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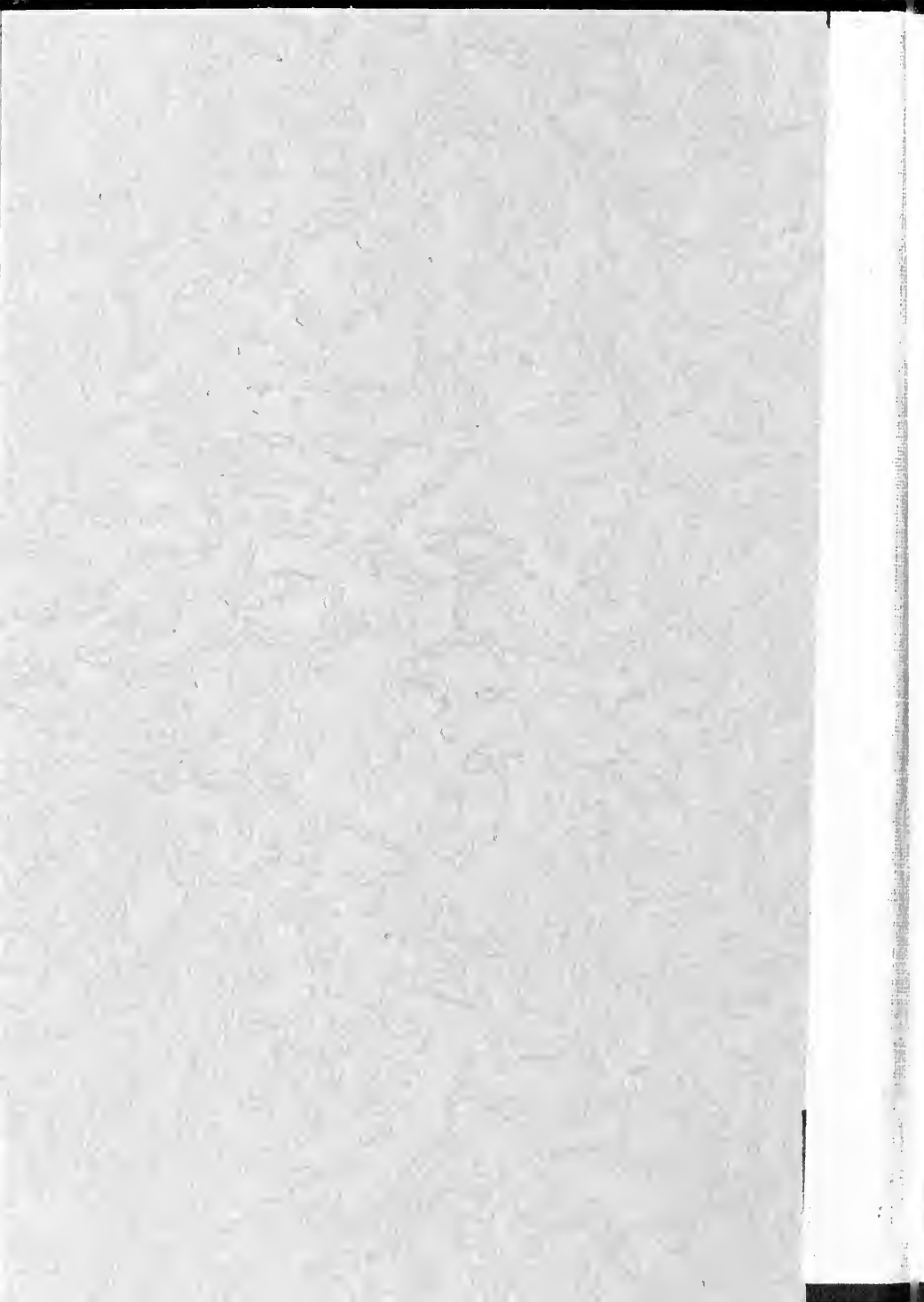
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THE
YORKSHIRE DIALECT,

EXEMPLIFIED IN VARIOUS

Dialect



THE
YORKSHIRE DIALECT,

EXEMPLIFIED IN VARIOUS

Dialogues, Tales, & Songs,

APPLICABLE TO THE COUNTY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A GLOSSARY

OF

SUCH WORDS AS ARE LIKELY NOT TO BE UNDERSTOOD

BY

THOSE UNACQUAINTED WITH THE DIALECT.



LONDON:

JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,

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OF
THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT,

BY WAY OF DIALOGUE, &c.

MARGERY AND GULWELL;

A Dialogue between GULWELL, a London Register Office Keeper, and MARGERY MOORPOOT, a Country Girl.

Mar. Sur, an a body may be sa bowld. Ah's cum te ax an ye've sped about t'woman sarvant at ye advertahs'd for?

Gul. I have not; come nearer, young woman.

Mar. Let me steyk t'deer first, an ye please.

Gul. What country woman are you?

Mar. Ah's Yorkshur by mah truly? Ah wor bred and boorn at Lahtle Yatton, aside o'Roseberry Toppin.

Gul. Roseberry Toppin! where is that, my pretty maid?

Mar. Sartainly man! ye knaw Roseberry? Ah thought onny feal hed knawn Roseberry. It's t'biggest hill i' all Yorkshur. It's aboon a mahle an' a hawf heegh, and as cawd as ice at t'top on't, t'yattest day i' summer; that it is.

Gul. You've been in some service, I suppose?

Mar. Hey, Ah'll uphold ye hev E, ivver sin E wor neen year awd. Nea makkins! Ah'd a god's-penny at Stowseley market, hawf a year afoore'at E wor neen: an' as good a sarvant Ah've been, thof Ah say it mysel, as ivver com within a pair o' deers. Ah can milk, kern, fother, beeak, brew, sheear, winder, caird, spin, knit, sew, an' deea ivvery thing 'at belangstiv an husbandman, as weell as onny lass 'at ivver ware clog-shun; an' as to my charicter, Ah defy onny boddy, gentle or simple, to say black's mah nail.

Gul. Have you been in any service in London?

Mar. Hey, an' ye please. Ah liv'd wi' Madam Shrilla-pipe, i' St. Paul's Kirk Garth; but wor foore'd to leeave mah pleeace afoor' at I'd been a week o'days in't.

Gul. How so?

