

BILL O'TH' HOYLUS END

TH' HISTORY O'
HAWORTH
RAILWAY

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Th' History o' Haworth Railway

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**Bill o'th' Hoylus End
Th' History o' Haworth Railway /
fra' th' beginnin' to th' end, wi' an
ackaant o' th' oppnin' serrimony**

On hearing this, the Haworth foalk
Began to think it wor no joak,
An' wisht' at greedy kaa ma' choak,
'At swallowed th' plan o'th railway.

PREFACE TO THE TENTH EDITION

The Author of this well-known, amusing, and celebrated pamphlet was born on the 22nd March, 1836, at a place midway between Keighley and Haworth, called Hoylus End in a simple cottage near the Whins Delf, at the terminus of the quaint old hamlet known as Hermit Hole, in the Parish of Bingley. He began early in life to write songs and uncouth rhymes, and even as a boy He wrote satires so caustic that they are remembered even to the present day.

However, the Haworth Railway cropped up, and this found him ample food for his pen; and as this is the Tenth Edition of the work it is clear that it is still in popular favour.

CHAPTER I

Before I commence mi short history o' Haworth Railway, it might be as weel to say a word or two abaat Haworth itseln. It's a city at's little nawn, if onny, in th' history o' England, tho thare's no daat but it's as oud as Methuslam, if net ouder, yet wi' being built so far aat o' th' latitude o' civilised nashuns, nobody's scarcely nawn owt abaat it wal lately. Th' faanders of it is sed to be people fra th' Eastern countries, for they tuk fearful after em in Haworth i'th line o' soothsayers, magishuns, an' istralegers; but whether they cum fra th' East or th' West, thay luk oud fasun'd enuff. Nah th' city is situated in a vary romantic part o' Yorkshur, an' within two or three miles o'th boundary mark for th' next county. Sum foak sez it wur th' last place 'at wur made, but it's a mistak, for it looks oud fashun'd enuff to be th' first 'at wur made. Gurt travellers sez it resembles th' cities o' Rome an' Edinburgh, for thare's a deal a up-hills afore yo can get tut top on't; but i' landing yo'd be struck wi wonder an' amazement – wat wi th' tall biggens, monnements, dooms, hampitheaters, and so on, for instance Church, or rather th' Cathedrall, is a famous biggen, an' stands majestekely o'th top o' th' hill. It hez been sed at it wur Olevor Cramwell that wur struck wi' th' appearance o'th' Church an th' city, alltagether, wal he a mack a consented to have it th' hed-quarters for th' army an' navy.

Th' faander o'th' Church is sed to be one Wang be Wang, one o'th' Empros o' China as com ower in a balloon an browt wi' him all his relations but his grandmuther. Th' natives at that toime wur a mack a wild; but i' mixing up wi' th' balloonites thay soin becum civilized and bigd th' Church at's studden fra that toime to nah, wi'th' exepshun o' one end, destroyed at sum toime, sum sez it wur be war. Some sez West End an th' Saath End wur destroyed, but its a mack a settled on by th' wiseuns it wur witchcraft; but be it as it may, Haworth an th' foak a' together is as toff as paps, an hez stud aat weel, an no daht but it wod a flerished before Lundun, Parris, or Jerusalem, for centries back, if they hed a Railway, but after nearly all Grate Britten an' France had been furnished wi' a railway, th' people i' Haworth began to feel uneazy an' felt inclined no longer to wauk several miles to get to a stashun if they wur baan off like. An' besides, they thout it were high time to begin an' mak sum progress i' th' world, like their naburs i' th' valley. So they ajetated fer a line daan th' valley as far as Keighla, an' after abaat a hundred meettings they gat an Akt past for it i' Parliament. So at last a Cummittee wur formed, an' they met one neet o' purpose ta decide wen it wod be th' moast convenient for 'em ta dig th' first sod ta commemorate an' start th' gurt event. An' a bonny rumpus thur wur, yo' mind, for yo' ma' think ha it wur conducted when thay wur threapin' wi' one another like a lot a oud wimen at a parish pump, wen it sud be. One sed it mud tak place at rush-buren, another sed next muck-spreadin' toime, a third sed it mud be dug et gert wind day it memmery o' oud Jack K- Well, noan et proposishuns wud do fur the lot, and there wur such opposishun wal it omust hung on a thre'ad whether th' railway went on or net, wal at last an oud farmer, one o'th' committee men, wi' a voice as hoarse as a farm yard dog, bawls aat, "I propoase Pancake Tuesday." So after a little more noise it wur propoased an' seconded et Grand Trunk Railway between th' respective taans of Keighla an' Haworth sud be commemorated wi' diggin' th' furst sod 'o Pancake Tuesday i'th' year o' our Lord 1864; an' bi th' show o' hands i'th' usual way it wur carried bi one, and that wur Ginger Jabus, an' th' tother cud a liked to a bowt him ower, but Jabus wornt to be bowt that time, for he hed his heart an' sowl i'th' muvment, an he went abaat singing —

Come all ye lads o' high renown
'At wishes well your native town,
Rowl up an' put your money down
And let us hev a Railway.

Wi' Keighla foak we are behind,

An's hed to wauk agin wur mind;
But soin th' crookt-legg'd ens thay will find
We'll keep em wi' a Railway.

