

Th' History o' Haworth Railway

fra' th' beginnin' to th' end, wi' an ackaant o' th' oppnin' serrimony

Bill o'th' Hoylus End



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START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK TH' HISTORY O' HAWORTH RAILWAY

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[Pamphlet cover](#)

TENTH EDITION.

[Decorative divider](#)

**Th' HISTORY o'
HAWORTH RAILWAY
FRA' TH'
BEGINNIN' TO TH' END,
WI' AN ACKAANT O' TH'
OPPNIN' SERRIMONY.**

—o—

Bi Bill o'th' Hoylus End.

[Decorative image of a cow](#)

On hearing this, the Haworth foalk
Began to think it wor no joak,
An' wisht' at greedy kaa ma' choak,
'At swallowed th' plan o'th railway.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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PREFACE TO THE TENTH EDITION.

The Author of this well-known, amusing, and celebrated pamphlet was born on the 22nd March, 1836, at a place midway between Keighley and Haworth, called Hoylus End in a simple cottage near the Whins Delf, at the terminus of the quaint old hamlet known as Hermit Hole, in the Parish of Bingley. He began early in life to write songs and uncouth rhymes, and even as a boy He wrote satires so caustic that they are remembered even to the present day.

However, the Haworth Railway cropped up, and this found him ample food for his pen; and as this is the Tenth Edition of the work it is clear that it is still in popular favour.

Th' History o' Haworth Railway, FRA' TH' BEGINNING TO TH' END.

[Decorative divider](#)

CHAPTER I.

Before I commence mi short history o' Haworth Railway, it might be as weel to say a word or two abaat Haworth itseln. It's a city at's little nawn, if onny, in th' history o' England, tho thare's no daat but it's as oud as Methuslam, if net ouder, yet wi' being built so far aat o' th' latitude o' civilised nashuns, nobody's scarcely nawn owt abaat it wal lately. Th' faanders of it is sed to be people fra th' Eastern countries, for they tuk fearful after em in Haworth i'th line o' soothsayers, magishuns, an' istralers; but whether they cum fra th' East or th' West, thay luk oud fasun'd enuff. Nah th' city is situated in a vary romantic part o' Yorkshur, an' within two or three miles o'th boundary mark for th' next county. Sum foak sez it wur th' last place 'at wur made, but it's a mistak, for it looks oud fashun'd enuff to be th' first 'at wur made. Gurt travellers sez it resembles th' cities o' Rome an' Edinburgh, for thare's a deal a up-hills afore yo can get tut top on't; but i' landing yo'd be struck wi wonder an' amazement—wat wi th' tall biggens, monnements, dooms, hampitheaters, and so on, for instance Church, or rather th' Cathedrall, is a famous biggen, an' stands majestekely o'th top o' th' hill. It hez been sed at it wur Olever Cramwell that wur struck wi' th' appearance o'th' Church an th' city, alltagether, wal he a mack a consented to have it th' hed-quarters for th' army an' navy.

Th' faander o'th' Church is sed to be one Wang be Wang, one o'th' Empros o' China as com ower in a balloon an browt wi' him all his relations but his grandmuther. Th' natives at that toime wur a mack a wild; but i' mixing up wi' th' balloonites thay soin becum civilized and bigd th' Church at's studden fra that toime to nah, wi'th' exepshun o' one end, destroyed at sum toime, sum sez it wur be war. Some sez West End an th' Saath End wur destroyed, but its a mack a settled on by th' wiseuns it wur witchcraft; but be it as it may, Haworth an th'

