



# JOHN O'GRINFIELD.

(5th Edition 1871)  
This version  
ca. (1860)



I'm a poor cotten weaver as many one knows,  
I've nowt to eat i'h house an I've worn out my cloas,  
You'd hardy give sixpence for all I have on,  
My clogs they are brossen and stockings I've none,  
You'd think it wur hard to be sent into th' world,  
To ebn and do th' best of you can.

Our church paster kept telling us long,  
We should have better times if we'd hold our tongues,  
I've honden my tongue till I can hardy draw breath,  
I think i' my heart he means to ebn me to death;  
I know he lives weel by backbiting the de'il,  
But he he never pickted o'er in his life.

I tarried six week an thought every day wur t' last,  
I tarried and shifted till now I'm quite fast;  
I lived on nettles while nettles were good,  
An Waterloo porridge were best of my food;  
I'm telling you true I can find folks enow,  
That are living no better than me.

Old Bill o' Dan's sent bailiffs one day,  
For a shop score I owed him that I could not pay,  
But he wur too late for Old Bill o' Bent,  
Had sent tit and cart and taen goods for rent,  
We had nou bur a stoo; that wur a seat for two,  
And on it cowered Margit and me.

The bailiffs looked round assly as a mouse,  
When they saw aw things were taen out of house,  
Says one to the other all's gone thou may see,  
Aw sed luds never fret you're welcome to me;  
They made no more ado, but nipp'd up th' owd stoo,  
And we both went wack upoth flags.

I geet howd of Margit for hoo wur strucken sick,  
Hoo sed hoo ne'er had such a bang sin hoo wur wick  
The bailiffs scoured ol' wid-owd stoo on their backs,  
They would not have cared had they brook our necks,  
They're mad at owd Bent cos he's taen goods for rent,  
And wur ready to flee us alive.

I sed to our Margit as we lay upoth floor,  
We shall never be lower in this world I'm sure,  
But if we alter I'm sure we mun mend,  
For I think in my heart we are both at far end,  
For meat we have none nor looms to weave on,  
Egad they're as weel lost as found.

Then I geet up my piece and I took it em back  
I scarcely dare speak master looked so black,  
He said you wur o'erpaid last time you coom,  
I said if I wur 'twas for weaving bout loom;  
In a mind as I'm in I'll ne'er pick o'er again,  
For I've woven mysel toth' fur end.

Then aw coom out and left him to chew that,  
When aw thought again aw wur vext till aw sweat,  
To think that we mun work to keep them and awth set,  
All the day o' my life and still be in their debt;  
So I'll give o'er trade an work with a spade,  
Or go and break stones upoth road,

Our Margit declared if hoo'd cloas to put on,  
Hoo'd go up to Lundun an see the big mon  
An if things didn't alter when hoo had been,  
Hoo swears hoo'd feight blood up toth e'en,  
Hoo's nought again th' Queen but likes a fair thing,  
An hoo says hoo can tall when hoo's hurt.

# SALLY SLY.

Printed and Sold Wholesale and Retail, by  
Agton Ten-street, Oldham  
Road, Manchester.

At six in the morning awaking,  
Coals taking,  
Love making,  
With barrow, I cry;  
I knock and sing at the areas,  
My care is  
The fairies,  
With coals to supply.

I'm in love! I'm in love! Oh my eye!  
I'm going for to meet her to-morrow—  
Sally Sly! Sally Sly! Sally Sly!  
I'm going for to meet her to-morrow—  
Sally Sly! Sally Sly! Sally Sly!

We meet where the walls they've bees  
While walking (chalking,  
And talking;  
We're both tall and straight,  
With apples and cherries I treat her  
Sweet creature,  
I meet her  
To-morrow, at eight.  
I'm in love, &c.

One day, Jemmy Raspell, the baker,  
To take her  
And make her  
His tool, he did try;  
He told her to kick Jemmy Saivel  
To the devil—  
How civil;  
Then she blasken'd his eye.  
I'm in love, &c.

