maid to bring
 A cannell low.

At eventide,
 One S'omas Day,
 T' a'nt, heart-brak, cried,
 " O weel-a-day !

" O weel-a-day !
 It's neigh on Yule,
 An Kersmas Day
 At maes mi pule !

" An nah agean,
 We've etten t' cakes,
 At bahns the leearn
 S'nt Thomas bakes.

“ An nah agean,
Wer balks the hing,
Wi ivin grean
An laurel ring.”

Sha set alooan
In t' ingle nook,
To wheer sha'd gooan
Like one forsook.

Her een wor clapp'd
On t' ingle glow,
An as it happ'd,
Ther war noa low.

Her face wor wan
Her grey een breet ;
Enah, sa gan
To mak a leet.

“ O lilly low,
Mi heart is cowl ;
O lilly low,
An E am owd !

“ Bud lilly low
If nah ta blaze,
To mei 't sal show
For breeter days.

“ An sud ther be
Noa low to lairk,
'T sal mean for me
Noa weddin cairk.”

An fond as lass
 At love wod leearn,
 Sa skared aht t' ass
 Till t' grate wor cleean.

Sha t' potter taed
 To polsh t' black coil,
 For t' daft-dahn made
 Bud reek i t' hoil.

A crozz'l'd log
 On t' ingle spit,
 An peat thro t' bog
 A-smoulther'd wi 't.

Yit noan a low
 Fro awther flick'd,
 Till ollin bough
 On t' wall sha click'd.

Till ollin bough
 Wi berries sprent,
 To mak a low
 On t' ingle went.

O berries breet !
 O ollin grean !
 Yar Yule to-neet
 Wor mull'd bi t' meean !

Bud ollin greean,
 An berries red !
 It comed ageean
 On Winifred.

For taain greean
To mak a leeat,
It comed ageean
On t' makky cheeat !

“ O lilly low,”
Agean sa gan,
“ Wi' t' flicker, low,
If t' fire I fan ?

“ Wi' t' flicker, low,
An end mi fret,
Bi burnin t' bough
Wi blazes breet ?”

An sayin soa,
Sha clew'd her gahn,
An wi a roar,
Sha kneyl'd her dahn.

Bud tears wor staved,
For waffin hand
Gav t' leet sha craved
As wi a wand !

O breet wor t' leeat
Thro t' ingle then ;
An t' log an t' peeat
The blazed agen !

An noan sa greeaves
At berries breet,
An ollin leeaves,
Sud mak a leet !

It meens a wife
 Sha'll triewly be,
 It meens a life
 Wi gowd an fee.

For shoo'd noan wed,
 Sin bride sha'd be,
 Bud man at hed
 Fat lands to see.

O sprutter leeaves!
 O berries sing!
 As t' dreedist seeaves
 An t' wickist ling!

Nit t' ony grean
 An wick are ye,
 At freshness t' meean
 Hev browt to dee!

Bud nah t' a'nt stands,
 An turns fro t' seet,
 To clap her hands
 For cannel leet.

In comed her maid;
 'Twor Hilda lass
 At t' a'nt noan flayd,
 Hed bilk'd o t' brass.

Wi gowden hair,
 An skyey een,
 Sa war as fair
 As elfin queen.

Yit tears the well,
Sha softly wael,
Her cheeks the tell
Two scarlet tael.

For t' ollin bough
Wi berries sprent,
Tul t' lass wi show
O love wor sent.

HILDA.

“ O wheer's mi bough
O ollin grean?
T' red-berried bough
Fro t' wall I meean !”

WINIFRED.

“ On t' fire it's gooan
To mak a leet,
It blaze wor noan
An ugly seet.”

HILDA.

“ O shameful deed,
To mak a leet
Of e'en a weed,
On S'omas neet !”

T' a'nt cried anoan,
“ What lip at me !
Ho, get ye gooan,
An goa an hee !”

Bud shahts are heeard,
 Wi welts on mail,
 An reight afeard
 T' a'nt gies a wail.

WINIFRED.

“ O Hilda bide
 Nor leeave mi nah,
 O let us hide,
 An let us cah !”

HILDA.

“ Sin soa I'm telt,
 E sooth I bide;
 Bud I wod swelt
 Afoor I'd hide.”

An nah on t' door
 Ring swankin blows,
 An t' men the gooa
 Wi staves an lows.

“ O oppen t' door
 An shelter mei,
 At's wounded sore
 Bi robbers threi.

“ O heigh degree
 I am, mi name
 Is Sir John Lee,
 O Flodden fame.”

The oppen t' door
 An say wi pride,
 “ O rich or poor,
 Wer door-stun stride !”

When t' tidins wan
Tul Winifred,
Sha said 't wor t' man
At shoo wod wed.

For weel sa knoad
At Sir John Lee
Hed accres brooad,
An gowd an fee.

Bud noan sha thowt
At Hilda bough,
Fro t' woods wor browt
John love to show.

For monny days
Did Sir John lig,
As i a maze,
Aneyth this rig.

Yit foor he left
He said he'd wed,
Nit t' young an t' deft,
Bud Winifred !

.
Hah breet to wed
This weddin day,
When t' Avril med
A been a May !

Aboon t' lavrocks
Wor cheeatin aht;
An t' lady clocks
The fligg'd abaht.

An t' daisies skenn'd,
 Wi yolla ee,
 To see who'd wend
 Wi Sir John Lee.

When t' bishop spak
 In t' kirk he said,
 "Two-twoos, alack,
 To-day I s' wed !

"Ther fower names
 Hev thrice bin ast,
 An, kneys an dames,
 I'll wed em fast !

"O Sir John Lee
 An Hilda Weir,
 Tho twain are ye,
 As one sal fare."

"Bud noa an noa !"
 Said Winifred ;
 "It noan is soa,
 Sir John E wed !"

Spak t' bishop: "Bride
 Sud knooa her name,
 Soa prithi bide
 If thine's nit t' same."

Bi nah Hilda
 Hed forrard gooan ;
 Nor lang wor sha
 To stand alooan.

Tul Hilda side
 Come Sir John Lee,
 An kuss'd his bride,
 For all to see.

For all to see,
 'T wor Hilda Weir,
 Wi t' skyey ee
 An t' gowden hair.

Bud nah beside
 T' a'nt Winifred,
 To call her bride,
 Stood Wat Alred !

Stood Wat Alred,
 At lang, for owt,
 Sha wodn't wed,
 For bein nowt.

WAT ALRED.

" Wer spurrins ast
 Full thrice hev been,
 An t' bishop fast
 Can wed I ween.

" We nah are owd,"
 Wat further said,
 " Bud noan a dowd
 Hev I to wed."

WINIFRED.

" Mi Walter lad,"
 Wep Winifred,
 " Bud E am glad
 At thee I s'wed.

“ 'T wor wrang o mei
To waste wer tears;
'T wor wrang o mei
To waste wer years.

“ To waste wer life
Wor burnin t' greean,
For I a wife
Med lang a been !”

Soa fowk all leearn,
'Tis wrang to waste
Owt wick an greean,
An t' days at haste.

A KUSS.

YE ma bring me gowd bi t' bowlful,
Gi me lands bi t' mile,
Fling me dewy roses,
Stoor set on mi smile ;
Ye ma cahr ye dahn afoor me,
Castles for me build,
Twine me laurel garlands,
Let sweet song be trill'd ;
Ye ma let mi meyt be honey,
Let mi sup be wine,
Gi me hahnds an hosses,
Gi me sheep an kine.
Yit one flayd kuss fro her wod gie
Sweeter bliss to mei,
Nor owt at ye could finnd to name,
Lait ye thro sei tul sei.

I've seen her hair gleam gowden
In t' Kersmas yolla sun,
An ivvry inch o grahnd sha treeads,
Belang her seur it mun.
Her smile is sweet as roses,
An sweeter far to me ;
An prahd sha hods her heead up
As lass o heigh degree.
Bonnie are greean laurel leaves—
I'd sooiner mi brah feel
T' laughin lips o t' lass I love,
Thoa bays be varry weel.

I'm varry fond o singin :
What bonnier could be
Nor mah fair lass hersen agate
A-singing love to me !
It's reight to live on spice an sich,
An sup a warmin glass ;
Bud sweet-stuff's walsh, an wine is cowd,
Aside mi lovely lass.

Tak ye yar hahnds an hosses,
Tak ye yar sheep an kine ;
To finnd mi lass ower t' hills I'll ride,
Sha sal be ivver mine !

BALLAD.

ROBIN HOOD AN HIS MERRIE MEN
AT COME FRO T' RIDINS THREI.

To-toot! to-o-o-t!

Come Yorkshermen an gie ye heed,
Come listen for to hear
Hah Robin Hood wor like yarsens,
An noan could thoil a sleer.

For Yorksher bred wor Robyn Hood
An born i Loxley Chase,
A counterie I knooa, or sud,
I laik'd theer days an days.

To tell yi I wor Sheffield born
Is nobbud reight an meet ;
Soa I can say at Loxley Chase
Wod hide fro t' dogs the sleet.

Wi gert heigh crags an dingles dim,
Wi trees grean-weft aboon,
An ollins felther'd fast wi breers,
Ye couldn't finnd a loon.

To toot a blast i Loxley Chase
I've taen mi horn at oft,
E Haddon Hall, a kinsman says,
Hes wakken'd bats i t' loft.

Thro rahm an rahm i Haddon Hall
 Mi mellow horn the reng ;
 Thro hill tul hill i Loxley Chase
 It toot-toot oft I fleng.

Mi horn is i mi other hand
 As nah I for ye wreet ;
 One toot I gie, bud swop mi hand
 To let a lang toot cheet.

I see a nest o t' feather-poke
 One toot-toot o t' horn fan,
 An years roll back as thoa a spole
 Mi early days unspan.

O merrie 'twar to hunt wi t' hahnds
 All thro this counterie,
 An wheer wer olin, fir an larch
 Wor allus grean to see.

I mind a kek wi hezels dim,
 Wi brammel wires thrang,
 An brear-buish clumps soa heigh,
 Esh leeaves the wor amang.

'Twor here I fan a moudiwarp
 At skin I lang hev kep,
 'Twor here for blegs an nuts I comed,
 Or ligg'd ma dahn an slep.

I've seen a throssle here on t' nest,
 At foit o t' brears, cahr
 Wi oppen ee, an flayd, lig low
 Whol pull'd I sprig or flah.

It war mah kek, mi varry ooan,
 An finnd it ye wod ne'er ;
 Bud if I shut mi een a bit,
 I think at E am theer.

Till sooin fill wer glaeds wi men
 All donn'd i Lincoln greean,
 Wi Robin Hood an Little John,
 As triewly ye sal leearn.

“ O hoa !” shahts Robin, “ come arahnd,
 We'll hev a merry day ;
 Bi fahl owd wench I hev bin teld
 What fowk o me will say.

“ An say when neyth wer woodland gers
 I gloar at ackren spruts,
 An when missen I've goan aboon
 An heeard yar goid-shuts.”

LITTLE JOHN.

“ We ne'er sal say goid-shut to ye,
 Wer Robyn Hode,” said John,
 “ A leeader, like a quiver keeps
 Shafts keen till feytin's done.”

ROBIN HOOD.

“ Ne I sal nivver ass for shaft
 Nor keener nor mi John,
 Nor onny man at grey gois wing
 Wer woodland hoam hes won.

“ Theas fahl owd deam sha nobbud telt
 At some day fowk wod say
 Ther nivver war a Robin Hode,
 Yit talk on me alway !”

LITTLE JOHN.

“ A merry jest !” laft Little John,
 “ To-day we’ve tael as breet ;
 It is at t’ king he wants a hoss
 To marrer an be fleet.”

ROBIN HOOD.

“ As like it is to mate a wench
 For sweet lips, wit an leearnin,
 For triewness at ye e’er med try,
 An lewks to keep ye yeeearnin.

“ Bud tell me then, tell Robin Hood,
 What kind o hoss it be,
 An trieu as ther is Robin Hood
 I’ll finnd this hoss for ye.

“ Come tell ’t to me, or I sal think
 Ta’s sad flayd I s’ finnd it ;
 I s’ match this hoss wi one soa strang
 Noa Yorksher hill sal wind it.”

Then spak Joa Whittel, t’ Shevvild chap,
 At wheel i Rivlin war,
 Till t’ Loxla set a bensillin
 Hed gen him, an sent far.

JOA WHITTEL FRO HALLAMSHER.

“Yo want to tee a grindle-cowk
Abaht mi neck I see ;
Bur I shall ha to tell it aht
What e'er yo do at me.

“As sure as wheel-swarf barkles t' hands
O t' grinder i his hull ;
As sure as Rivlin hardens reight,
A tale I nivver mull.

“I'm Shevvild made, boath heft an blade,
I waint be threpp'd aht'n it ;
An when I have a wellin heeat,
Yo kno ther is noa daht'n it.

“Yo m' all on yer stash t' jabber,
An yo st be at Den bank
E Rivlin, wheer mi wheel wer,
Afore t' dam-watter stank.

“All swath'd wi sweeat an reight forlorn,
I seed a kneyt last neet,
A deckin mare tak dahn to sup—
A varry welcome seet.

“I'd had aboon mi whack o cake,
A tharf-cake brunn'd reight black,
An wengy as a stale owd cheese
Yo'd wi a hatchet hack.

“‘Good lad,’ I said, ‘ger aht o t' gate,
Thi hoss I want reight bad ;
Wi Robin Hode I mun be soon,
An t' cake I've etten's sad!’

“ Soa scar’d he wer when Robin Hode,
 Bi name aloan wor clois,
 I geed missen a brod reight chuff
 An said, ‘ Tha ma’es noa noise !

“ ‘ I weel kno hah to stride a hoss,
 Becoss I used to could ;
 Belike an I shall bilk yo on’t :
 I love a mare at’s blood !’

“ When soa I spak it blended t’ kneyt :
 He said ‘ yo moant mell on’t ;
 To arle a penny yo st ha t’ chance
 If theivin i’n’t yore wont.

“ ‘ Thro Lunnon tahn I’ve comed,’ he said ;
 I should a rooard wi laffin,
 Soa hetterly his words he spak
 I ommost wanted waffin.

“ He told me hah, as nah yo kno,
 At t’ king a mount is wantin,
 To marrer wi a hoss he has,
 An for it owt is grantin.

“ An then he ax’d me spare his mare
 Becoss he hard wor ridin,
 To gie a bastin to an erle
 At had a maid i hidin.

KNEYT.

“ ‘ O, han yo heart at seet o t’ lock
 At mah lass once geed mi,
 To leave mi dous’d wi sweet baht hoss,
 Afoor yore Robyn seed mi !

“ Have thowt on me i such a plight,
An we shall be sworn-brothers !—
If Robin Hood yo war I'm sure
Yo'd think o lass at bluthers.’

JOA WHITTEL.

“ ‘Way, t' hoss is yourn,’ I said to him ;
‘ I'm wimin up missen
Fro wheer I've been done reyt aht on,
Bi some o t' Loxla men.

“ ‘Tha goes thi ways, bur nor afoor
I've had a chance to lar
What kind o hoss it be t' king wants,
An if to tilt or plah.

“ ‘For nawther busk nor hag nor wall,
Shall hidy fro me such an.’
Soa reight he geed me t' build o t' hoss
At me should mak a rich an.

“ As breet as coit-mail smither-slek'd
His eye wor when he went,
An rade away reyt o'er Den Bank,
Bi Bell Hag's stooan an bent.

“ Soa birle me aht a sup o ale ;
Gi me mi scran thro t' bass,
Then string me up to t' wiggen bough
For what I did for t' lass.

“ I've teld yo all on a fullock,
Bud if mi tale mut cree,
A fledglin fro ahr Rivlin cletch
Al ne'er hing thro ash tree.”

ROBIN HODE.

“Thi edge is reight,” said Robin then,
 “Bud t’ fasch noan tul mi mind ;
 Tha brades o Shevild tho tha hings,
 An esh-key of a kind.”

JOA WHITTEL.

“A hoss yo howd bi t’ strunt waint kick,
 An yo are mi hoss-maister ;
 Or else I’m like an egg i t’ cratch
 To brek, if good or waster.”

ROBIN HODE.

Soa Joa spak up to Robin Hode,
 An made him fairly goster :—
 “An eye-sore, Joa, an esh wod be
 At snickl’d sich a roster !

“We s’ mak o this a cakin-day ;
 Soa say baht fleribokes,
 An t’ tael o t’ sloamin lass tha’s heeard,
 What’s this o t’ hoss tha talks.

“We bahn to hev a lekkin soin,
 It lewks like thunner nah ;
 Come ler us hev thi tael reight sharp
 Afoor ther’s bigger rah.”

JOA WHITTEL.

“It’s nobbut, way, a drip-white hoss,
 O fifteen hands, an mettle,
 Wi raitch at’s brun between it eyes,
 An lang tail reight i fettle.

“An t’ raitch mun have a starry blaze
 Wheer five spike-ends abide,
 An three shall show aboon, while two
 Shall be at t’ bottom side.

“It mun be fast an brokken in,
 An nivver stall or reeast,
 Nor mun a single hair bur white
 Be fun, baht t’ blaze at leeast.”

ROBIN HODE.

