

'Singlish Folk' Broadsheet Number 29

Her Mantle of Green

As I went out walking one morning in June,
To view the fair fields and the valleys in bloom,
I spied a pretty fair maid she appeared like a queen
With her costly fine robes and her mantle so green.

Says I, "My pretty fair maid, won't you come with me
We'll both join in wedlock, and married we'll be,
I'll dress you in fine linen, you'll appear like a queen,
With your costly fine robes and your mantle so green."

Says she now, "My Young man, you must be excused,
For I'll wed with no man, so you must be refused;
To the green woods I will wander to shun all men's view,
For the lad that I love fell in famed Waterloo."

Well if you're not married say your lovers name
I fought in that battle so I might know the same
"Draw near to my garment and there you will see
His name is embroidered on my mantle so green."

In the ribbon of her mantle there I did behold
His name and his surname in letters of gold;
Young William O'Reilly appeared in my view
He was my chief comrade back in famed Waterloo.

And as he lay dying I heard his last cry
'If you were here, Lovely Nancy, I'd be willing to die;
Now as I told her this story in anger she flew
And the more that I told her the paler she grew

So I smiled on my Nancy 'tis I broke your heart
In your father's garden that day we did part.
And this is a truth and the truth I declare.
Here is your love token, the gold ring I wear."



A "Broken Token Ballad". These are songs that typically contain the theme of two lovers dividing a "token", normally in the form of a ring, then parting as he goes off to fight in some foreign land. When eventually he returns, by sheer coincidence their paths cross again, but she does not recognise him.

Singing bird

I have seen the lark soar high at morn
Heard his song up in the blue
I have heard the blackbird pipe his note
The thrush and the linnet too
But there's none of them can sing so sweet
My singing bird as you.

If I could lure my singing bird
From his own cosy nest
If I could catch my singing bird
I would warm him on my breast
For there's none of them can sing so sweet
My singing bird as you.
My singing bird as you.
My singing bird as you.

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Peggy Gordon

O Peggy Gordon, You are my darling
Come sit you down upon my knee
And tell to me the very reason
Why I am slighted so by thee

I am so deep in love that I can't deny it
My heart lies smothered in my breast
But it's not for you to let the whole world know it
A troubled mind can find no rest

I leaned myself on a cask of brandy
It was my fancy, I do declare
For when I'm drinking, I'm always thinking
Wishing Peggy Gordon was here

I wished I was in a lonesome valley
Where womankind cannot be found
And the pretty little birds do change their voices
And every moment a different sound

I wish I was away in Ingo
Far away across the briny sea
Sailing over deepest waters
Where love nor care never trouble me

The Moorlough Shore

Your hills and dales and flowery vales
that lie near the Moorlough Shore.
Your vines that blow by Borden's grove.
will I ever see no more
Where the primrose blows
and the violet grows,
Where the trout and salmon play.
With my line and hook delight I took
to spend my youthful days.

Last night I went to see my love,
and to hear what she might say.
To see if she'd take pity on me,
lest I might go away.
She said, "I love an Irish lad,
and he was my only joy,
and ever since I saw his face
I've loved that soldier boy."

Well perhaps your soldier lad is lost
sailing over the sea of Maine.
Or perhaps he is gone with some other lover,
you may never see him again.
Well if my Irish lad is lost,
he's the one I do adore,
and seven years I will wait for him
by the banks of the Moorlough Shore.

Farewell to Sinclaire's castle grand.
Farewell to the foggy dew.
where the linen waves like bleaching silk
and the falling stream runs still
Near there I spent my youthful days
but alas they all are gone
for cruelty has banished me
far away from the Moorlough Shore.

Joe Hill

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night,
as live as you and me,
Says I to Joe your ten years dead,
I never died says he,
I never died says he,

The copper bosses shot you Joe
they filled you up with lead,
Takes more than guns to kill a man
says Joe and I ain't dead
Says Joe and I ain't dead.

From saltlake city Joe said
I him stand by my bed,
They framed you on a murder charge,
Says Joe but I ain't dead,says
Joe but I ain't dead.

And standing there as big as life,
and smiling with hes eyes,
Says Joe what they forgot to kill,
went on to organise,
Went on to organise.

Joe Hill ain't dead he said to me,
Joe Hill ain't never died,
Where working men defend their rights,
Joe Hill is by their side,
Joe Hill is by their side.

From San Diego up to Maine,
in every mine and mill,
Where workers strike and organise,
Says he you'll find Joe Hill,
says he you'll find Joe Hill.