(1860)

(1817/1860)

(1893)

From Ben Brierley (author of Tales + Sketches  
of Lancashire Life)

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### JONE O' GRINFILT'S GHOST.

I'RE sitting one neet in my owd two-armed chair,  
Wi' my feet upo' th' fender—my nose cocked i'th'  
air;

When I thowt I smelt summat like matches ablaze,  
Then a hont cowl as ice coom an' felt at my face.

Thinks I —Am I wick;

Or is this chap Owd Nick,

Comn a fotchin me deawn to his whoam.

Yo'r sure I're weel waken't an, gloppent wi' th' shock;  
I groped o reawnd th' hearthstone, an' felt up at th'  
clock;

Peeped under th' couch-cheear, an'th' table i'th' nook;  
Felt abeawt th' chimdy bottom, an' struck th' rack-an-  
hook;

But nowt could I feel

Ut wur owt like the di'el,

Nor see what I couldno' mak eawt.

So I seete deawn agen an' kept lookin' o reawnd;  
But nowt could I see, an' could yer not a seawnd,  
Till th' clock dinged eawt *ten*, an' then—eh, what a seet!  
Ther summat crept past in a blaze o' blue leet.

I hutcht i' mi hoide,

An' could hardly aboide

To look wheere it seete itsel' deawn.

I said—" Mesther Sooty, if that's what yo'r co'ed,  
 What maks you come here, so far eawt o' yo'r road?  
 I'd ha' thowt ther moore pikin' i' Lunnon nor here,  
 For ther's lots o' fat sinners I'm towd liven theer."

Th' owd lad he ne'er stir'd,  
 An' he spoke not a word,  
 But kept sittin' an' starin' at me.

When he gleawert awhile wi' a look quite as keen  
 As the bore of a gimlet, he twinkled his een;  
 An' his face looked so mich like a face ut I'd known,  
 Ut I couldno' help sheawtin'—"By gad, it's Owd Jone!"

He said—" Dody Kicker,—  
 Heaw arta for liquor?  
 It's dry wheree I come fro' theaw'rt sure.

"I've chew'd coffin lids till my teeth are like saws,  
 An' gravestones are rayther too hard for my jaws;  
 Hast gotten owt better, if nobbut a snack;  
 For digesshun's noane good when one's laid o' ther  
 back.

So bring out thy table,  
 And get what theaw'rt able,—  
 I'm wambly wi' trudgin' so far."

I said—" If that's thee, theaw'st ha' th' best I con  
 bring;

But times are so bad sin' we geet a new king;  
 I've nowt nobbut wayther just drawn eaut o'th' well,  
 An' a cob o' breawa jannock I'd saved for mysel'.

Theaw'rt welcome to feed on't,  
 If mayte theaw has need on't,  
 An' I'll whistle for th' next ut'll come."

Owd Jone shaked his noddle, and felt at his chin—  
 “Bring it out then” he said, “for I long to begin,  
 Dost no’ think theaw con get me a drop o *man’s tao*;  
 For wayther’s a bad thing for keepin’ one’s clay.

A drop o good toddy’s  
 A comfort for bodies,  
 Whether livin’ or laid into the ground.”

“Just wait thee a minnit,” I said, an’ I’ll goo  
 An’ see if Owd Mall has a sope o’ th’ last brew;  
 Put thy hont into th’ cubbart an’ tak’ what ther’ is;  
 If theaw’s had nowt but coffins theaw’ll do noan amiss.”

So wi’ th’ jug eawt I sallies,  
 An’ runs to Owd Mally’s,  
 An’ gets it brim full o’ breawn ale.

When I geet back to th’ heawse Jone wur wipin’ his  
 lips;

He seemed to think *jannock* wur better than *chips*.  
 “Gie me howd o’ that pitcher,” he said, an’ let’s drink;  
*Yo’re* no’ mich better off nor what *we* are, I think.

O’ th’ jannock, to be sure,  
 I could do wi’ some moore;  
 But th’ *beef* wur o’ *gristle* I’ll swear.”