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Hardy

Mar. Marry, because she ommost flighted and scauded me oot o' mah wits. She wor t' arrentest scaud 'at ivver E met wi' i' my boorn days. She had sartainly sike a tongue as nivver wor i' onny woman's heead but her awn. It wad ring, ring, ring, like a larum, frae moorn t' neeght. Then she wad put hersel into sike flusters, that her feeace wad be as black as t' reckon creak. Neea, for t' matter o' that, Ah wor nobbut reeghtly sarrad ; for Ah wor tell'd afoorehand, by some varra sponsible fowk, 'at she wor a mere donnot. Hoosumivver, as Ah fand mah munny grow less and less ivvery day, (for Ah'd brought mah good siven an' twenty shillings to neen groats and two-pence,) Ah thought it wad be better to tak' up wi' a bad pleeace, than no pleeace at all.

Gul. And how do you like London ?

Mar. Marry, sur, Ah like nowther egg nor shell on't. They're sike a set o' fowk as E nivver seed wi' my een. They laugh and fleer at a body like onny thing. Ah went nobbut t' other day t' t' beaker's shop for a leaf o' bread, an' they fell a giggling at me, as in Ah'd been yan o' t' grittest gawvisons i' t' world.

Gul. Pray, what is a gawvison ?

Mar. Whah you're a gawvison for nut knawing what it is. Ah thought you Lunnoners hed knawn ivvery thing. A gawvison's a ninny-hammer. Nood'ye think 'at Ah leak ought like a gawvison ?

Gul. Not in the least, my pretty damsel.

Mar. They may brag` as they will o' ther manners, but they've ne mair manners than a milner's horse. Ah can tell 'em that, that Ah can. Ah wish I'd been still at Canny-Yatton.

Gul. As you had so great a liking to the place, why did you leave it ?

Mar. Marry, sur, Ah wor foorc'd, as yan may say, to leeave; t' squire wad'nt let me be ; by mah truly, sur, he wor efter me moorn, neean, an' neeght. If Ah wad but hae consented tiv his wicked ways, Ah mud hae hed gowd by gowpins, that Ah mud. Leak ye, squire, says Ah, your'r mistakken i' me; Ah's neean o'ther soort o' cattle ; Ah's a varteous young woman, Ah'll asseer ye : ye'er other fowk's fowk ;--wad ye be sike a teeastril as te ruin me ? But all wadn't deea ; he kept follo'in' an' follo'in', an' teazin' an' teazin' me. At lang run, Ah tell'd my awd deeam, an' she advahs'd me to gang to Lun'on, to be out ov hiz way, that she did, like an honest woman as she wor,

Ah went to my cousin Isbel, an' says Ah tiv her, Isbel, says Ah, will t' gowa to Lunnon? Ah tell'd t' yal affair atween me an' t' squire, Odsbobs, my lass, says she, Ah'll gang wi' thee to t' world's end. An' away we com i' good earnest.

Gul. It was a very *varteous* resolution. Pray how old are you?

Mar. Ah's neenteen come Collop-Monday.

Gul. Would you undertake a house-keeper's place?

Mar. Ah's flay'd Ah can't mannish't, if it beent in a husbandman's house.

Gul. It is a very substantial farmer's, in Buckinghamshire. I am sure you will do; I will set you down for it. Your name.

Mar. Margery Moorpoot, an' ye please.

Gul. How do you spell it?

Mar. Neea, makkings! Ah know nowght o' speldring; Ah's nea scholar.

Gul. Well, I shall write to him this evening. What wages do you ask?

Mar. Neea, marry, for t' matter o' that, Ah wad'nt be ower stiff about wages.

Gul. Then I can venture to assure you of it. You must give me half-a-crown, my pretty maid. Our fee is only a shilling for a common place; but for a housekeeper's we have always half-a-crown.

Mar. There's tweea shillings, an' yan, tweea, three, four, fahve, six penn'orth o' brass, wi' a thousand thenks. A blessing leeght o' ye, for Ah's seer ye'er t'best friend Ah've met wi' sin E com fra' Canny Yatton, that are ye. When mun E call ageean, sur?

Gul. About the middle of next week.

Mar. Sur, an ye please, your sarvant.

AWD DAISY.

AN ECLOGUE.

By the late Rev. T. Browne, Hull.

Goorgy. Weel met, good Robert; saw ye my awd meer?
 I've lated her an hoor, i' t' loonin here;
 But howsumivver, spite of all my care,
 I cannot spy her nowther heead nor hair.

Robert. Whaw, Goorgy, I've te teyl ye dowly news,
Syke as I's varra seer will make ye muse :
I just this minnet left your poor awd tyke,
Dead as a steean, i' Johnny Dobson's dyke.

Goorgy. Whoor ! what's that, Robin ? tell us owre ageean ;
You're joking, or you've mebbly been mistean.

Robert. Nay, marry, Goorgy, I seer I can't be wrang,
You kno I've keyn'd awd Daisy now se lang ;
Herbread-ratch'd feeace, an' twa white hinder legs,
Preav'd it was hor, as seer as eggs is eggs.

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

Whorabouts is she ? *Robert,* will ye gang ?

Robert. I care nut, Goorgy, I han't mich te dea,
A good hour's labour, or may happen twea ;
Bud as I nivver like to hing behynd,
When I can dea kaundness tiv a frynd,
An' I can help ye, wi' my hand or team,
I'll help to skin her, or to bring her heam.

Goorgy. Thank ye, good *Robert.* I can't think belike,
How t' poor awd creature tumbled inte t' dyke.

Robert. Ye maund she'd fun hersen just gaun te dee,
An' sea laid down by t' side, (as seams to me,)
An' when she felt the pains o' death within,
She'd fick'd an' struggled, an' se towpled in.

Goorgy. Meast lickly ; bud—what, was she dead outreet,
When ye furst gat up ? when ye gat t' furst seet ?

Robert. Youse hear : as I was gaun down't looan I spy'd
A scoore or mair o' crows by t' gutter side ;
All se thrang, hoppin in, and hoppin out,
I wonder'd what i' the warld they were about.
I leuks, an' then I sees an awd yode laid,
Gaspin' an' pantin' there, an' ommost dead ;
An' as they pick'd its een, and pick'd ageean,
It just cud lift its leg, and give a greean ;
But when I fand awd Daisy was their prey,
I wav'd my hat, an' shoo'd 'em all away.
Poor *Dais!*—ye maund, she's now woorn fairly out.
She's lang been quite hard sett te trail about.
But yonder, *Goorgy,* loo' ye whoor she's laid,
An' twea r three *Nanpies* chatt'rin owre her head.

