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CUMBERLAND FARM LIFE

MEMORANDUMS

OF

OLD TIMES

WHITEHAVEN .

CALLANDER & DIXON 3 MARKET PLACE

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CUMBERLAND FARM LIFE IN OLD TIMES

In its Mid County Dialect.

Fwok tells of oald times—sek good oald times

They hed when they were o' young
And niver sek times sen them oald times
Was read on or hard on or sung.

I' winter time when t' weather was coald
They hardly stir't out o' t' neuk
Bit to fetch in a trugful o' peats 'cross t' foald
And sledder about and smeuk.

They wad thresh a bet, mebbly, and fodder their kye,
And poo a lock out o' t' hay mew,
And at neet efter milkin' and supper put bye,
Mak swills, or wad card skin woo.

Or mappen wad beetle a carlin sark
On t' beetlin' steann at t' door ;
Or plet a few strings o' hemp efter dark,
Or caper about on t' clay floor.

A carlin sark new was rumplement gear
To wear next a maisterman's skin ;
So he lent it to t' sarvent to beetle an' wear
By way of a brekkin in.

T' oald fwok were drist in duffel blue.
And t' youngsters in heamm-spun grey,
And nowder were often ower clean or new—
Bit darn't frae day to day.

And o' wad hev brackins or strea in their clogs,
 Or stickin' ower t' edge o' their shun,
 And wad clammer up t' fell, or striddle through bogs :
 Od man ! but this was laal fun ?

And still you believe they were rare oald times,
 Far better nor any 'at 's new :
 So I'll put summat down in canteran rhymes
 And than you may judge if it's true.

Their habit o' leevin was poddish at mworn,
 And taties and point at neunn :
 To let thersels down wi' tea they wad seworn,
 So they poddish't at eebnin seunn.

They kilt a fat cow at Martinmas time
 And quartert wi' neighbours three ;
 And except at Kersmas or clippin time,
 Fray flesh they wer nar about free

Unless it was bacon, o' reesty and smeuk,
 And kizzent and dry't like a sneck,
 Till if it fell down ontat' flags off t' heuk
 It wad ring like a pot, or med brek.

And than they wad frizzel 't in t' sotteran pan
 And fry't till as brown as a peat,
 And conny laal bits wad be gien to ilk yan
 On truncheons, to girn at and eat.

Their bread was clap-keakk meadd o' barley meal,
 Or hard havver bannock so thick.
 Their cheese wad rowl down a fell side like a wheel.
 Mappen hack't it to bits wid a pick.

For drink wid their dinner they'd sour-milk or whey ;
 Or else, for a treat, treacle beer ;
 And if any indulg'd in ought better, they say,
 'Twad be talk't on for nar on a year.

And o' fare't alike—beàth maister and man,
 In eatin and drinkin' or wark ;
 They turn'd out at morn and togidder began,
 And left off togidder at dark.
 And thur was their ways in them oalden times,
 (For evidence stark we can bring
 That'l testify strang to t' truth o' my rhymes)
 When George the third was king.
 Nowder oald man nor young wearr beard or moustache,
 Bit they warn't slape feasst ebn than ;
 For atween two Sundays they niver wad fash
 And afoor church-time they began
 At a week-oald beard to hassel and hack,
 Wid razor as blunt as a saw ;
 If ya side gat off theer was nea gitten back
 Till tudder was stubbelt an' o'
 Bit theer two sides to this as to meàsst other things,
 And it's fair 'at they beàth sud be known.
 Aa'll jingle a bit (while t' rest on ye sings)
 And set it o' down as my oan
 And month efter month for a hoàll year lang
 To tell ye how o' things went,
 Aa'll bodder my brains for a kind of a sang
 And mebby may send it to prent.

January.

Kersenas turn't, and some feastin gaän on,
 Fwok up leàtt at neet and sair tue't
 To git till o' furthneets, and hevvin to don
 Two sets o' duds, and they rue't :
 For they say next Kersmas is far off to fetch,
 And now-for't or niver, is thought.
 They kevvell and swing, and dance ledder-te-spetch,
 And royster and swatter like ought.

