

# BILL O'TH' HOYLUS END

REVISED  
EDITION OF  
POEMS

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**Revised Edition of Poems**

«Public Domain»

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# William Wright

## Revised Edition of Poems

### PREFACE

The Author respectfully submits to the general public of his native town and district, this volume of poems, containing some of the chief results of his musings for the past thirty years. He hopes that the volume, which is in reality the production of a life-time, will in many ways be deemed worthy of the kind and courteous approbation of his numerous patrons and friends, as well as the indulgence of literary critics.

In launching forth the work, the Author begs to tender to his patrons and the public generally, his most sincere and hearty thanks for the assistance they have ever rendered him so as to enable him to acquire the necessary leisure for the cultivation of his muse. The result now achieved is not the comprehensive collection of the efforts of the author, but it may be taken as a selection and a representation of his more generally interesting productions from time to time.

Various reasons have operated in the time of the publication and the curtailment of this volume; but it is now submitted with every respect to the public for their perusal. Many of his poems, which are not found in the present volume, the author trusts will be deemed worthy of being treasured in the scrap books of his friends. Of the literary merits of the composition, it would ill become the author in any way to descant upon; but in regard to these he leaves himself entirely and absolutely in the hands of a critical, and, he hopes, an indulgent public, feeling assured that he may trust himself in the hands of his readers.

No formal dedication is here made to any particular patron, but the book is submitted without the powerful influence of any conspicuous name or the commendation of any well-known literary friend; and like Dr. Johnson of old, failing patrons, he trusts that his work will, in the midst of his numerous competitors, locally and generally, be thought worthy of the attention of the various classes of the public.

AUGUST, 1891.

## The Grand Old Man of Oakworth

Come, hand me down that rustic harp,  
From off that rugged wall,  
For I must sing another song  
To suit the Muse's call,  
For she is bent to sing a pœan,  
On this eventful year,  
In praise of the philanthropist  
Whom all his friends hold dear —  
The Grand Old Man of Oakworth,  
Beyond his eightieth year!

No flattery! My honest Muse,  
Nor yet be thou servile;  
But tinkle up that harp again,  
A moment to beguile.  
Altho' the bard be rude and rough,  
Yet, he is ever proud  
To do the mite that he can do,  
And thus proclaim aloud —  
The Grand Old Man of Oakworth,  
Of whom we all are proud!

For base indeed were any bard  
That ever sang on earth,  
Did he not wish his neighbour well,  
And praise his sterling worth.  
Leave state affairs and office  
To those of younger blood,  
But I am with the patriot,  
The noble, wise, and good —  
The Grand Old Man of Oakworth,  
The wise, the great, the good!

This worthy old philanthropist,  
Whom all his neighbours greet;  
Who has a smile for every one  
Whom he may chance to meet —  
Go to yon pleasant village,  
On the margin of the moor,  
And you will hear his praises sung  
By all the aged poor —  
The Grand Old Man of Oakworth,  
A friend unto the poor!

Long may he live! and happy be,

The patriot and the sire;  
And may some other harp give praise,  
Whose notes will sound much higher.  
His thirst for knowledge, worth, and lore —  
His heart was ever there —  
This worthy old philanthropist,  
Beyond his eightieth year! —  
The Grand Old Man of Oakworth,  
Beyond his eightieth year.

## THOUGHTS SUGGESTED ON HEARING Dr. Dobie's Lecture on Burns

Though murky are the days and short,  
And man he finds but little sport,  
    These gloomy days, to cheer him;  
Yet, if a Dobie should, perchance,  
Come out before an audience,  
    'Tis worth our while to hear him.

Right pleased was I, dear sir, to hear  
Your lecture on that subject dear,  
    So grand and superhuman;  
For all the world doth pay regard  
To Bobbie Burns, the Scottish bard,  
    The patriot and the ploughman.

Your words, indeed, were passing good,  
On him who kenned and understood  
    The kirk and all its ranting;  
Who "held the mirror" up, indeed,  
To show the "muckle unco-guid"  
    Their double-dyéd canting.

You painted him sometimes in glee  
While other times in poverty —  
    To gold without alliance;  
Yet, after all he kept his pace,  
And looked grim fortune in the face,  
    And set him at defiance.

But, alas! the picture, was it true?  
Of Burns' parents, poor and low —  
    So furrowed and so hoary —  
It makes our very hearts to burn  
To think that "man was made to mourn,"  
    And tell the sad, sad story.

You brought me back to days bygone,  
When glad its banks I strolled upon,  
    The river Doon so bonnie;  
The roofless kirk and yard so green,  
Where many a tombstone may be seen,  
    With Tam and Souter Johnnie.

And when ye spake of yond bright star



That lingers in the lift afar,  
Where Burns was never weary  
Of gazing on the far-off sphere,  
Where dwells his angel lassie dear —  
His ain sweet Highland Mary!

But here my Muse its wings may lower;  
Such flights are far beyond its power;  
So I will stop the jingle.  
Sir, I am much obliged to you,  
And I am much indebted to  
The Choir and Mr. Pringle.

## What Profits Me

What profits me tho' I sud be  
The lord o' yonder castle gay;  
Hev rooms in state to imitate  
The princely splendour of the day  
For what are all my carvéd doors,  
My chandeliers or carpet floors,  
No art could save me from the grave.