Joe Hill came to America from Sweden. He was labourer and union organiser.

He became famous around the world after the Utah court conviction for murder. He had been framed by anti-union activists and died a rebel

Red Red Rose

Come over the hills to your bonny Irish lass,
Come over the hills to your darling,
You choose the road love and I'll make the vow,
And I'll be your true love for ever,

[chorus]

Red is the rose that yonder garden grows,
And fair is the lilly from thevally,
Clear is the water,that flows from the Boyne,
And my love is fairer than any.

'Twas down by Killarned's green woods that we strayed,
When the moon and the stars they were shining,
The moon shone its rays, on her locks of golden hair,
And she swore she'd be my love forever.

It's not for the parting of my sister kate,
It's not for the loss of my mother,
It's all for the loss of my bonny Irish lass,
And she swore she'd be my love

Raglan Road

On Raglan Road of an Autumn day
I saw her first and knew,
That her dark hair would weave a snare
That I might someday rue.
I saw the danger and I passed
Along the enchanted way.
And I said,"Let grief be a fallen leaf
At the dawning of the day."

On Grafton Street in November, we
Tripped lightly along the ledge
Of a deep ravine where can be seen
The worth of passion play.
The Queen of Hearts still making tarts
And I not making hay;
Oh, I loved too much and by such and such
Is happiness thrown away.

I gave her gifts of the mind,
I gave her the secret signs,
That's known to the artists who have known
The true gods of sound and stony.
And her words and tint without stint
I gave her poems to say
With her own name there and her own dark hair
Like clouds over fields of May.

On a quiet street where old ghosts meet
I see her walking now,
And away from me so hurriedly
My reason must allow.
That I had loved, not as I should
A creature made of clay,
When the angel woos the clay, he'll lose
His wings at the dawn of day.



Note re. Her Mantle of Green

From Ozark Folksongs, by Randolph, who says:
"This piece was printed by Such in England, is common in English broadsides and is known in Scotland (Ord, Bothy Songs and Ballads, 1930, pp. 155-156), Newfoundland (Greenleaf, Ballads and Sea Songs from Newfoundland, 1933, pp. 175-177) and Nova Scotia (MacKenzie, Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia, 1928, pp. 182-184). Mackenzie thinks that "The Mantle So Green" is a modified version of the late eighteenth-century English ballad "George Reilly"

Alternative last three verses:

In raising her mantle there I did behold
His name and his surname in letters of gold;
Young William O'Reilly appeared in my view
He was my chief comrade back in famed Waterloo.

But when he was dying I heard his last cry
'If you were here, Lovely Nancy, contented I'd die,'
Now Peace is proclaimed, and the truth I declare
Here is your love token, the gold ring I wear."

O, Nancy, dear Nancy, 'tis I won your heart
In your father's garden that day we did part.
Now the wars are all over, no trouble is seen
And I'll wed with my true love in her mantle so green."

Fields of Atheny

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young girl calling
"Michael, they have taken you away,
For you stole Trevelyan's corn,
So the young might see the morn.
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay."

Low lie the fields of Atheny
Where once we watched the small free birds fly
Our love was on the wing
We had dreams and songs to sing
It's so lonely round the fields of Atheny.

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young man calling
"Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free
Against the famine and the crown,
I rebelled, they cut me down.
Now you must raise our child with dignity."

By a lonely harbor wall, she watched the last star fall
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky
For she lived to hope and pray for her love in Botany Bay
It's so lonely round the fields of Atheny.

Fields of Atheny

By the lone - ly pri - son wall, I heard a young girl cal - - ling.
"Mi - chael they are ta - king you a - way, For you stole Trev-el - yn's corn, So the
young might see the morn. Now a pri - son ship lies wait-ing in the bay, Low,
lie the fields of A - then - ry, where once we watched the small free birds fly,
Our love was on the wing. We had dreams and songs to sing; It's so lone - ly 'round the
fields of Ath - en - ry.