“Then we will send tul t’ king straight ways,”
 Said Robin Hood wi glee,
 “Goid tidins for to say I knooa
 Wheer his hoss marrer be !

“Tul goid Joa gie t’ hine-berry pie
 Marian made for me :
 Shevild lad at thowt on a lass,
 Sal baht his meyt ne’er be.”

PART II.

All reight eniff an Robin Hode
 Fan aht a hoss, an sent it,
 Tul t’ king i Lunnon tahn bi Hugh—
 A lang way, bud he went it.

Hugh Cleveland war a Yorksher lad,
 An fairly up i hosses,
 Bud t’ hoss he couldn’t match for owt
 Al be his life he losses.

An soa wi thowt o t' wiggin tree
 At Rivlin Joa did freeten,
 He comed back hooam tul Robin Hood,
 Hissen o t' tael to leeten.

HUGH CLEVELAND THRUFF T' DANEBY BLACKLAND.

"Yer ken I could dee wi a hoss
 Owt amaist when at yam,
 Bud t' lahtlest cauf at heeam in t' roke's
 Mair canny an I am.

"I coom to Lunnon iv a deea
 At fun t' king lahk yan wud,
 For wad ye think 't a hoss wur theer
 Whilk match'd his, Robin Hood!

"I wur sair ho't an whemml'd ower,
 Bud said I wur nae gannan
 Afore mah hoss to rin the'd seed,
 Gin t' king wad race t' new fan an.

"T' twee hosses wur then browt oot;
 I ommost had to bluther:
 Bud for t' brown raitch ya couldn't ken
 The t'ane hoss fra the t'other.

"Yit nae wor match'd t' lile stars o t' raitch,
 Yan wur a bit agee,
 An t' king he wur nae arf to ax
 What aim'd I for to dee.

"'A Yorksherman, I thowt,' saidst he,
 'Wor up to owt i hosses;
 I thowt ya yabble an weel-kenned,
 An yan at heef nae losses.'

“ ‘T is varry weel gin this hoss match,’
I said an forrard gang’d;
‘ But gin ya’ll finnd some watter hot
Ya s’ seea ye hae been wrang’d.’

“ ‘T wor kenspack as t’ cock on t’ kirk-broach
Green walnuts had made t’ raitch;
An then afore I had wissen,
T’ brent king I’d aim’d to teych.

“ ‘ Ya’ll be at yam belive, baud man,’
Saidst he as t’ raitch coom’d oot;
‘ Seea toon agean an gan to tell
Thah maaster this aboot.

“ ‘ Noo hine!’ I seea; ‘ thoo is t’ gan,
Thae’v putten a bam on me;
Bud keep thah routed hoss I sal—
Deean’t haffle, it raitch’s agee.’

“ ‘ Anon!’ I said, ‘ ya’ll keep mah hoss,
Anthers at it hae routed.
Mah maaster weant believe mah tale;
I s’ hing when I’ve been clouted!

“ ‘ Ye’re ower monny for me, king,
I am bud nowt i leear;
An thruff t’ plewf o t’ Daneby blackland
I’ve been bud yeears tweea.

“ ‘ For Karlethwaite’s anenst mah heef:
Bud t’ babbish backen t’ deetas,
Yit wad I wur i t’ marrish yam
Afore t’ heef bally bleeaze!

“ ‘ King, they’s to lait at liv’d i t’ hoos:
 I offens gaed an steed
 Ower bi wheer t’ aud fowk last ligg’d,
 Wivoot owt on mah heead.

“ ‘ T’ aud lass sha wur nae brashy, king,
 Bud deed o yeears, alack!
 An t’ father wur a skeely man;
 To tell ya is nae frack.

“ ‘ To threp lees sichan agate, king,
 I wad nae dee for owt;
 I’ve geean a weea i mah tale:
 Men weel as hosses rout.

“ ‘ I mun gan yam agean noo
 Gin mine’s nae t’ hoss ye’ve wanted;
 Seea I s’ gan heeam for t’ skelp or t’ tree,
 An I am reight belanter’d.

“ ‘ A bonny deed it is an seear,
 I hae nae beggar staff,
 Nor poke to ax almisse or owt—
 Hoo can ya shame to laugh!

“ ‘ It is a far an deeaflly heeam;
 I’m deean gin Robin Hood
 Sud coom oop on a brent moor sahd,
 An mak me amaist wud.’

“ ‘ Non? Robin Hode’s a man I’ll hae,
 Iv a gert router saidst he;
 ‘T wad be sair ill to let t’ puir hoss
 Sike an oot an ooter see.

“ ‘ He has I heear bud herrin roans
When he’s at Whitby Abbay,
All manders else i t’ grean-wood shade,
An wodn’t ho’t a babby.

“ ‘ Bud anthers ye s’ seea Robin Hood,
Seea Yorksher allus blosses,
An yit for all it accres wide
It hae nae drith wi hosses.

“ ‘ Robin’s ower mickle a feeal—
Gan tell him seea for me.
Noo hine! owt else I weant hear;
Thoo is t’ gan or dee!’ ”

ROBIN HOOD.

“ ‘ A bonnie tael tha’s browt us, lad,”
Said Robin, lewkin fahl;
“ This Lunnon king we s’ e ta teych
At Yorksher fowk can tahl !

“ ‘ T is seur t’ king will allus wesh
A hoss sin tha hes teld him ;
Bud I mun see this hoss missen,
An finnd fro wheer the seld him.

“ ‘ Dick Skidby, get thi goan to Hull;
Yar fowk mak oss for booat,
To sael tul Lunnon tahn full soin,
An up Thames watter flooat.’ ”

PART III.

It is a reight an merrie tael
 Hah Robin Hood an Dick,
 Tul Lunnon tahn boath come one day,
 An hod o t' king hoss click.

Bud i his kale Dick made it aht
 Tuv all t' bowld men an free,
 At ligg'd bi Robin Hode o neets,
 Aneyth wer greanwood tree.

Dick speyks a bit like Cleveland lad,
 Yit noan soa varry like,
 For t' fowk bi Hull an rahnd abaht,
 Ther oan way hev ye'll pike.

DICK SKIDBY FRA HULL WEEA.

“To gan wiv Robin I was bug,
 An was weel up ti gam;
 Nut akin all day lang aboot
 I fan missen i yam.

“It stackers ma to think o rooad,
 In slack an oot ageean
 Wiv blath'ry muck, it was a tew:
 I mowt a smoot ha teean.

“I thowt o skelp an bam I'd had
 When lahtle lad at heeam,
 An hazin, as oor beald rig-tree
 Come up as lahke i dreeam.

“ Hoss frush’d ti byre an chavell’d sthreea ;
Some hand breed off I went
Ti dear, wheer bunch’d about I’d been
When callit aunt was bent.

“ I could see ti back end o spot
As inti hoose I glooar’d,
An wheer I’d had mi waxin pains—
Yan lewk meead oot for rooad.

“ Ther was a smell o haver cakes
Mi aunt had fire-fang’d,
An in I went as sha come up,
Awd lass I nivver wrang’d.

“ ‘ Thoo bug wretch, oot o hoose thoo gans !’
Said awd aunt, tho rain sile ;
I gooav’d like daft watty wad,
To late a heeam smile.

“ Seea oot I com an seean I fan
Missen goff’nin at tahd,
Wiv rummlin weeam, thinkin o Rob,
At Humber watter sahd.

“ It was a full booaat tahm for ma
Till Robin Hood com doon.
Said I, ‘ I’ve awder’d vast sin I
A baynie was i toon.’

“ ‘ Thoo’s nut pock-arr’d, wiv een akest,’
Laugh’d Hull lad i his weea ;
‘ Thi blashy talk’s for wakky heeads,
Nut yan seea strunt, for seer.’

“ I said I went ti owmly hoose
 A neet as dark as pick,
 An fan a’nt’s neeaves lewk’d as gif
 Sha was nooa mak for Dick.

“ ‘ I was varry feath o gannin,
 An mud have ligg’d wi laugh;
 Bud then awd aunt mowt have meead
 Ta feigh ma oot lahke caff.’

“ ‘ A’nt, hod thi clack, I’s gannin noo,’
 I said, seear as a bile,
 ‘ To lopper milk thi lewk will deea ;
 Pig milk deeant want a sile !’

“ ‘ Tak skeeal an gan thoo an milk ky,’
 Spak sha ti lad at yat:
 In trewth I couldn’t lig i hoose
 Wiv callit aunt lahke that.’

“ Aback-a-beyont is mah yam,
 Ower anenst floor mill;
 Astoop is mah awd callit aunt:
 Live lang I hoap sha will !

“ I think I skail heeam sthreea aboot—
 I’m far fra Lunnon toon;
 Na mare I’ll tell, mi tale’s kessen,
 Oor Robin’s noo come doon.”

ROBIN HOOD.

“ Dick mud a been browt uppa milk,
 Aneyth t’ hoam breead-fleeak:
 Is t’ fond o loppards, tell us, lad?—
 Ta’s fond o t’ owd hen peeak !

“ Bud hod thi din, I'm stall'd o t' tael
I heeard thi oss to tell,
Whol Little John beheend t' gert oak,
Prick'd ears as at hart bell.

“ Tha's getten fer as t' watter, lad;
I s'tak up t' tael missen:
Bi ship we sael'd tul Lunnon tahn,
Taen bi yar watter men.

“ Full sooin t' king man we hed fun,
An ast to seee t' king hoss;
Reight glad he war to gie us t' seet,
For fear a friend he'd loss.

“ I mark'd reight weel it raitch an t' rest,
Set on t' owd hossin clog;
An then I said a hoss we'd bring
At grazin war i t' fog.

“ ‘ Noa mak ye'll bring, ' spak he wi laugh,
‘ Wor ye t' Owd Lad hissen,
For t' raitch wi t' star is bad to finnd;
I ne'er seed t' like missen.’

“ Bud t' wick atefter, reight eniff,
We comed wi hoss to match,
Soa varry like the war at t' man
Gat riled, an gan to fratch.

“ ‘ Ye come fro Yorksher I can tell,
An deaal noan fair wi hosses;
Ye've browt a match, yit hah knooa I
Bud soin it raitch it losses?’

“ Then streight bi t’ throit I click’d him strang,
 An dahn on t’ grahnd we fall’d;
 Soa whol all t’ stable fowk comed up
 Dick gat wheer t’ hoss wor stall’d.

“ I made a mahlerk, reight an seur;
 Nine men a-top mi come.
 ‘ I sal drop eych man-jack on ye,’
 I shrieked, ‘ I sal bi gum !’

“ ‘ Neea, neea,’ said Dick a-comin up,
 ‘ Hoo can yu sheeam to feyt;
 I’s gannin heeam ti teeak hoss
 Till king can see it reight.’

“ Soa boath on us gat off wi t’ hoss,
 Whol scahl’d the one an all.
 ‘ Way, t’ king’ll knooa t’ raitch is false !’
 Wor t’ king man weeazy dole.

“ ‘ T worn’t lang afoor we’d come tul t’ king,
 Ameng his bowmen lank;
 For monny merrie tourney bouts
 Yar Robin the’d to thank.

“ Wi bow and lance an quarter-staff,
 On hoss an i a tilt,
 The fan I wor a reight dab hand,
 An merrie blood spilt.

“ Bud t’ wimmin o theas Lunnon fowk
 Wor noan wer Yorksher fair;
 Thoa varry weel an noan amiss,
 The comed nowt i mah wayer.

“Ther worn’t a Yorksher lass reight throoa,
Wi t’ oppen-spokken rooad ;
Ther worn’t a Yorksher lass to speyk
A Yorksher word I knooad.

“A lass wi Marian bliew een,
At hair smells like new hay ;
Mi lass at bonnie hands oft clapse,
Reight maidenly to pray.

“Yit I hed wi mi, Dick, trieu lad,
One aht o t’ Ridins threi:—
‘When t’ king hoss we hev fairly shut,
Spak I, ‘we sarn’t be neigh!’

“E clooas o listed gowden threead ;
Wi kneyt an dame an frere,
Come t’ king wer new hoss for to see,
An threp us aht an sleer.

“Bud t’ hoss we’d browt wor fun to match
Soa weel wi t’ other hoss,
At tul his fowk he said ‘E sooth,
We nah wer gowd sal loss!

“‘Ho! fotch us watter for to wesh
Away t’ raitch off t’ new mahnt,
An if it’s reight an t’ star’s noa faerk,
Be meean forseur we sarn’t.

“‘All wer kingdom’s been lated weel
Bi erle an barron triew,
Monny bowld kneyt ligs deead to-day
At did wer hoss beshriew.’

“ Yit dousin sowle ne'er wesh'd off t' raitch,
 For 't warn't a brun nut-steean ;
 Noan one brun hair ther war i t' star
 At hedn't grow'd, the leearn.

“ ‘ What will ye hev, goid men ? ’ t' king ast :
 ‘ A castle heigh, an name ?
 What blood's yars, an wheer's yar hooam,
 An is yar life baht shame ? ’

“ Dick teld his tael, an then said I,
 ‘ I'm Yorksher, goid Sir King !
 An noan a drop o better blood
 E'er weet a grey gois wing !

“ ‘ I'm Yorksher, 'tis a deéal to say,
 An bowld am I to tell it ;
 Bud some are nowt an some are gert,
 Soa prahd am I to bell it.

“ ‘ Mi hooam's Yorksher, it accres brooad
 Hod mooast mi kinred booans ;
 Noa wrang I do bud sal to-morn
 Be reckon'd wi t' bye-gooans.

“ ‘ Yit if a knight ye wod I'd be,
 Wi lands all for mi oon,
 Gi tul ma then wheer Robin Hode
 Is king i t' grean-wode looan.’

“ ‘ Ye are a wakky theeas to say
 An soa to lois goid land,'
 Spak t' king, bud reight an glad at heart ;
 ‘ Noan flays ye Robin band ? ’

“ ‘ A piggin temm'd full o cleat wine,'
Said I, ' Will allus mak,
A friend o Robin Hood the say,
If owt's i t' wimmin clack.'

KING.

“ ‘ Wimmin fare weel wi t' worsist man ;
Bud goa i quick-sticks, goa !
Sud t' speyks I'm teld be reight ye'll finnd
Yar Robin soin ye'll knooa.

“ ‘ On t' wishin kneyl ; nah rise, Sir Kneyt,
Thi name Sir Robin Hode ;
Other Robin I s' noan hev rooam
E Yorksher dael or wode.'

“ ‘ 'Tis hard an sharp, an I mun goa,'
Spak I, ' soa Dick's mi 'squire ;
We s' hooam it like triew Yorkshermen,
An intul t' eytin, Sire !

“ ‘ Send wi us gateards, goid Sir King,
A trusty man an triew.'
' Sir Robin, soa sal 't be ; nah goa
Tul Yorksher moorlands bliew.'”

PART IV.

“ ‘ For monny miles we northards rade,
Dick wi mi, an t' king man,
As lanky en as e'er I seed,
Likelier ne'er I fan.

“ ‘Ye tell yar king I’m Robin Hood,’
 Spak I to send back t’ man ;
 ‘ An say ’tis allus soft to sleer
 At Yorksher if ye can.

“ ‘Tell t’ king at t’ hoss the wesh’d worn’t ahrs,
 ’Twor his oan hoss we’d swapp’d ;
 Bud we will sup tul t’ reight goid health
 O t’ king we fairly capp’d.’

JOHN LANGSTROTH FRA TH’ CRAVEN HILLS.

“ ‘Neea, nay, neea, nay, I’m John Langstroth,’
 Brast aht t’ king man straight-way ;
 ‘ Like awther thee or eeather thoo
 I speyk, an soa sal stay.

“ ‘ Wi ye goid Robin Hode I’m bahn,
 An thoo Dick sal I gang ;
 Forseur I come fra th’ Cravan hills,
 A Yorksher gallostang.

“ ‘ An owd said say an a trew yan,
 Sal I it sayne to-day?—
 Scot will allus help a brother,
 An Yorksherman him nay.’

ROBIN HODE.

“ ‘ Noa, noa !’ spak I, ‘ thooa sich be trieu,
 For Yorkshermen are hard ;
 We hev ronk hate o yarmy fowk,
 An nivver will em mard.

“ ‘ Bud ne’er yit, lad, sal it be telt
 At Yorksherman said nay,
 Tul kinred fowk at, reight an fair,
 Hed comed to ass ther way.’

JOHN LANGSTROTH.

“ ‘ Dirl ma mi heart-strings, an thoo wol,
Thoo’s t’ beatem of yower king ;
A Craivan shippon be for me,
Mi wishin be Yorksher ling !

“ ‘ Thoo’lt nut mak gam ov ma, Robin :
We’ll off tiv faar tagither ;
Thof I wor spaan’d i Malgum-dael
An kirsen’d theer, gang thither !

“ ‘ I laked theer oft at chicken-chow
When mother wor sindin t’ kit ;
Whol th’ clooathes wor blaenin i t’ black-frost
At all t’ blake leeaves hed bit.

“ ‘ Lile lad I wor wi shive o breed,
An t’ piggan full ov ream ;
I’ve oft been laten i th’ mista
Wi th’ reed bud goid owd deam.

“ ‘ To beb ov th’ kirn-milk I wor loath ;
I’d sowle i th’ reeam reight,
An had I nobbud thar-cake sweet
Kirk-maister I wad feyt.