Well, hasumever, public notice wur made nawn, bi th' bellman crying it all ower th' tawn, which he did to such a pitch wal he'd summat to do to keep his hat fra flying off, but he managed to do it at last to a nicety, for th' news spread like sparks aat of a bakehouse chimla; an' wen th' day come they flockt in fra all parts, sum o'th crookt-legg'd ens fra Keighla com, Lockertown and th' Owertown foak com, and oud bachelors fra Stanbury and all parts at continent o' Haworth; foak craaded in on all sides, even th' oud men an' wimen fra Wicken Crag an' th' Flappeters, an' strappin' foak they are yo mind, sum as fat as pigs, wi' heeads as red as carrits, an' nimble as a india-rubber bouncer taw; an' wat wur th' best on't it happened to be a fine day; or if it hed been made accordin' to orders it cudent a been finer. Shops wur all closed, an' everybody, oud an' young hed a holiday aat o'th' doors, for they were all flade o' missin' th' Grand Procehun, which formed itseln at th' top o' Wuthren, when it wur messured it turned aat to be two miles six inches long – it moved as follows: —

ORDER O'TH' PROCESHUN

**Th' Spring heead Band wi' thair hat bruaads
turned up so as they mud se thair way clear,**

**Lord o'th' Manor i' full uniform a fut back bearin' th' Coat of Arms
for Haworth a gert wild cratur wi' two tails on, one o' th' authur end**

**Th' Members o'th' Corporashun one abreast,
singin' "a nuttin' we will go, brave boys."**

Big Drums an' Triangles

**A Mahogany Wheelbarro' an' a silver spade on a cart trail'd
bi six donkeys, an' garded bi ten lazy policemen *all sober***

A pair o' crakt bag-pipes

Th' Contractor in a sedan carried bi two waggoners i' white smocks

**All th' young maidens fra fowerteen to thirty-nine,
six abreast drest i' sky blue, an' singin' throo combs**

Twenty oud wimen nittin' stockings

Twenty navvies i' thair shirt sleeves wheelin' barrows wi work tools in

Taan skavengers wi' shouldered besums decorated wi' ribbons

**Bellman an' Pinder arm i'arm drest i' full uniform, an'
th' latter na an then bawlin' aat waats baan to tak place**

**All scholars in th' female line lakin' at duck under water kit, an'
th' males lakin' a frog-loup, an' jumpin' o' one another's backs**

Gather fra Stanbury lads wi' yor carrot heds,
Come daan fra Lockertaan lads bi thi' railway;
Come wi' yor wives, yor dowters, an' relatives,
Shout, lads, shout for the Worth Valley Railway.
Railway, railway.

Cum an' hear Oufield mak his oration,
Yo'll say in yor conshunce he spack it rait fairly,
He'll say 'at poor Haworth never yet hed fairashun,
But he'll speak of the thing that will flurish it rarely.
Railway, &c.
Saw ye Ike Ouden wi' his mehogany wheelbarrow,

Cum dig the furst sod wi' his spade o' silver,
He wheel'd it daan th' plank as strayt as a arrow,
An' tipt it as weel as a navvy or delver.
Railway, &c.

Saw yo the church so anshunt in history,
Read yo the Latin words high in the steeple,
Hear yo the sounds that arose from the belfry,
It seem'd to be shaating along wi' the people.
Railway, &c.

Th' Railway wur i' iverybody's maath, wat wi singin' an' shaatin', them 'at cud do northur wisper'd in one anuther's ears – Railway. But gettin' to whear th' ceremuny wur to tak place, th' proceshun halted an' formed itseln into a raand ring, an' cheers wur geen wi' shakin' hats an' handkerchiefs, which lasted wal thair showders an' arms warked wal they'd hardly strength to shut thair maaths an' don thair hats on. But hasumever they managed to get reight agean, an' then a parson call'd Ned Oufield gat up an' made th' following narashun —

Fellow countrymen an' citizens o' Haworth, it gives me gurt plezzure to see such a gurt event as this tak place i'th' city o' Haworth, namely, diggin' th' first sod o' wat's call'd Grand Trunk Line between Keighla an' your native element, an' reight pleased I am to offishiate as chairman on this occashun. Prehaps sum on you maint naw wat I mean wi' yer native element; but I mean yer oud mountain side, ha naw yo like yer forefathers, yo love it dearly tho yer ancestors wur nowt but barbarians in th' fourth and fifth centries, yet thay wur th'first to embrace christianity, which thay did in th' year 600 be th' Latin inscripshuns on th' church steeple (loud cheers). And although yo been behind wi' yor Railway, ye been up i' different arts an' sciences. Wot nashun my friends can boast of a majishun like yor owd Jack K-? (Loud Cheers). He wor a credit to yo' all, an yo' wur sadly indetted to him; he proffesied twenty year sin 'at this event wod cum to pass (a voice – ha wish he wur alive he sud be contractor), an' if h'ed been livin' to this day its a hundred to one but th' Railwaw wud hev been made to sum weere else ner Keighla, for ha feel convinced et Keighla is not worthy of amalgamashun wi' a respectable city like Haworth. (Hear, hear.) For look wat insulting langwidj they've used to yo at different times. (Groans.) First, they sed yo mucked church to mak it grow bigger. Then yo walk'd raand taans post office at Keighla an' thout it wur th' cemetery, an' to mak up for th' lot, they call us wild craturs an' mock wur pleasant dialect, wich is better English ner thairs. (Groans, which lasted for ten minits.) Yes, my fella citizens, yo've hed to put up wi' a deal o' slang fra theas uncultivated rascals. (We have.) An' wats wur case nur all, you've hed to wauk, wet and dry, thro' thick an' thin, i' all sorts o' weather, to Keighla, wen you've wanted to go on th' continent or to London. But soin yo can wauk

slap to th' train in a jiffey. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Oufield then thenkt his fella taansmen an' wimen an' ended his speech wi' expressin' his delight in th' loyalty o'th' people for th' railway, an' as th' time wur fast waxin' he begg'd leave to sit daan, which he did i'th' midst o' laad enthusiastic shaatin'.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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