

BILL O'TH' HOYLUS END

RANDOM
RHYMES AND
RAMBLES

Bill o'th' Hoylus End

Random Rhymes and Rambles

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Random Rhymes and Rambles

Dedicated to

James Wright,

Local Musician and Composer,

North Beck Mills,

Keighley,

By the Author.

Dec. 25th, 1876.

INTRODUCTION

The RANDOM RHYMES and RAMBLES, in verse and prose, are but the leisure musings of the uneducated, and cannot be expected to come up to anything like the standard of even poetry; yet, when the fact is known that the Author, like his Works, are rough and ready, without the slightest notion of either Parnassus or the Nines, at least give him credit for what they are worth.

WILLIAM WRIGHT.

Come Nivver De e Thee Shell

Come nivver dee e thy shell, oud lad,
Are words but rudely said;
Tho thay may chear some stricken heart,
Or raise some wretched head;
For thay are words I love mysel,
They're music to my ear;
Thay muster up fresh energy
Ta chase each dout an' fear.

Nivver dee e thy shell, oud lad,
Tho tha be poor indeed;
Ner lippen ta long it turning up
Sa mich ov a friend in need;
Fer few ther are, an' far between,
That helps a poor man thru;
An God helps them at helps thersel,
An' thay hev friends enew.

Nivver dee e thy shell, oud lad,
What ivver thy crediters say;
Tell um at least tha'rt forst ta owe,
If tha artant able ta pay;
An if thay nail thy bits o' traps,
An sell thee dish an' spoin;
Remember fickle fortun lad,
Sho changes like the mooin.

Nivver dee e thy shell, oud lad,
Tho some ma laugh an scorn;
There wor nivver a neet 'fore ta neet,
Bud what there come a morn;
An if blind fortun used thee bad,
Sho's happen noan so meean;
Ta morn al come, an then for some
The sun will shine ageean.

Nivver dee e thy shell, oud lad,
Bud let thy motto be, —
“Onward! an' excelsior;”
And try for t' top o't tree:
And if thy enemies still pursue,
Which ten-to-one they will,
Show um oud lad tha'rt doing weel,
An climbing up the hill.

Oud Betty's Advice

So Mary, lass, tha'rt bahn to wed
It morning we young blacksmith Ned,
And tho it makes thy mother sad,
 Its like to be;
I've nout ageean yond decent lad
 No more ner thee.

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

Nah, try to keep thi former knack,
An due thi weshing in a crack,
Bud don't be flaid to bend thi back,
 Tha'll nobbut sweet;
So try an hev a bit o' tack,
 An do it neat.

Be sure tha keeps fra being a flirt,
An pride thysel e being alert, —
An mind to mend thi husband's shirt,
 An keep it clean;
It wod thy poor oud mother hurt,
 If tha wor mean.

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

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

The Fugitive: a Tale Kersmas Time

We wor snugly set araand the hob,
'Twor one wet Kersmas Eve,
Me an arr Kate an t' family,
All happy aw believe:
Aar Kate hed Harry on her knee,
An' awd aar little Ann,
When their come rapping at the door
A poor oud beggar man.

Sleet trinkled down his hoary locks,
That once no daht were fair;
His hollow cheeks were dead'ly pale,
His neck and breast were bare;
His cloase, unworthy o' ther name,
Were raggd an steepin wet;
His poor oud legs were stockingless,
And badly shoood his feet.

Come in to't haase, said t' wife to him,
An get thee up to't fire;
Sho then brought aht were humble fare,
T'wor what he did desire;
And when he'd getten what he thowt,
An his oud regs were dry,
We akst what distance he hed come,
An thus he did reply:

“Awm a native of Cheviot hills,
Some weary miles fra here;
Where I like you this neet hev seen
Mony a Kersmas cheer;
Bud I left my father's haase, when young,
Determined aw wad roam;
An' like the prodigal of yore,
Am mackin toards mi hoame.