Goorgy. Aye, marry ! this I nivver wish'd to see,
She's been se good, se true a frynd te me ?
An' is thou cum te this, my poor awd meer ?
Thou's been a trusty sarvant monny a year,

An' better treatment thou's deserv'd fra me,
 Than thus neglected in a dyke te dee!
 Monny a daywark we ha' wrought togither,
 An' bidden monny a blast o' wind and weather;
 Monny a lang dree mable, owre moss an' moor,
 An' monny a hill and deecal we've travell'd owre;
 But now, weeas me! thou'll nivver trot ne mair,
 Te nowther kirk nor market, spoort nor fair;
 And now, fort' future, thoff I's awd and leam,
 I mun be foorc'd te walk, or stay at heam.
 Ne mair thou'l bring me coals fra' Blakay brow,
 Or sticks fra't wood, or turves fra' Leaf how cow.
 My poor awd Daise! afoor I dig thy greeave,
 Thy weel-worn shoon I will for keep-seeakes seeave;
 Thy hide, poor lass! I'll hev it taun'd wi' care,
 'Twill mak' a cover te my awd airm chair,
 An' pairt an apron for my wife te wear,
 When cardin' woul, or weshin' t' parlour flier.
 Deep i' t' cawd yearth I will thy carcasse pleeace,
 'At thy poor beens may lig, and rist i' peace;
 Deep i' t' cawd yearth, 'at dogs may'nt scrat thee out,
 An' rahve thy flesh, an' trail thy beens about.
 Thou's been se faithful for se lang te me,
 Thou sannut at thy death neglected be;
 Seyldom a Christian 'at yan now can fynd,
 Wad be mair trusty or mair true a frynd.

THE INVASION.

AN ECLOGUE.

Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit?—VIRG.

A wanton wether had disdain'd the bounds
 That kept him close confin'd to Willy's grounds;
 Broke through the hedge, he wander'd far away,
 He knew not whither, on the public way.
 As Willy strives, with all attentive care,
 The fence to strengthen, and the gap repair,
 His neighbour Roger, from the fair return'd,
 Appears in sight, in riding graith adorn'd;
 Whom, soon as Willy fast approaching spies,
 Thus to his friend, behind the hedge, he cries:
Willy. Hoo de ye, Roger? ha' ye been at t' fair?
 Hoo gangs things? mead ye onny bargains there?

Roger Ah knaw nut, Willy ; things deeant luke ower weel,
 Coorn satles fast, thof beens 'll fetch a deaal ;
 Te sell t' awd intack barley Ah desaund,
 But cudn't git a price te suit my maund ;
 What wi' rack rents, an' sike a want o' trade,
 Ah knawn't hoo yan's te git yan's landlords paid ;
 Mare ower an' that, they say i't spring o't year,
 Franch is intarmin'd on't te 'tack us here.

Willy. Yea, mun ! what are they cummin hither for ?
 Depend on't they'd far better nivver stor.

Roger. True, Willy ; nobbut Englishmen 'll stand
 By yan another, o' ther own good land ;
 They'll never suffer (Ah's be bun to say)
 The Franch to tak a single sheep away ;
 Feightin for heeame, upo' ther awn fair field,
 All t' pow'r i' France cud nivver mak 'em yield.

Willy. Whah, seer you cannot think, when put te t' pinch,
 'An onny Englishman 'll ivver flinch !
 If t' Franch deea cum here, Roger, Ah'll be hang'd,
 An' they deeant git ther sens reeght soondly bang'd.
 Ah can't bud think, (thof Ah may be misteean,)
 Nut monny on 'em 'll get back ageean.

Roger. Ah think nut, Willy ; bud sum fowks say,
 Our English fleet let Franch ships get away,
 When they wor laid (thoo knaws) i' Bantry Bay,
 'At they cud nivver all hae geen 'em t' slip,
 Bud t' English wanted nut t' tak a ship.

Willy. Eah ! that's all lees !

Roger. Ah dunnot say it's true,
 It's all unknown to syke as me and you.
 Hoo deea we knaw when fleets deea reeght or wrang ?
 Ah whoop it's all on't fause, but seaa talks gang.
 Hoosivver, this Ah knaw, 'at when they pleease,
 Oor sailors awlus beat 'em upo' t' seesas ;
 And if they nobbut sharply leeak aboot,
 They need n't let a single ship cum oot.
 For Howe, lang sen, thoo knaws, did bang 'em weel,
 An' Jarvis meead the braggadoshas feel ;
 An' Duncan beeat th' Franch at Camperdown,
 Whilst Nelson gat in Egypt vast renown ;
 An' tho' at last, poor fellow, he did fall,
 He liv'd, thenk God, until he beat 'em all !
 Why varry latly our brave lads hev ta'en
 Th' fleets and stoors belongin te th' Dean ;

An' yet they'll drub 'em weel, Ah dunnot fear,
An' keep 'em fairly off fra' landin' here.

Willy. Ah whooap seea, Roger; but an' if they deea
Cum ower, Ah then sal sharpen my awd leea.
What thof Ah can bud ov a lahtle booaast,
Ye know yan wad'nt hae that lahtle lost:
Ah's send oor Mally an' all t' bairns away,
An' Ah mysen 'll by the yamsteed stay.
Ah'll feight if need; an' if Ah fall, wha then,
Ah's suffer all the warst mishap mysen;
Was Ah bud seer my wife and bairns wor seeaf,
Ah then sud be te dee content eneeaf.

Roger. Reeght, Willy, mun!—what an' they put us tea't,
Ah will mysen put forrad mah best feeat.
What thof Ah's awd, Ah's nut seea easily scar'd;
On his awn midden' an awd cock feights hard.
They say a Franchman's turn'd a different man,
A braver, better soldier, ten te yan;
But let the Franch be turn'd to what they will,
They'll find 'at Englishmen are English still;
O' ther awn grund they'll nowther flinch nor flee,
They'll owther congker, or they'll bravely dee.

A COCK AND BULL STORY.

