

**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

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BEING

Poems and Sketches

FROM THE WRITINGS 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.

3025. f. 11.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

—:—

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 poet with great pride, and not because the Editor himself attaches any great importance to his literary achievements. The "laird of the dales," as he is popularly called, was not a great poet 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 fancy, 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.

Preface.

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, 1886*

Opinions of the Press.



Any idea that may suggest itself that the phraseology employed is far fetched, will be dissipated by the reader referring to the extract entitled "A Dale Farmer before the Magistrate." 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 23rd, 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 noated—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 family; 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 Ruddy, Enterpen,
Far more rogues than honest men."

An' John he was proud, and was bothered likewahse,
 Wat ti deah wiv is lads when they gat a good saahse ;
 Seeah at last he ditarmind 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 sail hod teeh 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 yancee sure that they know all thy
 sense,
 Will pooh-pooh thy notions wi' little pretence.

" Be warre, but be true ; thou's as strite as an eah
 I' thy boddy, mah lad, be thi conduct nee mesh
 Of devices all creak'd, that neah sage could mak'
 clear,
 But as brest 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 given ti laziness sure wad be woss
 Bi a thousand tarms ower, then arning his breed
 I' tasks that bring joy beeath ti' hand and ti heead."