“Aw soldiered in the Punjaub lines,
On India's burning sand;
An nearly thirty years ago
Aw left me native land;
Discipline being ta hard for me,
My mind wor always bent;
So in an evil hoar aw did
Desart me regiment.

An nivver sin durst aw go see
My native hill an glen,
Whar aw mud now as well hev been
The happiest ov all men;
Bud me blessing – an aw wish yah all
A merry Kersmas day;
Fer me, awl tack me poor oud bones,
On Cheviot hills to lay.”

“Aw cannot say,” aw said to’t wife,
“Bud aw feel rather hurt;
What thinks ta lass if tha lukes aht,
An finds t’oud chap a shirt.”
Sho did an all, and stockins too;
An tears stud in her e’e;
An in her face the stranger saw
Real Yorkshire sympathee.

Ahr little Jim gav monny a sigh,
When he hed heard his tale,
An spak o’ some oud trouses,
At hung at chamer rail;
Then aht at door ahr Harry runs,
An back agean he shogs,
He’s been it coit ta fetch a pair
O’ my oud iron clogs.

It must be feearful coud ta neet,
Fer fouk ats aht at door;
Give him yahr oud grey coit an’ all,
At’s thrown at chamer floor:
And then thars thy oud hat, said Kate,
At’s paused so up an dahn;
It will be better ner his own,
Tho’ its withaht a craan.”

So when we’d geen him what we cud,
(In fact afford to give,)
We saw the tears come dahn the cheeks,
O’t poor oud fugitive;
He thank’d us ower an ower agean
And often he did pray,
At barns mud nivver be like him;
Then travelled on his way.

Sall at Bog

Me love is like the pashan dock,
That grows it summer fog;
And tho' sho's but a country lass,
I like my Sall at Bog.

I walk'd her aht up Rivock End,
And dahn a bonny dale,
Whear golden balls an kahslips grow,
An butter cups do smell.

We sat us dahn at top o't grass,
Cloyce to a runnin brook,
An harkend watter wegtails sing
Wi't sparrow, thrush, an' rook.

Aw lockt her in my arms, an thout
Az t'sun shane in her een,
Sho wor the nicest kolleflaar
At ivver aw hed seen.

'Twor here we tell'd wer tales o' love,
Beneath t'oud hazel tree;
How fondly aw liked Sall at Bog,
How dearly sho liked me.

An' if ivver aw deceive thee, Sall,
Aw vow be all aw see,
Aw wish that aw mud be a kah,
An it belong ta thee.

Bud aw hev plump fergotten nah
What awther on us said;
At onny rate we parted friends,
An boath went home ta bed.

Th' Furst Pair o' Briches

Aw remember the days o' me bell-button jacket,
Wi its little lappels hanging down ower mi waist,
And my grand bellosed cap, – noan nicer I'll back it, —
Fer her at hed bowt it wor noan without taste;
Fer sho wor mi mother an' I wor her darling,
An offen sho vowed it, and stroked dahn mi hair,
An sho tuke me to see her relations e Harden,
It furst Pair o' Briches it ivver aw ware.

Aw remember the time when Aunt Betty an' Alice
Send fer me up to lewk at mi cloas,
An aw wauked up as prahd as a Frenchman fra Calais,
Wi' me tassel at side, e mi jacket a rose.
Aw sooin saw mi uncles, both Johnny an' Willy,
Thay both gav me pennys 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 he ware.”

Aw remember the time are Robin an' Johnny
Wor keeping ther hens an' ducks e the yard,
There wor gamecocks and bantams, wi' toppins so bonny
An noan on um mine, aw thowt it wor 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, to sing
An t' stage wor hung raand wi green cotton lining;
And childer e white made t' village ta ring.
We went ta auld Mecheck's that day to wor drinking,
Tho' poor, ther wor plenty, an' summat ta spare;
Says Mecheck, “That lad, Jim, is just thee, aw'm thinking,
It furst Pair o' Briches at ivver tha ware.”