“ ‘ Ta reek up tul th’ owd rekkan crook,
I am a-rove to-day :
I worsel up an roy it reight,
When skime I Lunnon way.

“ ‘ White-slatt birks ouser t’ gait bi t’ hoam,
A stower-length fra t’ rig ;
Red ran-tree berries breet will be
Bi wheer we all sal lig.’

ROBYN HOOD.

“ ‘Then John Langstroth come ye wi us,
 I am Sir Robin Hode;
 Fat Yorksher hart to-mooan neet
 We’ll rooast i t’ greean-wode.

“ ‘Yar Malham Moor wor t’ fastness hooam
 O Malgo, Britain’s king,
 O Northweg’a, Hibern’a, king,
 An lands away, the sing.

“ ‘Tis lang agooa, an fowk ma threp
 Yar Craigvan noan hed king,
 Bud bless yi lad, oft triew owd tael
 Fare far on merry wing!

“ ‘Ulf Malghum, Meldred, an Godid,
 Wor all o laerter days;
 T’ Prior o Fountaynes hes all ther names
 In t’ wreetin roll he maes.

“ ‘Ther wor Uctred, Ranulph, Roschil,
 Torsin, John, an Adam,
 Sigeria, Ingold, Gamel,
 Eych one a De Malgham!’

“ ‘An soa mi merrie Yorkshermen,
 At come fro t’ Ridins threi,
 We’ve telt t’ tael in York’s speyches five,
 Aneyth wer grean-wood trei.”

FRERE TUCK.

“ ‘A reight an merrie do, mi sons,”
 Then spak up Freer Tuck;
 “God-bless’d be ivvry Yorksherman,
 An smittl’d wi goid luck!”

T' WOON O ELLA.

LASSES are mich like flahs: the're happen noan t' same as others, bud ivvry one on 'em is a wonder o sweetness an fairness i 'er oan way. Ella Wain wor a rare slip of a lass, fresh as a spring daisy after a sunshine shah, sweet as t' smell o wet violets, fair as aigh blom i owd May; an though ther's monny a lass i t' North Country at is worth aboon a thowt, yit Ella i mah mind come afore onny on em.

Ella wor one at nivver knoad owt bud sunshine. When sha wor nobbut a bahn 'er father an mother deed an left 'er to be browt up bi an owd maid aunt, at loved 'er as mich as a soft cushy cah loves it mutty-cauf; an the'd noan forgotten to let 'er hev a goid bit o brass to be goin on wi, nawther.

At Wain lass nest wor feather'd ivvrybody knoad, bud ther's noa sayin if t' lass did. Fowk wod hev it sha noan bother'd to ass 'ersen, an at sha taed t' luck o life like sha did t' smell of on a roase, an reckoned it at nowt bud it sniff worth. Fooils em! as if we all on us moant sup mistal milk baht thinkin o sah cruds an loppards! An soa asteead on 'er gettin fahler as sha gor owder, sha gat all at med be lewked for wheer ther's nivver clahd nor nowt i t' way o neet—love-dimples, health-bloim, ee sparkle an wicked laughin lips. Goi! bud hev ye ivver heeard summer?—then ye mun a heeard Ella laugh. Ther's nowt bud summer i 'er heart, an sha laughs it aht agean. Bud crabbed fowk witter thersens at a lass can be flayd o nowt; an some on 'em said Ella wod soin eniff rooar.

T' lass wor a lang while ower it: sha noan gav ower laughin, an t' fahl-faced uns, at lewked as if the nivver wshed thersens i owt bud hask watter, gat soa riled the

said the wodn't speyk tul 'er. Yit whenivver the met 'er, t' lass smile smittled em, an the said to thersens at after all sha war a reight lass, chois hah.

Of a June nooin Ella wor sitten aht i t' gardin on t' gert gers plat. Waivin clumps o white an pink leelacs wor cluthered thick beheend 'er, an i t' front on 'er wor t' orchard, white ower wi blosm. Tul one side wor a leeavy wood wi bliew-bell shades an t' hum o bees, an t' tinkle o hiddyin watter lairkin amang t' rusty bracken o t' back-end, an t' fresh young grean growth at wor sprent ower wi brazent flahs o' flarin yolla an gloarin bliew—wheer t' hawf-flayd white little wind flah hed gen t' leead o Spring tul i t' days when t' lundy March wor ravin wild at hevin trodden on t' train o Winter trosslin snooa gahn; an of t' other side o Ella wor—Will Ingle, t' rich lad at all t' sah-faced fowk war hooapin an sayin wod ne'er wed 'er—noan 'im!

"It's nowt to ass," 'e wor sayin, "nobbud a kuss."

"Then tha sudn't ass for 'a nobbud,' an tha sarn't hev one," answered t' lass, smotherin a fause peepin daisy neyth 'er foit, 'er cheek as pink as t' blosm pinned at 'er throit.

T' lad tugged at 'is wescot, an teld 'issen, wi ommost a sweer, at sha wodn't speyk soa tul 'is cousinn, Lister Eckroyd o t' Grange.

"Ther's happen sum'dy else ye wodn't be soa stingy wi," 'e mummel'd.

Sha laughed softly, an shiftin 'er little foit let t' daisy liff it 'ead ageean. "What if ther is?" sha said.

"Way, if ther is I sal be fun i t' tarn."

"Why, sal ta bade theer allus after?"

"Ne an I sarn't. The'll finnd me deead an drahnd."

"Tha mun ma thi will first."

"I s' do more nor that. I s' wreet it dahn who's to blame for it all."

T' lass laughed ageean, an sha kicked t' daisy 'ead off.

"An whoa sal ta blame?"

"I s' blame thee, Ella."

"It sahnds grant!" sha laughed. "Tell it ower agean, Will!"

"Is ta glad to think the'll finnd ma deead an drahd?"

"What a soft thing to be assin ma! Tha med as weel ass ma if I want thi to live. Why, I want ivvry thing to live!"

"Tha says soa, but tha's as gooid as killed mi bi nah. I'd soiner tha'd kill ma reight aht like t' daisy tha's kicked yed off on nor hooin me as tha art."

T' lass cahr'd dahn an picked up t' 'ead, an then sha tossed it thro 'er wi a laugh.

"Hah glib tha talks abaht mi as gooid as killin thi! An all becoss I weant hear summat abaht a kuss. . . . Nah, soft gauvison, what's ta lewkin ower yonder for?"

"Why, ther's Lister Eckroyd, seur as owt! Bud I'll tell thi, Ella, I'm nooan bahn to ma rahm for 'im!"

"Yi can boath yi goa hee yarsens hooam. I doan't want botherin wi nawther on yi!"

"Way, I sarn't goa till 'e goas."

Bi nah Lister Eckroyd wor wi em. 'E'd ridden ower thro t' Grange, an 'is ridin scutch wor wi 'im yit.

"Hah dew, Ella," says 'e, ne'er lewkin at Will. "I reckon Summer hes ower-reiked 'issen to sithi set aht like this ameng t' blosms an t' flahs. . . . Goi! bud i'n't sun hot to-day!"

Then 'e nodded to Will as if 'e'd a weng'd summat at 'is heead, said t' day war reyt grant, an gan a-payin t' dust off on 'is shooin wi 'is scutch.

"It's reyt luck ye hev comed," said Ella; "I want some bliew-bells gerrin aht o t' wood. Ther wants to be a reyt lot soa as mother sister ma tell mi hah 'er mother mother gat t' sap aht on 'em to starcken t' ruffs wi. . . . I mun goa sei if t' kettle's hingin on t' rekken, an I mun hev a piggin tem-full o milk for t' bonnie kitlins i t' mistal laithe. Mother sister wor thrang kneydin t' breading, an I doan't knooa if sha's knodden yit. Shoo'd a reyt jorum o pots to

wesh an all, for boath wer lasses hev goonan off a bit, bein t' tide ower wheer the come thro, an t' first tide i t' yeear."

T' lads lewked gormless, an ne'er said nowt.

"Way," spak up Ella ageean, "onnybody at thinks owt o me weeant want assin noa moor."

"Hah monny bliew-bells does ta want?" ast Lister.

"As monny as ye boath can hug; an I'll noan speyk tul awther on yi till ye've filled this binch wi em."

Taain it i t' best way, t' lads went off to sam up t' bliew-bells, as the'd nit done sin the wor childer. An it warn't soa varry lang afoor the war fotchin a reyt armful on em back to wheer the'd left Ella. A woman wor stood bi t' binch, bud nawther o t' sackless lads thowt it wor Ella.

"Bi gow! Ella's goan an left us to ta t' flahs tul 'er mother sister," said Ingle lad as the gat gainer; bud Lister Eckroyd wor that wild 'e wodn't speyk.

"Eeh, what a lot o bonnie bliew-bells!" said t' owd a'nt throwin up 'er arms. "Fotch em i t' hahse wi ye. Ella hes goan to gerr a drop o teah browt aht i t' gardin, an sha'll soin be back."

"I reckon we med as weel mak up wer mind to do as we're teld," laughed Will Ingle.

"Ahr, an we hed," put in Lister Eckroyd, sweetened a bit wi t' thowt on a cup o teah thro Ella 'ands.

Soa the hugged t' bliew-bells to t' hahse, an when the'd taen em i t' kitchin the both on em went rahnd bi t' big gardin to see hah t' growin stuff wor comin on. At last Lister Eckroyd went an stood ageean Will Ingle:—

"Nah, lad," said 'e, "which on us is bahn to win Ella?"

"I am—if sha'll hev ma," wor t' answer.

"An I am if sha will ha me. Sha happen weant hev awther on us. Bud tha knooas thi father's mah eam an we're cousinns, soa gie ower lookin aigre an crabbed at me, for I sal win t' lass if I can, an tha mun an all. T' lass'll ass 'ersen, an noa goid'll come on us fratchin."

"Tha talks abaht mi lewkin sah, Lister. Ther's nobb'dy

aigrer nor thee when tha likes. Bud sah or noa, I'm noan bahn to gie up t' thowt o Ella."

"All reight, Will lad, thee stick thi to t' thowt, an I'll win t' lass."

When the gat back agean to wheer the'd first left Ella the fan t' lass wi a binch the'd sprodden wi white linen on which wor spice-cairk an teah, noan watter-bewitched nawther, an fresh-mashed; stiff cream ommost clotted, dabs o butter reyt thro t' kirn; some crisp grean stuff, an lots else besides. Bud more nor all, ther wor other lass wi Ella—a friend at hed come to be wi 'er a while. An it wor Nancy Grean, a lass as hed been Lister Eckroyd sweetheart when 'e wor nobbut a lad. 'E'd lost t' seet on 'er on a suddin for 'er father hed sent 'er to be browt up bi some kinfowk reight away. Bud for all that Lister hed ne'er oss'd to finnd 'er aht, the'd been soa young; an then wi Ella comin 'is rooad 'e hed gen ower thinkin on 'er. Somehah, hahivver, when 'e set een on t' dainty Nancy, nawther t' thowt o Ella nor t' other on em could stop 'is 'eart thro leetenin like a lavrock 'eart i sunshine; other minute it hed weightened like a packman load, for Will Ingle made straight tul Nancy:—

"Hah are ye, Nance?" 'e ast. "It's monny a year sin I seed ye, an bi gow ye noan unlike yer owd sen! Hah's t' father an all on em?"

T' lass laughed an said summat; an seur a smile worn't away thro hooam i 'er sunny bliu een!

Lister thrust 'issen forrard an made as if to speyk, bud 'e fan 'e wor hooarst.

"Oh, an is it Lister Eckroyd," t' lass said, i an offhand way; an then when Lister hed answered at it wor, sha taed 'er een off on 'im an gan o talkin as sweet as owt tul Ingle lad, who seemed to hev tiptled top ower tooa i love wi 'er.

"Come rahnd an hev a drop o teah," said Ella. "Ye all hev whittle gairt. Reik to, an help yarsens."

Then sha temm'd t' cups full an handed rahnd summat to eyt. Soin Ella 'ersen gan to think at 'er friend Nancy hed

taen ower quick to Will, an sha worn't ower seur nawther if Will hedn't taen as soin to Nance.

An soa it war at Ella at last gat riled an spreng up, leeadin Lister off to pull 'er some leelac blosms.

"I want 'em to gie Nance for 'er to put i t' owd hall chamers to-neet. The'll smell nice when sha wakkens to-morn," sha said when they wor to thersens.

"If ye want 'em for yarsen, Ella," said Lister, wi a face reight red, "I'll ger 'em. But noan a leaf sal I pull for Nancy Grean!"

"Why, I allus thowt ye'd bin lad an lass sweethearts when tha went tul t' grammar schoil on Schoil Hill."

"Ahr, an we wor. Bud tha sees what woman love is, doesn't ta! An this is t' first time we've seen one another sin 'er father sent 'er tuv 'is brother fowk. Lewk at 'er maggin it wi mi cousinn Will. Ne, I s' noan pull 'er t' leelacs."

"Happen Will thinks nowt on 'er."

"Nowt o Nance!—nowt o Nance! Doan't thee blinnd thissen, Ella! Ther i'n't a man livin at wod think nowt o Nance!"

T' words went tuv Ella 'eart wi a stang, an sha ommost sownd.

"Ye talk, Lister, as if ye thowt aboon a bit abaht 'er."

"Ella, I can't help missen sin I've seed t' lass agean. I ommost wish I hedn't, an then happen tha'd a hed ma, Ella; an sewerly then I sud a been reight. I'm noa tenger."

"Bud tha maes a mistak, Lister; I sud noan a hed thee."

"Noa, nob'dy'll ha me, I reckon, whol ther's a glib-tongued gallo-stang like mi cousinn Will abaht. Tha'd a hed Will?"

T' lass blushed like red aigh blosm.

"A bonnie goa to nah, i'n't it! Tha'rt flayd Will's i love wi Nance, an I'm flayd at Nance's i love wi Will!"

"I ne'er said I wor flayd 'e wor i love wi Nance," put in

Ella. "Let 'im hev 'er if 'e wants 'er! An nah Lister Eckroyd leeave mi. I'm bahn bi missen—I'll shut all on it! Thee mak noa coil!"

Lister wor a bit frettened.

"Tha moant be soft, Ella," 'e said. Bud sha hed goan ameng t' trees an war aht o seet.

At after Lister went to wheer Will an Nancy war. 'E heeard 'em laughin; bud 'e reckoned noan to mind, an 'e ast 'em if the'd seen owt o Ella.

"I'n't sa wi thi!"

"Wi me! Sha's goan off i t' wood bi 'ersen"

Will Ingle spreng tul 'is feit, an 'is face wor white.

"What's sha goan i t' wood for, Lister?"

"Hah can I tell?"

"Bud tha knooas wheer sha wor bahn?"

"What's ta want to knooa for?"

"Om bahn efter 'er—that's if tha'll noan mind stoppin a bit wi Nance."

"Doant thee fret thissen abaht me, Will lad: I s' be reight eniff, bi goi! Ella went rahnd bi t' clump o leelacs an intul t' wood. Off tha choils it after 'er."

"An ye weeant mind bein left wi mi cousinn, Nance?"

"Happen nit," said t' lass, hawf-flayd.

Soa off to finnd Ella Will heed 'im.

T'other side o' t' leelacs 'e fan 'er, for sha'd comed back ageean.

"Wheer's ta been, Ella?" t' lad ast.

"What's it to thee?" sha said, wi a frahn as flittin as a summer clahd. "Thee goa thi thi ways to Nance."

"I'll leeave thi, lass, if tha likes, bud I s' nawther bother Nance Grean nor nob'dy lang at after."

"Nay, it's as tha likes, noan as I like, Will."

"An can I stop wi thi?"

"I ne'er said tha couldn't."

"Tha knooas tha said tha wodn't gi me a kuss."

"I said I wodn't gi thi 'a nobbud.' Tha said tha ast for

nobbud a kuss, an it wor becoss I reckon at what's a nobbud is next to a nowt at I said tha sudn't hev one."

"Ahr, I wor ma'in a mistak, lass, I sud noan a ast, I sud a taen ; an nah I'm bahn to ta."

An tak 'is kusses 'e did.

"Pull us some leelacs, nah, if tha's done wi thi soft, Will Ingle. I want em to sweeten t' hall-chamer to-neet for Nance, an when sa wakkens to-morn."

"Oh, Nance thowts o what mi cousinn Lister 'll a telt 'er bi nah'll be sweet eniff for 'er to-neet, an to-morn neet an all."

"What will 'e hev teld 'er, Will?"

"Nowt mich, nobbud when t' spurrins are bahn to be ast. It's nobbud a nobbud tha sees, an as I'm noan bahn to ass thi ageean abaht a nobbud, I sal let ahrs be put up an all. We all fower on us med as weel be wed together."

An seur eniff the all on em war.

WER YORKSHER WHISSON-MONDA.

WER Whisson-Monda, wer Yorksher Whisson-Monda,
Wi t' smell o aigh i t' air ;
When t' feylds are breet wi t' butter cups,
An white wi t' yarrow fair ;
When t' dith'rin gers goas mates wi t' bent,
An t' sweet bliew-bells are aht ;
When t' olin leaves noa prickles hev,
An t' greanist are abaht.
Cuckow meyt an mooin-pennies,
An cloaver white an red,
Wi t' bonnie aigh an esh i blooim,
Mak Whitsun, be it said !