foak a' together is as toff as paps, an hez stud aat weel, an no daht but it wod a flerished before Lundun, Parris, or Jerusalem, for centries back, if they hed a Railway, but after nearly all Grate Britten an' France had been furnished wi' a railway, th' people i' Haworth began to feel uneazy an' felt inclined no longer to wauk several miles to get to a stashun if they wur baan off like. An' besides, they thout it were high time to begin an' mak sum progress i' th' world, like their naburs i' th' valley. So they ajetated fer a line daan th' valley as far as Keighla, an' after abaat a hundred meettings they gat an Akt past for it i' Parliament. So at last a Cummittee wur formed, an' they met one neet o' purpose ta decide wen it wod be th' moast convenient for 'em ta dig th' first sod ta commemorate an' start th' gurt event. An' a bonny rumpus thur wur, yo' mind, for yo' ma' think ha it wur conducted when thay wur threapin' wi' one another like a lot a oud wimen at a parish pump, wen it sud be. One sed it mud tak place at rush-buren, another sed next muck-spreadin' toime, a third sed it mud be dug et gert wind day it memmery o' oud Jack K--- Well, noan et proposishuns wud do fur the lot, and there wur such opposishun wal it omust hung on a thre'ad whether th' railway went on or net, wal at last an oud farmer, one o'th' committee men, wi' a voice as hoarse as a farm yard dog, bawls aat, "I propoase Pancake Tuesday." So after a little more noise it wur propoased an' seconded et Grand Trunk Railway between th' respective taans of Keighla an' Haworth sud be commemorated wi' diggin' th' furst sod 'o Pancake Tuesday i'th' year o' our Lord 1864; an' bi th' show o' hands i'th' usual way it wur carried bi one, and that wur Ginger Jabus, an' th' tother cud a liked to a bowt him ower, but Jabus wornt to be bowt that time, for he hed his heart an' sowl i'th' muvment, an he went abaat singing—

Come all ye lads o' high renown
'At wishes well your native town,
Rowl up an' put your money down
And let us hev a Railway.

Wi' Keighla foak we are behind,
An's hed to wauk agin wur mind;
But soin th' crookt-legg'd ens thay will find
We'll keep em wi' a Railway.

Well, hasumever, public notice wur made nawn, bi th' bellman crying it all ower th' tawn, which he did to such a pitch wal he'd summat to do to keep his hat fra flying off, but he managed to do it at last to a nicety, for th' news spread like sparks aat of a bakehouse chimla; an' wen th' day come they flockt in fra all parts, sum o'th crookt-legg'd ens fra Keighla com, Lockertown and th'

Owertown foak com, and oud bachelors fra Stanbury and all parts at continent o' Haworth; foak craaded in on all sides, even th' oud men an' wimen fra Wicken Crag an' th' Flappeters, an' strappin' foak they are yo mind, sum as fat as pigs, wi' heeads as red as carrits, an' nimble as a india-rubber bouncer taw; an' wat wur th' best on't it happened to be a fine day; or if it hed been made accordin' to orders it cudent a been finer. Shops wur all closed, an' everybody, oud an' young hed a holiday aat o'th' doors, for they were all flade o' missin' th' Grand Proceshun, which formed itseln at th' top o' Wuthren, when it wur messured it turned aat to be two miles six inches long—it moved as follows:—

ORDER O'TH' PROCESHUN.

Th' Spring heead Band wi' thair hat bruids turned up so as they mud se thair way clear,

Lord o'th' Manor i' full uniform a fut back bearin' th' Coat of Arms for Haworth a gert wild cratur wi' two tails on, one o' th' authur end.

Th' Members o'th' Corporashun one abreast, singin' "a nuttin' we will go, brave boys."

Big Drums an' Triangles.

A Mahogany Wheelbarro' an' a silver spade on a cart trail'd bi six donkeys, an' garded bi ten lazy policemen *all sober*.

A pair o' crakt bag-pipes.

Th' Contractor in a sedan carried bi two waggoners i' white smocks.

All th' young maidens fra fowerteen to thirty-nine, six abreast drest i' sky blue, an' singin' throo combs.

Twenty oud wimen nittin' stockings.

Twenty navvies i' thair shirt sleeves wheelin' barrows wi work tools in.

Taan skavengers wi' shouldered besums decorated wi' ribbons.

Bellman an' Pinder arm i' arm drest i' full uniform, an' th' latter na an then bawlin' aat waats baan to tak place.

All scholars in th' female line lakin' at duck under water kit, an' th' males lakin'

a frog-loup, an jumpin' o' one another's backs.

Taan chimla sweeps mounted o' donkeys wi' thair face white.

All th' furiners fra th' continent o' Haworth, and crookt legg'd en fra Keighla followed up.

Bulk o'th' inhabitants waukin' one abreast, wi' hats off an' singin' as follows:—

Gather fra Stanbury lads wi' yor carrot heds,
Come daan fra Lockertaan lads bi thi' railway;
Come wi' yor wives, yor dowters, an' relatives,
Shout, lads, shout for the Worth Valley Railway.
Railway, railway.