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

And them wor the days aw sal allus remember,
Sud aw just as oud as Methuslah last;
Them wor mi March days, but nah its 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 me father, an God bless mi mother,
It furst Pair o' Briches at ivver aw ware.

Fra Haworth ta Bradford

Fra Hawarth tahn the other day,
Bi't rout o' Thornton height,
Joe Hobble an' his better hauf,
Went inta Bradford streight.

Nah Joe i' Bradford wor afoor,
But sho hed nivver been;
Bud assomivver thay arrived
Safe intat Bowling Green.

Thay gav a lad a parkin pig,
As on the street thay went;
Ta point um aht St. George's Hall,
An Oastler's Monument.

Bud t' little jackanapes being deep,
An thought thay'd nivver knaw,
Show'd Joseph Hobble an' iz wife
T' furst monument he saw.

Az sooin as Joe gat up t' rails,
Hiz e'en blazed in hiz heead;
Exclaiming, thay mud just as weel
A goan an robb'd the deead.

Bud 'o ivvers tane them childer dahn,
Away fra poor oud Dick,
Desarvs hiz heaad weel larapin,
We a dahn gooid hazel stick.

T' lad seeing Joe froth ate at maath,
He sooin tuke to hiz heels,
Fer at steead o' Oastlers' Monument,
He'd shown um Bobby Peel's.

O, Welcome, Lovely Summer

O! welcome, lovely summer,
With thi golden days so long,
When the throstle and the blackbird
Charm us with their song;
When the lark in early morning
Taks his aireal flight;
An' the humming bat, an' buzzard,
Frolic in the night.

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

O! welcome, lovely summer,
When the woods wi music ring,
And the bees so hevvy 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 lalack
Deck the cottage home;
When the cherry an' the berry,
Gives a grandeur to the charm;
And the clover and the haycock
Scent the little farm.

O! welcome, lovely summer,
With the partridge on the wing;
When tewit an the moorgame,
Up fra the heather spring,
From the crowber an the billber,
An the bracken an the ween;
As from the noisey tadpole,
We hear the crackin din.
O! welcome, lovely summer.

Burns's 113th Birthday

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

Its a hunderd year an thirteen nah,
This Jenewary morn,
Sin in a lowly cot i' Kyle,
A rustic bard wor born.

He kettled up his moorland harp,
To ivv'ry rustic scene;
An sung the ways o' honest men,
His Davey and his Jean.

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

At last ould Coilia sade enuff,
My bardy tha did sing,
Then gently tuke his moorland harp,
And brack it ivvery string.

An' bindin' up the holly wreath,
We all its berries red,
Sho placed it on his noble brow,
An pensively sho said: —

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

Waiting for t' Angels

Ligging here deead, me poor Ann Lavina,
Ligging alone me own darling child,
Just thee white hands crossed on thee bosom,
We 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 sommat withaht ever speaking,
Asking thee father to say tha wor fine.

Ligging here deead, the child that so loved me,
At fane wod ha' hidden me faults if sho could,
Wal thi wretch of a father dispairing stands ower thee,
While remorse and frenzy is freezing his blood.

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

Spring

There is hope in the time that is coming,
When the lambs will frolic on the plain,
Whilst the bees o'er the heather are humming,
Then the songsters will cheer us again.
For the pretty little birds from the edges,
The reeds for their nest will have riven;
While the lark from his covert he is soaring,
His musical notes to the heaven.

Then we'll go to the banks of the river,
Through meadows that's blooming in green,
Where the swallow 'neath the branches will quiv'r
O'er the fish as they sport in the stream:
Then the farmer will be patiently awaiting,
For the fruits of that labour he has striven,
While the lark from his covert he is soaring,
His musical notes to the heaven.

Then the rays of the sunbeam we'll cherish,
The rose that's unseen in the bud,
And the foxglove and hyacinth will flourish,
Round the ferns in the depths of the wood:
Then we'll pluck up the primrose and daisy,
And the sweets that nature she has given,
While the lark from his covert he is soaring,
His musical notes to the heaven.