What dusteh think, Dick?—Whiah Ah noant, Tom.—
Whiah then Ah'll tell thee. Yesterneet, a bit afoore it wur
dark, a Foomerd gat croppen up intot' Hen-Bawks, an'
freeten'd t' ode Cock doon intot' Ows Beas, an' meead him
breckt' band, an' dingt deer off t' creaks; awea E went full
smack ower't Yat, (brack t' sneck and twa slices off,)
reight intot' Fofe Clooas; he ran owert' Pleeaf, an' cut yan
ov his legs sadly o' t' Cooter. Jooan Chopsticks and t'
wreet wur cumming wee his little weffing dog, and freeten'd
him thruff t' gap into t' Coo-pastur, an't Bull set up a great
beeal, an' set off wee him. Our lads ran efter 'em, an' it
wur hoo thoo! an' noo thoo! a greeat while, tilt' ows lowpt
owert' hedge intil a line-dike, and Bull efter him, reeght
atop on his back. They meead a bonny blash i' t' dike.—
T' lads ran yam an' fetcht a cart reeap, an' threw't owert
bull hoorns, an' seeah gat him oot ageean; but t' ows gat
awea fra' 'em, an' ran ontot' moor, an' trade an ode steg to
deeach; bud thare wur a goodly bargains on him, for he

wur good for nowt! Then he lowpt ower a high stee into a tatee clooas, an' thade been macking a tatee pie E yah corner, an' he gat atop on't, an' ommost trade it all te bits. Man 'at oand clooas cum and roister'd like mad, an' sware he'd mack oor maister pay for all 't tatees. What cud we say tot' fellah? for he seam'd quiet lunjies, an' Ah thowt heed stuckent 'ows wi't muckfork hecd in his hand. Bud when his passion wur kecal'd a bit, he sed, "Cum me lads, let's try if weh can't drive him into t' helm an' catch him, that yeh may get him yam ageean." Seeah, efter a greeat deal te deea, we gat him droven intot' helm, an't beeast wur ommost freeten'd oot on't wits, an' wur all on a muck sweat, an' trimmel'd like an Espin leaaf; we put a helter aboot his heead, an' led him doon t' moor looan, an' a lang, dree. dowly way it is, an' as mucky as mucky! At last we gat him yam, an' wur all reeght tir'd wi't jubberment we'd had. When we'd tell'd oor maister all about it, he sed, "You've had a weant deea a trouble aboot this rotten beast; fassen him in his beeaas ageean, an' give him sum hay, an' mack yast back, for here's a yat yall posset for yer supper."

THE HIREING.

A Dialogue between JOHN and ROBIN, two Husbandmen.

John. Robin, you've don'd yoursen reeght sean,
 Ah sudden't wonder bud you've left awd deeaame,
 An's boon, mayhap, te seek a pleeaace :
 An' if seea, Rob, its just my kease.
 Se, if ye like, we'll gang together,
 An' tawk, like greeat folks, about t' weather.

Robin. Why, John, you've gest; Ah've left awd lass,
 For things wor cum to sike a pass,
 That for my life Ah cudden't stay,
 An' se, thou sees, Ah's cum'd away.

John. Why, Robin, Ah cud like to hear
 What's made ye leeaave your place this year ;
 For Ah thought ye'd a merry life,
 An' bid fair there te get a wife.

Robin. An' seea Ah did at furst, thou sees,
 Till deeaame brought back hur bonny niece
 Fra Scarbro', where she went tid Spaws,
 To drink soat watter Ah suppose ;

And ever sen that bonny lass
 Tid farm did cum, t' awd crazy ass
 Has ta'en it in hur silly head,
 That Ah wi' Nancy wad get wed.
 Bud Ah fun out, before 'twas lang,
 That deeame did wish te wed hur man ;
 Bud Ah was not ower fond o' th' stuff,
 Which put t' awd lady in a huff.
 Nay, yance she told me hur awn sen,
 If Ah thought weel o' th' match, why then
 She quickly wad give me hur hand,
 Five hundred pounds, wi' house an' land ;
 And, Bob, says she, it's no bad chance,
 Better behawf than marrying Nance ;
 For she has nowther coo nor horse,
 An' varry lahtle in hur purse ;
 Bud Ah expect thou'li counsel keep,
 An' leeak afoore thou taks that leep.
 An' se Ah did, and went away ;
 For as Ah didden't like her, John,
 Ah thought it best for te begone,
 An' leave my deeame and hur niece Nance,
 An' at these statts tak my chance.

Now it fell out that very day,
 As through the fair they took their way,
 Young Robin with a country 'Squire
 Had the good fortune for to hire.
 On Whitsun-Monday, at a dance,
 He chanc'd to meet his sweetheart Nance ;
 She liv'd hard by, and so, you see,
 Robin and her did quickly agree ;
 Rob clapt love to her, and next year
 This loving couple married were ;
 At which his deeame did rave like mad,
 But dying—left 'em all she had.

THE BELLMAN OF RIPON.

The Bellman's Cry at Ripon, in Yorkshire, in a great Frost and fall of Snow.

I is to gie notidge, that Joanie Pickergill yeats yewn to
 neit, to moarn at moarn, an' to moarn at neit, an' nea langer,
 as long as storm hods, cause he can git na mair eldin.

The Translation.

I am to give notice, that John Pickersgill heats his oven to-night, to-morrow morning, and to-morrow at night, and no longer, as long as the storm lasts, because he can get no more fuel.

A DIALOGUE

On the present indecent Mode of Dress.

Simon. Good morrow, Johnny, hoo deea ye deea?
If you're boon my rooad, A'll gang wi' ye.
Hoo cawd this morning t' wind dus blaw;
Ah think we seean sal hae sum snaw.

Johnny. Heigh, Simon, seea we sal ere lang.
Ah's boon to t' toon; Ah wish ye'd gang,
For Ah've a dowghter leeatly deead,—
Ah's boon te git her coffin meead.

Simon. Heigh! Johnny, deead! whah seer you're wrang,
For she wur wi' us e'er seea lang;
An' oft wi' her, i' yonder boocer,
Ah've jooak'd an' laugh'd full monny an hoor.
Bud first, good Johnny, tell me this,
What meead her dee? what's been amiss?

Johnny. To tell thee, Simon, noo Ah's boon:—
Thoo sees Ah sent her to yon toon
To t' skeeal, an' next to leearn a trade,
By which she was te git her breead;
Bud when she first com yam to me,
She had neea petticoats, ye see;
At first Ah fan she'd bud her smock,
An' ower that her tawdry frock;
Sike wark as this it rais'd my passion,
An' then she tell'd me—it was t' fassion;
Besides her apron, efter all,
She'd quite misteean it for a shawl;
A sartin sign she sense did lack,
She'd tean and thrown it ower hur back;
Hur shoou had soles sa varra thin,
They'd nought keep out, but let wet in;
And round her neck she lapp'd a ruff
Of rabbit skin, or sum sike stuff;
Instead of wearing a good cloak,
Te keep hur warm when she did walk,

Fra heame to market, or to fair,
 Or yance a week to church repair.
 Besides, thoo sees, she had neea stays,
 An' scarce eneeaf by hoaf o' clais ;
 An' hur white hat turn'd up befoore,
 All meead her leek just like a wh—re !