Wer Whisson-Monda, wer Yorksher Whisson-Monda,
Wi t' lavrock singin heigh,
An t' cuckow callin looan i t' wood,
As mellow as could bei ;
When t' lasses donn'd i t' Whisson best,
Wi spiffin hat or hood,
Goa rahnd wi t' lads o t' Sunda schooil,
As Yorksher lasses sud :
The sing tul t' owd an t' badly fowk,
An tul t' weel off an all,
The sing tul some the love an knooa,
An then bi t' Stooan Hall.

Wer Whisson-Monda, wer Yorksher Whisson-Monda !
This varry day 't is here :
I'm stood i t' Stooan Hall grahnd, wi t' schoils
At come tul 't year bi year.

A little lass gav me a hymn—
 I've toathrie beside—
 An sooa, as ther's rahm at back,
 I s' wreet o Whitsuntide.
 Ther's Bradla yonder, ninety three ;
 He talks o cahs an crops,
 An says, baht tremel on his lip,
 Hah quick eych Whitsun hops.

Wer Whisson-Monda, wer Yorksher Whisson-Monda !
 Owd Bradla says he's bin
 Wi t' schoils for eighty seven year,
 An tells ye wi a grin.
 Ther's t' Independents an t' Free Church,
 An t' Baptists follow on
 At after, wi t' Saint Luke bull heigh,
 Comed t' Church lot, one bi one.
 I sing wi all at are on t' feyld :
 The kale wi kindly ee ;
 It is soa hot to sing ye sweeal,
 Ther's noan a shade to see.

Wer Whisson-Monda, wer Yorksher Whisson-Monda,
 When t' singin is all ower'd,
 An t' gams, an t' sup o teah an t' bun,
 Come on, an t' sun hes lower'd !
 When t' lasses pike aht who the'll hev
 To dreem on t' yeear through,
 An t' lads are fallin aht an mad
 At nob'dy hev to woo !
 A chillin wind steyls ower t' gers,
 An t' corncrakes sadly scrairk ;
 A blieu mist grows thro aht o t' daels,
 An few o t' childer lairk !

Wer Whisson-Monda, wer Yorksher Whisson-Monda,
When leets brek aht afar,
An t' neet first star, wi sorry ee,
Sees t' day is gerrin war !
Then wan is t' cheek o t' sweetheart lass,
An louns her blood wild,
For sooin will sha hev to leeave
A lad wi kuss, or riled.
It's nowt at all, tul t' young yi say,
To love a lad or lass ;
Bud ass yarsen : ye noan forget
Yar Whitsun or Kersmas ?

Wer Whisson-Monda, wer Yorkshire Whisson-Monda !
An nah is t' har reyt laert ;
It's cowl, an lewkin grim an black,
T' heigh moors like hill gods waert.
The weight mi heart theas watchin moors,
Soa dark agean t' blain sky :
“ One Whitsun's nowt tul us,” the say,
“ At ages see goa by !”
O wheer sal time noa langer chill,
Nor breet een dim wi tears ?
'T is wheer abides triew, steadfast love—
Love lives aht deeath an years !

BATTLE O BOROUGHBRIG.

HAA monny tahns i t' North Countree
An hamlets, lait it thorough,
Reight worthy are to be afoor
Wer Yorksher owd Aldborough?

When t' Angles comed the called it owd,
Or "Aldburgh," i ther way,
An, reight an all, for owd it war
Tul t' Romans i ther day.

As 'Iseur' 't war t' Druid hoam:
Soa delve whol hoil or cleft
Will summat gie thro t' Druid days,
An noan a skerick's left!

This tahn hed t' Brigantes lang ere
Rome limed wi t' Ure silt,
An lang afoor at Roman hands
Wer Eboracum built.

'T is hawf a mile fro Aldborough,
Tards t' dippin sun i t' west,
At Boroughbrig on t' Gert North Rood
Gi's tuv a wand'rer rest.

Bud Boroughbrig for baitin hoss
An giein sup to man,
Wor weel an knoad days aht o mind,
Sin baitin days the gan.

Soa Boroughbrig one Palm Sunda
 War thrang wi feytin men;
 In t' yeear thirteen twenty two,
 If ye it wod a gen.

An Boroughbrig noan donn'd itsen
 E murnin weeds to see
 Sich gallus knights, an bowmen bowld,
 Come tul this counterie.

For 't war bud fower yeears goan
 At Douglas through it rade,
 An wi his rampin reavin Scots
 O t' tahn a bunfire made.

This Palm Sunda ther war a hooast
 O knights an bowmen trew,
 Wi barons come thro ivvry shire,
 An Welchmen noan a few.

The come an come tul Borrobrig,
 An t' wimmin fowk the say,
 "O Thomas, Earl o Lancastre,
 Ye've fun yar sorry day!"

"O mind ye weel o Bannockburn,
 An doant pote an gope,
 Or happen the'll ye click an hod;
 Then ye'll noa langer yope."

Sir Humfrede de Bohun wor theer,
 An sadly did he rew,
 For weel he minded at Bruce fell'd
 A De Bohun o thew.

An Sir Humfrede Bohun knooad
 At clamm'd the war an pade:
 Tul Borrobrig thro Pontefract
 The northards quick hed made.

Reight cotter'd wor Earl Lancastre
 Wi hevin comed up fast;
 Soa t' barons triew him cluther rahnd
 To feyt tul t' varry last.

Then Sir Andrew de Harkela,
 A warden o Carlisle,
 Wi Sir Simon Ward, rade up sharp,
 As the'd comed mile an mile.

The clarted up wi dodder war,
 An sweeatin like a brok,
 Bud bowld the ast Earl Lancastre
 Wheer fan he here his jock.

"O shameful speych," said t' barons triew,
 "For ye, De Harkela,
 At hed to thank Earl Lancastre
 For makkin ye a Sir."

Bud Earl de Lancastre spak then,
 An said, "If ye will feyt
 Agean t' De Spencer fowk for me,
 A shire I'll gie ye, streight!"

DE HARKELA.

"For five and fifty shires, Earl,
 I'd nivver feyt for ye;
 Wer Edward is king o wer land
 Whativver ye wod gie."

EARL DE LANCASTRE.

“ Noa mense nor feelin ye can hev
 To gab like this tul me !”
 Said Earl de Lancastre, reight flayd,
 An white as he could be.

“ Sich false knights end i sorry plight,
 As triewly ye sal see,
 If sooin ye wean't shift abaht
 An come an feyt for me.”

Then Harcla bowmen draw'd soa strang,
 Eych bow wor like a harp
 A-waitin for it oan bard hand,
 To pluck or damper sharp.

Bud noa bard harp ther war to twang
 An dirl tul onny lay :
 Ther wing'd a blinndin flock o shafts
 Earl Lancastre to slay !

As thoa the whirr'd straight back agean,
 Other flock reight as black,
 Come leetin on tul Harcla men
 Like shippies on a thack.

Sir Humfrede de Bohun i mail
 Wor ridin ower t' brig,
 An soa some Welchman brod thro neyth
 Browt baron tuv his rig.

Soa deed a friend o Lancastre
 Weel knoad for feytin fair ;
 Soa war he spared to see t' sad end
 At war Lancastre share.

Sir Roger Clyfford heead wor hurt,
 Sir Roger Bernefeld kill'd,
 Sir William Sulley fell an all,
 An Lancastre wor mill'd.

O t' barrons triew to Lancestre
 The taed Sir John Mountbray,
 Sir Roger Clyfford wounded sore,
 An others on this day.

Sir William Tuchet, he war taen,
 An soa, to gie one mooar,
 Sir William, de Fitzwilliam height,
 An others ye mun knooa.

Tul t' chapel gat Earl Lancastre,
 An foor the hally rood
 He fleng hissen an cahrd i freet,
 As flayd as fahl at's shood.

"O gooid Lord I gi missen
 Tul Thee to hod till t' last ;
 Thi oan cade bahn, o med I be !"
 He said as teears brast.

Bud up comed Harkla like a sleuth,
 An Lancestre war teed :—
 "Noa nifflin nafflan for to-day,
 Earl Lancestre we s'heed.

"Noa gammin i a kirk sal help
 Nesh chap at is soa flayd,"
 Said Andrew Harcla wi a sleer,
 "On him at knight ye made !

“Tha mun a all thi mail taen off,
 An donn'd noan like a 'Sir,'
 Enah as Lancestre 'mi man,'
 Tha'll dar bud say mi 'yeh.'”

An soa the deng at Lancastre,
 An soa the donn'd him up,
 Wi t' varry gahn fro t' self-same man
 At he'd gen meyt an sup.

Bi watter war he sent to York,
 Nit ferrist way ye'll finnd ;
 An gateards wi him rowed a crew
 As fer as the hed wind.

As nah Earl Lancastre yit hoap'd
 At York sum thowt to get,
 Bud war nor ivver his heart-wark :
 York fowk on tuv him set.

He hooin'd war an slaked wi muck ;
 The rived his ivvry clooa,
 An wod a bray'd him once ageean,
 Till t' Earl could thoil noa moor.

King Edward tidins gat o t' strife
 Wi Lancestre his eam ;
 Wi t' Spencer fowk tul Pontefract,
 He come wi een agleeam.

Tul Pontefract thro York wor taen
 Earl Lancastre to see
 King Edward an t' De Spencer fowk,
 An on his trial be.

A tahr he'd built bi t' abbay theer,
 Wor hostel for a bit,
 To hod him till he tried i t' hall
 Hed bin bi wile an wit.

Ther war owd Sir Hugh de Spencer,
 Sir Aimer Count Pembroke ;
 Sir Edmund Count o Kent, as weel,
 At set to do all t' talk.

Sir Robert Malmethor an all
 I moant forget to name ;
 An sooin hed the said ther say :
 Hah could the fair forshame !

On tuv a lat-ribb'd, spavin'd jade,
 The Lancastre mak fast.
 " O sal a body dee baht word ?"
 He ast em fair aghast.

One Gascoyne taed em then away,
 Baht bridle strop or owt,
 An for t' Earl of Lancestre heead
 A brokken hat he browt.

Ageean fowk gat muck to chuck,
 An made to lammas t' Earl ;
 Ageean bood an spit an girn'd
 A crahd wi arms a-whirl.

A gooid freer wor fun all through
 At Earl Lancestre side,
 For soa he med hev a say
 Wi t' Earl at after t' ride.

A-top a hill aht-side o t' tahn,
 Earl kneyl'd him lewkin Eeast,
 Till one Hughin de Muston said
 He wodn't hev him reeast.

An northards then he setten war,
 As t' rooad Scotland wends,
 An Earl Lancastre bitter fooas
 Hed telt Scots war his friends.

A Lunnon chap how'd off his heead,
 An gooid Lancastre,
 Wi thowts o t' Eeast an een tul t' North,
 Baht sprottle deed, or stir.

An t' day at after Pontefract
 Seed fell'd like shammel beeasts,
 Young Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Cheney,
 A-liggin on ther brecasts.

Lord William Touchet, an as weel,
 De Bradburne, height Henrie,
 Lord Warren, Lisle, and Lord Mandute,
 Height Thomas, come to dee.

Lords Clifford, Mowbray an Deynville,
 At York all lois'd ther heeads :
 Reyt weel wer feyt o Borrowbrig
 Says knightly blood bleads.

An soa yar singer will ye ass,
 To mind at ready shaft
 Thro chink hoil i yar coit o mail,
 Sal win ageean yar craft !

NOTES.

KIRKSTALL ABBAY.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY, near Leeds, built in 1147-53, was founded in the circumstances I give in this ballad. Seleth, the anchorite, owes much to legendary history. We are told that Alexander came and included Seleth in his brotherhood. Beyond this I have kept the ballad so close to facts that historical notes are here unnecessary. These facts I have gleaned carefully from all the ascertainable authorities to give the utmost historic value and permanence to this ballad, which is the more important as I have written it in the self-same dialect or language that has been spoken outside and in its walls virtually from its very foundation till to-day.

39. At son—"Whose son." No sibilant possessive used.

43. I s'oss. "I shall put myself in earnest form for setting off," pronounced Oss oss.

61. Our Lady's mantel. Sibilant possessives are not used. See note on 39, and also "Of Lauerd blissing" in Northumbrian dialect, 1250, in my Introduction.

118. The future of the projected abbey he sees as in a mirror, even to the day of its dismantling.

128. . . . waste an fowt. A cellar smelling mouldy is called fowty. Yorkshire *ow*.

176. Hod soin at—"Believe soon that." Soin is here a monosyllable, though like very many words may be also disyllabic. The iambs inform my reader, for I do not always double the vowel, and soin and sooin may severally be slurred into one syllable or given two.

177. I s'leeaver hod—"I would be more inclined to believe." Say, osst leerverodd.

218. Say, "It niks ertt stooern wark ee er wall."

225. "In honore gloriosae virginis et Matris Dei Mariae," such was the dedication. It was given to the monks of the Cistercian Order.

227. Henri de Laci, Baron of Pontefract, the founder, grandson of Hildibert or Ilbert de Laci, was buried here, as also were other Lacies.

230. In the monk's narrative concerning Seleth, the vision of Mary tells him to go to Kirkstall, but facts show the name of Headingleeia was earlier, "Kirkstall" resulting from the erection of the abbey.

254. Thro—"on account of." A grange was a monastic farm with its houses, etc.

273. Short form of "We sal a ta hev": "We must endeavour to strive after having." Say, wiss ettereve.

306. . . . bet a king—"beat; overcame." The circumstances, it has been suggested, were not quite what pious history loves to record of certain church conquests of that day. Hence "ye moant ass." We can only hope the end justified the means.

310-12. Walker—Bardsa: ker and sa rhyme. Hence Pudsa is Pudser, Thackla—Thackler, for Pudsey and Thackley; Coverla for Calverley, and so on.

349. The Tempests founded Bolton Abbey.

372. . . . yond rig.—Immediately after the dissolution the roof was removed and the work of destruction begun. The abbey was surrendered to the Crown, November 22nd, 1540, in the thirty-first year of the reign of Henry VIII. An entry in the book of the Churchwardens at Leeds, in 1583, notifies the paying of sixpence a day to labourers for removing materials from "Christall Abbaye" for building purposes. The dormitory fell in the winter of 1746, and two sides of the tower and a part of the third came crashing down on January 27th, 1779.

373. . . . noa dratin. Said an old Windhill Methodist friend to me recently, speaking of a place of worship on the hill top now not Methodist: "I went, an it war cowd [spiritually]! I war frozen to deeth ommost, an eeh! sich dratin hymns! The war all on em deead!"

401. I s'ass ye—I shall beg of you. Say, Osst ass yi.

403. See note on line 372.

405. Thanks to the late Colonel North, the Abbey came into the hands of the Leeds Corporation, and they have commendably, and with great respect for its associations, made well-advised renovations, preserving it for the public. The Abbey is now no longer at the mercy of wind and weather, but will be henceforth an instructive and appealing historic resort of interest, guarded by a vigorous municipality which recognizes it possesses one of the richest monuments of Yorkshire history.

409. The nunnery of Esholt, or Essheholt, was founded by Simon de Ward in the middle of the twelfth century and dedicated to God, Saint Mary, and Saint Leonard. It was suppressed in 1530.

410. Eckershill, or Eckersill, a pronunciation I hear frequently for Eccleshill among the natives. There is no record of an early church here, our parish church being quite modern. Of course, though north of Bradford, it anciently belonged Dewsbury Church, but it may be that the Ecclesia of the scribes was a corruption. Eagleshill has been suggested as an etymology, perhaps because we have a Ravenscliffe at hand. Certain it is that old local documents use the Ecclesia form—Eccleshill. In this volume, however, I record what I myself hear spoken, and I have given both forms: see line 2 in ballad "Coverla." So it is I write Esseheld, or Esheld, for Esholt.

413. The Priory of Cluniac nuns at Arthington, near Leeds, founded in the twelfth century by the Peers de Ardyngton, flourished till the Dissolution.

418. We shall declare. Say, Wiss tell it aht tull. Tul rhymes with full.

NOBBUD AN ACKREN.

. . . a ghaist goit for t' sea—a very demon for the sea (Saxon gast, a spirit). "He's a ghaist un" means "He is a demon," but this only in the sense as shown in the "Huntin Song" I have written.

I hear only "ak'orn" about Bradford, but as a Stannington boy I knew it only as "ackren."

'E'D SAID IT.

Garth dowter—Sibilant possessive not used. See Notes on "Kirkstall Abbay," 39, 61.

Bud sha decked. A horse refusing a fence is said to deck. This verb means also to nibble, to pick, to object, and is not related to the verb "deck" mentioned in our dictionaries. An animal refusing a part of its food is said to be "deckish." The word "mardy," spoilt, pampered, is used in the same sense of people. This word "deck" earned me my first silver in literature. I wrote upon it a very learned-looking little article for *The Sheffield Independent* in my early teens, some time before that journal published serially *Kalderworth*, my first novel. To this day I have not seen the word in any dictionary or dialect glossary.

COVERLA.