Then the merry little boys they will ramble,
So gleesome, o'er mountain and dale,
Where the sweets of the rose through the bramble
Will be blown by the mild summer gale:
Then a share of Nature's smiles each morning
To the poor humble peasant will be given.
While the lark from his covert he is soaring,
His musical notes to the heaven.

Haworth Sharpness

Says a wag to a porter e Haworth one day,
“Yahr not ower sharp are ye drones o’ t’railway,
For fra Keighley to Haworth I’ve been oft enough,
But nivver a hawpenny I’ve paid yah, begoff.”

The porter replied, “I very mitch daht it,
But I’ll give thee a quart to tell all abaht it;
For it looks plain to me tha cuddant pass t’ snicket,
Baht tipping to t’porter thee pass or thee ticket.”

“Tha’l rite up to Derby an’ then tha’l deceive me;”
“I willn’t, this time,” sed t’porter, “believe me:”
“Then aht we thy brass, an’ let us be knocking,
For I’ve walked it a foot back all rahnd be t’Bocking.”

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 wimpling 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 cuddant in a palace find
A lass more true ner thee.
An' if aw wor the Persian Shah,
An' thee, me Lovely Queen,
The grandest diamond e me Crown,
Wor't lass o' Newsholme Dean.

The lady gay may heed thee not,
An' passing by may sneer;
The upstart squire's dawters laugh,
When thou, my love, art near.
But if all ther shining sovrens
Wor wared o' sattens green,
They mightant be as hansum then
As't lass o' Newsholme Dean.

When yollow 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 would be,
Me lass o' Newsholme Dean.

Od drat, who cares fer kings or queens,
Mixt in a nation's broil,
They never benefit the poor,
The poor mun allus toil.
An thou gilded specter royalty,
That dazzles folkses een,
Is nowt to me when I'm we thee,
Sweet lass o' Newsholme Dean.

High from the summit of yon crag,

I view yon smoky town,
Where fortune she has deigned to smile
On monny a simple clown:
Tho' free from want, their free from brains;
An' no happier I ween,
Than this old farmer's wife an' hens,
Aw saw e Newsholme Dean.

The Broken Pitcher

[The happiest moments of a soldier in time of peace is 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, othertimes 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 favourite with them; – then there is the fancy tale teller which 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 his adventure with the Lassie by the Well.”]

Three 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 Wryght,
He was in full marching order
With his armour shining bright.

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

“My pitcher is broken, sir,
And this the reason is,
A villain came behind, and
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,
An' 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 my arms around her neck,
And gave her kisses three.
To wrong the bonny lassie
I sware 't would be a sin;
So I knelt down by the watter
To dip my helmet in.

Out spake this bonny lassie,
"My soldier lad, forbear,
I wodna spoil thee bonny plume
That decks thy raven hair;
Come buckle up thy sword again,
Put on thy 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 oceans roll 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.

The Benks o' the Aire

It issent the star of the evening that breetens,
Wi fairy-like leetness the old Rivoock ends,
Nor is it the bonny green fields up ta Steeton,
Or the benks of the river while strolling wi frends,
That tempts me to wander at twilight so lonely,
And leave the gay festive for others ta share;
But O there's a charm, and a charm fer me only,
In a sweet little cot on the benks o' the Aire.

How sweet and remote from all turmoil and danger,
In that cot, wi me Mary, I cud pass the long years:
In friendship and peace lift the latch to a stranger,
And chase off the anguish o' pale sorrow's tears.
We'd wauk aht it morning wen t'young sun wor shining,
Wen t'birds hed awakened, and t'lark soar'd the air,
An' I'd watch its last beam, on me Mary reclining,
From ahr dear little cot on the benks o' the Aire.