Wi’ that he swiped th’ ale up, and looked into th’ pot,  
 Took his neetcap an’ crutches, an’ said he must trot;  
 But what he used th’ sticks for I never could tell,  
 For he dropt straight through th’ floor an’—left *me* by  
 mysel.

Then wonnerin’ an’ starin’,  
 Thinks I, theaw’rt a quare un,  
 If *beef* theaw could find where ther’ noane.

I struck up a leet, for neaw th' heawse wur o' dark,  
 An' I skeawlt deawn at th' floor, but I fund not a mark;  
 When at the table I looked—theer wur th' *heels o' mi  
 skoon,*  
 Ut I'd just stumpt wi' hobnails an' put upo' th' oon.  
     An' heaw *jannock* an' *leather*  
     Ud mix up together,  
 Owd Jone happen knows afore neaw.

## MORAL.

A moral, I'm sure, yo' con see i' this sung;  
 It may ha' bin taydious, it may ha' bin lung;  
 But o' this ther's no deawt, that heaw hungry one feels,  
 There are others wur off if they'n tackle *skoon heels*;  
     So let's give o'er sighin'  
     An' grumblin' an' cryin',  
 An' try to do th' best ut we con.



*Waugh*



ANCASHIRE



SONGS.

BY  
EDWIN WAUGH.

*London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., Paternoster Row.*

*Manchester: A. Ireland & Co., Pall Mall.*

1856.



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COME WHOAM TO THI CHILDER AN' ME.

**A**W'VE just mended th' fire wi' a cob ;  
 Owd Swaddle has brought thi new shoon ;  
 There's some nice bacon collops o'th hob,  
 An' a quart o' ale-posset i'th oon ;  
 Aw've brought thi top cwot, doesto know,  
 For th' rain's comin' deawn very dree ;  
 An' th' har'stone's as white as new snow ;  
 Come whoam to thi childer an' me.

When aw put little Sally to bed,  
 Hoo criel 'cose her feyther weren't theer;  
 So aw kiss'd th' little thing, an' aw said  
 Thae'd bring her a ribbin fro' th' fair;  
 An' aw gav her her doll, an' some rags,  
 An' a nice little white cotton bo';  
 An' aw kiss'd her again; but hoo said  
 At hoo wanted to kiss *thee* an' o'.

An' Dick, too, aw'd sich wark wi' him,  
 Afore aw could get him up stairs;  
 Thae tow'd him thae'd bring him a drum,  
 He said, when he're sayin' his prayers;  
 Then he look'd i' my face, an' he said,  
 "Has th' boggarts taen houd o' my dad?"  
 An' he cried whol his e'en were quite red;—  
 He likes thee some weel, does yon lad!

At th' lung-length aw geet 'em laid still;  
 An' aw hearken't folks' feet at went by;  
 So aw iron't o' my clooas reet weel,  
 An' aw hanged 'em o'th maiden to dry;  
 When aw'd mended thi stockin's an' shirts,  
 Aw sit deawn to knit i' my cheer,  
 An' aw rayley did feel rather hurt—  
 Mon, aw'm *one-ly* when theaw art'nt theer.

"Aw've a drum and a trumpet for Dick;  
 Aw've a yard o' blue ribbin for Sal;  
 Aw've a book full o' babs, an' a stick,  
 An' some bacco an' pipes for mysel;  
 Aw've brought thee some coffee an' tay—  
 Iv thae'll *feel* i' my pocket, thae'll *see*;  
 An' aw've bought tho a new cap to-day—  
 But aw olez bring summat for *thee*!

"God bless tho, my lass, aw'll go whoam,  
 An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' childer o' reawnd,  
 Thae knows, at wheerever aw roam,  
 Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd greawnd;  
 Aw can do wi' a crack o'er a glass;  
 Aw can do wi' a bit ov a sprec;  
 But aw've no gradely comfort, my lass,  
 Except wi' yon childer and thee."



# SPRING BLOSSOMS AND AUTUMN LEAVES

By  
BEN BRIERLEY  
AUTHOR OF Tales &  
Sketches of Lancashire  
Life.