They woken next mornin and find thesels queer,
 And o' out o' sworts for hard wark ;
 Bit Kersemas comes nobbet yance in a year
 And measst on't is kent efter dark.

Wi' snow a feutt thick—mebby clean out o' cwols,
 “Keaà fetch a pack-leàdd on a horse.
 “Pick t' best rwoad ther is, and mind keep out o' t' whols
 “Lest thou torfor ont' moor, and 's a corse.
 “If lang at t' cwool greùv thou's to wait for thy bout,
 “Or it's mist, or thou's thrown into neet,
 “Thou mun put up a shout and we'll raise a turn out
 “And ont' foald yat will hing a leet.” *

February.

Now down wid a buryin-skin onta t' leath floor,
 And thresh a lock bigg for a batch :
 To t' deetin hill carry't, but forter't afor ;
 Than throw't up for breezes to catch.

Some wheat mun be cree't for a frummety dish
 In t' creein trough, 'back o' t' leath door.
 A piggin o' that wid a bit o' sote fish,
 Maks a dinner for rich or for poor.

Now fit up a pillion for maister and deamm
 To hotch off to t' town amang t' rest,
 Top cwoat, till *his* heels—*she* at startin frae heamm
 In starcht cap wi' lugs, for her best.

For debts sud be paid, and credits brought in ;
 This was seldom but yeance in a year :
 And at Cannelmas time they meadd a girt din
 Ower payin and scrapin up geer.

* Often in use before commons were enclosed, or roads were made.

Now set t' parish prentice to cardin o' woo
 To keep him at heamm efter dark.
 Theer scutchin o' line for men-fwok to do
 For that's mair a man-body's wark ;

And woman-fwok, they mun be whirran t' woo wheel,
 Or spinnin a web frae their lint,
 Or plyn their teuls—their rock and their reel,
 And singin o' t' while without stint.

It's canny to hear o' so cheerful gang on
 Of a neet when it storms and it blows ;
 For whatever's outside, wid a good fire on,
 It's a comfort inside yan weel knows.

March.

Now out wid a heamm-meadd roau-tree plue,
 Wid ironin' scanty eneuff ;
 Lait up strea braff^{ms}—reapp traces enue,
 And see 'at they're o' draft preuff.

Next yoke in o' lang-horn't owsen two pair ;
 Two lang-tailed horses unshod ;
 Co't' plue-hodder, plue-co'ers—two or three mair
 Wi' speadd, and pettle, and prod.

Now t' bullocks nit yok't sen plue-time last year ;
 His horses out-liggan, and lean,
 And kaim'tly—and t' trappins o' flimsily gear,
 And t' ley fur stark as t' town green,

“Jee-hop and away my lads,” t' plue hodder sings,
 And they striddle and start for a try ;
 A cobble flings t' plue out, and “wo-oy” he rings,
 And his team is n't wont to comply.

He gangs on a bit and he sticks in a ageann
 And mebbly gits on to t' land end,
 And turns and gangs yark! on another girt steann,
 Aud fin'ds 'at his team duzzent mend;

For yan is coald shoudert; auother is tetch't;
 And some poos as hard as they can;
 And t' co'ers hes use't up o' t' patience they fetch't
 And nit mickle better is t' man!

He roars and he sweers, and he yarks wid his cwords,
 And he scops at his drivers wi' clods:
 They whack wi' their yedders—shout uncanny words—
 He batters away wi' hard sods.

Now t' oxen gits kysty and kevels about;
 Gits legs ower t' traces and o'.
 His hoaf-brokken horses seünn kick thersels out
 And poos him by t' neck* gayly low.

A plue-ceor lad is amang t' bullock feet;
 Two lasses rin skirlan heamm;
 T' curs fo' to barkan and baitan out-reet:
 Na wonder if some git a leam'm.

For sek a tow-lowe, and sek crashin about,
 Sek capers o' bullocks and men
 Med set them to yope and to yernestly shout
 They wad niver plue mair wi' t' lang ten. †

Than heam'm to cow't lword and het piggins o' keall
 O' masselton pez o' dark grey,
 Wi' groats and round haver-meal stir't. Sek a meall
 Was nit to be hed ivery day.