Grandfather's Clock

(Henry Clay Work)

My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf
So it stood ninety years on the floor
It was taller by half than the old man himself
But it weighed not a pennyweight more
It was bought on the morn on the day that he was born
It was always his treasure and pride
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died

Chorus

Ninety years without slumbering
Tic toc tic toc
His life's seconds numbering
Tic toc tic toc
It stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro
Many hours he had spent when a boy
And through childhood and manhood, the clock seemed to know
And to share both his grief and his joy
For it struck 24 when he entered at the door
With a blooming and beautiful bride,
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died

My grandfather said that of those he could hire
Not a servant so faithful he'd found,
For it kept perfect time and it had one desire
At the close of each day to be wound
At it kept to its place, not a frown upon its face
At its hands never hung by its side
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died

It rang an alarm in the still of the night,
An alarm that for years had been dumb
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight
That his hour of departure had come
Still the clock kept the time With a soft and muffled chime
As we silently stood by his side
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died

Good Luck to the Barley Mow

Now here's jolly good luck to the quarter gill
Good luck to the Barley Mow
Jolly good luck to the quartergill
Good luck to the Barley Mow
Oh, the quarter gill, Fetch in a little drop more
Here's good luck, good luck, good luck to the barley mow

Now here's jolly good luck to the half gill
Good luck to the Barley Mow
Jolly good luck to the half gill
Good luck to the Barley Mow
Oh, the half gill, quarter gill, Fetch in a little drop more
Here's good luck, good luck, good luck to the barley mow

Now here's jolly good luck to the gill pot
Good luck to the Barley Mow
Jolly good luck to the gill pot
Good luck to the Barley Mow
Oh, the gill pot, half gill, quarter gill, Fetch in a little drop more
Here's good luck, good luck, good luck to the barley mow

similarly:	
half pint,	half barrel
pint pot	barrel
quart pot	bar maid
half gallon	land lady
gallon	land lord
half bushel	brewerie
bushel	company

The Nightingale

As I went a walking one morning in May
I met a young couple so far did we stray
And one was a young maid so sweet and so fair
And the other was a soldier and a brave Grenadier

Chorus:
And they kissed so sweet and comforting
as they clung to each other
They went arm in arm along the road like sister and brother
They went arm in arm along the road til they came to a stream
And they both sat down together, love,
to hear the nightingale sing

Out of his knapsack he took a fine fiddle
He played her such merry tunes that you ever did hear
He played her such merry tunes that the valley did ring
And softly cried the fair maid as the nightingale sings

Oh, I'm off to India for seven long years
Drinking wines and strong whiskies instead of strong beer
And if ever I return again 'twill be in the spring
And we'll both sit down together love
to hear the nightingale sing

"Well then", says the fair maid, "will you marry me?"
"Oh no", says the soldier, "however can that be?"
For I've my own wife at home in my own country
And she is the finest little maid that you ever did see

Albert an't Lion

There's a famous seaside place called Blackpool,
That's noted for fresh-air and fun,
And Mr and Mrs Ramsbottom
Went there with young Albert, their son.

A grand little lad was their Albert
All dressed in his best; quite a swell
'E'd a stick with an 'orse's 'ead 'andle
The finest that Woolworth's could sell.

They didn't think much to the ocean
The waves, they was fiddlin' and small
There was no wrecks... nobody drowned
'Fact, nothing to laugh at, at all.

So, seeking for further amusement
They paid and went into the zoo
Where they'd lions and tigers and cam-els
And old ale and sandwiches too.

There were one great big lion called Wallace
His nose were all covered with scars
He lay in a som-no-lent posture
With the side of his face to the bars.

Now Albert had heard about lions
How they were ferocious and wild
And to see Wallace lying so peaceful
Well... it didn't seem right to the child.

So straight 'way the brave little feller
Not showing a morsel of fear
Took 'is stick with the 'orse's 'ead 'andle
And pushed it in Wallace's ear!

You could see that the lion didn't like it
For giving a kind of a roll
He pulled Albert inside the cage with 'im
And swallowed the little lad... whole!

Then Pa, who had seen the occurrence
And didn't know what to do next
Said, "Mother! Yon lions 'et Albert"
And Mother said "Eeh, I am vexed!"

So Mr and Mrs Ramsbottom
Quite rightly, when all's said and done
Complained to the Animal Keeper
That the lion had eaten their son.

The keeper was quite nice about it
He said, "What a nasty mishap
Are you sure that it's your lad he's eaten?"
Pa said, "Am I sure? There's his cap!"

So the manager had to be sent for
He came and he said, "What's to do?"
Pa said, "Yon lion's 'eaten our Albert
And 'im in his Sunday clothes, too."

Then Mother said, "Right's right, young feller
I think it's a shame and a sin
For a lion to go and eat Albert
And after we've paid to come in!"

The manager wanted no trouble
He took out his purse right away
And said, "How much to settle the matter?"
And Pa said "What do you usually pay?"

But Mother had turned a bit awkward
When she thought where her Albert had gone
She said, "No! someone's got to be summonsed"
So that were decided upon.

