

POEMS IN SHEFFIELD DIALECT

Setterdy Neet - 60 years ago

I' bygone days, Crookes women went
Ta Shevvild tahn wi' set intent
Twor offen late o'Setterday neet,
They'd choil dahn t'hill ne'er heedin' t'weet,
When t'ale hahse shut, an hooam went Jooa,
(ta anywheer else he couldn't gooa)
Wot bit wa left, throo t'scanty wage, ,
Ta make ends meet 'ud stick a sage,
An sooa t'owd lass ud' oft controive
An dahn to't tahn for meight shoo'd sloive,
Ta foind scrag-end, or fagey bit,
Ta cost nooa mooar ner a threp'ny bit.
Nooa first cut joint ner leg war hers
But stuff owd Bright wudn't gie his curs
Wi oer weight on - a lump o' fat
Shoo'd shuv it bag - reight chuff at that.
Shoo'd took her hook up t'hill ta trudge;
Her boois war poor, they ler in sludge,
An landin' hooam shoo'd open't door
Ta foind hawf slew'd her drunken Jooa.
His sleepy shaht - "Browt owt ta sup?"
Made her reight mad: Sed "now, tha tup,"
"Way then," sed he, "Wot's gettin int bag?"
"Wot tha deserves - some owd Kag-mag".

H, P, Broughton 1941

Untitled

Ee a wud like to gith thee a neece cuppa tea
If only thad cum ont reight day.
But tha munt cum on Monday
Its me weshin' day, an am weshin' an weshin' me clooers away.
Ee a wud like to gith thee a neece cuppa tea
If only thad cum ont reight day.
But tha munt cum on Tuesday,
Its me ionin' day an am ionin', and ionin' me clooers away.
Ee a wud like to gith thee a neece cuppa tea
If only thad cum ont reight day.
But tha munt cum on Wednesday
It's me shoppin' day an am shoppin' and shoppin' me muntl away
Ee a wud like to gith thee a neece cuppa tea
If only thad cum ont reight day.
But tha munt cum on Thursday its me baikin' day an am baikin' an baikin' me shoppin' away.
Ee a wud like to gith thee a neece cuppa tea
If only thad cum ont reight day.
But tha munt cum on Fridi,
Its me cleanin' day an am cleanin' and cleanin' me owse away.
Ee a wud like to gith thee a neece cuppa tea.
If only thad cum ont reight day.
But tha munt cum on Satdi,
Its me visitin' day an am visitin' and visitin' me trends away
Ee a wud like to gith thee a neece cuppa tea
If only thad cum on reight day.
But tha munt cum on Sundi
Its me churchin' day an am churchill' and churchin' me sins away
Ee a wud like to gith thee a neece cuppa tea.

Youth an' Age

"Cum on, mi little flower,
Set on thi Grandad's knee.
Wot started off this shower?
Cum, tell thi tale ter me.

Feel inside mi jackit
Ah'll bet ther's summat nice.
Let's oppen up this packit,
Well! Ah'm capped! it's spice.

Ah rimember when thi mammy
Wor a little tyke like thee.
She'd tell all 'er little troubles
'Ere on thi Grandad's knee.

But nowt flies faster by ner years.
An' child'ood gits fergot,
An' t' cause o' many a silent tear,
Is times rimembered not.

Fer owd fooaks luv is clingin'
But young fooak mun be free.
Still, Ah 'ope tha'll not ferget
These 'appy times wi' me."

Tom Hague

The Noo Bonnitt

Ahr Sal's gorra noo bonnitt
Wee-ya-rearther roersas onnitt
Una feather 'angin' reight dahn t'back
Ahr Sal wenter Chuch on Sundi
Un t' parson prearched un prearched
Until ee kunt preearch enni longer
So ee prearched on ahr Sal's noo bonnitt.
Sal groo bold, she stood oop un sed
"Tha's a bald eard, nowt innitt, un nowt onnitt
Wud tha like a feather from mi noo bonnitt?"

The New Bonnet

Translation

Our Sal has got a new bonnet,
With a wreath of roses upon it,
And a feather hanging right down the back,
Our Sal went to Church on Sunday,
And the Parson preached and preached
Until he could not preach any longer.
So he preached on our Sal's new bonnet.
Our Sal grew bold, she stood up and said:
'You have a bald head, nothing in it and nothing on it,
Would you like a feather from my new bonnet?'