* It was the custom for the ploughman to wear the guiding cords in one piece, the middle being behind his neck, that he might not drop the cords whilst his hands were engaged in holding the stils and throwing sods at his team.

† The set out consisted of ten individuals without the dogs.

And snug may they mak ther sels round a hearth fire
 While t' wind roars and brullies outside ;
 And sleet brings down t' chimla seut-drops thick as mire
 And they couldn't keep't out if they try'd.

Bit storms o' git ower and whietness comes,
 And mishaps may seunn be forgotten,
 Efter sleepin' o' neet as sound like as drums
 A new job for mworn mun be hitten.

And now for pwok-mittens on dinnellan hands,
 And dykin mittens and swatch
 To mend up some gaps round plewin lands,
 And waik spots, and creep-whols to patch.

April.

When frost gits away theer haver to sow,
 And a heedlin' o' hemp or line ;
 And mebbly a lock mair in t' hempgarth an' o'
 For winter-neet wark to plet twine.

Now muck's to be cary't in hots and creels,
 To cover some scraps of oald land
 In side-bank fields, whoar cars on clog wheels
 Wad hardly be seaff to stand.

A smo' lock o' taties will hev to be set
 In lazy-bed fashion I trow.
 Nea miss or disease hed than to met
 For e'en t' varra peelins wad grow.

Bit peclin o' taties was thought a girt sham,
 And t' prentice was setten to scrapin ;
 Nea doubt he thought scrapin was nought bit a "bam,"
 And was laid ontta him as a snapin.

Than he wad git drowsy, and noddle and scrape,
 As an unpaid prentice wad dee ;
 His knife and his taty wad seun git so slape
 They wad rowl out o' hand off his knee.

And than for a clout ower t' lug, or a skelp
 That he thought nowder music nor rhyme ;
 For he was install'd as a farmer's help
 In that far-away good oald time.

May.

Now lambin' time's on, beath in April and May ;
 Now up seun and leatt, or o' neet
 To suckle laal starvelins by neet and by day
 And see them git onto their feet.

If yance they git milk and can wander about,
 They care not for frost nor for snow ;
 For it's plenty o' suckle 'et gars them git stout—
 To skip, and to lowp and to grow.

No cleanin' o' land, nor pickin' o' weeds ;
 Let iv'ry thing prosper 'et can ;
 For o' plants were sent us to ripen their seeds
 And mak ther sels useful to man.

Dry thissels mak capital eldin for t' fire,
 And dockin-stalks narly as good
 For hettin a yub'm or beddin a byer ;
 Seah thought our fworelders—they dud !

And t' mother o' girse was that lang reunit twitch, *
 Girt plenty they grew—dunnout doubt it.
 If any amang them was keen to grow rich
 They niver could mannish without it !

* The use of the feather of the sock was abolished lest it should cut and destroy the roots of the twitch or couch-grass.

And cleet-leaves for smokin' in black scutty pipe
 Wid bacca a varra smo' matter,
 Wad raise a girt reek, when a sup o' yal swipes
 Or smo' beer wad help a smo' chatter.

That wish-weshy tea now so mickle in use ;
 Co' it "spend-time" or "trash" for you may,
 Was a treat for our girt fwoks, and nit for abuse,
 By usin' it three times a-day.

June.

While girsins is bare efter lambs and their yowes,
 Milk kye hessent mickle to eat ;
 Than croppins of esh mun be foddert on t' howes
 To give to t' oald milkers a treat.

Now joggan to market on butter-kits two,
 And basket wi' garn and eggs
 Packt seaff in a wallet o' drab stripe and blue,
 And slung onder beütt-stockin't legs

Waggan lowse widout stirrups astride of a pad,
 And hotchan through swang and through syke ;
 Plodan away on a cworkless yad,
 Cross t' moor widout rwoad or dyke,

No dinner, no nought bit three hoperth o' yal,
 And horse in a foald at sneck hay.
 Scrapan and seävvan t' days takkins nar heäll
 And——map'm gang swober away.

Now grund up a flay-speädd to cut toppin peat,
 Wid lang speädd for black peats forbye,
 And spreed them weel out, to git wind and sun heat,
 And stir them sometimes till they dry.



