

**LEGENDS OF
WESTMORLAND
AND OTHER
POEMS: WITH NOTES**

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Legends of Westmorland and Other Poems: With Notes by Anthony Whitehead

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ANTHONY WHITEHEAD

**LEGENDS OF
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LEGENDS
OF
WESTMORLAND,
AND
OTHER POEMS;

WITH NOTES,

BY

ANTHONY WHITEHEAD, REAGILL.

"Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store."

The Lady of the Lake.

Bertrith:

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1896.

P O E M S.

"HEIGH JACK, HO JACK, IS TE WITHIN!"

A LEGEND OF BEWLEY CASTLE.

Lang sen when Moss-troopers an thieves fra the Borders,
At neets when 'twas meun lect oft reayde a foray,
When the Armstrangs an Hardens outchemed the march
wardens,

An fowt them sea fiercely they were fwoe'd ta giv way.

'Twas then the grand Cassel o' Bewley steude proudly,
Its turrets majestic, an battlements strang :

Defied aw the villains an rogues fra the Borders,
The Tweeds-men, an aw the Northumberland gang ;

Sea bold, stout, an sturdy it steude in its grandeur,—

The windows were stauchioned wi' strang iron bars,
An' double yak deurs wi' rough plugs they were studded,
Fit a mouth to defy a fierce siege i' the wars.

'Twas Christmas time, when the Laird an his lackeys

Were feasting wi' t' Machel's at Crackenthorpe Ho,—

The neet it was chilly, cauld, biting, an windy,
An t' grund frozen under a grinning o' snow :

When a sairey auld woman beneeted an weary,

Com up to the gate, then sat doon on a steayne ;
An she scarcely bed strength for to poo the bell-rapper,
God help her, she louk'd as if strength was aw geayne

But wi' girt exertion, at last,—though but faintly,

She meayde the bell tinkle,—the housekeeper hard,

Wha nowt but hersell was on maken resh cannels,

An being trustworthy she kept the gate barr'd.

A lamp then she leeted—went streight to the gateway,—
 A while she 'connoitred to see wha was there,
 When the hauf-starved auld huzzy she spied on her haunches
 Devoutly and loudly was drwoning a prayer.

She ax'd her her wills, and the auld woman answered,
 "May aw heaven's blessings be showered o' yer heed,
 If in ye there's gudeness to give a neet's lodgin,
 To a peur auld creature i' want and girt need."

"Be off wi' your flam hypocritical flaatchin,
 Or I'll lowse the girt dog, an he'll rive ye to rags;
 An come nea mair here, we want nowt wi' seek trullies,
 Sea off ye auld gipsey mak use o' your legs."

T' auld woman then tried wi' reet humble submission,
 To mak hersell off—when she tottared an fell,—
 Though the housekeeper's heart was proof 'gain compassion
 Yet thus she bethowt her some news she mud tell.

Sea she cawd o' t' auld woman to hoist up her carcass,
 While she slid the bar back to let her come in,
 T' auld jade though sea feckless her trunk gat upended,
 Reet thankful o' sholter fra t' frost an cauld win.

Then the housekeeper scan'd her an ax'd where she co' fra,
 Her answer was, "Scotland, nar t' toon Aberdeen";
 "An what were the news as ye cross'd ower the Border?
 What mischief's a brewin? what rogues hev ye seen?"

"Gude faith," says t' auld woman, "aw's peace an gude
 manners,
 There's na been any plunderen for a lang while,
 Ner yance been a rade fra the rogues or the ravers,
 Sen they hang'd hauf-a-dozen at t' toon o' Carlisle.

An I wish they'd mak gibbets to hang aw seek robbers,
 The Armstrangs and Hardens, an aw the heale gang,
 Then weel 'twad aye be for us peur honest bodies,
 That wants to be godly, an 's leayth ta du wrang."

The wayfaring stranger sea fowten an weary,
 Laid doon on the squab then, an seun fell asleep,—
 The housekeeper doon on her knees dabon reshes,
 By accident, up her ragg'd cwoats gat a peep,—

A pair o' men's shun, an the slops of his britches,
 She just gat a glent at,—then teuk the alarm,—
 But being stout-hearted her wit just bethowt her,
 She'd give a het posset her belly to warm.

T' auld woman o' t' squab on her back she was anwoaring,
 While t' housekeeper quickly replenished her pan
 Wi' fat fra the larder,—and seun hed it boilen,
 To teem doon her throat, be she woman or man.

Just then a shrill whissel fra outside the window,
 An a voice cried out "Heigh Jack ! is te within ?"
 The housekeeper tauntingly answered the speaker,
 "Aye, Jack's here, but he's scauded in his skin."