What profits me tho' I sud be  
Decked i' costly costumes grand,  
Like the Persian king o' kings,  
Wi' diamond rings to deck my hand:  
For what wor all my grand attire,  
That fooils both envy and admire,  
No gems could save me from the grave.

What profits me tho' I sud be  
Thy worthy host, O millionaire,  
Hev cent. for cent. for money lent;  
My wealth increasing ivvery year.  
For what wor all my wealth to me,  
Compared to immortality,  
Wealth could not save me from the grave.

What profits me tho' I sud be  
Even the gert Persian Shah,  
My subjects stand at my command,  
Wi' fearful aspect and wi' awe;  
For what wor a despotic rule,  
Wi' all the world at my control,  
All could not save me from the grave.

## The Death of Gordon

From the red fields of gore, 'midst war's dreadful clang,  
I hear a sad strain o'er oceans afar:  
Oh, shame, shame upon you, ye proud men of England,  
Whose highest ambition is rapine and war!  
Through your vain wickedness  
Thousands are fatherless,  
False your pretensions old Egypt to save;  
Arabs with spear in hand  
Far in a distant land  
Made our brave Gordon a sad and red grave.

On Nile's sunny banks, with the Arab's great nation,  
Brave Gordon was honoured and worshipped by all,  
The acknowledged master of the great situation,  
Until England's bondholders caused Egypt to fall.  
Another great blunder,  
Makes the world wonder,  
Where is Britannia's sword, sceptre and shield?  
War and disaster  
Come thicker and faster,  
Oh, for the days of the Great Beaconsfield!

Oh, Great Beaconsfield! the wise and the clever,  
When will thy place in our nation be filled?  
Britannia's shrill answer is never, oh never,  
My Beaconsfield's dead, and my Gordon is killed!  
Oh, blame not my foemen  
Or a Brutus-like Roman,  
Or Soudanese Arabs for Gordon's sad doom;  
But blame that vain Briton  
Whose name is true written,  
The slayer of Gordon, who fell at Khartoum.

## **The Earl of Beaconsfield**

I sing no song of superstition,  
No dark deeds of an Inquisition,  
No mad-brain'd theme of wild ambition,  
For lo, their doom is sealed!  
But I will use my best endeavour,  
To praise the good, the wise, the clever,  
Who will remember'd be for ever,  
The Earl of Beaconsfield.

When England was without alliance,  
He bid the Russians bold defiance,  
On Austria had no reliance  
In either flood or field;  
He proudly sent to Hornby message,  
The Dardanelles! go force the passage  
In spite of Turkey, Bear, or Sausage,  
The dauntless Beaconsfield!

At Berlin, he with admiration  
Was gazed upon by every nation,  
And, master of the situation,  
Vow'd Britons ne'er would yield.  
For I am here, you may depend on't,  
This Eastern brawl to make an end on't,  
To show both plaintiff and defendant  
I'm Earl of Beaconsfield!

Britannia now doth weep and ponder,  
Bereaved of him, her child of wonder,  
No earthly power could break asunder  
His love for England's weal.  
And now those locks once dark as raven  
(For laurel leaves ne'er deck'd a craven)  
Wear a laurel crown in Heaven,  
Glorious Beaconsfield!

## **Come, Nivver Dee i' Thi Shell**

“Come, nivver dee i' thi shell, owd lad,”  
Are words but rudely said;  
Though they may cheer some stricken heart,  
Or raise some wretched head;  
For they are words I love mysel,  
They're music to my ear;  
They muster up fresh energy  
An' chase each doubt an' fear.

Nivver dee i' thi shell, owd lad,  
Though tha be poor indeed;  
Ner lippen ta long i' th' turnin' up  
Sa mich ov a friend in need;  
Fur few ther are, an' far between,  
That help a poor man thru;  
An' God helps them at help therseln,  
An' they hev friends enew.

Nivver dee i' thi shell, owd lad,  
Whativver thi creditors say;  
Tell um at least tha'rt foarst ta owe,  
If tha artant able ta pay;  
An' if they nail thi bits o' traps,  
An' sell tha dish an' spoon;  
Remember fickle fortan lad,  
Shoo changes like the moooin.

Nivver dee i' thi shell, owd lad,  
Though some may laugh an' scorn;  
There wor nivver a neet afore ta neet,  
Bud what ther' com a morn;  
An' if blind fortan used tha bad,  
Sho's happen noan so meean;  
Ta morn al come, an' then fer some  
The sun will shine ageean.

Nivver dee i' thi shell, owd lad,  
Bud let thi motto be, —  
“Onward!” an' “Excelsior;”  
An' try for t' top o't tree:  
An' if thi enemies still pursue,  
Which ten-ta-one they will,  
Show um owd lad, tha'rt doin' weel,  
An' climin' up the hill.

## Owd Betty's Advice

So Mary, lass, tha'rt bahn to wed  
It mornin', we young Blacksmith Ned,  
An' though it maks thi mother sad,  
    It's like to be;  
I've nowt ageean yond dacent lad,  
    No more ner thee.

Bud let me tell tha what ta due,  
For my advise might help tha thru;  
Be kind, and to thi husband true,  
    An' I'll be bun  
Tha'll nivver hev a day ta rue  
    For owt that's done.