I wrote the whole of this ballad with an oak pen I cut from a green oak-tree in Calverley Woods specially to write it. Windhill, whose name, thanks to Professor Joseph Wright's *Grammar of the Windhill Dialect*, scholars now give to the Yorkshire dialect of the Bradford district, is in the parish of Calverley, where of course this dialect is quite at home. This tragedy provided the subject matter for the much-discussed play printed in 1608 entitled:

"A Booke, The Yorkshire Tragedy, written by Wylliam Shakespeare."

I will not enter into disputation as to the authorship of that play, but whosoever the writer he had worked from the details found in an ill-informed author's pamphlet:

"Maister Caverley's unnatural and bloudie Murther committed upon his Wife, and practised upon his Children."

It is said that, maddened by drink and gaming, Walter Calverley of Calverley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, the head of an ancient house originally called Scott, in a fit of jealousy, murdered his sons William and Walter, attempted to kill his wife, and rode off with like intent to his other son, Henry, out at nurse. His horse stumbled, tradition tells us, and Calverley being captured, was examined by Sir John Saville and Sir Tho. Blande. It is of interest to note that the publisher of the play had printed in 1605 a ballad upon the tragedy entitled:—"A ballad of lamentable Murther done in Yorkshire by a Gent upon two of his owne Children, sore wounding his Wyfe and Nurse."

The examination of Walter Calverley, Esq., taken before "two of his Majesties Justices of the Peace" on April 24, 1605, gives insight into the lamentable condition of the unhappy man's mind even the day after the tragedy, and from the facts herein revealed I have written this ballad. The cause of the crime is ascribed in the Calverley family pedigree to Walter Calverley's being delirious with fever. It is clear he recovered a more normal mental state, for something over four months later he refused to plead, standing mute upon his arraignment. By refusing to plead he saved forfeiture of his chattels at the cost of a slow, agonizing death, and endured the *peine forte et dure*. But the manors of Calverley and Pudsey, with "the appurtenances in Calverley, Eccleshill,

Farsley, Woodhall, and Pudsey," being in strict settlement, could not have been affected by a forfeiture.

6. . . . trei . . . Coverley . . . See note 72, on "Battle o Boroughbrig."

27. I want . . . the want—"I ought . . . they ought."

34. Woodhall Hills I look on from my bedroom. It is quite at hand, and about on a level with or perhaps lower than Scarr Hill. It is said Ingleborough Hill can be seen from there on favourable days, looking north-west. The Aire valley opens wide before it. This is our favourite short stroll. Standing here and glancing round the magnificent expanse of blue moorland hills and green dales, and breathing deeply of the keen air, one exclaims involuntarily, "My Yorkshire!" Some quaint old stone houses back from the road hide among trees a little away, near a small school-room by the roadside built in 1837.

47. A local superstition still vaguely believed is that t' barguest, or t' guy-trash, a supernatural dog, appears to one of a family whom disaster is to overtake. Hence every true Yorkshireman feels an eerie sensation on being passed on a dark and lonely road by a great silent hound, and often makes inquiries likely to throw light on the dog's being no ill-boding, shadowy sleuth.

128. E am (say, ee am)—"I am." The pronunciation of I like ee in eel, is often used in plaintive and whimsical moods. Only this year the character I mention in "Wer Yorksher Whisson Monda," which I wrote the year before, said to me, whimsically smiling:—"E walked wi t' childer eighty-eight year agoa," speaking of himself.

History records that members of the Calverleys fought in France, etc. Some of the women were nuns at the adjacent Esholt nunnery. See note on Esheld, "Kirkstall Abbay."

The Rev. John Malham, Corrector of the Press, mentioned in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, was curate of Calverley Church, 1772-75. Those interested in heredity may make interesting comparison with his published works and those of my great-uncle, the late Mr. J. B. Dimbleby ("Herbert Broughton"), author, who was nephew to John Malam, the inventor, I mention in the notes on "Robin Hood," etc.—The Rev. William Malam, M.A., Rector of Keighley, Yorks, and Buxton, author of *Black Letter Saints*, was another nephew—and I think they must have been members of quite distinct branches of the Malhams. John Malum, or Malham, of Elslack, married the grand-daughter of Margaret Calverley, daughter of Sir Walter de Calverley, Kt. (who died in 1404), and great-great aunt to

Sir William Calverley, Kt., I mention in lines 74-76. Reginald, Bishop Heber, the hymn-writer, and Mary Cholmondeley, author of *Red Pottage*, etc., are in this descent, through Ann Malum, sister to William, whom Reginald Heber of Marton married. See *Calverley Charters* in British Museum, and as published by the Thoresby Society.

TUL A GREEN-WOOD FLAH.

This was perhaps the wild anemone or the wood sorrel, but I write of my earliest childhood, and cannot be sure which flower.

. . . t' honey tells—Heather honey has that aroma, and so on.

T' FAIRY RING O ESHING.

Sunwithards—To go round contrary to the sun. Those who wished to see the fairies were always thus advised by the professors of the Black Art.

. . . scrawmin up a tree.—Professor Joseph Wright, in his *English Dialect Dictionary*, queries the spelling of this word. I have not heard it myself in the Windhill district, but it was quite common in Bradfield and Stannington, north of Sheffield. It is "scrawm" (scrome), and never, so far as I know, "scrawn."

IN T' BLEGGIN DAYS.

A forsak.—If an egg be touched, the birds will not hatch out. And thus a nest may be found in the autumn containing one or more forsake eggs. "Don't mell wi em or the'll be forsak!" is always heard among country-bred lads when a bird's eggs are found in the nest.

WER TIDE.

When the feasts, or tides, begin their round—the time is generally after hay-time—the country folk say the year is "on the turn." It is therefore not without a feeling of regret that we hear the first strains of a distant tide on the hills.

IN T' BURNIN O T' GREEN.

One S'omas Day.—St. Thomas' Day, the festival preceding Christmas. On this day it used to be a Yorkshire custom to eat small cakes called "S'omas cakes."

Enah sa gan (ser gan)—“In a little while she began . . .”
 Sa (ser), she, I have heard only in the rapid speech of old Wind-
 hill speakers, and it has sympathy with *sal*, *sarn't*, *sud*, which in
 modern English are *shall*, *shan't*, and *should*. See “’E’d Said It!”
 An E am owd—“And I am old.” See “Coverla,” note 128.

ROBIN HOOD AN HIS MERRIE MEN AT COME FRO T’
 RIDINS THREI.

This ballad on Robin Hood in regard to the story of the
 horse I have built entirely from my imagination. Scholars now
 well know that Robin is of questionable history. Obviously the
 two chief “boggards” of our primitive ancestors were the wild
 man and the wild beast, and any incident that unexpectedly
 presented a kind and romantic side of these boggards at length
 produced a legend, a ballad, a song, and ultimately the work of
 the grave historian, who built upon the material facts which the
 ballad-maker had introduced to give local appeal and appearance
 of truth to his narrative.

Behind the legend there are often ages of superstition, and
 any characteristics or associations of a particular superstition were
 always conveniently suggestive for the ballad. Thus, as Dr.
 Henry Bradley has pointed out, Robin Hood is Hod, the god of
 wind, a form of Woden; Maid Marian is Morgen, the dawn
 maiden; Friar Tuck is Toki, the spirit of frost and snow. But
 fact has a way of being an apparent imitation of precedent legend,
 and it is clear England soon had her Robin Hoods—men who
 were given that name. To live an outlaw in the woods and be
 proficient in archery were the two essentials for his popular outfit:
 Robin o’ th’ Woods, or Robin Hood, he became.

Among all the dubbed Robin Hoods there certainly must
 have been characters deserving more than others the special
 association, and as a Yorkshireman whose boyhood was spent in
 Loxley Chase I have pleasure in claiming herewith special dis-
 tinction for the Robin Hood of Loxley, in Bradfield, north of
 Sheffield. Robin has been declared also to be a native of
 Wakefield, and likewise to have been Earl of Huntingdon—
 though only the convenience of an early rhyme is said to be
 responsible for this; and he is stated to be buried at the old
 nunnery, Kirklees, near Dewsbury, on the site of which Sir George
 Armytage, Bart., one of my readers, resides. Mr. S. O. Addy,
 M.A., in his *Sheffield Glossary*, prints an extract from “Harrison’s
 Survey,” a manuscript dated 1637:—

“Imprimis, Great Haggas croft near Robin Hood’s Bower.
 . . . Item, Great Haggas croft near Robin Hood’s
 Bower. . . . Item, little Haggas croft, wherein is the
 foundation of a house or cottage where Robin Hood
 was born, this piece is compassed about with Loxley
 Firth.”

That this volume according to all circumstances will be a surviving and standard monument to the memory of our ancient mother speech, Inglis or the Northumbrian Dialect, I perceived before I had finished the book. The knowledge of its special idiom being that of the West Riding dialect as spoken about Keighley, Bradford, and Leeds, brought before me the claims of some other Yorkshire dialects—the Craven or North-West Riding dialect heard from Skipton to Malham; the East Riding, which extends from Hull to York; the North Riding and Cleveland dialect, as spoken from Whitby to Richmond; and that of Hallamshire or the South West Riding spoken from Sheffield and having sympathy with the Lancashire border dialect, extending northwards to Huddersfield, Halifax, and Haworth—the Haworth natives and their dialect marvellously recall to me those of Stannington near Sheffield, where I lived in my boyhood and school days. As a Malham “of ye antient family of Malum owt of Malum, Yorkshire,” I had by blood a very personal interest in the dialect of Craven and the North West Riding; while my paternal grandmother was a native of Hull and her people seafarers, and on another side my father’s paternal great-uncle, Mr. John Malam, the civil engineer and inventor, was Sheriff of Hull (1847),¹ this making me at one with the Hull and East Riding folk. And as to the Hallamshire dialect, I am a native of Sheffield, while my maternal grandfather, the late Mr. William Whitworth, was a scissors and cutlery manufacturer (vide White’s *Sheffield Directory*, 1860, plate 138), albeit his father was of the Manchester Whitworths; my maternal great-great-great uncle—Slater—was a book publisher in Fargate, Sheffield, nearly a hundred years ago, and he or his son published *The Sheffield Figaro* newspaper. On another side I am lineally descended

¹ Inventor of the first dry gas meter, etc., 1819; was awarded a gold medal by the Society of Arts for his services to the public as an inventor; built gas works abroad and throughout the United Kingdom in the pioneer days of gas manufacture. For his inventions see Peckstone’s *Treatise on Coal Gas*; Hughes; Richards on *Coal Gas Manufacture*, and Speight’s *Nidderdale*; see also a letter I wrote on “The family of Malham, Malam or Malum,” in *Lincolnshire Notes and Queries*, April 1904.

from the Rev. Dr. Cuthbert Browne,¹ Curate of Attercliffe, 1662-1673, Rector of Treeton, and Prebendary of York Cathedral, chaplain to the Duke of Norfolk, through the daughter of his son, the Rev. Obadiah Browne, M.A., Rector of Whiston, Yorkshire, 1689-1738, my maternal great—something grandmother. So Yorkshiremen of every part may understand I personally must have felt that the different dialects of our broad-acred shire called for a place in my volume.

Hence I have written in the representative five dialects of Yorkshire this ballad "Robin Hood an his Merrie Men at come fro t' Ridins Threi." I open the ballad in the Windhill, or Bradford, variety of the dialect, and let Robin Hood himself speak the same dialect throughout; Joa Whittel speaks the Hallamshire, or Sheffield dialect. Hugh Cleveland uses the North Riding dialect; Dick Skidby the East Riding dialect, and John Langstroth the Craven dialect. Ample opportunity of making interesting comparison between the several varieties of the Northumbrian dialect—Scots, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Durham—is afforded by the five Yorkshire dialects I give herein. Thus a close relationship is seen to exist between the East Riding and North Riding dialects and the Scots dialect; and it may be noted that the Scots dialect and those of the East and North Ridings of Yorkshire are less masculine, or virile, than the Windhill dialect, in which I have written the whole of these "Tales and Ballads." Scots and the East and North Ridings gane, stane, steen, aud, auld, bauld, baud, cauld, caud, gang, nae, mair, seea, heeam, hame, etc., have not the strength of West Riding goan, stooan (goern, stooern); owd, bowld, cowd (Yorkshire ow); goa (gooer), noa (nooer), noan (nooern), moor (mooer), soa (sooer); hooam (hooerm), etc.

The Rev. M. C. F. Morris in *Yorkshire Folk Talk*, dealing with the East and North Ridings dialects, asserts that three-fourths of the Yorkshire dialect words are survivals from the Danish conquest of a thousand years ago. Certain it is that after A.D. 900 many old Icelandic words were introduced by the Danes, but the more or less close relationship of the Angles, the Saxons,

¹ ". . . Rev. Cuthbert Browne, commonly called Dr. Browne . . . came from Greasborough to Sheffield. . . He was chaplain to the Duke of Norfolk, and had a general commission for the management of his Grace's estates in and about Sheffield. . . He was ordered to attend the House of Peers, November 1673, for a private letter he wrote to the Duke of Norfolk advising him to go out of town. . . ."—*History of Hallamshire*, pages 409-413, 491; see also the Series in the House of Peers concerning *The Popish Plot*, 12mo, 1681, pp. 85-91.

and the various Scandinavian races, must never be forgotten in these considerations of the associations of words.

PART I.—IN THE WINDHILL DIALECT.

Ne I sal. I have heard only old speakers use this negative.

Ta's sad flayd. A perfect idiom for "you are much afraid."
Say, tar's, for "you are."

I s' with the apostrophe after it is either a form of I sal or I sud, and in sound is oss or osst, short o; hence osst finnd it, oss match, for "I shall find it," and "I shall match."

PART I.—IN THE HALLAMSHIRE OR SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

A bensillin.—The ancient rivalry among the Sheffield cutlers of different valleys is here referred to. Bensillin is a thrashing. I have not met the word Windhill way, but it is used farther north, in Nidderdale.

Mull is a depreciative, and seems to be related to mullock, both words meaning originally rubbish. "To mak a mull" is the same as "to mak a mullock," and means a fiasco, a failure, a tangle. O.E., mullok, rubbish; Flemish, mul, dust.

Den bank.—We Stannington boys always called what Mr. S. O. Addy and others write down as Dean bank—"Den bank."

Wheel.—The name of grinding sheds. When the wheel was not working the water was shut out from its little dam, and passed by the side; and if the dam-shuttle got clogged up the dam became stagnant.

Tharf cake.—A heavy, unleaven, sweet oatmeal cake now made chiefly on the fifth of November. It is not known by that name in the Bradford district, being called "parkin," and an inferior kind "moggy." But in the Craven district, Skipton way, it is called "tharf cake." "Therf loove," or "tharf loav," means unleaven bread in Wicliff's Gospels, Matt. xxvi. (A.S. theorf).

Yo st, or yo s'—a form of "you shall."

Soa hetterly—"With such intensity or earnestness." It also means bitterness, and in a sense spite. ". . . heterly to the hyge hylles thay haled on fast"—West Midland (Lancashire) dialect, 1360. (Icelandic heitr, hot.)

Smither-slek'd.—Sheffield mothers brighten steels with dry "smither-slek," the fine steel scales that exfoliate from red-hot iron on the stithy or anvil.

Bell Hagg—a rough, craggy hill above Den Bank. Here I first saw a shrew-mouse, and was amused to see him shrug his “snaht.”

Mut cree—might be permitted to expand. Grain for “frumerty” is first put “to cree,” or soak in a stew-pot to cook.

Fasch—the turned edge of an over-sharpened blade when it burrs.

Tha brades o—“manifest its characteristics,” herewith those of audacity. Used also about Bradford.

Fleribokes—circumlocution. Also used for an extravagant style of hand-writing.

PART II.—IN THE CLEVELAND OR NORTH RIDING DIALECT.

Yan wud—“one mad.” This word is not common to the West Riding, but it occurs in the Lancashire dialect. (A.S. wód, mad.)

Whilk—which; occurs in the Northumbrian dialect, 1250. It is also common to Chaucer.

Routed—“wandered off.” Chaucer uses the verb.

Karlethwaite.—An ancient documentary spelling. See the Rev. Canon J. C. Atkinson's *Fifty Years in a Moorland Parish*; also for an interesting geological description of the submerged forests which cause the black or marsh lands of Daneby.

Beggar staff—The old sign of a beggar.

Non?—What?

Iv a gert router—With a sudden start of astonishment.

At Whitby Abbay.—Whitby, a retreat of Robin Hood. One day Abbot Richard of the Abbey and Monastrie of Whitby in 1185, took Robin and Little John to the top of the abbey, wherefrom each shot an arrow which fell not far from Whitby Laths . . . more than a mile away! In memory of this a pillar, says the historian, was set up by the Abbot, a field where one arrow fell being called Robin Hood's Field, and where the other fell, John's Field. Robin Hood's Bay, about six miles from Whitby, is said to have been the spot where Robin had his fishing-boats.

Anthers ye s' see—“In case you should see.”

Allus blosses—“Always shows itself to good advantage.” “Bloss up!” is in Yorkshire an injunction to brighten up.

Nae drith wi hosses—“No success in regard to horses.”

Thoo is t' gan or dee—“You must go, or, remaining, die.”

Robin Hood ends this part of the ballad in the Windhill dialect.

Mak oss—“Induce to set out earnestly and arrange for.”

PART III.—DICK SKIDBY SPEAKS THE EAST RIDING DIALECT.