Simon. Wha, Johnny, stop, you'r oot o' breath ;
 Bud hoo cum she te git hur deeach ?

Johnny. Wha, Simon, stay, an' thoo sal hear :
 I't next pleace mun hur breests wor bare ;
 Hur neeaked airms teea she lik'd te show,
 E'en when t' cawd bitter wind did blaw ;
 An' when Ah talk'd about it then,
 (You see Ah's awlus by my sen,)
 Hur mother awlus leean'd hur way.
 It matter'd nowght what Ah'd to say.
 Ah tell'd my wife hoo it wad be,
 An' seea she can't lig't bleeam o' me ;
 Says Ah, foore she's twice ten years awd,
 She seer te git hur deeach o' cawd.
 For this mishap Ah bleeam that feeal,
 For spoiling hur at Boording Skeal ;
 Noo hed she meead hur larn hur letters,
 Instead o' dressing like hur betters,
 She'd nut se seean hae gitten cawd,
 An' meaby liv'd till she wor awd.
 Ah's seer its all greeat fowk's pursuit,
 To hev, like Eve, a birth-day suit.

Simon. Thoo's reeght, good Johnny, reeght Ah say,
 That Ah've obsarv'd afoore to-day ;
 An' noo i' toon, as each yan passes,
 Yan can't tell ladies fra bad lasses ;
 An' oft Ah've thought, when t' cawd wind blaws,
 They'd deea reeght weel te freegthen craws :
 For it wad blaw 'em seea aboot,
 Nea cashun then ther'd be te shoot.
 Just seea if that thee and me
 An ugly monstrous thing sud see,
 Away we beath sud run reeght fast,
 As lang as ever we cud last.

Johnny. Hey, Simon, seeea we sud, Ah seear ;
 Bud noo to t' toon we're drawing neear,
 Thoo needn't tell what Ah hev sed
 About my dowghter being deead.

Good morrow, Simon, fare thee weel ;
Ah sa, noo mind thoo doesn't tell.

Simon. Neea that Ah weeant, whahl Ah hev breecath,
Ah'll nobbut say—*She's starv'd te deecath.*

DARBY AND JOAN, AND THEIR
DAUGHTER NELL.

A Dialogue.

In a village in Yorkshire a farmer did dwell,
Whose wife was call'd Joan, and their daughter call'd Nell ;
She was mother's pet, and so de'ye see,
At sixteen years old wish'd a lady to be ;
But her dancing and dressing sore griev'd the man,
Who to vent his complaint to Joan thus began :

Darby. Joan, Ah noo hev thought sea mich about it.
Ah seerly never mair shall doot it ;
At moorn an' neeght, an' neeght an' moorn,
Ah sumtimes wish Ah'd ne'er been boorn.

Joan. Whah, Darby, prethec let me see,
Ah whoap it's nowght 'at's bad o' me.

Darby. Thee, Joan ! neea marry, neea sike thing ;
Think bad o' thee ! 'twad be a sin !
Ah think indeed Ah was a feal
Too sendoor Nell to t' Boordin'-Skeecal ;
Sike mauky fecals as them, Ah think,
Hae fill'd her head with pride and stink ;
For, sin she went, she's grown sea fine,
She can't deea noo without her wine,
When t' dinners ower'd ; an' she's sea nice,
She weant eat puddin meead o' rice ;
Thof when at skeecal, an' put t' pinch,
Fra sike gud stuff she'd nivver flinch ;
An' all her nooations are seaa rais'd,
It's fit to drive her fathther craz'd.
Nut 'at Ah care about t' fond lass,
Neea mair than this—it taks my brass ;
An' wi' her fine lang labbring tail,
She'll git her father into jail.

Joan. Whah, Darby, bud thoo knaws there's t' 'Squire,
An' he mayhap will Nell admire ;
An' efter all their noise an' strife,
Thoo knaws t' young 'Squire wants a wife.

Then let's be seer te mak her smart,
 An' teych her hoo te play her paart ;
 Te draw him on she secan will leearn,
 An' then, thoo knaws, 'at t' wark is deean.
 Hooseer, Ah'll try an' deea my best,
 An' leeave to thee to mannish t' rest.

Darby. Bud then suppoose oor plot sud fail,
 An' me for det be sent te t' jail,
 Poor Nell wad nivver be a wife,
 An' hev te labour all hur life ;
 For efter bein seea browght up,
 Hoo can she ivver bide te stoop ?
 Te gang te sarvice, or te spin,
 Or ivver te deea onny thing ?

Joan. Wha, Darby, leeave it all te me,
 Ah'll mannish t' weel, an' that thoo'll see.

And so she did, as fame reports ;
 For the 'Squire being fond of rural sports,
 Did sometimes to the farm repair,
 (After a chace of fox or hare,)
 And she invited him to dine
 On Nell's birth-day—they'd pie and chine,
 The young 'Squire lik'd the fare so well,
 That he soon after married Nell ;
 And as they drove to church doon t' looan,
 Old Darby cried—*Weel deean, oor Joan !*

THE SWEEPER AND THIEVES.

A TALE, BY D. LEWIS.

[*This Tale is founded on fact, and happened at Leeming Lane, a few years ago.*]

A sweeper's lad was late o' th' neeght,
 His slap-shod shoon had leeam'd his feet ;
 He call'd to see a good awd deeam,
 'At monny a time had trigg'd his weame ;
 (For he wor then fahve miles fra yam.)
 He ax'd i' t' lair te let him sleep,
 An' he'd next day their chimlers sweep.
 They supper'd him wi' country fare,
 Then show'd him tul his hooal i' t' lair.