Nah, try to keep thi former knack,  
An' du thi weshin' in a crack,  
Bud don't be flaid to bend thi back,  
    Tha'll nobbut sweeat;  
So try an' hev a bit o' tack,  
    An' du it neeat.

Be sure tha keeps fra bein' a flirt,  
An' pride thysel i' bein' alert, —  
An' mind ta mend thi husband's shirt,  
    An' keep it cleean;  
It wod thi poor owd mother hurt,  
    If tha wur meean.

Don't kal abaht like monny a wun,  
Then hev to broil, an' sweeat, an' run;  
Bud alus hev thi dinner done  
    Withaht a mooild;  
If it's nobbut meil, lass, set it on,  
    An' hev it boiled.

Now Mary, I've no more ta say —  
Tha gets thi choice an' tak thi way;  
An' if tha leets to rue, I pray,  
    Don't blame thi mother:  
I wish yeh monny a happy day  
    Wi wun another.

## **T'owd Blacksmith's Advice ta hiz Son Ned**

So, Ned, awm geen ta understand,  
Tha'rt bahn ta join i' wedlock band,  
Ta travil thru life's weeary strand,  
    Yond lass an' thee;  
But if yer joinin' heart an' hand,  
    It pleases me.

Nah tha'll hev trubbles, Ned, ta bear,  
While pushin' thru this world o' care,  
An' wat tha'll hev it face ta stare,  
    It's hard ta tell;  
Life's ups and dahns tha'll get ta share,  
    So pleas thisel'.

Tha'rt weel an' strong, long may it last;  
But age an' care creep on us fast;  
Then act az tha can luke at t'past  
    An' feel no shaam;  
Then if tha'rt poor az sum ahtcast,  
    Tha'rt noan ta blame.

Doant sport abaht an' wagers bet,  
But mind an' shun that foolish set  
At cannut mak ther awn ta fet,  
    Though shaam to say it.  
An' mind tha keeps fra bein' i' debt,  
    An' tha'll be reight.

Nah stick fast hod o' iron will;  
Push boldly on an' fear no ill;  
Keep Him i' veiw, whoa's mercies fill  
    The wuld sa wide.  
No daht but His omnishent skill  
    Al be thi guide.

So Ned, mi lad, tak this advice,  
Prove worthy o' yond lass's choice,  
I' years ta cum tha may rejoice  
    Tha tuke her hand;  
An' listened ta thi father's voice,  
    An' his command.

## Th' Furst Pair o' Briches

Aw remember the days o' mi bell-button jacket,  
Wi' its little lappels hangin' down ower mi waist,  
An' mi grand bellosed cap, – noan nicer I'll back it, —  
Fer her at hed bowt it wur noan withaht taste;  
Fer shoo wur mi mother an' I wur her darling,  
An often shoo vowed it, an' stroked dahn mi hair,  
An' shoo tuke ma to see her relashuns i' Harden  
It furst Pair o' Briches at ivver aw ware.

Aw remember the time when Aunt Betty an' Alice  
Sent fer me up to lewk at mi cloas,  
An aw wauked up as prahd as a Frenchman fra Calais,  
Wi' mi tassel at t'side – i' mi jacket a rose.  
Aw sooin saw mi uncles, both Johnny an' Willy,  
They both gav me pennies, an' off aw did steer:  
But aw heeard um say this, "He's a fine lad is Billy,"  
It furst Pair o' Briches at ivver aw ware.

Aw remember t' time at ahr Robin and Johnny  
Wur keeping their hens an' ducks i' t' yard,  
Tha wur gamecocks an' bantams, wi' toppins so bonny,  
An' noan on um mine – aw thowt it wur hard.  
But aw saved up mi pennies aw gat fer mail pickin',  
An' sooin gat a shilling by saving it fair,  
Aw then became maister at least o' wun chicken,  
It furst Pair o' Briches at ivver aw ware.

Aw remember wun Sabbath, an' t'sun it wor shining,  
Aw went wi' mi father ta Hainworth ta sing;  
An' t'stage wur hung raand wi' bottle-green lining;  
And childer i' white made t' village ta ring.  
We went ta owd Meshach's that day ta wur drinkin',  
Though poor, tha wur plenty, an' summat ta spare;  
Says Meshach, "That lad, Jim, is just thee, aw'm thinking,  
It furst Pair o' Briches at ivver tha ware."

Now them wur the days o' grim boggards and witches,  
When Will-o'-the-wisp cud be seen in the swamp,  
But nah are the days o' cheating fer riches,  
An' a poor honest man is classed wi' a scamp.  
Yes, them wur the days at mi mind warrant weary;  
O them wur the days aw knew no despair;  
O give me the time o' the boggard an' fairy,  
Wi' t' furst Pair o' Briches at ivver aw ware.



Ah! them wur the days aw sall allus remember,  
Sud aw just as owd as Mathusalah last;  
Them wur mi March days, but nah it's September:  
Ne'er to return again – them days are past.  
But a time aw remember aboon onny other,  
Aw kneeled o' mi knees an' sed the Lord's Prayer;  
Aw sed "God bless mi father, an' God bless mi mother,"  
It furst Pair o' Briches at ivver aw ware.