The reader will notice the absence of the definite article, as in the Northumbrian Psalter I quote in the Introduction to this volume.

Nut akin . . . about—"Not wandering aimlessly about." In the West Riding we use "allakin abaht" similarly.

Breed, for "breadth," is common to other of the Yorkshire dialects. (A.S. brædo, breadth.)

Back end o spot—"Far end of room."

Feigh.—This is also common to the West Riding. See my tale, "In t' Bleggin Days." The word may be, I believe, of Icelandic origin, meaning "to cleanse." Indeed, John Nicholson's *Hull Dialect* (Glossary) gives very many Icelandic etymologies of East Riding words, though we should remember the difficulties the cognate origin of the Scandinavian and other kindred races creates for the student of words.

Callit—"scolding." The W.R. word cal, to gossip, is perhaps related, as gossips may be scolds and scolds gossips.

ROBIN HOOD CONCLUDES PART III. IN THE WINDHILL DIALECT.

Breead-fleak, or fleik—a rack hung overhead in kitchens to dry the haver cake, or oat cake.

Oss to tell—"attempt to relate."

Hart bell—cry of the hart.

Hossin-clog, from which a horse is mounted.

A . . . dab-hand—"clever."

Wayer.—The real pronunciation of "way." See my remarks on *ai*.

Threp us aht an sleer—"assert contrary to evidence, and then to ridicule."

PART IV.—JOHN LANGSTROTH SPEAKS THE CRAVEN DIALECT.

Craven (Craigvan) is the Switzerland of Yorkshire, by reason of its wild, romantic character, and its position on the Yorkshire "frontiers." The Rev. Mr. Carr's work *Craven Dialect*, 1828, points out that different parts of Craven have a dialect like that of Leeds and Bradford, West Lancashire, and the North and East Ridings:—"The dialect is spoken in its greatest purity on the banks of the Wharf in the parish of Skipton to Langstroth, or Strother, the language of which is so well described by Chaucer; and on the course of the Are, or Aire, from Skipton to the northern boundary of the parish of Kirkby Malham . . . five or six miles east of Skipton parish, the pronunciation is entirely

changed. Thus, house is hoose, mouse moose, cow coo, as in the North and East Ridings. . . ." While I have endeavoured to write the purest and accepted form of the Craven dialect, I open it by John Langstroth using two forms of his dialect at the same time, to compliment the West Riding Robin Hood and the East Riding Dick Skidby. After that John Langstroth speaks the Craven dialect in ordinary.

Thoo's t' beatem—"You are the winner or outwitter."

Roy it reight—Put on the lord or master.

Robin Hood concludes in the Windhill dialect, and shows John Langstroth he knows details of Craven's history and is intimate with the Prior of Fountaynes Abbay. Malgo, who reigned before Caractacus, is mentioned in the old chronicles, Gervasii Cantuariensis *Opera Gesta Regum* in particular. Place name etymologies are either geographical or personal—and argument can play the advocate for each. The mention of Malgo as the founder of Malham is made in a footnote to an ancient Latin or Anglo-Saxon chronicle I read some years ago, but I do not just now recall the title.

I have included Ulf Malham, Uctred, Ingold, Torsin, John, Roschil, Godid, and other Malhams, to give an idea, as scarcely anything else save the dialect itself can, of the origin of the race who were natives here, these names having been long familiar to me. They are found in the published memorials of the numerous benefactors to Fountains Abbey in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and may be seen in Burton, etc. Says Mr. Harry Speight:—

"Malham, which before the Conquest was one of the manors of Bernulf, was granted by the Conqueror to William de Percy; and soon after, on the origin of local appellations, gave name to a race of mesne lords who frequently occur in the attestations of the most ancient charters relating to Craven. Of these Sir Hertil de Malham (Malum) appears from circumstances to have lived in the reign of Stephen. The Manor of Malham belonged to the Abbots of Fountains, and was in the parish of Kirkby-in-Malhamdale. . . ."

T' WOON O ELLA.

Loppards.—Milk when sour is said to be loppered.

Hask-watter.—Glossaries give hask or ask as "dry," "parched." But it is also used for "hard" water.

Winter trosslin snooa gahn.—A woman's dress trailing on the ground and sweeping up the dust is described as trosslin. (Icelandic tros, sweepings, dregs, filth).

A fause peepin daisy.—Fause means presumptive, forward, too-knowing, applied often in a tolerative spirit. It has been said it is allied to foxy, but the terms are certainly not synonymous. Nor is it to be confounded with a similar word in the Scots dialect meaning false.

Fotchin armsful back.—To fetch, or fotch, is often used in the sense of to take, as well as bring.

Top ower tooa.—From head to foot; altogether; utterly. See, "Till top ower tail, etc.," in "Robert Bruce," in the Aberdeen Scots dialect of John Barbour, 1375, quoted by me in my Introduction.

WER YORKSHER WHISSON-MONDA.

I wrote this a year ago, at Whitsuntide, exactly as I state. See note 128 on "Coverla."

. . . S'nt Luke bull heigh.—The Eccleshill church banner with the bull, representative of the Ripon diocese.

BATTLE O BOROUGHRIG.

70. . . . Harkela.

72. . . . Ye a Sir.—This is a perfect rhyme. See note 310-12 on "Kirkstall Abbay." My reader will observe that, in the manner of poetry, I take the license of rhyming Coverley with ei, as if pronounced Coverlei. A set form of spelling a name is quite a modern method.

127. Thi oan cade bahn.—A child brought up tenderly for the sake of its delicateness. Here is implied a plea of forgiveness for inherent faults.

131. Noa nifflin nafflin.—No sentimental trifling.

138. . . . Sir.

140. . . . Yeh.—A true rhyme. I gave it here specially to show the value of this interesting affirmative which is used like "yes" ordinarily, and is distinct from the hearty affirmative "yah."

144. To be dependent upon one for meyt and sup means wholly. Meyt is solid food, including all viands; sup, every common drinkable liquid taken with meals.

GLOSSARY OF WORDS IN TALES AND BALLADS IN THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

THE letters C., E., H., and N. indicate when a word is common to the Craven district, the East Riding, the Hallamshire district, or the North Riding. Though often such a word may be used in the West Riding, to which all the other words belong. Be it noted that most of the words used in the West Riding are common also to the above-mentioned districts of Yorkshire, and, of course, Craven and Hallamshire are in the West Riding. It is not surprising that certain parts preserve ancient words which are unknown to another. For I find that individual Yorkshiremen in one and the same locality will use old Yorkshire words their very neighbour does not understand, these having come down to them through their own particular Yorkshire ancestors.

The sound sometimes I give in brackets, but the chapter I have written on the pronunciation should be read, and the notes on my ballad entitled "Robin Hood an His Merrie Men at come fro t' Ridins Threi." *Ern* in my examples is always short as possible; *er* and *erl* are always short; *ah* is the Yorkshire long back *a*, and is not like the modern English exclamation *ah*—mah, thah, teah, and yah are exceptions. And fer, far, is fur.

A (ER, and like *a* in apple), have.
A (er), on; of. See O.
Aback-a-beyont, out of the way. E.
Abahn, going.
Abaht, about.
Abide, endure; tolerate.
Aboon, above; more.
Aboot, about. E.; N.
Ackren, Ackorn, acorn.
Addle, earn.
Afeard, afraid.
Afflayd, frightened.
Afore, afoor, before.

Agate, commenced; working;
going; active; busy.
Agean (ergeern), again; nigh.
Agean, " " "
Agee, awry; to one side. E.
Agen, again.
Agoan, agoan, gone by; gone.
Ahr, our; yes.
Aht, out.
Aigh, hawthorn; hawthorn blossom.
Aighs (aergs, like *g* in egg), haw-
thorn berries.
Aigle, eagle.

Aigre, sour.
 Aim, purpose; try; intend. N.
 Aim, hoar frost.
 Akest, ascquint; oblique. E.
 Akin, wandering aimlessly. E.
 Al, will.
 Al be, although.
 Allus (alluss), always.
 Aloan, alooan, alone.
 Amaist, almost. N.
 Am'tit, am'ot, am not.
 An, and, if, than.
 Anenst, anent. E.; N.
 An all, also; too; likewise.
 Ane, one. N.
 Aneyth, aneath, beneath.
 Anoon, anon; presently.
 A'nt, aunt.
 Anthers, lest; in case. N.
 A-payin, beating.
 Ar, scar; weal.
 Arf, afraid. N.
 A-rove, a-stir; set out. C.
 Arrand, spider.
 Arle, earn. H.
 'Art-wark, heart-ache.
 Aside, compared with.
 Askard, lizard, newt.
 Ass, ashes.
 Ass, ask.
 Ast, asked.
 Asteead, instead.
 At, v., attack; set on.
 At, who, whom, which, whose (no
 sibilant possessive); that; lest.
 At-efter, afterwards.
 Ather (ayther), either.
 Aud, awd, old. E.; N.
 Avril, April.
 Awdered, aged. E.
 Awther (oh-ther), either.
 Ax, ask. E.; H.; N.

 BABBISH, childish. N.
 Back-end, close of year.
 Bade, bathe.
 Badly, ill; unwell.
 Bahn, child; near; going.
 Bahnest, nearest.
 Baht, without.
 Bairk, bake.
 Balk, cross-beam.
 Bally-bleeze, bonfire. N.

Bam, trick. N.; brow-beating. E.
 Barghest, a legendary hound-
 apparition; guy trash.
 Barkle, incrust. H.
 Bass, soft basket. H.
 Bastin, thrashing. H.
 Baynie, child. E.
 Beald, cattle-shed. E.
 Beatem, winner, conqueror. C.
 Beb, sip. C.
 Beeast, cows; cattle.
 Becahl'd, becowled.
 Beck, brook; stream.
 Becoss, because.
 Bedizen, bedeck; illuminate; strew.
 Beggar-staff, old sign of the beggar.
 Beheend, behind.
 Belantered, delayed; over-late. N.
 Beld, pret of Bell.
 Belike, perhaps. H.
 Belive, quickly; soon. N.
 Bell, cry out; proclaim; weep.
 Bensillin, thrashing; chastisement.
 C.; H.
 Bent, moorland; coarse grass.
 Beshrew, curse.
 Bet, pret of beat; overcame.
 Bi (like mi), by; with; be.
 Bide, wait; abide.
 Big, build.
 Biggin, building.
 Bile, a boil.
 Bilk, rob; cheat. H.
 Bin, been
 Binch, bench.
 Birk, birch.
 Birle, pour out. H.
 Bi 't (bit, short), by it; be it.
 Bi t' (as above), by the.
 Black-frost, ground frost.
 Blackland, bog; marsh. N.
 Blain, white; pale.
 Blainin, bleaching. C.
 Blake, yellow. C.
 Blashy, weak; silly. E.
 Blathry, muddy. E.
 Bleead, bleed.
 Bleggin, blackberrying.
 Blegs, brambles, or blackberries.
 Blew, Blieu, blue.
 Bliew-bell, wild hyacinth.
 Blob, bubble; little round vesicle;
 flower.
 Blood, blood.

Bloss, blossom ; bloom.
 Bloss, improve on ; exaggerate.
 Bluther, weep.
 Bocken, nauseate.
 Boggard, eerie ; ghostly ; devilish.
 Bonnie, pretty ; sweet ; ideal ;
 healthy.
 Booit, Boit, boot ; to boot.
 Bosky, woody.
 Bother, trouble.
 Bothrin, anxiety ; worry.
 Bowld, bold.
 Brade o, resemble ; be like.
 Brah, brow.
 Brak, broke.
 Brakky, salty ; bitter.
 Brash, dry twigs ; rubbish.
 Brashy, delicate ; ailing. N.
 Brass, coin ; money.
 Brast, burst.
 Brat, child ; pinafore ; smock.
 Brazent, impudent.
 Breed, bread.
 Breead-fleeak, frame overhead for
 oat cake.
 Breears, Brears, briars.
 Breed, breadth. E.
 Brecken, brake ; dog-fern.
 Breet, bright.
 Brek, break.
 Brent, steep ; pompous ; proud. N.
 Brig, bridge.
 Brimm'd, kindled ; lighted.
 Brod, dig ; thrust.
 Brokken, broken.
 Browt, brought.
 Brun, brown ; burn.
 Brunn'd, burnt ; browned.
 Bruntlin, beetle. H.
 Brussen, p.p., burst.
 Brust, burst.
 Brust-up, the end ; catastrophe.
 Bud, but.
 Bug, proud ; conceited ; strutting.
 E.
 Buish, bush.
 Bull-week, week before Christmas.
 H.
 Bun, pledged.
 Bummelkites, blackberries.
 Bunch, knock about. E.
 Bur (buhrr, short), but. H.
 Burn, brook.
 Butter-blob, kind of buttercup.

Byre, cow-house. E.
 CADE, spoil ; petted ; delicate.
 Caff, chaff. E.
 Cagged, caked.
 Cah, a cow ; crouch.
 Cah-week, second week before
 Christmas. H.
 Cahr, crouch ; bend.
 Cairk, cake ; bread.
 Cakin-day, feasting day ; celebra-
 tion. H.
 Cal (rhymes with al in talent),
 gossip ; talk.
 Call, upbraid ; abuse.
 Callit, scolding. E.
 Cannel, Can'le, candle.
 Canny, healthy ; contained ; know-
 ing.
 Cap, astonish.
 Cappin, wonderful ; astonishing.
 Carr, marsh ; swamp.
 Cauf, calf.
 Cauf-week, third week before Christ-
 mas. H.
 Chamer, chamber.
 Chavel, chew loosely.
 Cheeat, Cheet, give joyful vent to
 song or notes.
 Chicken-chow, swinging pastime.
 C.
 Childer, children.
 Chockful, full as possible.
 Choil, haste away.
 Chois, Chooase, choose.
 Chuff, delighted ; proud.
 Chumpin, gathering tree-stumps,
 etc., from the woods.
 Chunk, solid piece.
 Cinglit, under shirt next the skin.
 Clack, gossip.
 Clag, eat like dough, heavy ; clog.
 Claht, strike ; chastise ; sharp blow ;
 cloth.
 Clam, starve ; hunger.
 Clappin, fixing upon ; meeting with.
 Clarted, smeared thickly ; caked as
 with mud.
 Clarty, eat like dough, heavy ; sticky.
 Cleat, foalfoot.
 Cletch, brood.
 Click, snatch ; seize hold of.
 Cloa, garment.
 Clock, beetle ; lady-bird.

Clog, log.
 Cloggy, heavy.
 Clois, field; a close.
 Clong, clang.
 Clout, strike; cuff.
 Cluther, gather round; encompass.
 Coil, coal; fuel; noise.
 Coit, coat.
 Coom, come. N.
 Come, comed, pret, came.
 Comed, p.p. of come.
 Con, know; perceive.
 Cotter, punish.
 Coverla (Coverler), Calverley.
 Cowd, cold.
 Cower, and cowlrake, iron to clear
 out cokes or flues.
 Cowk, heart; kernel; bottom;
 cinders.
 Crack, boast.
 Crahd, crowd.
 Craigvan (Craven), obsolete.
 Cratch, a frame.
 Cree, soften in water as hard grain.
 H.
 Croodled up, shrunken up in a heap
 as with cold or pain.
 Crow-fooit, wild hyacinth with three
 or four blue bells, giving the
 appearance of a crow's foot.
 Windhill.
 Crozz'l'd, burnt coal or log incrustated
 and charred.
 Crudded, curdled.
 Cruds, curds.
 Crusses, crusts of bread.

 DAEL (daaerl), dale.
 Daft-down, atmospheric depression.
 Daft-watty, simpleton. E.
 Dahn, down.
 Daht, doubt.
 Dar, dare.
 Daze, make or become heavy, as of
 bread; bewilder.
 Deam, dame.
 Dean, Den, valley.
 Dee, die; do. N.
 Deea, do. E.; day. N.
 Deeafty, lonely. N.
 Deean, done. N.
 Deean't, don't. N.
 Deear, door. E.
 Deck, refuse; carp; cavi.

Delf, stone-quarry.
 Delve, dig; quarry; work.
 Demmicked, gathered; hurt; bad.
 Deng, pret, upbraided.
 Dew, do.
 Dike, river; stream; pond.
 Dirl, quaver. C.
 Dither, tremble.
 Dodder, mud.
 Dole, grieve; bemoan.
 Doon, down. E.; N.
 Dousin, drenching.
 Dowd, Dowdy, scold; ill, or over-
 dressed woman.
 Dowter, daughter.
 Drahnd, drown.
 Dratin, droning; singing without
 tune or spirit.
 Drave, pret, drove.
 Dree, miserably monotonous; dismal.
 Dreedist, dryest.
 Drith, success; prosperity. N.
 Druffen, drunken.
 Drukken, intoxicated; drunken.
 Duff, evade.

 E (EE), I. See notes on ballad,
 "Coverla."
 E (like *e* in set), have.
 E (short *i* as in it), in; at.
 'E (same sound as above), he.
 Eam, uncle.
 Ed, had.
 Eckleshill, Eckershill, Eccleshill.
 E'd (idd), he had; he would.
 Ee, eye.
 Eeather, either.
 Een, eyes.
 Efter, after.
 Eldin, firewood; fuel.
 Em, them.
 Enah, presently; soon.
 Eniff, enough.
 'Er, her.
 Est', art thou.
 'E's (is), he is; he has.
 'E s' (iss), he shall or should.
 Esh, ash-tree.
 Esseheld, Esholt.
 Etten, eaten.
 Ev (*see* hev), have.
 'Evn, heaven.
 Eych, Eeach, each.
 Eyt, pres. of eat.