He crept intul his streeahy bed,
 His pooak o' secat beneath his heead ;
 He wor content, nur car'd a pin,
 An' his good friend then lock'd him in.
 The lair frae t' hoose a distance stood,
 Between 'em grew a lahtle wood.
 About midneeght, or nearer moorn,
 Two thieves brack in te steel their coorn ;
 Hevin a leeght i' t' lantern dark,
 Seean they te winder fell te wark ;
 An' wishing they'd a lad te fill,
 Young brush, (whea yet had ligg'd quite still,)
 Thinkin' 'at men belang'd te t' hoose,
 An' that he noo mud be o' use,
 Jump'd doon directly on te t' fleear,
 An' t' thieves beeach ran oot at deear ;
 Nur stopt at owt nur thin nur thick,
 Fully convinc'd it wor awd Nick.
 The sweeper lad then ran reeght seean
 T' t' hoose, an' tell'd 'em what wor deean :
 Maister an' men then quickly raise,
 An' ran te t' lair wi' hawf ther cleas.
 Twea horses, seeks, an' leeght they fand,
 Which had been left by t' thievish band ;
 These round i' t' neybourheead they cried,
 Bud nut an awner e'er applied ;
 For neean durst horses awn or seeks,
 They wor so freeghten'd o' ther necks.
 They seld the horses, an', of course,
 Put awf o' the brass i' Sooty's purse ;
 Desiring when he com that way,
 He'd awlus them a visit pay,
 When harty welcum he sud have,
 Because he did ther barley save.
 Brush chink'd the guineas in his hand,
 An' oft to leak at 'em did stand,
 As hecame he wistling teak his way ;
 Blessin' t' awd decame wha let him stay,
 An' sleep i' t' lair, when, late o' t' neeght,
 His slap-shod shoon had lecam'd his feet.

THE POCKET-BOOKS.

A Dialogue, occasioned by a new Pocket-Book being thrown into a desk where an old one had been laid.

BY D. LEWIS.

New Pocket-Book. Why am I here a captive plac'd,
 And with such company disgrac'd?
 I may with reason now complain;
 Fine books, like men, were made in vain.

Old Pocket-Book. Thy keease, kind frind, can't be se hard,
 As thy new maister is a bard;
 The fass-skin leeavs 'at thoo'll conteean
 He'll write 'em ower an' ower ageean,
 Wi' sonnets, epigrams, an' odes,
 Wi' elegies, an' episodes;
 Thoo'll beear the copies ov his sangs,
 An' gang wi' him where'er he gangs.
 If there sud be a country fair,
 He ten te yan 'll tak thee there;
 Keep thee on high an' hollidays,
 When he puts on his better cleeas;
 If bill or nooat fall to his share,
 He will commit it to thy care,
 Till monny years, when thou may be
 As ragg'd an' just as poor as me.
 Dooant let grief reign, nor thy heart ache,
 He'll keep thee for thy giver's seeak.

New Pocket-Book. Dost thou compare thyself to me?
 If thou could'st but thy picture see,
 Thy ragged coat, thy dirty look,
 Scarce worthy of the name of book.
 And must I to the fields retire,
 Be prostituted to the lyre,
 Companion of rustic swain,
 And ne'er return to town again?

Old Pocket-Book. True, thoo of heigher kin may boost,
 Of finer shape, an' bigger cost;
 Thoo's neeat an' smart, Ah mun alloo,
 Bud thoo will quit that bonny hue,
 When thoo, like me, hes hardships boorn,
 An' been by toil and labour woorn;
 I't hoose or field, by stream or wood,
 Ah constant i' my station stood;

An' nivver did mah aid refuse
 Te sarve mah maister, an' the muse.
 Te gratify the rhyming streean,
 He wrate an' rubb'd, an' wrate ageean;
 That Ah, like him, lang time hev toil'd,
 Which hes mah yance-fine lustre spoil'd.
 Thoo's yet a stranger to the world,
 Where things appear unequal hurl'd;
 Still different stations ther mun be,
 Thof monny mair'll freecat like thee.
 Then dooant lament thy turns of fate,
 Bud reconcile thee to thy state.

ADDRESS TO RICHES.

Bonny lass, wi' yallow hair,
 Iv thoo hez an hoor te spare,
 Pray lig aside thy shyness;
 Ah'll call thee riches, munny, gold,
 Or onny necame by which thoo's told,
 Or owt te please thy highness.

Thoo hardly heeds the tryin hoor
 O' sons o' Genius, when they're poor
 Thoo seldom will restoore 'em;
 Bud them that nivver sout thy smile,
 Blockheads an' dunces, live i' style,
 Had fadders boorn afoore 'em.

It's munney maks the meer te gang,
 Maks rang seeain reeght, an' reeght seeam rang;
 There's nowght i' t' world can match it.
 E tackin munney maist fowks prize—
 If onny body it despise,
 It's 'cause they cannot catch it.

Forseeak the mizar's clooase retreat,
 The coffers ov the guilty greeat,
 Wi' plund'rin fill'd, or gamlin;
 Sike gert fowks haz abuse the state,
 On whea the men o' munney waite,
 That keeps poor fowks cramlin'.

Ah dunnot want a gert estate,
 For if Ah did, thoo'd let me wait,
 That Ah may seeafly lend thee;
 Nut ower mitch, te mack me proud,
 Leak ower t' meean a man a crood,
 But just eneeaf te mend me.

Cum wi' a swarm o' lucks an' looaves,
 That oft gangs wi' thee when thoo moves,
 Or cum thysen wi' single hand ;
 O' guinea nooats tack thoo the shap,
 Or o' king's pictures a gert slap,
 Or ten pund's bank of England.

Then frends se shy, i' time o' need,
 Will gi' me what E want wi' speed,
 An' stick as clooase as hunny ;
 Gi' ther advice, ther cash, ther yal,
 Or hear or tell a merry teel,
 An' all through thee—sweet munny

ADDRESS TO POVERTY.

Scoolin maid, o' iron brow,
 Thy sarvant will address thee now,
 For thoo invites the freedom,
 By drivin off' my former friends,
 To leeak to ther awn private ends,
 Just when Ah chanc'd to need 'em.

Ah've hed thy cumpany ower lang,
 Ill leakin weean ! thoo must be rang,
 Thus to cut short my jerkin.
 Ah ken thee weel—Ah knaw thy ways,
 Thoo's awlus kept back cash and cleas,
 An' foorc'd me to hard workin.

To gain o' thee a yal day's march
 Ah strave, bud thoo's se varra arch,
 For all Ah still strave faster ;
 Thoo's tript my heels and meead me stop,
 By small slain coorn, or failin crop,
 Or ivv'ry foul disaster.

If Ah my maund may freely speak,
 Ah really dunnut like thy leeak,
 Whativver shap thoo's slipt on ;
 Thoo's awd an' ugly, deef an' blinnd,
 A feeind afoore, a freeght behind,
 An' foul as Mudder Shipton.

Foooks say, an' it is nowght bud truth,
 Thoo hes been wi' me from my youth,
 An' gi'en me monny a thumper ;
 Bud noo thoo cums, wi' all thy weight,
 Fast fallin' frae a fearful height,
 A downreeght Milton plumper.