## O Welcome, Lovely Summer

O welcome, lovely summer,  
Wi' thi golden days so long,  
When the throstle and the blackbird  
Do charm us wi' ther song;  
When the lark in early morning  
Takes his aerial flight;  
An' the humming bat an' buzzard  
Frolic in the night.

O! welcome, lovely summer,  
With her rainbow's lovely form;  
Her thunner an' her leetnin',  
An' her grandeur in the storm:  
With her sunshine an' her shower,  
An' her whirlin' of the dust,  
An' the maiden with her flagon,  
To sleek the mower's thirst.

O! welcome, lovely summer,  
When the woods wi' music ring,  
An' the bees so heavy laden,  
To their hives their treasures bring:  
When we seek some shady bower,  
Or some lovely little dell,  
Or, bivock in the sunshine,  
Besides some cooling well.

O! welcome, lovely summer,  
With her roses in full bloom;  
When the cowslaps an' the laalek  
Deck the cottage home;  
When the cherry an' the berry  
Give a grandeur to the charm;  
And the clover and the haycock  
Scent the little farm.

O! welcome, lovely summer,  
Wi' the partridge on the wing;  
When the tewit an' the moorgam,  
Up fra the heather spring,  
From the crowber an' the billber,  
An' the bracken an' the whin;  
As from the noisy tadpole,  
We hear the crackin' din.  
O! welcome, lovely summer.



## Burns's Centenary

Go bring that tuther whisky in,  
An' put no watter to it;  
Fur I mun drink a bumper off,  
To Scotland's darlin' poet.

It's just one hunderd year to-day,  
This Jenewarry morn,  
Sin' in a lowly cot i' Kyle,  
A rustic bard wur born.

He kittled up his muirland harp,  
To ivvery rustic scene;  
An' sung the ways o' honest men,  
His Davey an' his Jean.

There wur nivver a bonny flaar that grew  
Bud what he could admire;  
There wur nivver lovely hill or dale  
That suited not his lyre.

At last owd Coilia sed enough,  
Mi bardy thah did sing,  
Then gently tuke his muirland harp,  
And brack it ivvery string.

An' bindin' up the holly wreath,  
Wi' all its berries red,  
Shoo placed it on his noble brow,  
An' pensively shoo said: —

“So long as Willies brew ther malt,  
An' Robs and Allans spree;  
Mi Burns's songs an' Burns's name,  
Remember'd they shall be.”

## Waiting for t' Angels

Ligging here deead, mi poor Ann Lavina,  
Ligging alone, mi own darling child,  
Just thi white hands crost on thi bosom,  
Wi' features so tranquil, so calm, and so mild.

Ligging here deead, so white an' so bonny,  
Hidding them eyes that oft gazed on mine;  
Asking for summat withaht ever speaking,  
Asking thi father to say tha wur fine.

Ligging here deead, the child that so lov'd me,  
At fane wod ha' hidden mi faults if shoo could;  
Wal thi wretch of a father despairin' stands ower tha,  
Wal remorse and frenzy are freezin' his blood.

Ligging here deead, i' thi shroud an thi coffin,  
Ligging alone in this poor wretched room;  
Just thi white hands crossed ower thi bosom,  
Waiting for t'angels to carry tha home.

## The Lass o' Newsholme Dean

[Having spent the whole of the afternoon in this romantic little glen, indulging in pleasant meditations, I began to wend my way down the craggy pass that leads to the bonny little hamlet of Goose Eye, and turning round to take a last glance at this enchanting vale – with its running whimpering stream – I beheld the “Lass o' Newsholme Dean.” She was engaged in driving home a Cochin China hen and her chickens. Instantaneously I was seized with a poetic fit, and gazing upon her as did Robert Tannyhill upon his imaginary beauty, “The Flower of Dumblane,” I struck my lyre, and, although the theme of my song turned out afterwards to be a respectable old woman of 70 winters, yet there is still a charm in my “Lass o' Newsholme Dean.”]

Thy kiss is sweet, thy words are kind,  
Thy love is all to me;  
Aw couldn't in a palace find  
A lass more true ner thee:  
An' if aw wor the Persian Shah,  
An' thee mi Lovely Queen,  
The grandest diamond i' mi Crown  
Wor t' lass o' Newsholme Dean.

The lady gay may heed tha not,  
An' passing by may sneer;  
The upstart squire's dowters laugh,  
When thou, my love, art near;  
But if all ther shinin' soverins  
War wared o' sattens green,  
They mightn't be as handsome then  
As t' Lass o' Newsholme Dean.

When yellow autumn's lustre shines,  
An' hangs her golden ear,  
An' nature's voice fra every bush  
Is singing sweet and clear,  
'Neath some white thorn to song unknown,  
To mortal never seen,  
'Tis there with thee I fain wad be,  
Mi Lass o' Newsholme Dean.

Od drat, who cares fur kings or queens,  
Mix'd in a nation's broil,  
They nivver benefit the poor —  
The poor mun ollas toil.  
An' thou gilded spectre, royalty,  
That dazzles folks's een,  
Is nowt to me when I'm wi thee,  
Sweet Lass o' Newsholme Dean.