- FAAR, fair; feast. C.
 Faerk, trick; stratagem.
 Fahl, ugly; angry; wicked; a hen.
 Fair, very; much; pure; right; quite.
 Fairly, quite.
 Fan, Fahnd, pret, found.
 Fasch, burred edge of a blade. H.
 Fause, too knowing; precocious [not used as "false"].
 Felther'd, entangled.
 Feeal, fool. N.
 Feeath, reluctant. E.
 Feigh, Fey, applied to a dog scratching itself; cleanse; clear out.
 Fend, look after; provide.
 Fer (fur), far.
 Ferrist, farthest.
 Fettle, good condition; clean out.
 Feyld, field.
 Feyt, fight; battle.
 Finnd, find.
 Fire-fanged, over-baked; burnt. E.
 Flah, flower; bloom.
 Flannin, flannel.
 Flay, frighten.
 Flayd, frightened; timorous.
 Flaysome, terrible; fearful.
 Fleer, laugh scornfully.
 Fleng, pret, flung.
 Fleriboke, circumlocution; flourish.
 Flig, fly; go; depart.
 Fligg'd, flew.
 Flit, remove; change abode.
 Floor, flour. E.
 Fog, aftermath.
 Foist, bitter; brakish; ill-smelling.
 Foit, Footit, foot.
 Fond, silly; doting; affectionate.
 Foor, Fore, before.
 Forest king, tallest and oldest tree in the wood.
 Forger (fergerr, short), forget.
 Forrard, forward.
 Forseur (fersewer), truly.
 Fotch, bring; fetch.
 Fower (Yorkshire *ow*), four.
 Fowk (as above), folk.
 Fowt (as above), mould; decay.
 Fra, from. E., N.
 Frack, impertinent; over bold. N.
 Fratch, quarrel.
 Freeasin, freezing.
 Freer, friar.
- Freeten, frighten.
 Fro (frer), from.
 Frow, term of feminine reproach.
 Frushed, rushed. E.
 Fullock, rush; impetuous onset. H.
 Fun, p.p., found.
- GAB, perorations; talk; volubility.
 Gael (gaaerl), gale.
 Gaed, went. N.
 Gahn, gown.
 Gain, near.
 Gainer, nearer.
 Gairt, Gate, way; road.
 Gallostang, rake; scamp.
 Gallus, roguish; rakish.
 Galluses, braces.
 Gam, sport; trick; frolic.
 Gammin, pretending.
 Gan, began.
 Gan, go. E., N.
 Gang, go. C., E., N.
 Gang'd, went. C., N.
 Gannan, going. N.
 Gannin, going. E., N.
 Garth, inclosure; yard.
 Gat, got; arrived.
 Gateards, on the journey.
 Gauvison, star-gazer; silly fellow.
 Gav, gave.
 Geean, gone. N.
 Geed, gave. H.
 Gen, given.
 Ger (gerr, short), get.
 Gerrin, getting; becoming.
 Gert, great; noble.
 Ghost (gasst), full of spirit and daring.
 Ghast un, a very devil, but not in an ill sense.
 Gi, Gie (*i* short as in it; and long *e*), give.
 Gif, if. E.
 Gill, glen.
 Gin, begin.
 Gin, if. N.
 Gip, nauseate.
 Gird, a brief fit; a dizzy bout.
 Girn, grin; sneer.
 Glaed (glaaerd), glade.
 Glear, glare.
 Glester, glisten.
 Gloor, stare fixedly.
 Gloarin, brilliant.

- Glum, solemn ; brooding.
 Goa (gooser), go ; happen.
 Goan-off, having a fling or holiday.
 Goan, dead ; gone.
 Goa-to, affair ; time ; to do ; fiasco.
 Goaved, stared vacantly. E.
 Goffin, staring vacantly. E.
 Goi, Gow, kind of oath.
 Gois, goose.
 Goit, brook ; stream.
 Goit-hoil, bed of a beck.
 Goid-shut, good riddance ; glad
 farewell.
 Goid, Goid, good.
 Gope, wander or stare aimlessly.
 Gor (grr), got.
 Gormless, senseless ; foolish.
 Goster, laugh loudly.
 Gosterin, boisterous ; rude.
 Gowd, gold.
 Grab, acquisitiveness.
 Grahnd, ground.
 Grange, monastic farm and out-
 buildings.
 Grant, grand.
 Graft, hard work ; toil.
 Grean (green), green.
 Greean, green.
 Greave, grieve.
 Grindle-cowk, old grindstone. H.
 Grisli, unearthly ; goblin.
 Grommel, Grummel, grumble.
 Gu, go.
 Gumpshun, good sense ; intellig-
 ence.
 Guytrash, a legendary hound-
 apparition.
 HA (like *a* in apple), have. See
 also *a*, *e*, *ev*, and *hev*. H is
 not aspirate, as a rule.
 Hae, have. N.
 Hael (haaerl), hail.
 Haest (haaerst), haste.
 Hafe, half.
 Haffle, hesitate. N.
 Hag, plantation ; trees were sold
 by the hag.
 Hah, how ; hour.
 Hahnd, hound.
 Hahse, house.
 Hally, Hali (rhymes with valley) ;
 holy.
 Hian, have. H.
 Happen, perhaps.
 Har (hah), hour.
 Harden, harden steel. H.
 Harvis, harvest.
 Hask-watter, hard water.
 Haver-cake, oaten cake.
 Hawf, half.
 Hazin, thrashing. E.
 Hed, had.
 Hee, high ; hie.
 Heeaf, hearth ; home. N.
 Heeam, home. N.
 Heigh (hey), high ; hie.
 Height, called ; named ; hight.
 Hes (hez), has.
 Hetterly, bitterly ; hastily. H.
 Hev (like *ev* in level), have.
 Hevn, heaven.
 Hiddy, hide ; conceal.
 Hine ! away ! begone ! N.
 Hine berries, raspberries. H.
 Hing, pres. hang.
 Hip-brear, wild rose.
 Hissen (see *missen*), Hisseln, him-
 self.
 Hoap, Hooap (hooerp), hope.
 Hocker, stammer.
 Hod, hold ; believe ; maintain.
 Hoil, hole ; house ; abode. *See*
 Hull.
 Hoin, ill-use.
 Holmes, meadows by river-side.
 Holt (rhymes with salt), bog ;
 swamp ; woodland.
 Hooam, home.
 Hooamards, homewards.
 Hoos, Hoose, house. E. ; N.
 Hoss, horse.
 Hossin-clog, an aid to mount a
 horse.
 Ho't, hurt. N.
 How, chop ; fell.
 Howd (Yorkshire *ow*), hold. H.
 Hower, stone dresser or hewer.
 Hug, carry.
 Hull, home ; grinding place ; a
 humble abode.
 Hummel bees, humble bees.
 Hurstland, woodland.
 I (OR), I.
 I, same as E (short *i* in *it*), in ; at.
 I is, I am. E. ; N.
 Ilkla, Ilkley.

I'm (omm), I am.
 Imp, devil; mischievous spirit.
 Ing, small field.
 Ingle, fire.
 Ingle-nooik, fireside corner.
 Innards, vitals, bowels.
 In t', in the.
 I' n't, is not; is it not.
 I' n' t', is not the.
 Intul, v., go into; commence of.
 Iren, iron.
 Is, am. E.; N.; art; is; are.
 I's, I am. E.; N.
 I s' (oss), I shall or should.
 'Issen (see missen), himself.
 Ist (osst), I shall or should.
 Ista, art thou.
 It, it; its, no sibilant possessive.
 I t' (it), in the.
 Itsen (see missen), itself.
 Iv (short z), of.
 Ivin, ivy.

JABBER, chattering.
 Jender, rattle.
 Jert, jerk.
 Jimmers, hinges.
 Jimmy, slender; fragile; small.
 Jock, food; bread.
 Jorum, a many; an incredible number.
 Jowl, knock against another; rap and hurt accidentally.

KAHL, a blow.
 Kale, turn; alternate; follow after.
 Karlesthwaite, Carlesthwaite. N.
 Keethla (Keethler), Keighley.
 Kek, den; retreat. H.
 Ken, know. N.
 Kenspack, plain to perceive. N.
 Kep, kept.
 Kersmas, Christmas.
 Kessen, p.p., cast off; given up.
 Kine, cows.
 Kirk, church.
 Kirk-maister, churchwarden. C.
 Kin'd, kindled.
 Kinred, kindred.
 Kirn, churn.
 Kirsens'd, christened.
 Kit, pail.
 Kittle, tickle.
 Kitlin, kitten.

Kneive, fist.
 Kneyd, knead.
 Kneyl, kneel.
 Kneyt, knight.
 Knodden, p.p., kneaded.
 Knooa, know.
 Knooad, knew; known; pret. and p.p.
 Knop, bud; head.
 Knope, a rap.
 Kuss, kiss.
 Ky, cows. E.

LADY-CLOCK, cow-lady; lady bird.
 Laert, late.
 Lahd, loud.
 Lahke, like. N.
 Lahtle, little. E.; N.
 Lairk, play; sport.
 Lait, Late, seek. E.; N.
 Laithe, barn; out-house.
 Lake, play; sport.
 Lammas, thrash; punish.
 Lang, long.
 Langer, longer.
 Langsettle, long wooden seat.
 Lapp'd, wrapped.
 Lar, learn. H.
 Lat, late.
 Lat, lath.
 Laten, sought. C.
 Lavrock, skylark.
 Lear, gift; learning. N.
 Leeearn, teach; learn.
 Leeast, leost (leerst), least.
 Leeaver, rather; sooner.
 Leelacs, lilacs.
 Lees, untruths. N.
 Leet, Leeat, light.
 Lekkin, downpour; shower.
 Leng, Ling, heather.
 Ler (lerr), let.
 Lerrin, letting.
 Let, pret., lighted, ignited.
 Lewk, look; seem.
 Liffin, lifting.
 Lig, lay; recline; remain; be idle.
 Like to, must; can; compelled; may.
 Likely, handsome; agreeable.
 Lile, little. N.
 Lilly-low, bonnie light; flame.
 Lime, mortar; mason's cement.
 Lithenin, broth flour thickening.

- Looan (looern), loan; solitary.
 Loise, lose.
 Loisin, apprentice's attainment of manhood.
 Loppards, sour curds; curdled milk.
 Lopper, curdle.
 Loss, pres., lose.
 Losses, pres., loses.
 Lot, a many; large quantity.
 Loup, Lowp, spring, leap.
 Low (Yorkshire *ow*), light; blaze.
 Lundy, heavy, lumbering.
- MA (may, maaer), make.
 Ma (mer), may; me.
 Maaster, Maister, master.
 Mad, annoyed; angry.
 Maerlerk, Mahlerk, horse-play; fiasco.
 Maes, makes.
 Maet (maaert), mate; to company.
 Mah (mar), my.
 Mahnt (Yorkshire long *a*), mount; steed.
 Mahth (Yorkshire long *a*), mouth.
 Mahthin, in full cry.
 Maidnin-pot, large pot; washing pot. H.
 Ma'in, making.
 Mair, more. N.
 Mak, make.
 Mak, s., mate; match. E.
 Makky, proud; obstinate.
 Malgham, Malham. C. Obsolete.
 Malghum, Malham. C. Obsolete.
 Malgum dael, Malhamdale. C. Obsolete.
 Manders, kinds. N.
 Mankin, busying; meddling.
 Mard, spoil; pet; humour.
 Mardy, spoiled; pampered; carping.
 Mare, more. E.
 Marrer, match; tally.
 Mash, brew tea.
 Marrish, marshy. N.
 Mast, acorns, etc.
 Meead, made. E.
 Mebbe, may be.
 Med, Mod, might; could.
 Mei (mey), me.
 Mell, interfere; meddle.
 Mence, decency; newness.
 Merl, crumble; mingle.
 Meyl, feast; a meal; meal.
- Meyt, food; victuals.
 Mi (short *i* as in it), my; me.
 Mich (short *i*), much.
 Mickle, much. N.
 Mill, thrash; beat; overcome.
 Miln, mill.
 Mind, watch; remember; care.
 Missen (rhymes with 't is when, but iss has not the sound of *z*), myself.
 Mista, cowhouse; barn. C.
 Mistal, cowhouse; barn.
 Moant, must not.
 Moggy, plain kind of parkin or tharf-cake.
 Moil, burrow; dig; work hard.
 Monny, many.
 Mooin, or Moon-pennies, wild marguerites. H.
 Moor (mooer), more; heath.
 Moss, peat-bog.
 Mother mother, grandmother.
 Moucher, a hanger about; disreputable character.
 Moudiwarp, mole.
 Mowt, Mought, might. E.
 Muck, earth; sludge.
 Mucky, dirty; muddy.
 Mud, might; must.
 Mull, spoil; ruin; defeat.
 Mummel, mumble.
 Mun, must.
 Murn, mourn.
 Murther, murder.
 Mush, squash.
 Mut, might. H.
- 'N, OF; than; nor; one; body.
 Nae, not; no; none. N.
 Nah, now; at that time.
 Naigerin, gnawing.
 Nather, Nawther, Nother (*see* Ather and Awther), neither.
 Natter, worry; fret; cavil.
 Ne, nay; never; not.
 Necklet, necklace.
 Neeave, fist. E.
 Neet, night.
 Neigh (ney), nigh.
 Neive, fist.
 Nesh, very sensitive; easily frightened.
 Niffle-naffle, trifle.
 Nit, not.

Nivver, never.
 Noa (noorer), no.
 Noan, Nooan, not; none.
 Nobbud, only; simply.
 Non! what! N.
 Noo, now. E.; N.
 Nooik, corner; nook.
 Nope, blow; rap.
 Nor (nerr), than; rather than;
 nor; not (norr)—page 75, bis.
 Now (Yorkshire *ow*—see chapter on
 pronunciation), no.
 Nowt (Yorkshire *ow*), nothing.
 Nut, not.
 Nut-steeaned, stained with green
 walnuts.

O (ER), of; on.
 Oan, Ooan, own.
 Of (erv, short), on; for; at; of.
 Offens, often.
 Ollin, holly.
 Om (omm), I am.
 Ommost (ommerst), almost.
 Onny, any.
 On 't, of it; on it.
 On t', of the; on the.
 Ony, only.
 Ooak, oak.
 Oop, up. N.
 Oor, our. E.
 Oppen, open.
 Oss, bestir; rouse; offer; begin;
 attempt; be earnest.
 O t' (ert), of the.
 Other, next; another; the other.
 Oumer, shadow; shade. C.
 Ov, of.
 Owd (Yorkshire *ow*), old.
 Ower-cussen, overcast.
 Ower, Owre (like owd), over;
 too; very.
 Owerd, gone by; tided; got past;
 overcome; ended.
 Ower-reiked, over-reached.
 Owmy, dismal; solitary. E.
 Owt (Yorkshire *ow*), anything.

PACKMAN, pedlar.
 Pade, wearied out; beaten;
 thrashed.
 Panshun, baking or other large
 bowl. H.
 Pay, thrash; punch; strike.

Peeak (peerk), perch.
 Peyl, peal.
 Pick, pitch. E.
 Piggan, Pigin, small pail.
 Pike, perceive; look; peep; select;
 go off; go out.
 Plah, plough.
 Plewf, plough. N.
 Pock-arred, pock-marked.
 Pois, thrash; punch.
 Poisin, thrashing.
 Polsh, smash; pulverize; break up.
 Pote, go about aimlessly; fumble.
 Potter, poker.
 Poyt, poke.
 Prahd, proud.
 Preeast, Preost (preerst), priest.
 Prog, food; to work.
 Puir, poor. N.
 Pund, Pahnd, pound.
 Punky, dirty; unwashed.
 Pur (puhrr, short), put.
 Puss, hare.
 Puther, reek; turmoil.
 Putten, p.p. put.

QUEER, quire.
 Quick-sticks [in], at once; im-
 mediately.

RADDLE, discolour.
 Rael, rail; storm at; rave.
 Raffletoppin, rascal.
 Rah, din; row.
 Rahm, room; chamber.
 Rahnd, round.
 Raitch, blaze on a horse.
 Raiv, pret., tore.
 Ramp an reeave, rave and rage.
 Ran-tree, mountain ash. C.
 Ratton, rat.
 Reckon, pretend; receive wages or
 dues.
 Reeak, Reik, smoke.
 Reeam, cream. C.
 Reeast, cease to proceed, as of a
 horse that is "a staller."
 Reed, angry. C.
 Reight (reyt), true; sane; proper;
 much; very; thorough; extra-
 ordinary; quite; extremely.
 Reighten, rectify; restore.