Round they went to the Police Station
In front of a Magistrate chap
They told 'im what happened to Albert
And proved it by showing his cap.

The Magistrate gave his o-pinion
That no-one was really to blame
He said that he hoped the Ramsbottoms
Would have further sons to their name.

At that Mother got proper blazing
"And thank you, sir, kindly," said she
"What waste all our lives raising children
To feed ruddy lions? Not me!"



Marksman Sam

When Sam Small joined the regiment,
'E were no' but a raw recruit,
And they marched 'im away one wint'ry day,
'Is musket course to shoot.

They woke 'im up at the crack o' dawn,
Wi' many a nudge and shake,
'E were dreaming that t' Sergeant 'ad broke 'is neck,
And 'e didn't want to wake.

Lieutenant Bird came on parade,
And chided the lads for mooning,
'E talked in a voice like a pound o' plums,
'Is tonsils needed pruning.

"Move to the right by fours," he said,
Crisp like but most severe,
But Sam didn't know 'is right from 'is left,
So pretended 'e didn't 'ear.

Said Lieutenant, "Sergeant, take this man's name."
The Sergeant took out 'is pencil,
'E were getting ashamed o' taking Sam's name,
And were thinking o' cutting a stencil.

Sam carried a musket, a knapsack and coat,
Spare boots that 'e'd managed to wangle,
A 'atchet, a spade... in fact, as Sam said,
'E'd got everything bar t'kitchen mangle.

"March easy men," Lieutenant cried,
As the musket range grew near,
"March easy me blushing Aunt Fanny," said Sam,
"What a chance with all this 'ere."

When they told 'im to fire at five 'undred yards,
Sam nearly 'ad a fit,
For a six foot wall, or the Albert 'All,
Were all 'e were likely to 'it.

'E'd fitted a cork in 'is musket end,
To keep 'is powder dry,
And 'e didn't remember to take it out,
The first time 'e let fly.

'Is gun went off with a kind o' pop,
Where 'is bullet went no-one knew,
But next day they spoke of a tinker's moke,
Being killed by a cork... in Crewe.

At three 'undred yards, Sam shut 'is eyes,
And took a careful aim,
'E failed to score but the marker swore,
And walked away quite lame.

At two 'undred yards, Sam fired so wild,
That the Sergeant feared for 'is skin,
And the lads all cleared int' t' neighbouring field,
And started to dig 'emselves in.

"Ooh, Sergeant! I hear a scraping noise,"
Said Sam, "What can it be?"
The noise that 'e 'eard were lieutenant Bird,
'Oo were climbing the nearest tree.

"Ooh, Sergeant!" said Sam, "I've 'it the bull!
What price my shooting now?"
Said the Sergeant, "A bull? Yer gormless fool,
Yon isn't a bull... it's a cow!"

At fifty yards 'is musket kicked,
And went off with a noise like a blizzard,
And down came a crow looking fair surprised,
With a ram-rod through 'is gizzard.

As 'e loaded 'is musket to fire agen,
Said the Sergeant, "Don't waste shot!
Yer'd best fix bayonets and charge, my lad,
It's the only chance yer've got.

Sam kept loading 'is gun while the Sergeant spoke,
Till the bullets peeped out of the muzzle,
When all of a sudden it went off bang!
What made it go were a puzzle.

The bullets flew out in a kind of a spray,
And everything round got peppered,
When they counted 'is score... 'e'd got eight bulls eyes,
Four magpies, two lambs and a shepherd.



And the Sergeant for this got a D.C.M.
And the Colonel an O.B.E.
Lieutenant Bird got the D.S.O.
And Sam got... five days C.B.

George and the Dragon

I'll tell you the tale of an old country pub
As fancied itself up to date,
It had the word " Garage" wrote on t' stable door
And a petrol pump outside the gate.

The " George and the Dragon" were t' name of the pub,
And it stood in a spot wild and bleak,
Where nowt ever seemed to be passing that way
Except Carrier's cart once a week.

The Carrier's cart were a sturdy old Ford
And its driver were known as " Old Joe
He had passed pub each week but he'd never been in,
It's name even he didn't know.



One cold winter night, about quarter to one,
He were driving home over the moor,
And had just reached the pub, when his engine stopped dead
A thing it had ne'er done before.

He lifted the bonnet and fiddled around
And gave her a bit of a crank;
When he looked at his petrol he found what were wrong,
There wasn't a drop in the tank.