High fra the summit o' yon' crag,

I view yon' smooky town,  
Where fortien she has deigned to smile  
On monny a simple clown:  
Though free fra want, they're free fra brains;  
An' yet no happier I ween,  
Than this old farmer's wife an' hens,  
Aw saw i' Newsholme Dean.

## The Broken Pitcher

[The happiest moments of a soldier in times of peace are when sat round the hearth of his neat little barrack room, along with his comrades, spinning yarns and telling tales; sometimes giving the history of some famous battle or engagement in which he took a prominent part; other times he will relate his own love adventures; then the favourite of the room will oblige them with his song of “Nelson” or “Napoleon” (generally being the favourites with them); – then there is the fancy tale teller, who amuses all. But in all cases the teller of a tale, yarn, or story, makes himself the hero of it, and especially when he speaks of the lass he left behind him; hence this adventure with the “Lassie by the Well.”]

There was a bonny Lassie once  
Sitting by a well —  
But what this bonny Lassie thought  
I cannot, cannot tell —  
When by there went a cavalier  
Well known as Willie Wright,  
Just in full marching order,  
His armour shining bright.

“Ah maiden, lovely maiden, why  
Sits thou by the spring?  
Dost thou seek a lover, with  
A golden wedding ring?  
Or wherefore dost thou gaze on me,  
With eyes so bright and wide?  
Or wherefore does that pitcher lay  
Broken by thy side?”

“My pitcher it is broken, sir,  
And this the reason is,  
A villian came behind me,  
An’ he tried to steal a kiss.  
I could na take his nonsense,  
So ne’er a word I spoke,  
But hit him with my pitcher,  
And thus you see ’tis broke.”

“My uncle Jock McNeil, ye ken  
Now waits for me to come;  
He canna mak his Crowdy,  
Till t’watter it goes home.  
I canna tak him watter,  
And that I ken full weel,  
And so I’m sure to catch it, —  
For he’ll play the varry de’il.”

“Ah maiden, lovely maiden,



I pray be ruled by me;  
Smile with thine eyes and ruby lips,  
And give me kisses three.  
And we'll suppose my helmet is  
A pitcher made o' steel,  
And we'll carry home some watter  
To thy uncle Jock McNeil."

She silently consented, for  
She blink'd her bonny ee,  
I threw mi arms around her,  
And gave her kisses three.  
To wrong the bonny Lassie  
I sware 'twould be a sin;  
So knelt dahn by the watter  
To dip mi helmet in.

Out spake this bonny Lassie,  
"My soldier lad, forbear,  
I wadna spoil thi bonny plume  
That decks thi raven hair;  
Come buckle up thy sword again,  
Put on thi cap o' steel,  
I carena for my pitcher, nor  
My uncle Jock McNeil."

I often think, my comrades,  
About this Northern queen,  
And fancy that I see her smile,  
Though mountains lay between.  
But should you meet her Uncle Jock,  
I hope you'll never tell  
How I squared the broken pitcher,  
With the Lassie at the well.

## Ode to Sir Titus Salt

Go, string once more old Ebor's harp,  
And bring it here to me,  
For I must sing another song,  
The theme of which shall be, —  
A worthy old philanthropist,  
Whose soul in goodness soars,  
And one whose name will stand as firm  
As rocks that gird our shores;  
The fine old Bradford gentleman,  
The good Sir Titus Salt.

Heedless of others; some there are,  
Who all their days employ  
To raise themselves, no matter how,  
And better men destroy:  
How different is the mind of him,  
Whose deeds themselves are told,  
Who values worth more nobly far  
Than all the heaps of gold.

His feast and revels are not such,  
As those we hear and see,  
No princely show does he indulge,  
Nor feats of revelry;  
But in the orphan schools they are,  
Or in the cot with her,  
The widow and the orphan of  
The shipwrecked mariner,

When stricken down with age and care,  
His good old neighbours grieved,  
Or loss of family or mate,  
Or all on earth bereaved;  
Go see them in their houses,  
Where peace their days may end,  
And learn from them the name of him  
Who is their aged friend.

With good and great his worth shall live,  
With high or lowly born;  
His name is on the scroll of fame,  
Sweet as the songs of morn;  
While tyranny and villany  
Is surely stamped with shame;  
A nation gives her patriot

A never-dying fame.

No empty titles ever could  
His principles subdue,  
His queen and country too he loved, —  
Was loyal and was true:  
He craved no boon from royalty,  
Nor wished their pomp to share,  
Far nobler is the soul of him,  
The founder of Saltaire.

Thus lives this sage philanthropist,  
From courtly pomp removed,  
But not secluded from his friends,  
For friendship's bond he loved;  
A noble reputation too  
Crowns all his latter days;  
The young men they admire him,  
And the aged they him praise.

Long life to thee, Sir Titus,  
The darling of our town;  
Around thy head while living,  
We'll weave a laurel crown.  
Thy monument in marble  
May suit the passer by,  
But a monument in all our hearts  
Will never, never die.

And when thy days are over,  
And we miss thee on our isle,  
Around thy tomb for ever  
May unfading laurels smile:  
Then may the sweetest flowers  
Usher in the spring;  
And roses in the gentle gales,  
Their balmy odours fling.

May summer's beams shine sweetly,  
Upon thy hallowed clay,  
And yellow autumn o'er thy head,  
Yield many a placid ray;  
May winter winds blow slightly, —  
The green-grass softly wave,  
And falling snow drop lightly  
Upon thy honoured grave.

