# BROAD YORKSHIRE, BEING POEMS AND SKETCHES

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Broad Yorkshire, being poems and sketches by W. H. Burnett

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#### W. H. BURNETT

# BROAD YORKSHIRE, BEING POEMS AND SKETCHES



# BROAD YORKSHIRE,

#### BEING

## Poems and Sketches

FROM THE WAITINGS OF

CASTILLO, Mrs. G. M. TWEDDELL, REED, BROWN, LEWIS AND OTHERS.

SECOND EDITION.

→EDITED BY W. H. BURNETT. >

LONDON:

HAMILTON, ADAMS & Co.

MIDDLESBROUGH:

W. H. BURNETT, ROYAL EXCHANGE.

1885.

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### PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

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Yorkshire is a big county, and has many distinct dialects. The Broad Yorkshire of these pages might more fitly be called the Dialect of Cleveland. The Sketches and Songs have been culled from many sources, ancient and modern, and tend to illustrate a mode of speech and quaint manners that are rapidly passing away. The collection has been made in the leisure hours of a busy life, and is published with the hope that it may supplant a lower kind of literature of the same species The Editor makes no pretence that the whole of the. poems are excellent poetry; or that the prose is all that could be desired from a literary point of view; nevertheless, he thinks that some of the pieces given, especially those from the writings of Mrs. Tweddell, will bear a favourable comparison with the best local

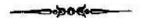
poetry of such writers as Waugh, Brierley, and Eccles. The compilation having been favourably received by the public, a larger collection is now attempted.

The confession may be frankly made that the "Awd Ahzie" of Castillo is inserted for the simple reason that the author is a great favourite with the dales people, who refer to his achievements as a post with great pride, and not because the Editor himself attaches any great importance to his literary The "laird of the dales," as he is achievements. popularly called, was not a great post in any sense, and his ryhmes are marred by a subjective theology of the most morbid and ignorant caste. The difference between writers like Castillo and Mrs Tweddell is the difference between a lazaretto and a breezy moorland common. In the poems of the one you confront fresh healthy nature; in the ryhmes of the other you have for the most part a diseased religionism, and a lack of natural tancy, which mark a mind barren of faculty, under the influence of the grosser delusions of a morose creed, and unadorned by power of thought or vivacity of manner.

Some writers object to all poetry cast in the mould of a purely local dialect. For their benefit we may quote the following anecdote. Mr. John Clarke in pleading one day before the House of Lords happened to say in his broadest Scotch accent, "In plain English ma Lords," upon which Lord Eldon jocosely remarked, "In plain Scotch you mean, Mr. Clarke." The prompt advocate instantly rejoined, "Na matter! in plain common sense, my Lord, and that's the same in a' languages, ye'll ken."

Royal Exchange, Middlesbrough, 1885

#### Opinions of the Press.



Any idea that may suggest itself that the phrasecology employed is far fetched, will be dissipated by the reader referring to the extract.... entitled "A Dale Farmer before the Magistratea." We consider the insertion of this court scene a happy bit, as a witness for the truth of the diction employed in the other sketches.—Weekly Exchange, June 7th, 1877.

The Editor states that the pieces given are from the writings of Castillo, Mrs. G. M. Tweddell, Reed, Lewis and others, and there are also several original contributions of his own. On the whole they are good. Several of the pieces contain a good vein of humour.—The Middlesbrough News, June 28rd, 1877.



## POEMS AND SKETCHES.

#### JOHN JACKSON'S COUNSEL.

Nut far fra the banks o' the Leven there stands A toon they call Yutton, far-famed on all hands, Nut for great deeds or high deeds, or men o' renown, But for rogues is it noosted—this bonny awd toon.\* John Jackson i' Yutton was bred and was born, Lang years afore ivver the spinning was known; When the chetch and its steeple at t' bottom o' t' hill,

Weren't annoyed bi the wirling a wheels niver still.

Now John had a famly; all lads d'ye know;

When at t' chetch i' the big pew they sat in a row;

All the neighbours wad stare, and in envy wad say,

"John Jackson is proud of his lads anyway."

The old couplet says—
 "Hutton Rudby, Enterpen,
 Far more rogues than honest men."

An' John he was proud, and was bothered likewaahse, Wat ti deah wiv is lads when they gat a good saahse; Seaah at last he ditarmined ti send 'em away, Ti towns that were distant ti mak ther awn way.

John had allus been careful ti train 'em up strite, An' ti mak' 'em distinguish the wrang fra the right; But when each lad left yam he a counsel did give, "Which," said he, "Ah sall hod terh as lang as Ah live.

"Mah lad," said the sage, "be thou careful wi wods;

Nivver tell thy awn brother all t' things thy heead hods:

For strangers yance sure that they know all thy sense,

Will pooh-posh thy notions wi' little pretence.

"Be warme, but be true; thou's as strite as an esh I' thy boddy, man lad, be thi conduct nea mesh Of devices all creak'd, that neah sage could mak' clear,

But as breet as the sunshine that glints in the air.

"Ti thy friends be thou true; allus work for ther weal;

Try ti think as they think, an' ti feel as they feel; Nivver doubt ther good hearts tho' at tarms they may stray,

I' paths thou can't follow, i' ways nut thah way.

"Work hard. It's a lee that mak's labour a coss, Man givven ti laziness sure wad be woss Bi a thousand tarms ower, then arning his breead I' tasks that bring joy beeath ti' hand and ti heead."