Then we'd tauk o' the past, wen our loves wor forbidden,
Wen fortune wor adverse, and frends wod deny,
How ahr hearts wor still true, tho the favors wor hidden,
Fra the charm of ahr life, the mild stare of ahr eye.
An' wen age shall hev temper'd ahr warm glow o' feeling
Ahr loves shud endure, an' still wod we share
For weal or in woe, or whativver cums stealing,
We'd share in ahr cot on the benks o' the Aire.

Then hasten, me Mary, the moments are flying,
Let us catch the bright fugitives ere they depart;
For O, thou knaws not wat pleasures supplying,
Thy bonny soft image has nah geen me heart.
The miser that wanders besides buried treasure,
Wi his eyes ever led to the spot in despair;
How different ta him is my rapture and pleasure
Near the dear little cot on the benks o' the Aire.

But sooin may the day cum, if cum it will ivver;
The breetest an' best to me ivver knawn,
Wen fate may ordain us no longer to sever,
Then, sweet girl of my heart, I can call thee my own.
For dear unto me wor one moment beside thee,
If it wor in the desert, Mary, we were;
But sweet an' fairer, whate'er betide thee,
In ahr sweet little cot on the benks o' the Aire.

Dear Harden

Dear Harden, the home o' mi boyhood so dear,
Thy wanderin son sall thee ivver revere;
Tho' years hev rolled ower sin thy village I left,
An' o' frends an' relations I now am bereft.

Yet thy hills they are pleasant, tho' rocky an' bare;
Thy dawters are handsom, thy sons they are rare;
When I wauk thro' thy dells, by the clear running streams,
I think o' mi boyhood an' innocent dreams.

No care o' this life then trubled me breast,
I wor like a young bird new fligged fra its nest;
Wi me dear little mates did I frolic an' play,
Wal life's sweetest moments wor flying away.

As the dew kissed the daisies ther portals to close,
At neet e mi bed I did sweetly repose;
An' rose in the morning at nature's command,
Till fra boyhood to manhood mi frame did expand.

The faces that wunce were familiar to me,
Those that did laugh at my innocent glee;
I fancy I see them, tho' now far away,
Or praps e Bingley church-yard they may lay.

Fer sin I've embarked on life's stormy seas,
Mi mind's like the billows that's nivver at ease;
Yet I still hev a hope mi last moments to crown
E thee, dearest village, to lay misell down."

Castlear's Address to Spain

O weeping Spain, thy banners rear,
Awake, nor stay in sloth reclining:
Awake, nor shrink in craven fear, —
See the Carlist blades are shining.
They come with murdering dirk in hand,
Death, ruin, rapine in their train:
To arms! rouse up and clear the land,
Down with kingcraft, weeping Spain.

Your sires were great in ancient days,
No loftier power on earth allowing;
Shall ye their mighty deeds arise,
And to these fiends your heads be bowing?
They strove for fame and liberty
On fields where blood was shed like rain:
Hark! they're shouting from the sky,
Down with kingcraft, weeping Spain.

Castille and Arragon, arise!
A treacherous Popish war is brewing:
Tear of the bandage from your eyes,
Are ye asleep while this is doing?
They come! Their prelates lead them on:
They carry with them thraldom's chain.
Up! and crush their cursed Don;
Down with kingcraft, weeping Spain.

Go forth, through every well-known spot;
O'er field and forest, rock and river:
Then draw your swords and sheathe them not,
Until you've crushed your foe for ever.
Do you fear the priestly hosts
Who march them on with proud disdain;
Back! send home their shrieking ghosts,
Down with kingcraft, weeping Spain.

Thou surely art not sunk so low
That strangers can alone restore thee:
No; Europe waits the final blow,
When superstition flies before thee.
For Spanish might through Spanish hands
Their freedom only can restrain,
Then sweep these Carlists from the land,
Down with kingcraft, weeping Spain.

Christmas Day

Sweet lady, 'tis no troubadour,
That sings so sweetly at your door,
To tell you of the joys in store,
So grand and gay;
But one that sings remember th' poor,
'Tis Christmas Day.