## Cowd az Leead

An' arta fra thi father torn,  
So early i' thi youthful morn,  
An' mun aw pine away forlorn,  
I' grief an' pain?  
Fer consolashun I sall scorn  
If tha be ta'en.

O yes, tha art, an' aw mun wail  
Thi loss through ivvery hill an' dale,  
Fer nah it is too true a tale,  
Tha'rt cowd az leead.  
An' nah thi bonny face iz pale,  
Tha'rt deead! tha'rt deead'!

Aw's miss tha when aw cum fra t'shop,  
An' see thi bat, an' ball, an' top;  
An' aw's be ommust fit ta drop,  
Aw sall so freeat,  
An' Oh! mi varry heart may stop  
An' cease to beeat!

Ah'd allus aimed, if tha'd been spar'd,  
Of summat better to hev shared  
Ner what thi poor owd father fared,  
I' this cowd sphere;  
Yet, after all, aw'st noan o' cared  
If tha'd stayed here.

But O! Tha Conquerer Divine,  
'At vanquished deeath i' Palestine,  
Tak to Thi arms this lad o' mine  
Noan freely given;  
But mak him same as wun o' Thine,  
Wi' Thee i' Heaven.

## The Factory Girl

Shoo stud beside her looms an' watch'd  
The shuttle passin' through,  
But yet her soul wur sumweer else,  
'Twor face ta face wi' Joe.  
They saw her lips move as in speech,  
Yet none cud hear a word,  
An' but fer t'grindin' o' the wheels,  
This language might be heard.

"T't spite o' all thi treacherous art,  
At length aw breathe again;  
The pityin' stars hes tane mi part,  
An' eas'd a wretch's pain.  
An' Oh! aw feel as fra a maze,  
Mi rescued soul is free,  
Aw know aw do not dream an daze  
I' fancied liberty.

"Extinguished nah is ivvery spark,  
No love for thee remains,  
Fer heart-felt love i' vain sall strive  
Ta live, when tha disdains.  
No longer when thi name I hear,  
Mi conscious colour flies!  
No longer when thi face aw see,  
Mi heart's emotions rise.

"Catcht i' the bird-lime's treacherous twigs,  
Ta wheer he chonc'd ta stray,  
The bird his fastened feathers leaves,  
Then gladly flies away.  
His shatter'd wings he sooin renews,  
Of traps he is aware;  
Fer by experience he is wise,  
An' shuns each future snare.

"Awm speikin' nah, an' all mi aim  
Is but ta pleeas mi mind;  
An' yet aw care not if mi words  
Wi' thee can credit find.  
Ner dew I care if my decease  
Sud be approved bi thee;  
Or whether tha wi' equal ease  
Does tawk ageean wi' me.

“But, yet, tha false deceivin’ man,  
Tha’s lost a heart sincere;  
Aw naw net which wants comfort mooast,  
Or which hes t’mooast ta fear.  
But awm suer a lass more fond an’ true  
No lad could ivver find:  
But a lad like thee is easily fun —  
False, faithless, and unkind.”

## Bonny Lark

Sweetest warbler of the wood,  
Rise thy soft bewitching strain,  
And in pleasure's sprightly mood,  
Soar again.

With the sun's returning beam,  
First appearance from the east,  
Dimpling every limpid stream,  
Up from rest.

Thro' the airy mountains stray,  
Chant thy welcome songs above,  
Full of sport and full of play,  
Songs of love.

When the evening cloud prevails,  
And the sun gives way for night,  
When the shadows mark the vales,  
Return thy flight.

Like the cottar or the swain,  
Gentle shepherd, or the herd;  
Rest thou till the morn again,  
Bonny bird!

Like thee, on freedom's airy wing,  
May the poet's rapturous spark,  
Hail the first approach of spring,  
Bonny lark!

## Some of My Boyish Days

Home of my boyish days, how can I call  
Scenes to my memory, that did befall?  
How can my trembling pen find power to tell  
The grief I experienced in bidding farewell?  
Can I forget the days joyously spent,  
That flew on so rapidly, sweet with content?  
Can I then quit thee, whose memory's so dear,  
Home of my boyish days, without one tear?

Can I look back on happy days gone by,  
Without one pleasant thought, without one sigh  
Ah, no! though never more these eyes may dwell  
On thee, old cottage home, I love so well:  
Home of my childhood! wherever I be,  
Thou art the nearest and dearest to me!

Can I forget the songs sung by my sire,  
Like some prophetic bard tuning the lyre?  
Sweet were the notes that he taught to the young;  
Psalms for the Sabbath, on Sabbath were sung;  
And the young minstrels enraptured would come  
To the little lone cottage I once called my home.

Can I forget the dear landscape around,  
Where in my boyish days I could be found,  
Stringing my hazel-bow, roaming the wood,  
Fancying myself to be bold Robin Hood?  
Then would my mother say – “Where is he gone?  
I'm waiting for shuttles that he should have ‘wun’?” —  
She in that cottage there, knitting her healds,  
And I, her young forester, roaming the fields.