Than hey for good spwort when comes peat leadin time
 And gittan them seaff into stack ;
 For wet-weather peatin wad spoil any ryhme
 And poverty bring on its back.

July.

Now gedder in t' sheep and wesh them in t' dem,
 Aud swing them and sop them in t' watter :
 If a waik an sud torfer it's nobbet t' oald gem (game)
 And mebbly it's nea girt matter.

Sek bleatin o' lambs, and sek barkin o' dogs !
 Sek jybin and jwokin o' men !
 Sek clat'rin o' lads in their oald cokert clogs !
 Sek drinkin o' whisky ! Amen.

Let sheep run a fortneet and than comes on clippin,
 And bleatin, and fleecin o' woo.
 They submit, without whimper, to tyin and strippin
 And feel leetsom they hardly know how.

Sek a ged'rin' o' clippers and helpers and that !
 Sek elbows, and clinkin o' shears !
 Sek sweatin ! sek crackin o' dogs, and o' what
 An income some woo-buyer clears !

Now clippin o' done, comes weshin o' hands
 And kestin off scoggers and brats.
 A fleece is hung up on a powl in t' lang-lands
 To be run for without shun or hats.

The prize is awarded, to feastin they wend
 At a plain but a plentiful spreed
 On broad powder dishes, weel leadden at t' end
 And trunchers off whilk they can feed.

Next out wid a punch bowl, and yal i' girt plenty,
 Wi' horns and glasses to drink frae ;
 And piggins, and mugs, bit nought varra dainty,
 And nought 'at a clipper need shrink frae.

Than a whyat laal crack for about hoaf an hour,
 And a buzz—seun to rise till a chang :
 Than somebody knattles on t' teable befoor
 He says "lads you mun join in my sang,"

* "Here's a good health to the man o' this house,
 "The man o' this house, the man o' this house,
 "Here's a good health to the man o' this house,
 "For he is a right honest man.

"And he that doth this health deny,
 "Before his face I justify (or just defy)
 "Right in his face this glass shall fly,
 "So let this health go round.

"Place the canny cup to your chin,
 "Open your mouth and let liquor run in.
 "The more you drink the fuller your skin,
 "So let this health go round."

Than "O good ale thou art my darlin."
 And t' shepherds "Tarry woo."
 "The Raven and the grey Rock Starlin."
 And many a ringer too.

And than they depart in good humour and peace
 To heamm for a few hours sleep ;
 While clippins hod on their labors weent cease ;
 They mun rise wid mwornin's furst peep
 To help a good neighbour at his merry meetin',
 A heall country side to employ
 In housin and clippin, wi' much friendly greetin
 For clippins are meetins o' joy.

* A very old clipping song. The guests in turn obey the commands of the third and last verse, and if the glass is not emptied by the end of the refrain the penalty is enforced a second time. And if a man was desirous to get quickly drunk he would incur the penalty till his aim was accomplished.

August.

Now mowers can't work through t' middle o' t' day
 For t' bitin o' clegs, and for heat ;
 So they snoozle some hours on t' new gitten hay,
 And mak't up by workan at neet.

Till t' glowworm leets up, than to blanket they stakker
 To snatch a laal sleep, and than rise [chatter]
 And at it (while t' white-throats in t' dykes cherr and
 And whittle-te-whet their lang scyes.

Than skalin and turnin wi' fork and wi' reàkk,
 And skewin t' about to dry,
 And cockin, and brekkin, for good hay to meàkk,
 And rake into plat forbye.

Neist dess up in trusses and tye wid a reàpp :
 Or cram, if it's short, into sheet :
 For if it be windy a part med esceàpp
 And waste a girt lock afor neet.

Than up wi't on horseback and loup on ahint,
 And away to t' leàtth door in a crack.
 Hitch't off onta t' peazz, and about, sharp as flint,
 And gallop like mad o' t' way back.

Now t' main weight o' t' hay crop sud be geddert in
 And t' fag end 'll follow in time ;
 Theer still a few slaggarts to saunter ahint',
 And niver wi' t' foormest can shine.