Nea answer she hard, but ran streight to the turret,
 An click'd doon the bugle,—a loud blast she blew,
 That rang through the trees o' the forest cross Eden,
 An wakan'd the bloodhound—the signal it knew.

An t' blast o' the bugle loud as t' wind o' the helm,
 It acted like magic the country round,
 Fwoak com to t' conclusion,—for weel they kent signal,—
 At some of the Borderer rogues were come doon.

Then they armed theirsells quickly wi' flails, guns, an gullies,
 To join wi' the Laird an his trustworthy men ;
 An off they aw set to the Cassel o' Bewlay,
 To show their good courage, the pleyce to defend.

But when they gat thither they fand nowt molested,
 Though t' bloodhound was ranty an growlin in t' yard,
 Sea they march'd in to t' Ho—hard the housekeeper's stwoary
 'Bout t' woman i' britches an t' boilen bet lard ;

Then they went an examined the strange leukin huzzy,
 At t' housekeeper scauded wi' resh cannal fat,
 An under her gown they seun fand she weare britches,
 Twea pistols, a dagger, buff belt, an what nut.

* * * *

Then they trailed the man-woman far into the forest,
 An buried him snugly an under some trees,—
 Though unshrouded or shriven he gat extreme unction,
 At least summet like it, wi' het cannal grease.

ODE ON BURNS' CENTENARY.

*Written for a Convivial Meeting held on that occasion at Appleby,
 by the Members of the Mental Culture Society.*

Tune your pipes ye Scotchmen o',—
 Harmonious blasts wi' vigour blo',—
 Gar them ring fra sno' to sno',
 That haps the frozen poles ;—
 Rouse up and join ye nations o',
 In answer to their calls.

And hail with joy the winter's morn,—
 The hundredth year, sen Burns was born,
 To feayee this world's rough toil an scorn,
 And meet her proud rebuffs ;
 Sair hyp'd by her mischievous horn ;
 But he gev back the cuffs ;

An skalp'd her faults wi' vengeance strang,
 Gev pride and envy many a bang,
 And hypocrites wi' canten slang
 He dealt them lusty whacks,
 Then reayve their elwoks to screeda ham-scream,
 And lash'd them ower their backs.

Tyrannic power sea hard he hits,
 Nar reave her rule and rod to bits,—
 Flay'd lang-tongued scandal into fits,—
 For it was his belief
 She'd sprung fra 'mang the brimstone pits,
 A nasty, noisy thief.

But sense an worth he does extol,
 And rings their praise fra pole to pole,
 That raises up the honest soul
 In high or low degree,
 Tho' he be poor and hes to toil,—
 To independent be.

His words of weight act like a charm,
 On frozen hearts, and beat them warm ;
 Gives nature still a nobler form,—
 Of beauty and of worth ;
 Draws pictures grand, fra t' blackest storm,
 Makes paradise on earth.

The stream, the river, brook, an tarn,
 The fruitful field, the yellow corn,
 The wee bit daisy, and the thorn,
 The heather on the hill,—
 Wi' beauties mair he does adorn,
 An makes them sweeter still.

He paints the youthful woman's charms,
 In lovely sweet angelic forms,
 That fires the soul—the heart it warms
 With pure untainted love ;
 But blasts the heart wi' vengeful storms
 That base deceivers prove.

The rock, the mountain, hill, an glen
 Are aw indebted to his pen ;
 He gives immortal neaymes to men,—
 The worthy and the brave,
 But scourges hard wi' bitter splen
 The cowardly and the knave.

In sang he reigns the monarch grand,—
 At heyme, away, far ower the land,—
 Girt is the power he does command
 O'er witty and the dull ;—
 Where'er he waves his magic wand
 He cheers the flagging soul.

When Nature does the hills adorn,
 And spreads her mantle ower the thorn,
 There it mud hing despis'd, forlorn,
 An wither i' the blast,
 If Robert Burns had ne'er been born
 Its beauties wad been lost.

Around this world's stupendous sphere,
 Aw nations will his neayme revere,
 Our girt grandbairns next hundredth year,
 When it agaln returns,
 Will welcome it wi' hearty cheer,
 An reverence t' neayme of Burns.

As lang as t' sea throws up its spray,—
 Or Greenland hills are happ'd with snaw,
 Or lungs hev strength a blast to blow,
 Or minstrels' harps are strung,—
 By classes aw, beayth high an low,
 His sangs they will be sung.

When Nature meayde him t' mould was lost,
 Nea mair like him she'll ever boast ;
 Tho sair amang us he was toss'd,
 'Twas few that ken'd his worth,
 But now we honour him wi' coot
 An celebrate his birth.

He gev the world to understand
 Where wealth and worth gang hand in hand,
 Nea fitter powers to hev command,
 An rule sea girt a nation ;
 But far ower off the pest o' t' land,
 Fills that important station.