He had eight miles to go and 'twere starting to rain,
And he thought he were there for the night,
Till he saw the word " Garage" wrote on t' stable door;
Then he said, " Lizzie, Lass... we're all right."

He went up to t' pub and he hammered at door
Till a voice up above said " Hello!"
It were t' Publican's Wife-she said,
"Now what's to do?", "I've run out of petrol," said Joe.

She said " Who are you? " He said " Carrier Joe."
" Oh, so that's who it is," she replied
You've been passing this door now for close on ten years
And never once set foot inside."

"A nice time of night to come knocking folks up,
She continued. "Away with your truck,
" You'd best get your petrol where you buy your beer...
" You only come here when you're stuck."

Said Joe, "Aye, I'll go if you'll sell me some fuel,
"I can't start my engine without.
"I'm willing to pay." but she told him to go
Where he'd get his fuel for nowt.

"Coom, coom, Lass!" said Joe, conciliatory like,
"Let bygones be bygones, and when
I come round next time I'll look in."
She said, "Oh, Well, your petrol can wait until then."

With these few remarks th' old girl took in her head
And slammed winder to in his face;
He took a look round and for t' very first time
He noticed the name of the place.

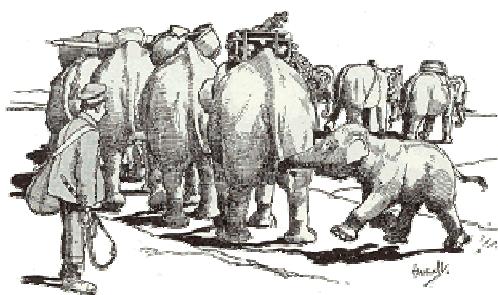
He picked up some pebbles he found in the road
And tossed them against winder pane,
And before very long lattice opened above
And out came the old girl again.

What d'ye want? "she enquired. And " Not you," Joe replied,
For this treatment had fair raised his gorge
"I see George and t' Dragon's the name on the house,
"And I'd just like a word now with George."

Little Aggie

When Joe Dove took his elephants out on the road
He made each one hold fast with his trunk
To the tail of the elephant walking in front
To stop them from doing a bunk.

There were fifteen in all, so 'twere rather a job
To get them linked up in a row,
But once he had fixed 'em Joe knew they'd hold on,
For an elephant never lets go.



The pace it was set by the big 'uns in front,
'Twas surprising how fast they could stride,
And poor little Aggie, the one at the back...
Had to run till she very near died.

They were walking one Sunday from Blackpool to Crewe,
They'd started at break of the day,
Joe followed behind with a bagful of buns
In case they got hungry on t'way.

They travelled along at a rattling good pace
Over moorland and valley and plain,
And poor little Aggie the one at the back
Her trunk fairly creaked with the strain.

They came to a place where the railway crossed road,
An ungated crossing it were,
And they wasn't to know as the express was due
At the moment that they landed there.

They was half way across when Joe saw the express-
It came tearing along up the track-
He tried hard to stop, but it wasn't much good,
For an elephant never turns back.

He saw if he didn't do something at once
The train looked like spoiling his troupe,
So he ran on ahead and he wagged the buns
To show them they'd best hurry up.

When they caught sight of buns they all started to run,
And they soon got across at this gait,
Except poor little Aggie-the one at the back,
She were one second too late.

The express came dashing along at full speed,
And caught her end on, fair and square
She bounced off the buffers, turned head over heels,
And lay with her legs in the air.

Joe thought she were dead when he saw her lyin' there,
With the back of her head on the line
He knelt by her side, put his ear to her chest,
And told her to say " ninety-nine."

She wagged her tail and she twiggled her trunk ;
To show him as she were alive;
She hadn't the strength for to say "ninety-nine,"
She just managed a weak "eighty-five."

When driver of th' engine got down from his cab
Joe said "Here's a nice howdedo,
To see fifteen elephants ruined for life
By a clumsy great driver like you."

Said the driver, "There's no need to mak' all this fuss,
There's only one hit as I've seen."
Joe said, "Aye, that's right, but they held on so tight
You've pulled back end off t' other fourteen."

Joe still walks around with his elephant troupe,
He got them patched up at the vet's,
But Aggie won't walk at the back any more,
'Cos an elephant never forgets.

Three Ha'pence a Foot

I'll tell you an old-fashioned story
That Grandfather used to relate,
Of a joiner and building contractor;
'Is name, it were Sam Oglethwaite.