WHILST DRYADS, DECKED IN BEWY GEMS, &

MANCHESTER:  
PUBLISHED BY J. ANDREW & CO., 1, WARREN STREET, OFF CROSS STREET

PR 4161  
B64 S7

MANCHESTER :  
J. ANDREW & Co., PRINTERS, 1, WARREN STREET, CROSS STREET.  
1893.



GO TAK' THE RAGGED CHILDER  
AN' FLIT.

THE REVERSE SIDE OF THE PICTURE TO "COME WHOAM  
TO THI CHILDREN AN' ME."

**H**AS eaur Jammy been *here* to-neet?  
O theau'rt *theer*, theau great dhrunken  
slotch!

It's sstrange if aw nowt elze to do  
Bo ha' thee every bed-time to fotch.  
Come whoam ; or aw'll goo an' go t' bed,  
An' leeov thee t' sleep where theau art ;  
For theau'rt here every neet o' thi life,  
As soon's theau gets th' hoss eaut o'th' cart.

What is ther' for th' supper? Ther's nowt!  
Beaut theau tak's a red herrin' fro' Sol's.  
Heaw con t' think aw con get thi owt good,  
When theau leeovs me nowt bo th' bare walls?  
If theau'd gie me thi wage as theau owt,  
Aw could do summat farrantly then ;  
Bo aw getten a thowt i' mi yed  
We mun ne'er-ha' nowt gradely ogen.

Have aw browt thi top-cwot? Go thi look!  
 Aw'd ha' browt thi th' *stret-jacket* as soon;  
 Theau knows aw've ha' t' *qut it up th' speant*,  
 For money to pay for thi shoon.  
 Ther's rent-chap just bin, an' he swears  
 He can never catch nob'dy a-whoam!  
 He's bin four or five times to-day,  
 Bo aw'r *east*, an' aw couldna weel come.

Nawe; I ha'na bin dhrinkin' misel;  
 Aw've ne'er tastut "tiger" to-day;  
 Bo aw bin o'er to Plattin' to yo'r Nan's,  
 An' hoo would mak' mi t' stop to mi tae.  
 If we han had a toothful o' rum,  
 Hoo paid for 't, an' that's nowt to thee;  
 If it's done me some good, *thee* ne'er fret—  
 Bo theau never thinks nowt about *me*.

What's made thee bring th' childher yon toys?  
 Theau't likker t' ha' browt thi brass whoam;  
 For Sal has poo'd th' yead off her doll,  
 An' Dick's sent his clog through his dhrum;  
 An' then ther's yon fal-dher-dal cap,  
 Stick't full o' pink ribbons, theau's browt;  
 If theau'd browt mi two black uns i'th' stid,  
 Theau'd ha' done summat like as theau owt.

Will t' come whoam? Then tarry wheer t' art  
 For aw'm cussed if aw ax thee ogen;  
 Eh! this world 'ud soon be at an eend  
 If wimmen wur owt like yo' men.

Nawe ! aw'll see thi befar 'fore aw'll sup,  
 Aw'd reyther throw th' pot at thi yead ;  
 An aw've twenty good minds for to do't,  
 If it's nobbut for what theau's just sed.

Will t' hit mi ? Ay, do, if theau dar !  
 An' aw'll just ha' thi walkt eaut o'th' dur ;  
 Theau thinks, 'cose theau plaguet *t'other wife*,  
 Theau'll ha *me* at th' same rate as theau'd *her*  
 Bo aw'll show thi a sperrit, mi lad,  
 'At'll noa tak' a blow for a buss ;  
 An' if t' tries thi owd capers wi' me,  
 As bad as theau does aw'll do wus.

So wind up thi lip an' chew that,  
 An' tarry o neet if theau will ;  
 If they'n tak thi, an' keep thi, it's reet,  
 For aw'm blest if aw've not had mi fill.  
 If theaurt toyart o' livin wi' me,—  
 Go, tak' thi ragged childher an' flit,  
*For if t' byets me to th' seat o' mysel',*  
*Theau'll ne'er mak' mi t' cruttle a bit.*