Bit no idle time need be spent on a farm
 If a man's nobbet mindit to work :
 He may pettle about, keepin o' things frae harm,
 And at it frae mwornin till murk.

And if sud he slack for a day or for two
 He's seaff to find summat geànn wrang :
 And than he mun fettle and be in a stew,
 And find his sel double-ly thrang.

His reuf may want patchin, and he out o' thack :
 He may out onta t' moor and poo ling,
 Or bring in a burden o' seaves on his back,
 For strea's ower costly a thing.

September.

Now shearin, and bin'din, and stookin is rife,
 And workin frae dayleet till dark.
 Ey, workin as if they were workin for life
 As hard as they fairly can yark.

Beath maister and men wear beards a week oald
 And shave, if they've time, at t' week end.
 They mun stick to their sickles be't het or be 't coald,
 Nor straight their backs out of a bend.

Harvest gits endit like meast other things,
 And kern-supper follows as sure.
 A thanksgiving feast contentment still brings
 If a morsel be spared to the poor.

Than hey for thick bannocks and rich butter sops,
 Wid iv'ry thing dainty and nice.
 T' maister says "fettle tee lads we've gaily good crops,"
 And neabody needs preezin twice

To piggins o' frummety, (barley and milk)
 And bannocks and butter to follow !
 And sops so smeath 'at they slip down like silk,
 They bang watter poddish clean hollow

Than t' breet powder dishes begin to leuk howe
 And mickle mair cannot weel spend : [powe,
 And youngsters 'll stretch their arms—some scrat their
 Ilk yan o' them full to t' thropole end.

Harvest o' finish't and o' sydit up
 Their steepin o' hemp and line,
 Aud bleachin't on grass, clear o' wet, ev'ry sup,
 Than house it for makkin o' twine.

October.

Now barns sud be sent til a Whittlegeat man
 (As haytime and harvest is ower)
 To larn them to read, write, and count—if he can,
 Or else they'll be daft as a stower.

Their skeulin 'll come to some money by t' spring
 At a penny a week for ilk heed ;
 T' maister's clogs and kelt cwoat they'll mannish to
 Into t' Poor Beuk—famish good thing.

Now settin o' tar, and soavin o' sheep,
 Taks up some time and some labor.
 Efter sixteen hours sittin a soaver may creep
 Off to bed and nit visit his nabor.

Bit o' mayn't be whiet at times like this,
 And befwoe o' t' soavin is done
 A set o' good soavers wad grummel to miss
 Their lang-used jwokin and fun.

They tire o' lang sittin, and lang for a reass,
 Or a lark, or a moonleet russle.
 And many a youngan gits larn't a fast peass,
 Or a conquerin chip in a tussle.

Now soavin nar through and swortin o' sheep,
 A deal of odd things are to side ;
 And lang kidney taties to fork up and keep
 For taty and point to provide.

For in times we co' good in them oald-wairld days
 When they'd plenty wi' pinchin gay hard,
 In scrattin and seavvin up o' waifs and strays,
 They niver durst play a wrang card.

Now kye grows uneasy for want o' some fog ;
 Through hazel and wythe they'll rush ;
 Than leadd them wi clammers, and cow beam, and clog
 You cannot depend on a bush,

Nor a thorn, nor an oald clog-wheel in a gap,
 Nor a teuthless oald harrow in t' dyke ;
 And t' bull sud be biggelt or he'll in full slap
 And care not a wink for dog "Tyke."

November.

Now t' kye o' ty't up wi' wooden D bands,
 And t' coaves ty't wi' plettit hemp string.
 T' woman-fwok poos them hay wi' their hands
 And nurses them through till spring.

T' young fwoks 'll gang till a cannal-seave syke
 And pick a shaff strangans for leets,
 Than hotter to hea'mm, through bog and wet dyke,
 To peel them and dip them at' neets.

They turn in at neet wi' their clogs o' skarn
 And clean them a bit yeance a week.
 They'd rayder spin hanks o' rough sheep-langel garn,
 And mak t' woo-wheel to whirr and to squeak.