Cum an' hear Oufield mak his oration,
Yo'll say in yor consunce he spack it rait fairly,
He'll say 'at poor Haworth never yet hed fairashun,
But he'll speak of the thing that will flurish it rarely.
Railway, &c.

Saw ye Ike Ouden wi' his mehogany wheelbarrow,
Cum dig the furst sod wi' his spade o' silver,
He wheel'd it daan th' plank as strayt as a arrow,
An' tipt it as weel as a navy or delver.
Railway, &c.

Saw yo the church so anshunt in history,
Read yo the Latin words high in the steeple,
Hear yo the sounds that arose from the belfry,
It seem'd to be shaating along wi' the people.
Railway, &c.

Th' Railway wur i' iverybody's maath, wat wi singin' an' shaatin', them 'at cud do northur wisper'd in one anuther's ears—Railway. But gettin' to whear th' ceremuny wur to tak place, th' proceshun halted an' formed itseln into a raand ring, an' cheers wur geen wi' shakin' hats an' handkerchiefs, which lasted wal thair showders an' arms warked wal they'd hardly strength to shut thair maaths an' don thair hats on. But hasumever they managed to get reight agean, an' then a parson call'd Ned Oufield gat up an' made th' following narashun—

Fellow countrymen an' citizens o' Haworth, it gives me gurt plezzure to see such

a gurt event as this tak place i'th' city o' Haworth, namely, diggin' th' first sod o' wat's call'd Grand Trunk Line between Keighla an' your native element, an' reight pleased I am to offishiate as chairman on this occashun. Prehaps sum on you maint naw wat I mean wi' yer native element; but I mean yer oud mountain side, ha naw yo like yer forefathers, yo love it dearly tho yer ancestors wur nowt but barbarians in th' fourth and fifth centries, yet thay wur th'first to embrace christianity, which thay did in th' year 600 be th' Latin inscripshuns on th' church steeple (loud cheers). And although yo been behind wi' yor Railway, ye been up i' different arts an' sciences. Wot nashun my friends can boast of a majishun like yor owd Jack K---? (Loud Cheers). He wor a credit to yo' all, an' yo' wur sadly indetted to him; he proffesied twenty year sin 'at this event wod cum to pass (a voice—ha wish he wur alive he sud be contractor), an' if h'ed been livin' to this day its a hundred to one but th' Railwaw wud hev been made to sum weere else ner Keighla, for ha feel convinced et Keighla is not worthy of amalgamashun wi' a respectable city like Haworth. (Hear, hear.) For look wat insulting langwidj they've used to yo at different times. (Groans.) First, they sed yo mucked church to mak it grow bigger. Then yo walk'd raand taans post office at Keighla an' thout it wur th' cemetery, an' to mak up for th' lot, they call us wild cratur an' mock wur pleasant dialect, wich is better English ner thairs. (Groans, which lasted for ten minits.) Yes, my fella citizens, yo've hed to put up wi' a deal o' slang fra theas uncultivated rascals. (We have.) An' wats wur case nur all, you've hed to wauk, wet and dry, thro' thick an' thin, i' all sorts o' weather, to Keighla, wen you've wanted to go on th' continent or to London. But soin yo can wauk slap to th' train in a jiffey. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Oufield then thenkt his fella taansmen an' wimen an' ended his speech wi' expressin' his delight in th' loyalty o'th' people for th' railway, an' as th' time wur fast waxin' he begg'd leave to sit daan, which he did i'th' midst o' laad enthusiastic shaatin'.

This bein' done, an' iverybody gotten thair maaths shut agean, Ike Ouden gat up an' made a speech, an a grand en it wur yo mind, for if th' arkangel 'ad dropt strayt daan fra heven an' let o'th top o'th platform, it cudn't a suited th' foak better, for he began as follows:—