Rekken, iron over fire to hold
 kettle, etc.
 Rekkan-crook or creeak, iron hook
 over fire.
 Ren, pret., ran; flowed.
 Reng, rang.
 Rew, repent.
 Reyt, *see* Reight.
 Rig, roof; back; on t' rig, carous-
 ing; goin t' rig, going the fling.
 Rig-tree, roof-tree.
 Rile, vex; annoy.
 Rin, pres., run. N.
 Rive, tear; demolish.
 Roans, fish roe.
 Roke, mist. N.
 Ronk, Rank, intense; strong.
 Rooarin, weeping.
 Rood, cross.
 Roster, outrageous; rogue, used
 good-humouredly.
 Rout, wander away. N.
 Router, a start or surprise. N.
 Rowan, ash-tree.
 Royd, a clearing.
 Rummlin, rumbling.

 S', SHALL; should.
 Sa (ser), she.
 Sackless, foolish; senseless.
 Sad, heavy; cloggy; unleaven;
 very; much.
 Sael, sail.
 Sah, sour.
 Sah-faced, hard-featured.
 Sahd, side. E., N.
 Sahn, sound.
 Sahthards, southwards.
 Saidst, said. N.
 Saig, sickle; saw.
 Saim, lard.
 Sair, sore; sadly. N.
 Sal (rhymes with tal in talent), shall.
 Sallow, willow.
 Saln't, shall not.
 Sam, pick up; seize.
 Sark, shirt.
 Sarn't, shall not.
 Sayne, say. C.
 Scarr, high rock; steep precipice.
 Scahl, frown; scowl.
 Scether'd, scattered.
 Scoor, score; a many.
 Scotch, toffee.

Scairk, crake hoarsely.
 Scran, food. H.
 Scraney, long and lean; attenuated.
 Scrappler, a dresser of stone blocks.
 Scratch, frame for killing pigs or
 sheep on. H.
 Scraty, scratchy.
 Scrawk, write with a scratchy pen.
 Scrawm, swarm up a straight tree-
 trunk. H.
 Scrupm, rob an orchard.
 Scun, flee in fear; disappear pre-
 cipitantly.
 Scutch, sharp-cutting whip; thin
 branch to switch or chastise.
 Scutter, flee precipitantly.
 Sean, soon. E.
 Seea, so. E., N.
 Seea, say. N.
 Seea, sea; see.
 Seear, sore. E.
 Seear, sure. N.
 Seeaves, rushes.
 Seed, saw; seen.
 Seet, sight; spectacle.
 Sei, Sey, sea; see.
 Seid, Seead, seed.
 Seld, sold.
 Sen, send.
 Seng, sang.
 Set, sat.
 S'e ta (setter), shall have to; must.
 Seur, Sewer, sure.
 Seyk, Seeak, seek.
 S'finnd, shall find.
 S'gan, shall go. N.
 S'goa, shall go.
 Sha (sher), she.
 Shackle, wrist-bone.
 Shacks, Shags, shares; portion.
 Shah, shower.
 Sha'll (shell), she will.
 Shaht, shout.
 Shandy, bashful; shy.
 S'heed, shall heed.
 Shepster, starling.
 Shevild, Sheffield. H.
 Shippies, starlings.
 Shippon, cow-shed. C.
 Shive, slice.
 S'hooam it, shall go home.
 Shoo, she.
 Shooin, Shoon, shoes.
 Shooit, Shoit, shoot.

Short shacks, penurious living; a curtailed share.

Shots! interjection.

Shreea-mahse, shrew-mouse.

Shrike, shriek.

Shut, rid; end; exiled.

Shuttered, fell down; dropped.

Sich (rhymes with pitch), such.

Sichan, such a one.

Siew, pret., sowed.

Sike, such. N.

Sile, rain; downpour; strain; a sieve.

Silin, pouring.

Sin (short *i* in it), since.

Sindin, clearing out; scouring. C.

Sing'd him [hes], p.p., sung himself.

Sink-stooan, kitchen water-trough.

Sithi, see you! look!

Skail, strew; scatter. E.

Skare, clear the ashes to brighten the fire.

Skeal, pail. E.

Skeely, skillful; full of knowledge. N.

Skeller, warp, as of drying wood or bark.

Skelp, blow; cuff.

Sken, squint; glance at obliquely.

Skep, basket; bucket.

Skerrick, vestige; a paltry coin.

Skime, squint; look at scornfully. C.

Skimp, niggardly curtail; go "short shacks."

Skirl, scream.

Skuft, nape of neck; a blow.

Skulk, creep by stealth, as though afraid or dishonest.

Skummer, kitchen shovel.

Slack, valley.

Slake, lick; smear.

Slape, cake thickly; smear over.

Sleer, sarcastic remark; sneer.

Sleet, set on dogs to kill; incite against.

S'leever, should rather.

Slek, small coal.

Sleng, pret., slung.

Slep, slept.

Sleuth, hound.

Slither, dart; glide; slip.

Slive, slip stealthily.

Sloam, caress doatingly.

Slocken, choke; suffocate.

Slug, fight out and win; defeat; thrash.

Sluther, slide ignominiously.

S'mak, shall make.

S'match, shall match.

Smither-slek, iron exfoliations from stithy or anvil; to clean steel with the same. H.

Smittle, transmit; infect.

Smook, smoke.

Smoor, smother.

Smoot, hare or rabbit track. E.

Smoulther, smoulder.

Snaht, snout.

S'ne, shall not.

Sneck, latch.

Snew, pret., snowed.

Snickle, snare; strangle a hare with a noose.

Snirp, shrink up; nip; wizen.

Snitch, break a secret; divulge.

Snooa, snow.

S' nooan, shall not.

Snootch, nestle affectionately.

Soa, Sooa (sooer), so; hence; thus; therefore.

Soft, simple; foolish; foolishness.

S'omas Day, St. Thomas Day.

Sooin, Soin, soon.

Soss, force under; souse; subject.

S'oss, sal oss. *See* oss.

Sowl (Yorkshire *ow*), wash thoroughly; swill; wallow; downpour.

Sownd, fainted.

Sowt (Yorkshire *ow*), sought.

Spaan, Spain, v., wean. C.

Spak, spoke.

Speyk, speak.

Speyks, tales.

Spice-cake, plum-cake; Christmas cake.

Spiffin, splendid; grand.

Spluther, expostulate incoherently; ado.

Spole, bobbin.

Spraggy, bristling; broken; rocky.

Sprahit, sprout.

Spreng, sprang.

Sprent, scattered; bespread.

Sprodden, spread, p.p.

Sprotten, p.p., sprouted; germinated.

- Sprottle, throw out the limbs;
 muscular contortion.
 Sprutter, spit and crackle.
 Spurrins, banns; "askings."
 Stackers, staggers. E.
 Stall, weary; relinquish; stop.
 Stallin, tedious; wearying.
 Stang, shoot of pain; pain; a pole.
 Starken, stiffen.
 Stark-naked, quite nude.
 Stash it! stop it! give up!
 Stee, sty; stile; step.
 Steead, stood; a place.
 Steyl, steal.
 Stiff, strong; thick-set; fat.
 Stoop, post.
 Stoor, value; greatly prize.
 Stower, long pole. C.
 Stown, stolen.
 Strak, Streck, pret., struck.
 Sthreea, straw. E.
 Strang, strong.
 Strunt, root end of horse's tail. H.;
 obstinate. E.
 Sud, should.
 Summat, something.
 Summer-goss, summer exhalation;
 gossamer.
 Sunwithards, contrariwise to the
 sun.
 Sup, drink.
 Swankin, heavy; improper.
 S' wed, shall wed.
 Sweeal, melt away.
 Sweat, sweet.
 Swelt, die.
 Swep, swept.
 Sworn brothers, truest friends.
 S' wreet, shall write.
 Syke, stream.

 T', the; thou.
 'T, it.
 Ta (tar when beginning a sentence,
 ter in the middle or finally),
 thou.
 Ta (ter), to.
 Ta (tay or taaer), take.
 Taed (tayd or taaerd), took.
 Tael (taaerl), tale; history.
 Taen, taken.
 Tahd, tide. E.
 Tahl, fight and win; towel.
 Tahm, time. E.
- Tahn, town.
 Tahr, tower.
 Ta is (tar is), thou art.
 Taistril, rascal.
 Tak, take.
 T' ane, the one. N.
 Tards, towards.
 Tarn, lake; mountain pool.
 Tee, tie.
 Teeah (teer), tea.
 Teeak, take. E.
 Teean, taken. E.
 Teem, pour.
 Tell, remember; recall; count;
 declare; state; command.
 Teld, Telt, told; counted.
 Temm'd, poured.
 Teng, sting.
 Tenger, deceiver.
 Tew, pull about; weary.
 Teych, teach.
 T' gan, to go. N.
 Tha (thar), thou.
 Thack, thatch; roof.
 Thae'v, they have. N.
 Thah (thar), thy.
 Thar-cake, heavy, unleaven sweet
 cake of oatmeal. C.
 Tharf-cake, same as above. H.
 The (ther), they.
 Theas, these; this.
 Theer, there.
 Ther, their; there.
 Ther's, there is.
 Thersens (*see* missen), themselves.
 They's, they are. N.
 Thi (like mi), thy; thee.
 Thissen (*see* missen), thyself.
 Thof, though. C.
 Thoil, endure; suffer; afford.
 Thoo, thou. E.; N.
 Thoo'lt, thou wilt. E.; C.; N.
 Thoo's, thou art. E.; C.; N.
 Thowt (Yorkshire *ow*), thought.
 Thrang, Threng, busy.
 Threea, Threi, three.
 Threp, argue out of belief; assert
 strongly; contradict flatly.
 Threw, through.
 Thro (thru, short), from.
 Thruff, from. N.
 Thunner, thunder.
 Thwaite, opening, or pasture cleared
 of wood.

Thyble (thighbble), stick to stir porridge.

Ti, to. E.

Tide, a fair or feast; while over; get over; go by.

Tig, touch lightly; arrest attention.

Til (till), to.

Tiv (short *i* as in it), to.

To (ter), to.

To morn, to-morrow.

Toon, town. E.

Trael (traaerl), trail.

Tred, pret., trod.

Trei, Treaa, tree.

Trew, Trieu, Triew, true.

Trossle, bedraggle; trail raggedly.

Tul (rhymes with full), to.

Tuv (short *u*), to.

Tummel (tumml), tumble; fall.

Twitch, a coarse grass.

Twoa (tooter), two.

UN (ern), one.

Unboil, disclose; reveal; unearth.

Uphod, bring forward; uphold.

Untul, Untuv, unto.

Uppa, upon.

VARRY, very.

Vast, a great deal. E.

Vens, food; viands.

WACKER, tremble violently.

Wad, would. E., C., N.

Wael (waaerl), wail.

Waert, wait.

Waest (waaerst), waste.

Wags, Wax, Whacks, shares.

Waint, will not.

Wakken, awaken.

Wakky-head, simpleton.

Walsh, insipid; saltless.

Wammy, queasy; feeling unwell or uncomfortable.

Wanklin, wobbling.

Want, should; ought.

War, worse, severer; was; were.

Wared, pret. wore; expended.

Wark, work; ache; pain.

Watter, water.

Waxin, growing. E.

Wayer, way.

Way! well!

We', we are.

Weam, belly; stomach. E.

Wean, Weean, child; ween.

Weant (weernt), will not.

Weea, way. E., N.

Weel, well.

Weel off, wealthy.

Weel-kenned, observant; intelligent. N.

Weet, wet.

Wellin, welding. H.

Welt, blow; knock.

Weng, fling.

Wengy, tough.

Wer, our.

Wer, was; were. H.

Wersens (*see* missen), ourselves.

Wescot, vest.

Wesh, wash.

Wessel-bobs, Christmas wassailers used to carry holly boughs so named.

Wheel, grinding-shed formerly always by a dam. H.

Wheel-swarf, sweep of grindstone.

Whemml'd ower, upset. N.

Whilk, which. N.

Whisin, cushion.

Whisson, Whitsun.

White-slat, white-splashed. C.

Whittle-gairt, freedom of the table.

Whoa, who

Whol, while.

Whot, oat.

Wi (like mi), with; by; we.

Wi aht, without.

Wick, living; green; week.

Wiggin, mountain ash. H.

Wimin, meandering. H.

Wimmin, women.

Wissen, known. N.

Wit, anything; the slightest; a bit.

Wi 't (wit, short), with it.

Wi t' (as above), with the; wilt thou.

Witter, worry over trifles; dissipate slowly.

Wiv, with. E.

Wivoot, without. N.

Wod, would.

Wol, will. C.

Wold (rhymes with dolld), a down; weald; forest.

Wor, War (war), was; were.

Worf, insipid.

Worsist, worst.
 Worsle up, become stronger or
 brighter. C.
 Wrassle, wrestle.
 Wreyth, wreathe.
 Wud, mad; wild. N.
 Wur, was; were.
 Wuther, bluster tempestuously.

YA, you. N.
 Yabble, able. N.
 Yah (yar), yes.
 Yale, ale.
 Yam, home. E., N.
 Yan, one.
 Yance, once.
 Yar (Yorkshire long *a*), Yer, your.
 Yarsen (*see* missen), yourself.
 Yark, wrench.

Yarmy, effeminate; complaining,
 but not really unwell.
 Ya s', you shall. N.
 Yate, gate.
 Ye, Yei, Yi, you; ye.
 Yed, head.
 Ye'd, you had or would.
 Yearnin, yearning.
 Yeh (yer), yes.
 Yit, yet.
 Yo, you. H.
 Yo'd, you would. H.
 Yolla, yellow.
 Yo m', you must. H.
 Yo pe, yawn; idle.
 Yore, your. H.
 Yourn, yours. H.
 Yo st, you shall. H.
 Yower, your. C.
 Yu, you. E.

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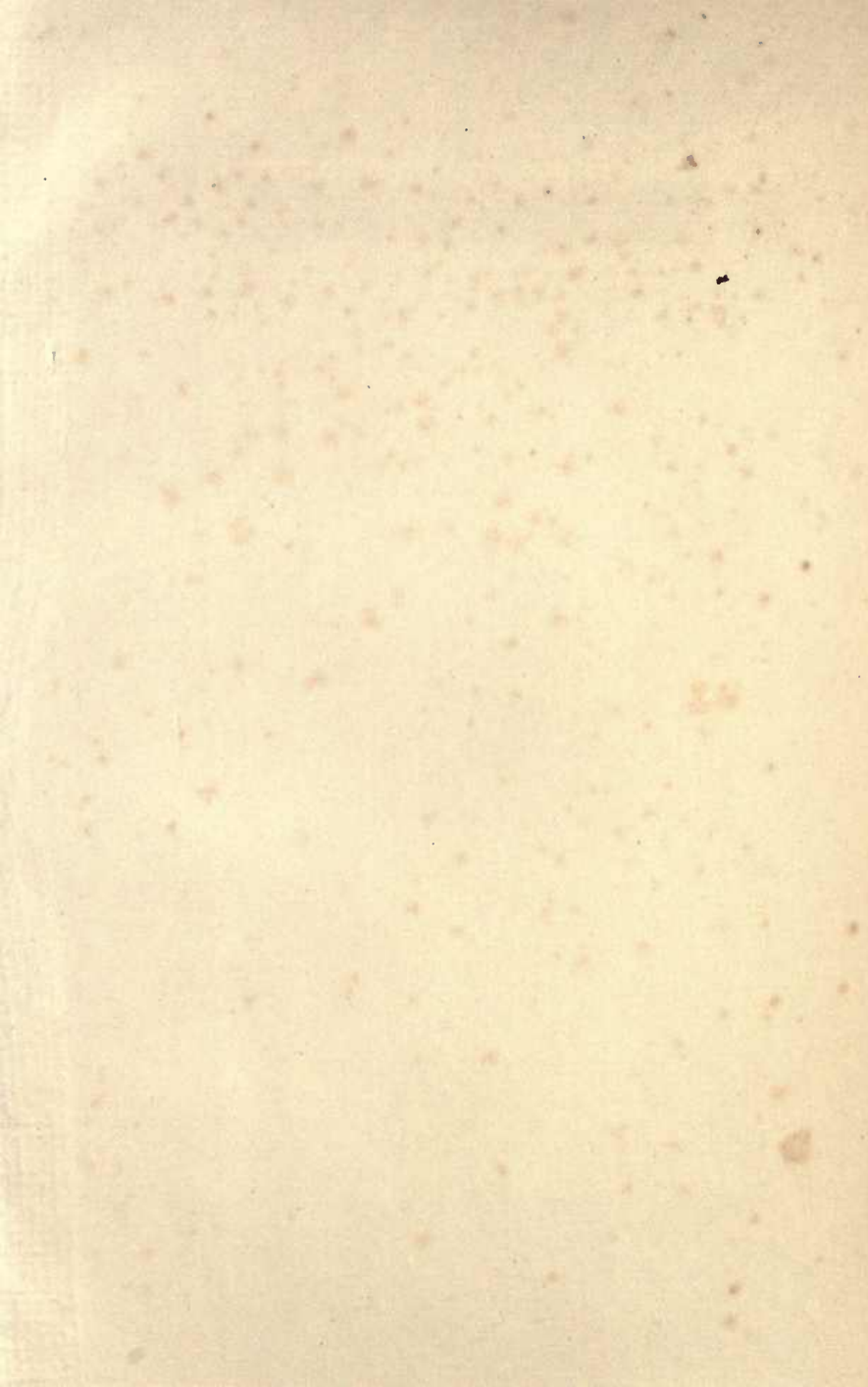
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