Sud plenty, frae her copious hoorn,
 Teeam oot te me good crops o' coorn,
 An' prosper weel my cattle,
 An' send a single thoosand pund,
 'Twad bring all things compleeatly round,
 An' Ah wad gi' thee battle.

Noo, Poverty, ya thing Ah beg,
 Like a poor man withoot a leg,
 See prethee daun't deceeave me ;
 Ah knaw it's i' thy poower te grant
 The lahtle faver 'at Ah want—
 'At thoo wad gang 'an leeave me.

THE RACE.

Noo, Bob, my lad, to-moorn's the-day,
 All t' spoort at t' race we'll see ;
 Wi' t' lark we'll rise, an' trudge away,
 An' varra fine we'll be.
 Te see 'em ride, thoo knaws, seea fast,
 As round about they'll gang,
 They'll whip an' spur, te nut be last,
 Ah say noo! dust t' lang!
 What fouks all fine we theer sall see,
 I' diffrent colours drest ;
 An' lasses, te cheat sike as thee,
 Will be all i' ther best.
 An' theer we'll stop while t' races last,
 An' all't fine fouks are geean ;
 Fra thence to t' fair we'll trudge reet fast,
 To reach it afore neean.
 Tegither then that day we'll keep,
 Wi' sticks i' hand seea fine ;
 At sum o' t' shows we'll tak a peep,
 Ah's seer that day we'll shine !
 Their solgers will be ganging oot,
 Wi' drums an' fifes seea grand,
 Recrutin for young lads aboot,
 Te fight by seea an' land.
 Noo wi' impatience we deea wait
 The cummin o' that day ;
 We'll off seea seean, an' stop seea late,
 Cum, Bob, noo let's away.

THE FAIR.

Ye loit'rin minnits faster flee,
 Ye're all ower slow behawf for me,
 That wait impatient for the moorning;
 Te-moorn's the lang, lang wish'd for fair,
 Ah'll try te shine the foormust theer,
 Myseu i' finest cleeas adorning,
 Te grace the day.

Ah'll put my best white stockings on,
 A pair o' new calf-letther shoon,
 My cleean-wesh'd goon o' printed cotton;
 About my neck a muslin shawl,
 A new silk hankecher ower all,
 Wi' sike a careless air Ah'll put on,
 Ah'll shine that day.

My paartner Ned, Ah knaw, thinks he,
 " Ah'll mak mysen secure o' thee,"
 He's often sed he'd treeat me rarely;
 Bud Ah sal think ov other fun,
 Ah'll yaim for sum rich farmer's son,
 An' cheeat oor simple Neddy fairly.
 Seea sly that day.

Why sud Ah nut succeed as weel,
 An' get a man full oot genteel,
 As awd John Darby's dowghter Nelly;
 Ah think mysen as good as she,
 She can't mak cheese or spin like me,
 That's mair 'an beauty, let me tell ye,
 On onny day.

Then, hey! for spoorts an' puppy shows,
 An' temptin spice-stalls rang'd i' rows,
 An' danglin dolls, by t' necks all hangin;
 A thoosand other pratty seeghts,
 An' lasses, trail'd alang the streets,
 Wi' lads, te t' yal-hoose gangin,
 Te drink that day.

Let's leek at t' winder—Ah can see't,
 It seeams as thof 'twas growing leeght,
 The clouds wi' eearly rays adoornin;
 Ye loit'ring minnits faster flee,
 Ye're all ower slaw behawf for me,
 'At wait impatient for the moornin,
 O' sike a day!

SONG.

When Ah wor a wee lahtle totterin bairn,
 An' hed nobbut just gotten short frocks,
 When te gang Ah at first was beginnin te lairn,
 O' my broo Ah gat monny hard knocks.
 Bud se waik, an' se silly, an' helpless was I,
 Ah was awlus a tumblin down then ;
 While my mother wad twattle me gently, an' cry,
 " Honey, Jenny, tack care o' thysen."
 Bud wen Ah grew bigger, an' gat te be strang,
 'At Ah cannily ran all about
 By mysen, wheer Ah lik'd, then awlus mud gang,
 Withoot being tell'd about owt.
 When, hooivver, Ah com to be sixteen year awd,
 An' rattl'd an' ramp'd amang men,
 My mother wad call o' me in an' wad scaud,
 An' cry—" Huzzay ! tak care o' thysen."
 Ah've a sweetheart cums noo upo' Setterday neeghts,
 An' he swears 'at he'll mack me his wife ;
 My mam grows se stingy, she scauds an she fleeghts,
 An' twitters me oot o' my life.
 But she may leek soor, an' consait hersen wise,
 An' preeach ageean likin' young men ;
 Sin Ah's grown a woman, her clack Ah'll despise,
 An' Ah's—marry!—tack care o' mysen.

 A LETTER,

Discovered in the Library of a deceased Nobleman, and supposed to have been written during the Rebellion.

MY LOORD,

Ye knaw ther's an awd proverb—a man can dea nea mare nea he can dea—wur Ah the d—l hissen Ah can na mack men gang an' they ha' nea mind to't ; as angry as ye seeam wi' me, gin ye'd beean heer yersen, ye cud na mack 'em stir yan feeat, tho ye hed swoorn yer heart oot ; when Ah reead tull 'em yer Loordship's last letter, they tost ther heeads an' gang ther gate, but yance gane they care nut a fart what Ah say tul' em. Ah reead tul' em twice yer Loordship's last orders, an' they haunded me t' Act o' Parliament, ye knaw what Ah meean ; co' Ah tul' em is it sea te dea, the deaal gang wi' ye all, for ther's nea dippendance on 'em. Yer Loordship may rist assured of my indivvers,

that Ah will be wi' ye the day efter Munday wi' all Ah'm
cappable o' bringin' along wi' me; i' t' meeantime subscribe
mysen yer Loordship's most obedient vassal an' humble
sarvant te cummand, ————— *Chief Constable.*

THE YORKSHIRE TYKE.