Within some gloomy walls to-day
Just cheer the looks of hoary gray,
And try to smooth their rugged way
With cheerful glow;
And cheer the widow's heart, I pray,
Crushed down with woe.

O make the weary spent-up glad,
And cheer the orphan lass and lad;
Make frailty's heart, so long, long sad,
Your kindness feel;
And make old crazy-bones stark mad
To dance a reel.

Then peace and plenty be your lot,
And may your deed ne'er be forgot,
That helps the widow in her cot,
From of your store;
Nor creed nor seed should matter not,
The poor are poor.

What Profits Me

What profits me tho' I sud be
The lord o' yonder castle gay;
Hev rooms in state ta imitate
The princely splendour of the day,
Fer what are all mi carved doors,
Mi shandeliers or carpet floors,
No art cud save me from the grave.

What profits me tho' I sud be
Decked e' costly costumes grand,
Like the Persian king o' kings,
With diamond rings to deck mi hand:
Fer what wor all mi grand attire,
That foils both envy and admire,
No gems cud 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 mi wealth to me,
Compared ta loisin immortalite,
Wealth cud not save me from the grave.

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

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 the 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 nobler far
Than all the heaps of gold,

His feast and revels are not such,
As those we hear and see,
No princely splendour 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,
When in 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,
For 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 loves;
A noble reputation too
Crowns his later 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:
There 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 a placid ray;
May winter winds blow slightly, —
The green-grass softly wave,
And falling snow-drops lightly
Upon thy honoured grave.

Coud az Leead

An' arta fra thee father torn,
So early e thi youthful morn,
An' mun aw pine away forlorn,
 E greef an' pane;
Fer consalashun aw sall scorn
 If tha be taen.

O yes, tha art, an' aw mun wail
Thy loss thro' ivvery hill an' dale,
Fer nah it is too true a tale,
 Tha'rt coud az lead.
An' nah thee bonny face iz pale,
 Thart deead, thart deead.

Aw's miss thee wen aw cum fra t'shop,
An' see thi bat, an' ball, an' top;
An' aw's be awmost fit ta drop
 Aw sall so freat,
And O my very heart may stop
 And cease to beat.

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

But O! Tha Conkerer Divine,
'At vanquished deeath e Palestine,
Tak to thi arms this lad o' mine
 Noan freely given,
But mak him same as wun o' thine,
 We thee e heven.

The Factory Girl

Sho stud beside hur looms an' watch'd
The shuttle passin in,
But yet hur soul wor sumwee else,
'Twor face ta face wi' John.
They saw hur lips move az in speech,
Yet none cud hear a word,
An' but fer t'grinding o' the wheels,
This langwidge mite be heard.

“It spite o' all thi trecherus art,
At length aw breathe again;
The pityin stars hez tane mi part,
An' eased a wretch's pain.
An' O, aw feel az fra a chain,
Mi rescued soul is free,
Aw know it is no idle dream
Of fancied liberty.

“Extingwish'd nah iz ivvery spark,
No love for thee remains,
Fer heart-felt love e vane sall strive
Ta lurk beneath disdain,
No longer wen thi name I hear,
Mi conshus colour flies:
No longer wen thi face aw see,
Mi heart's emoshun rise.

“Catch't e the burd-lime's trecherus twigs,
To weer he chanc'd to stray,
The burd iz fassend fathers leaves,
Then gladly flies away.
Hiz shatter'd wings he soon renews,
Of traps he iz awair;
Fer by experience he iz wise,
An' shuns each futshur snair.

Awm speikin nah, an' all mi aim
Iz but to pleas mi mind,
An' yet aw care not if mi words
Wi thee can credit find.
Ner du I care if my decease
Sud be approved by thee;
Or wether tha wi ekwal ease
Does tawk again wi me.