But the shades of the evening gather slowly around,  
The twilight it thickens and darkens the ground,  
Night's sombre mantle is spreading the plain.  
And as I turn round to look on thee again,  
To take one fond look, one last fond adieu,  
By night's envious hand thou art snatched from my view;  
But Oh! there's no darkness – to me – no decay,  
Home of my boyhood, can chase thee away!



## Ode ta Spring Sixty-four

O welcome, young princess, thou sweetest of dowters,  
An' furst bloomin' issue o' King Sixty-four,  
Wi' thi brah deck'd wi' gems o' the purest o' waters,  
Tha tells us thi sire, stern winter, is ower.

We hail thi approach wi' palm-spangled banners;  
The plant an' the saplin' await thi command;  
An' Natur herseln, to show her good manners,  
Nah spreads her green mantle all ower the land.

Tha appears in t' orchard, in t' garden, an' t' grotto,  
Where sweet vegetation anon will adorn;  
Tha smiles on the lord no more than the cottar,  
For thi meanest o' subjects tha nivver did scorn.

O hasten ta labour! ye wise, O be goin'!  
These words they are borne on the wings o' the wind;  
That bids us be early i' plewin' an' sowin',  
Fer him at neglects, tha'll leave him behind.

## Address ta t' First Wesherwoman

I' sooth shoo wor a reeal God-send,  
Ta t' human race the greatest friend,  
An' liv'd, no daht, at t'other end  
    O' history.  
Her name is nah, yah may depend,  
    A mystery.

But sprang shoo up fra royal blood,  
Or some poor slave beyond the Flood,  
Mi blessing on the sooap an' sud  
    Shoo did invent;  
Her name sall renk ameng the good,  
    If aw get sent.

If nobbut in a rainy dub,  
Shoo did at furst begin ta skrub,  
Or hed a proper weshin' tub —  
    It's all the same;  
Aw'd give a crahn, if aw'd to sub,  
    To get her name.

I' this wide world aw'm set afloat,  
Th' poor regg'd possessor of one coat;  
Yet linen clean, aw on tha dote,  
    An' thus assert,  
Tha'rt worthy o' great Shakespeare's note —  
    A clean lin' shirt.

Low is mi lot, an' hard mi ways,  
While paddlin' thro' life's stormy days;  
Yet aw will sing t'owd lass's praise,  
    Wi' famous glee;  
Tho' rude an' rough sud be mi lays,  
    Shoo's t'lass for me.

Bards hev sung the fairest fair,  
Their rosy cheeks an' auburn hair;  
The dying lover's deep despair,  
    Their harps hev rung;  
But useful wimmin's songs are rare,  
    An' seldom sung.

## In a Pleasant Little Valley

In a pleasant little valley near the ancient town of Ayr,  
Where the laddies they are honest, and the lassies they are fair;  
Where Doon in all her splendour ripples sweetly through the wood,  
And on its banks not long ago a little cottage stood;  
'Twas there, in all her splendour, on a January morn,  
Appeared old Coila's genius – when Robert Burns was born.

Her mantle large of greenish hue and robe of tartan shone,  
And round its mystic border seen was Luger, Ayr, and Doon;  
A leaf-clad holly bough was twined so graceful round her brow,  
She was the darling native muse of Scotia then, as now:  
So grand old Coila's genius on this January morn,  
Appeared in all her splendour when Robert Burns was born.

She vowed she ne'er would leave him till he sung old Scotia's plains —  
The daisy, and the milk-white thorn he tuned in lovely strains;  
And sung of yellow autumn, or some lovely banks and braes:  
And make each cottage home resound with his sweet tuneful lays,  
And sing how Coila's genius, on a January morn,  
Appeared in all her splendour when Robert Burns was born.

She could not teach him painting like her Cunningham at home,  
Nor could she teach him sculpturing like Angelo of Rome;  
But she taught him how to wander her lovely hills among,  
And sing her bonny burns and glens in simple rustic song;  
This old Coila's genius did that January morn,  
Vow in all her splendour when Robert Burns was born.

And in the nights of winter, when stormy winds do roar,  
And the fierce dashing waves are heard on Ayr's old craggy shore,  
The young and old encircled around the cheerful fire,  
Will talk of Rob the Ploughman and tune the Scottish lyre;  
And sing how Coila's genius on a January morn,  
Appeared in all her splendour when Robert Burns was born.

## **John o'f' Bog an' Keighley Feffy Goast: A TALE O' POVERTY**

“Some books are lies fra end to end,  
And some great lies were never penn'd;  
But this that I am gaun to tell,  
\* \* \* Lately on a night befel.” – Burns.

T'wor twelve o'clock wun winter's neet,  
Net far fra Kersmas time,  
When I met wee this Feffy Goast,  
The subject of mi rhyme.

I'd been hard up fer monny a week,  
Mi way I cuddant see,  
Fer trade an' commerce wor as bad  
As ivver they could be.

T'poor hand-loom chaps wor running wild,  
An' t'combers wor quite sick,  
Fer weeks they nivver pool'd a slip,  
Ner t'weivers wave a pick.

An' I belong'd ta t'latter lot,  
An' them wor t'war o't' two,  
Fer I'd nine pair o' jaws i' t'haase,  
An nowt for 'em ta do.

T'owd wife at t' time wor sick i' bed,  
An' I'd a shockin' cowl,  
Wal t'youngest barn we hed at home,  
Wor nobbut three days owd.