Ah iz i' truth a country youth,
Neean us'd teea Lunnon fashions ;
Yet vartue guides, an' still presides,
Ower all mah steps an' passions,
Neea coortly lear, bud all sincere,
Neea bribe shall ivver blinnd me ;
If thoo can like a Yorkshire tike,
A rooague thoo'll nivver finnd me.
Thof envy's tung, seea slimlee hung,
Wad lee about oor country,
Neea men o' t' eearth booaast greter wurth,
Or mare extend ther boounty.
Oor northern breeze wi' uz agrees,
An' does for wark weel fit uz ;
I' public cares, an' all affairs,
Wi' honor we acquit uz.
Seea gret a maund is ne'er confiant
Tiv onny shire or nation ;
They geean meeast praise weea weel displays
A leearned iddication.
Whahl rancour rolls i' lahtle souls,
By shallo views dissarning,
They're nobbut wise 'at owlus prize
Gud manners, sense, and leearnin.

A GLOSSARY.

Ah and E, <i>I</i>	Beeons, <i>bones</i>	Bonny, <i>pretty</i>
Asseer, <i>assure</i>	Beaal, <i>bellows</i>	Beeas, <i>ox stall</i>
Ax, <i>ask</i>	Bidden, <i>endured</i>	Broo, <i>brow</i>
Aboon, <i>above</i>	Blash, <i>dash or splash</i>	Beclarted, <i>bedaubed</i>
Airms, <i>arms</i>	Breed-ratch'd, <i>broad</i>	Crake, <i>crow</i>
An's afe, <i>I am afraid</i>	strip'd	Congker, <i>conquer</i>
Awn, <i>own</i>	Bairus, <i>children</i>	Cleeas, <i>clothes</i>
Awd, <i>old</i>	Bang, <i>to thrash</i>	Cawd, <i>cold</i>
Awlus, <i>always</i>	Booer, <i>bower</i>	Chimler, <i>chimney</i>
Asta, <i>hast thou</i>	Behawf, <i>by half</i>	Ceauke, <i>cook</i>
Advertahs'd, <i>advertis'd</i>	Boorn, <i>born</i>	Cragg, <i>rock</i>
Beeak, <i>bake</i>	Booaast, <i>boast</i>	Coorn, <i>corn</i>

Cawfe, *calf*
 Com, *came*
 Consuit, *conceit*
 Creaks, *hooks*
 Cramlin', *lamely*
 Foomerd, *a polecat*
 Gowd, *gold*
 Donnot, *fool*
 Dowly, *dismal*
 Deea, *do*
 Dyke, *ditch or pond*
 Deer, *door*
 Ding, *throw*
 Daft, *foolish*
 Dean, *done*
 Decame, *dame*
 Draff, *grains*
 Duz, *does*
 Doon, *down*
 Dee, *die*
 Din, *noise*
 Dree, *long*
 Dusta, *does thou*
 Don'd, *drest*
 Een, *eyes*
 Ey, *yes*
 Eldin, *fuel*
 Eneef, *enough*
 Ewer, *udder*
 Feeat, *foot*
 Fra, *from*
 Fawt, *fault*
 Fain, *glad*
 Finnd, *fund, fund, found*
 Flung, *thrown*
 Flay'd, *afraid*
 Feeal, *fool*
 Fleight, *to scold*
 Fleer, *to laugh*
 Fahve, *five*
 Forrad, *forward*
 Fowk, *people*
 Freat, *fret*
 Fause, *false*
 Gang, *to go*
 Gann, *going*
 Gowa, *let us go*
 Giggle, *to laugh*
 Gowpin, *two handsful*
 Gawvison, *a fool*
 Garth, *yard*
 Geen, *given*
 Gowd, *gold*
 Helm, *a shed or hovel*
 Hen-Bawks, *hen-roosts*
 Hoosivver and Hoom-
 sumivver, *however*

Heeigh, *high*
 Heeame, *home*
 Hey, *yes*
 Iddication, *education*
 Intack, *inclosure*
 Jubberment, *botherment*
 Kern, *churn*
 Kirk, *church*
 Knaw, *know*
 Keease, *case*
 Lahtle, *little*
 Lated, *sought*
 Lig, *lie*
 Looaning, *lane*
 Leeght, *light*
 Lair, *a barn*
 Lecatly, *lutely*
 Leeak, *look*
 Leeaf, *loaf*
 Leea, *scythe*
 Labbring, *toilsome*
 Lunjies, *spiteful*
 Mah, *my*
 Mannish, *manage*
 Mebby, *perhaps*
 Meer, *a mare*
 Mistean, *mistaken*
 Mud, *might*
 Mauke, *whimsical*
 Mitch, *much*
 Mare, *more*
 Moorn, *morning*
 Muck, *dirt*
 Meead, *mdae*
 Mack, *make*
 Maund, *mind*
 Mahle, *mile*
 Makkings,
 Midden, *a dunghill*
 Nobbut, *only*
 Nowther, *neither*
 Nell, *Helen*
 Nivver, *never*
 Neeght, *night*
 Neea, *no*
 Nooations, *ideus*
 Neen, *nine*
 Ninnnyhammer, *a sim-
 pleton*
 Oor, *our*
 Ower, *over*
 Ows, *beast*
 Pailour, *parlour*
 Plecaf, *a plough*
 Preeav'd, *prov'd*
 Prood, *proud*
 Prethe, *I pray thee*

Rahve, *tear*
 Reckon creak, *a crook
 suspended from a beam
 within the chimney, to
 hang pots and pans on*
 Reeght, *right*
 Sare, *sore*
 Sarrad, *served*
 Steyk t' deer, *shut the
 door*
 Skeeal, *school*
 Seck, *sack*
 Sal, *shall*
 Slaw, *slow*
 Sum, *some*
 Sike, *such*
 Seea, *so*
 Soondly, *soundly*
 Scaud, *scold*
 Seer, *sure*
 Slain-Corn, *corn stopped
 in its growth by un-
 kind seasons*
 Satles, *falls*
 Sped, *succeeded*
 Sneck, *a latch*
 Steg, *a gander*
 Stee, *a stile*
 Ther, *their*
 Thowght, *thought*
 Tike, *an old horse or
 mare, a man*
 Teeastrill, *villain*
 Twee, *two*
 Teych, *teach*
 Trigg'd, *filled*
 Tatee-pie, *a heap of po-
 tatoes covered over
 with earth*
 Weshing, *washing*
 Whoor, *where*
 Winder, *window*
 Woul, *wool*
 Whoop, *hope*
 Weean, *will not*
 Weean, *quean, a jade*
 Winder, *winrow, to put
 hay or corn in rows
 for carting*
 Wreet, *a wheelwright*
 Weame, *the belly*
 Weffing, *snarling*
 Yal, *whole, and ale*
 Yan, *one*
 Yatton, *Ayton*
 Yode, *an old horse*
 Yat, *hot*

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