Fella citizens an' taansmen o' Haworth, wen I see before me so many smilin' faces an' so many distingwisht citizens, I awn I felt a pang as to my unfitness for appearin' afore yo on this occashun; but yor cummittee wor so urgent in thair appeal to me that I wur certainly induced to akcept th' honor o diggin' th' first sod o'th' Grand Trunk Railway, which will be th' gratest blessin' 'at iver will be i' Haworth. But yet it's nut for me to say wat is kalkulated or unkalkulated for

th' people o' Haworth to do i' th' 19th centry, yet I may ventur to say 'at this glorious moovement na baan to tak place will shortly prove th' greatest blessin' iver witness in 't city o' Haworth (Loud applause). Look at th' export an' import of th' city, an' compare th' spaven'd horse an' cart wi' th' puffin willyhams an' all th' fine carriages. Look at th' difference between wen it tuk a week to go to Liverpool an' a month to London in a oud coach, an' hev to mak wur wills afore we went. (Enthusiastic cheering.) Yes, my friends, we stood good chance o' bein' robb'd an' plundered if net summat war. Besides, wat an immense diff'rence it will mak to Haworth, wen shoo can export her awn manufacturs to all th' civilised an' uncivilised world, an' by means o' steam find thair way into rejuns niver trod but bi feet o' wild cratur's an' beasts o' prey. But to makt story short ah mean to say it will be a grate comfort an' a blessing to both th' lame an' lazey, an' speshally to th' latter. But as th' time wur gettin' on fastish, as it ollus does wen there's owt to be done, so Mr. Ouden finisht his speech as follows:—

Put yor shoulders to work an' ne'er be danted,
Think yer behind an' there's no time to dally,
For na is the time yor assistance is wanted
I' makkin yor railway along the Worth Valley.

Th' Spring-head Band then played sum o' thair favorite tunes, 'Oud Rosen the bow,' 'Jessey's Pig,' an' ended wi' 'God save th' Queen,' an' all departed to thair homes wi' smiling faces.

CHAPTER II.

Double, double, toil an' trouble.

Nah then lads for wark, nowt but wark'll do, an' theas 'at can't wark mun plan. This wur th' cry all up an daan Haworth next morning, an' for weeks all wor vary bizzy. One man made a wheelbarra it'h chamber, but it wor soa big wal it cudn't be gotten aat withaat takkin th' haase side daan. Anuther invented a koulin' machine to koul th' muck up both sides to save wheelbarras an' work toils for th' navvies. Some started a practicin' for porters a th' railway, wi' oppenin' an' shuttin' th' oven doors wi' a bang, shaatin' aat a'th' same time 'All aat for Haworth.' One man wur trying th' dodge on, an' th' cat wur i'th' ovan, an' poor thing expectin' 'at it wur i'th' wrong place jumpt aat just at th' time 'at he wur wistling to start, an' wur catcht bi th' tail an' th' poor thing lost it, for it wur cut off as clean as a wistle. A crookt legg'd pedl'r come fra Keighla one

day wi' winter edges, an' thay tuk him for a sapper an' miner 'at hed com to mezhur for th' railway, an' mind yo they did mak sammatt on him, thay thout 'at th' winter edges wur th' apparatus to mezhur by. But hasumever th' reightens cum at after, an' a sore disaster thay hed yo mind, for thay laid plan o'th' railway daan at green swarth an' a oud kaa belangin' to Blue Beard swallow'd th' job, thay tried to save 'em but all i' vain; a sor do wur this for both folk an' th' railway, for it put em a year or two back an' foak wur ragin' mad abaat th' kaa, an' if it hedn't a been a wizen'd oud thing thay'd a swallow'd it alive—th' nasty, greedy oud kaa.

Thay hed a meeting th' tother neet,
Fair o'th' top o' wuthering street,
To see what things thay'd got complete,
Concerning Haworth railway.

Wen Penny Wabbac tuk the chair,
He lukt to be i' grate despair,
He sez, good foak, are yo' aware,
Wat's happened to the railway?

Wi' persperashun on his bra,
He sez, good foaks, I'll tell yo' nah;
Oud Blue Beard's nasty wizen'd kaa
Hez swallow'd plan o'th' railway.

Wi' theas remarks poor Wabbac sat,
Wen Jonny Broth doft off his hat,
His een they blazed like some wild cat
Wi' vengence for the railway.

He sed, mi blud begins to boil,
To think 'at we sud work and toil,
And even th' cattle cannot thoyle
To let us hev a railway.

On hearing this the Haworth foak
Began to think it wur no joak,
An wisht 'at greedy kaa ma choak
'At swallow'd plan o' th' railway.