Distracted to mi varry heart,  
At sitch a bitter cup,  
An' lippenin' ivvery day at com,  
At summat wod turn up;

At last I started off wun neet,  
To see what I could mak;  
Determin'd I'd hev summat ta eit,  
Or else I'd noan go back.

Through t'Skantraps an' be t' Bracken Benk,  
I tuke wi' all mi meet;  
Be t' Wire Mill an' Ingrow Loin,

Reight into t' oppen street.

Saint John's Church spire then I saw,  
An' I wor rare an' fain,  
Fer near it stood t'owd parsonage —  
I cuddant be mistain.

So up I went ta t' Wicket Gate,  
Though sad I am ta say it,  
Resolv'd to ax 'em for some breed,  
Or else some brocken meit.

Bud just as I wor shackin' it,  
A form raase up before,  
An' sed "What does ta want, tha knave,  
Shackin' t' Wicket Door?"

He gav me then ta understand,  
If I hedant come to pray,  
At t'grace o' God an' t'breed o' life,  
Wor all they gav away.

It's fearful nice fer folk ta talk  
Abaat ther breed o' life,  
An' specially when they've plenty,  
Fer t'childer an' ther wife.

Bud I set off ageean at t'run,  
Fer I weel understood,  
If I gat owt fra that thear clahn,  
It woddant do ma good.

I' travellin' on I thowt I heeard,  
As I went nearer t'tahn,  
A thaasand voices i' mi ears,  
Sayin' "John, whear are ta bahn?"

In ivvery grocer's shop I pass'd,  
A play-card I could see,  
I' t'biggest type at e'er wod print —  
"There's nowt here, lad, fer thee."

Wal ivvery butcher's shop I pass'd,  
Asteead o' meit wor seen,  
A mighty carvin'-knife hung up,  
Reight fair afore mi een.

Destruction wor invitin' me,  
I saw it fearful clear,

Fer ivvery druggist window sed —  
“Real poison is sold here.”

At last I gav a frantic howl,  
A shaat o' dreed despair,  
I seized missen by t'toppin then,  
An' shack'd an' lugged mi hair.

Then quick as leetnin' ivver wor,  
A thowt com i' mi heead —  
I'd tak a walk to t'Simetry,  
An' meditate wi' t'dead.

T'owd Church clock wor striking' t' time  
At folk sud be asleep,  
Save t'Bobbies at wor on ther beat,  
An' t'Pindar after t'sheep.

Wi' lengthen'd pace I hasten'd off  
At summat like a trot;  
Ta get ta t'place I started for,  
Mi blood wor boiling hot.

An' what I saw at Lackock Gate,  
Rear'd up ageean a post,  
I cuddant tell – but yet I thowt  
It wor another goast!

But whether it wor a goast or net,  
I heddant time ta luke,  
Fer I wor takken bi surprise  
When turning t'Sharman's Nuke.

Abaat two hunderd yards i' t'front,  
As near as I could think,  
I thowt I heead a dreedful noise,  
An' nah an' then a clink!

Whativver can these noises be?  
Some robbers, then I thowt! —  
I'd better step aside an' see,  
They're happen up ta nowt!

So I gat ower a fence ther wor,  
An' peeping threw a gate,  
Determin'd to be satisfied,  
If I'd a while to wait.

At last two figures com ta t'spot

Whear I hed hid misel,  
Then walkers'-earth and brimstone,  
Most horridly did smell.

Wun on em hed a nine-tail'd cat,  
His face as black as soot,  
His name, I think wor Nickey Ben,  
He hed a clovven foot.

An' t'other wor all skin an' bone  
His name wor Mr. Deeath;  
Withaat a stitch o' clooas he wor,  
An' seem'd quite aght o' breeth.

He hed a scythe, I plainly saw,  
He held it up aloft,  
Just same as he wor bahn ta maw  
Owd Jack O'Doodle's Croft.

"Where are ta bahn ta neet, grim phiz?"  
Sed Nickey, wi' a grin,  
"Tha knaws I am full up below,  
An' cannot tak more in."

"What is't ta thee?" said Spinnel Shanks,  
"Tha ruffin of a dog,  
I'm nobbut bahn mi raands ageean,  
Ta see wun John o't' Bog.

"I cannot see it fer mi life,  
What it's ta dew wi' thee;  
Go mind thi awn affairs, owd Nick,  
An' nivver thee heed me."

"It is my business, Spinnel Shanks,  
Whativver tha may say,  
Fer I been rostin' t'human race  
Fer monny a weary day."

Just luke what wark, I've hed wi' thee,  
This last two yer or so;  
Wi' Germany an Italy,  
An' even Mexico.

An' then tha knaws that Yankey broil  
Browt in some thaasands more;  
An' sooin fra Abyssinia,  
They'll bring black Theodore.

“So drop that scythe, owd farren deeath,  
Let’s rest a toathree wick;  
Fer what wi’ t’sheet o’t frying pan,  
Tha knows I’m ommost sick.”

“I sall do nowt o’t sort,” says Deeath,  
Who spack it wi’ a grin,  
I’s just do as I like fer thee,  
So tha can hod thi din.”

This made owd Nick fair raging mad,



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