As threshin time's here we fit up a flail
 Wi' handstaff, and soople, and cappin,
 And hingin, and hing it on t' wo' on a nail
 Till wantit for threshin and wappin.

Martinmas endit and teram time done
 In a laal bit o' huntin what harm,
 If yan steal off some mworn for a good days run
 While t' weather's just canny and warm ?

Than up and be off for a day-brek quest,
 Wid a merry and lively chang :
 It thrills through yan's brisket as if yan was blest
 Wid o' good things and niver ought wrang.

Harkaway ! see she's off ! o'er hill and through whol
 We spank till we're gaily nar done :
 Than hingan a lip like a motherless fwol
 Sledder heamward, but nit in a run.

And next down wi' t' listers and out wid a lowe,
 And away into t' beck efter dark ;
 A salmon or two will be welcome I trow,
 Tho' listerin's canny coald wark.

A cut o' dry't salmon's a teastily thing
 When flesh meat cannot be hed.
 It's a savory change and will appetite bring
 For poddish and taties and bread.

December.

They dress up some wots for a melder o' meal,
 And dry't in a kiln in 't kiln croft :
 Than to t' bond-sucken mill tak't to coald Robin Pecl,
 And a man mun keep watch at t' mill toft

To stiddy his mouter-dish—help him to sift it,
 And see it's o' tidily done ;
 Any gedder up offal, and heamward to skift it,
 And hev sooins as sure as a gun.

Fwok ree's a lock wheat in a scive, if they hev't,
 And *that* was their deetin machine.
 Or they teuk't onta t' deetin hill, whither they gev't
 O' t' wind they could gedder on t' green.

A masselton batch will be sent off to t' mill
 For Sunday and Kersenmas breed ;
 And for pies, a laal pwok o' some bettermer still,
 For that's thought a varra good deed.

They've havver meal poddish ; and havver meal breed,
 As thin as a sixpence they rowl't.
 They beakk't on a girdle, and onta t' wo' heed
 T' rattans on t' rannel tree, bold

Wad slyly leuk down, watchan o' 'at they dee,
 And waitin impatient for neet
 When they pop down as seun as o's whyet they see,
 To clean up t' strow't meal for their treat.

And now you've a swatch o' them good oald days
 'At fwok brags on as hevvin lang sen ;
 And you know summat now o' their wark and their
 Wad ye swap eb'm hands, good men ? [ways.

CROSSYATS BOGGLE, (LAMPLUGH)

Which always fore-set folk.

Tom Speddy 'd been on at a Club-neet at Cross
 Whoar he drank and he hakkert and sang
 Till it soundit as if he was singan through moss,
 And than towarts heamum he wad gang,
 Now Tom in his cups,
 Efter three or four sups,
 Or pints as they co' them
 By t' neam we o' know them.
 Was as bold as a lang-horn't bull :
 And was riddy to feight
 Any man of his weight,
 Or a feut mair height :
 (He'd hed many hard whacks on his skull.)
 Bit a few pints mair
 Teuk his courage down sair,
 And than he was nobbet like other fwok.
 And at startin frae t' Cross he bethought o' t' skeul beck,
 Whoar a girt white boggle without heed or neck
 Was said in oald times to sair bother fwok,
 Seah Tom set to thinkin, and thought narly reet,
 It was nin varra canny if boddert that neet
 Wid a thing he could nowder mak end-lang nor side on't ;
 And at last he considert to keep gaily wide on't.
 He could hardly walk street
 In that fine summer neet,
 So down by Murton Whol he stakkert
 To gang a mile about,
 And muttert tull his sel and hakkert.
 Fairly clear o' doubt
 Or fear of any evil thing :
 And as he wandert on his way,
 And just about to try to sing
 To keep his spirits frae decay,