But hasumiver thay gat ower this, an' wur net long at after afore they hed more

disasters, such as tunnils shutterin', and chapels sinkin', and law suits, an' so an, wal Haworthers thout bet hart at both th' foak an' th' grund wur soft daan at Keighla, an' thretten'd to coam sum o'th' crookt legg'd ens thair heads if they insinuated; an' th' Volunteers thretten'd to tak thair part if thair wur owt to do; an' farther ner that, they vowed 'at they wur ready to go to war wi' onny nashun that sud insult awther them or th' railway under the present difficulties.

For sighs an' tears an' doubts an' fears
Prevails with greatest folly,
For th' sinagog hez cockt its clog,
An' th' parson's melancholy.

Tunnils sink an' navvies drink,
An' chapels are upsetting;
For railway shares nobody cares,
An' iverybody's fretting.

The iron horse they curse of course,
An' fane wud it abondon,
An' loyer' fees thair pockets ease,
A thousand pounds i' Londen.

Misfortunes speed as rank as weed,
An' puts on such a damper,
Wal th' foaks declare i' great despair,
It's up wi' th' iron tramper.

The Volunteers prick up thair ears,
An' mack a famos rattle;
They want to run to Wimbledon,
Or onny field o' battle.

Thair black cravats an' toppen'd hats
Are causin' grate attraction;
'Gainst Bonepart they want to start,
I' regular fightin' action.

The raw recruits hev got thair suits,
Thay brag to one another,
To th' first campaign thay'l tak th' train
Without the slightest bother.

But hasumiver, it's gotten to th' last stage na, an' foak is very impashent for it to come up, an' thay are preparin' to give it a grand recepshun; one oud woman hes a peggy tub full o' meal an' saar swillings for th' ingen, an' thay are preparin for th' passengers fra Keighla.

Thayr standin' i' groups an' livin' i' hopes,
An' more disappointments thay dread,
Wi' thayr ears touchin' th' graand, thay've harkened for th' saand,
Wal thay've omust gone wrong i' thair head.

Sez Dick o' Grate Beckers, just keep up yor peckers,
Yo' hevn't much longer to wait,
For blue milk an' porridge, yo'll get better forridge,
Wen th' railway gets fairly agait.

For it's labour i' vain to harken for th' train
Wen all's goin' on varry steady;
So pray yo be calm, its takkin no harm,
Thay'll bring it as soin as it's ready.

For th' rails are all laid, an' thair's nowt to be made,
Nobbut th' navvies to clear off all th' muck;
Then all 'll be going, for the Cowinhead mooin
Is baan to be browt on a truck.

So Sham o' Blue Bills, wi' thi pints and thi gills,
It's baan to be better for thee,
To Keighla an' back tha ma go in a crack,
Wen tha's baan on a bit of a spree.

An' John o' Pot Anns, tha mun alter thi plans,
For tha niver can get 'em i' force;
For I'm happy to tell at astead o'th' canal
They're baan to try th' big iron horse.

There's oud Jim o' Tyas is baan to be wise,
An' th' foak sez at he's takkin a hig;
He'll see it first tried afore he will ride,
He's daan abaat th' paper mill brig.

He sez he'll be sure, it dropt in before,

An' it might do again for a pinch;
For he sez they'll be kapt if some on ems trapt,
So he's blest if he'll trust it an inch.

There's oud Mally Brook hez been daan to look,
An' shoo's sore disappointed thay say;
Shoo's omost gone crakt for shoo says it weant act,
For they nobbut can run it one way.

Shoo sez at high class at's laid daan all th' brass,
Just na they're beginning to crawl;
To mak up for th' trouble they're baan to charge double,
For bad spekulashun it law.

So to settle em daan, Sir Christopher Braan
Hez tould 'em it wur his intent,
If thay'd nobbut be quiet till things wur all reight,
He'd give them a trip to Chow Bent.