“But, yet tha false decevin man,
Tha’s lost a heart sincere;
Aw naw net wich wants comfert most,
Or wich hez t’mooast ta fear.
But awm suer a lass more fond and true
No lad cud ivver find;
But a lad like thee iz easily found,
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;
Best 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.

T'oud Blacksmith's Advise ta hiz Son Ned

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

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

Tha'rt weel an' strong, long may it last;
But age an' care creep on us fast;
Then akt az tha can luke at past
 An' feel no shame;
Then if tha'rt poor az sum ahtcast,
 Tha's noan ta blame.

Doant sport abaht an' wagers bet,
But mind an' shun that foolish set
At cannut mak ther awn ta fet,
 Thaw shame ta say it.
An' mind tha keeps fra being e dett,
 An' tha'll be reight.

An' stick fast hod o' iron will;
Push bouldly on an' feear no ill;
Keep Him e vue, whoas merces fill
 The wurld sa wide.
No daht but His omnishent skill,
 Al be thi guide.

So Ned, mi lad, tak this advise,
Prove wurth o' yond lase's choise,
E yeears ta cum tha may rejoise,
 Tha tuke hur hand;
An' listened to thi father's voise,
 An' hiz command.

Address ta mi Bed

Oud stocks on thee I first began
To be that curious crater man,
Ta travel thro this life's short span,
 By fate's dekree;
Till aw fulfilled grate Nater's plan,
 An' cease ta be.

Wen sikkness cums ta thee aw fly,
Ta sooth mi pain an' cloise mi eye;
On thee, alas! aw sumtimes sigh,
 An' ofttimes weep; —
Till by sum means, aw know not why,
 I fall asleep.

Wen tore wi' labor or wi pane,
Ha often aw am glad an' fane,
Ta seek thi downy brest again;
 Yet heaves mi breast
For wretches in the pelting rain,
 At hev no rest.

How oft within thy little space
Does mony a thout oft find a place?
Aw think at past, an' things ta face,
 My mind hiz filled,
Th' wild gooise too aw offen chase,
 An' cassels bild.

O centre place o' rest an' greefe,
Disease or deeth, a kind releef,
Monarks of a time so breef,
 Alternate reign,
Till death's grim reaper cut the sheaf,
 And clears the plain.

Aw, awm convinced by thee alone,
This grate important truth ta awn,
On thee aw furst saw life, 'tis knawn,
 E mortal birth;
Till a few fleetin haars flown,
 Then back ta earth.

Home ov Mi 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 days that's gone by,
Without one pleasant thought, without one sigh?
Oh, 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 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 of shuttles that he should have won:
She in that cottage there knitting her healds,
While I her young forester was 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 O, there's no darkness, to me no decay;
Home of my boyhood, can chase thee away.

Ode ta Spring Sixty-four

O welcum, young princess, thou sweetest of dawters,
An' furst bloomin issue o' king sixty-four,
Wi thi brah dekked 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 sapling await thy command;
An' natur herseln, to show hur good manners,
Now spreads hur green mantle all ower the plain.

Tha appears in the orchard, the gardin, an' grotto,
Whare sweet vegetation anon will adorn;
Tha smiles on the lord no more than the cottar,
Fer thi meanest o' subjects tha nivver did scorn.

O hasten ta labour! ye wise, O be going!
Theze wurdz they are borne on the wing o' the wind;
Tha bid us be early e pleuin an' sowing,
Fer he o' neglects thee tha'll leave um behind.

My Drechen Dear

Night's sombre mantle is spreading over,
Ah, woe is me, these long tedious days;
Why dist thou leave me, my venturous lover?
Why did thou cross the raging seas?

Its melancholy here I'm lying,
Half broken-hearted, drechen dear;
Each blast I hear, love, for thee is sighing,
Each billow roaring a shed tear.

How can they say that all-perfect nature
Has nothing done or made in vain?
When that beneath the roaring water,
Does hideous rocks and cliffs remain.

No eyes these rocks or cliffs discover,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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