And gittan on to Crossyats beck,
 A white thing flasht his een across
 And sat and screecht on t' watter heck,
 And pot Tom fairly till a loss ;
 For up it gat and flew ageann,
 And let awhile on t' wo' end steann,
 And than it screecht, and hiasht and skirlt,
 As round his heed it whuft and whirlt,
 Ilk way he turnt it still foorsset him,
 As if to heamm it waddent let him
 Gang that neet.
 And than it flasht up in a tree
 (That girt oald Esh so broad and hee
 And thick and street,
 At Crossyats neik it stood and grew
 And into it this boggle flew,)
 And hovert ower a pyet nest ;
 And as Tom's courage it wad test
 A screech it gave bangt o' the rest !
 Wi' sek a hissin up that tree,
 By witch or warse, or warlocks three,
 Or hagworms any quantity !
 Tom fear't if they war o' set free
 That down and at him they wad be.
 And than beside him, nar his feet,
 Sek awful greans that awful neet !
 They gar't his varra skin to creep,
 And caus'd his steps to plet and vary.
 He wisht he'd been at heamm asleep
 In t' Bird Dyke loft beside oald Mary.
 His seet was mebbly nit so clear
 As it hed been some former year.
 And what was that low liggan thear ?
 He thought it mud be summat whick,
 For it appear't to fidge and kick ;
 And than for sure some irons rattelt
 As if ageann t' oald tree it battelt
 It put him in a mortal flay !
 He cuddent run—he dursent stay ;
 For if it sud turn out old oald Nick

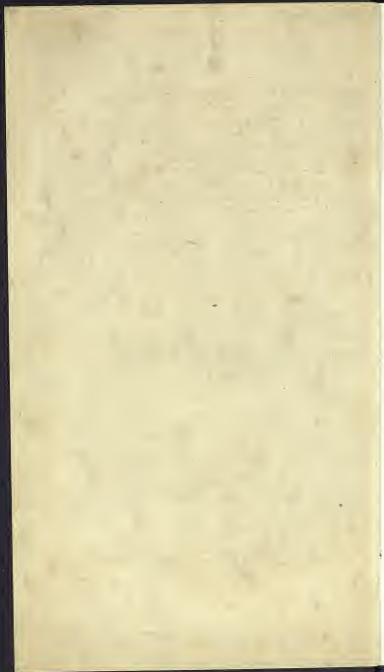
Was gaan to play some impish trick,
 When imps so many flapt about him
 They seaff wad catch, and scrat, and clout him.
 Just than *another* thing foorset him.
 A man stark neakt com on and met him,
 Neakt but his sark and white beard lang ;
 He seemt beathh to' and broad and strang.
 Tom shakt and whiddert in his shun,
 For he was lost, sure as a gun.
 It's lang sen Tom get sek a flay.
 It fairly dreuv his drink away.
 Bit seun he fand some smo' relief
 And mebbly meddent come to grief,
 For t' man was nobbet oald John Wood,*
 That whietly beside him stood.
 Seah Tom buckt up and axt him "what
 "He thought o' sek a thing as that?"
 Says John "It's drucken oald Scotch Jock."
 "Dust' say seah? Ey it is begock."
 And Jock it was, and ravan drunk,
 Batteran at that Esh tree trunk
 Wid ham'r and trowan in ya hand
 Jinglan ; yet he cuddent stand,
 Bit he could grunt, and rave and greann,
 And kick, and strike at tree or steann ;
 As mad as any mastiff dog
 When worryin sheep, or lamb, or hog.
 Now Tom gain't pluck and leukt around
 And setn he larnt, that screechan sound
 And hagworm-hiss abetin his heed
 Sprang frae a hulert and her breed ;
 A hungry nestful up that tree,
 And mebbly nar as flayt as he.
 He bad "good neet" to Murton John
 And left Scotch Jock to snoozle on.

* A harmless lunatic, accustomed to wander abroad in the nights without any covering but a shirt. While the West Pier was being built at Whitehaven he occasionally went there in the night, and could report progress to one or two who were in his confidence.

Ageam he leukt, and seim he saw
Another white thing on a wo'.
 Says Tom "this is a flaysom neet,
 "For turn which way I will, I meet
 "Some grantan thing or boggle white."
 But Tom was gittan sober quite,
 And went to see this new white thing,
 And hakkert "eh, eh, eh, by jing!
 "I thought it mud be summat queer,
 "It's Jwony Braithet oald white meer
 "Just rais'd her heed on t' top o' t' wo'.
 And that was t' last white thing Tom saw.

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7 June, 1869.





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