In a shop on the banks of the Irwell,
Old Sam used to follow 'is trade,
In a place you'll have 'eard of, called Bury;
You know, where black puddings is made.

One day, Sam were filling a knot 'ole
Wi' putty, when in thro' the door
Came an old feller fair wreathed wi' whiskers;
Tould chap said 'Good morning, I'm Noah.'

Sam asked Noah what was 'is business,
And t'ould chap went on to remark,
That not liking the look of the weather,
'E were thinking of building an Ark.

'E'd gotten the wood for the bulwarks,
And all t'other shipbuilding junk,
And wanted some nice Bird's Eye Maple
To panel the side of 'is bunk.

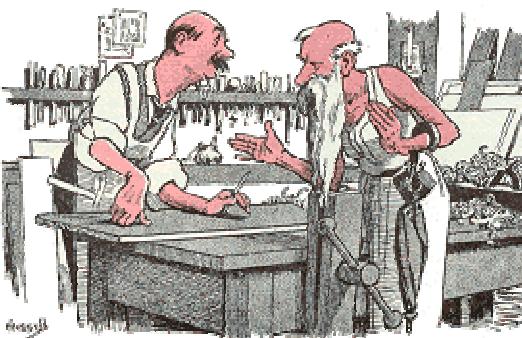
Now Maple were Sam's Monopoly;
That means it were all 'is to cut,
And nobody else 'adn't got none;
So 'e asked Noah three ha'pence a foot.

'A ha'penny too much,' replied Noah
'A Penny a foot's more the mark;
A penny a foot, and when t'rein comes,
I'll give you a ride in me Ark.'

But neither would budge in the bargain;
The whole daft thing were kind of a jam,
So Sam put 'is tongue out at Noah,
And Noah made Long Bacon* at Sam

In wrath and ill-feeling they parted,
Not knowing when they'd meet again,
And Sam had forgot all about it,
'Til one day it started to rain.

It rained and it rained for a fortni't,
And flooded the 'ole countryside.
It rained and it kept' on raining,
'Til the Irwell were fifty mile wide.



The 'ouses were soon under water,
And folks to the roof 'ad to climb.
They said 'twas the rottenest summer
That Bury 'ad 'ad for some time.

The rain showed no sign of abating,
And water rose hour by hour,
'Til the only dry land were at Blackpool,
And that were on top of the Tower.

So Sam started swimming to Blackpool;
It took 'im best part of a week.
'Is clothes were wet through when 'e got there,
And 'is boots were beginning to leak.

'E stood to 'is watch-chain in water,
On Tower top, just before dark,
When who should come sailing towards 'im
But old Noah, steering 'is Ark.

They stared at each other in silence,
'Til Ark were alongside, all but,
Then Noah said: 'What price yer Maple?'
Sam answered 'Three ha'pence a foot.'

Noah said 'Nay; I'll make thee an offer,
The same as I did t'other day.
A penny a foot and a free ride.
Now, come on, lad, what does tha say?'

'Three ha'pence a foot,' came the answer.
So Noah 'is sail 'ad to hoist,
And sailed off again in a dudgeon,
While Sam stood determined, but moist.

Noah cruised around, flying 'is pigeons,
'Til fortieth day of the wet,
And on 'is way back, passing Blackpool,
'E saw old Sam standing there yet.

'Is chin just stuck out of the water;
A comical figure 'e cut,
Noah said: 'Now what's the price of yer Maple?'
Sam answered: 'Three ha'pence a foot.'

Said Noah: 'Ye'd best take my offer;
It's last time I'll be hereabout;
And if water comes half an inch higher,
I'll happen get Maple for nowt.'

'Three ha'pence a foot it'll cost yer,
And as fer me,' Sam said, 'don't fret.
The sky's took a turn since this morning;
I think it'll brighten up yet.'

Note:

"Long bacon" is a mocking gesture made by putting thumb to nose and extending the hand so the palm is in line with the nose, then putting the thumb of the other hand to the little finger of the nosed hand, hands keeping in line, then wiggling the fingers.

These momologues are all by Marriott Edgar and can be found on the website:<http://monologues.co.uk>

The accent used in these monologues is supposed to be Lancashire. In fact it contains very little in the way of dialect words but uses characteristic pronunciation.

These were designed for the 'Music Hall' where artists had a set time to do their 'spot', hence the length of each is about the same. One of the most famous performers of these was Stanley Holloway who normally played 'Cockney' (London) characters in British cinema, particularly famous for his Alfred Doolittle in 'My Fair Lady'.