Yes, and besides a trip to Chow Bent, they gat several more trips promised bi th' diffrent distingwisht citizens o' Haworth. One man promised to give 'em a trip to Bullock's Smithy, anuther to Tinsley Bongs, wal thay wur gettin' quite up o' thersels an' th' railway. Or else thay'd been for many a year an' cudn't sleep a wink at neet for dreamin' abaat th' railway ingens, boilers, an' so on, an' mony a time thay've waken'd i' ther sleep shakkin' th' bed post, thinkin' thay wur settin' th' ingen on or stoppin' it. But thay'd gotten reight an' thout thay wur baan to hev no more trouble; but alas, it wur a mistak, for th' mornin' of th' 14th o' November an oud skyologer went aat a weather-gazin' an' planet-rulin, an' woful news an' bad omens he browt back wi him, for he sed at th'

Stars wur shoiting in an' aat,
An' gravel ratches wur abaat,
An' th' folk, he sed thay little knew
Wat mischief it began to brew.
An' news he spread abaat the taan
Wat lots o' rain wud tumble daan
An' like his anshent sires he spoke
The shockin news withaat a joak.

For soin the rain i' torrent fell,
And o what awful news to tell,

It lookt as claads wur baan to shutter,
For every dyke, an' ditch, an' gutter,
A regeler deluge did resemble.
Which made the Haworth folk to tremble.
Sum tried to stop its course wi' stones,
An' sum dropt on their marrow bones,
An' hoped that if the world wur draaned,
The railway wud be saafe an' saand.

But prayers like theas hed no avail,
For th' waters deluged all the vale;
An' th' latest news 'at I heerd
Th' railway's nearly disappear'd;
But if it's fun withaat a flaw,
Wha, folks, I'm like to let you know.

CHAPTER III.

“Work, Boys, and be Contented.”

Ha, it's all varry weel for th' poit to sing that, but if he hed a railway at stake he wud happen alter his tune, an' espeshully if he wur an eye witness nah, for th' storm wur ragin' at th' heyest, an' th' folks wur waiting wi' pashent expectashun to know whether it wur baan to be at an end or nut, for th' flooid wur cumin' daan thicker an faster, an' thare look'd to be monny hundred mile o' watter in th' valley. Hawsumever thay muster'd all th' energy thay could, for thay wur determined to know th' worst, so thay went to see if thay could find th' oud weather-gazer, at hed proffesied th' flooid; an' after a good deal o' runnin' abaat, thay fan him peepin' throo summat at shap of a tunnil, sum sed he wur lookin' at mooin, others sed he wur lookin' into futurity, hawsumever thay axt him to cum daan an' look at th' railway, an' tell 'em whether th' flooid wur baan to tak it away or not, but th' saucy oud haand refused at first, for he sed at he wur flaid at sum on em wodn't be able to stand th' shock if he tell'd em th' warst, so the oud lad sed,

If my advice yo want, poor things,
An' cannot do withaat it,
Go arm yorseln to th' teeth, he sed,
An' doant be long abaat it;

Both rakes an' powls an' props an' ropes
Yo cannot get ta sooin,
An' take the Cowinheaders' plan
When thay discovered th' mooin.
Doant gape abaat, but when arm'd
Tak each a different rowt,
An' let yor cry be ivery man,
Th' poor railway's up the spout.

It wurnt long afore thay gat arm'd—sum wi' clothes props, muk forks, ropes an' so on, an' thare wur sum competition yo mind, for thay wur all tryin wich cud mak best movement so as thay cud immortalise thair names it th' history of Haworth, for thare wur wun Joe Hobb, a handloom weaver, browt his slay boards, and as he wur goin' daan th' hill he did mak sum manœvures yo mind, for talk abaat fugal men i' th' army wen thay throw thair guns up into th' air an' catches em agean, thay wur nowt ta Joe, for he span his slay boards up an' daan just like a shuttlecock. But wal this wur goin' on th' storm began to abate, and th' water seemed to get less, but still thay kept at it. Wal at last a chap at thay called Dave Twirler shaated aat at he saw summat, and thay look't way at he pointed, and thare behold it wur won o'th' ribs o'th' railway stickin' up, here a dead silence tuk place which lasted for abaat three haars, for nobody durst open thair maath, flaid at th' wind wud mak th' current stronger, an' sum o'th' wimmen held thair tungs to that pain and misery wal thair stockings fell down ower thair clog tops; but hasumever th' silence wur brokken by a Haworth Parish chap 'at they call Bob Gimlet, he happen'd to be thare an' he said, na lads, look daan th' valley, for I think I see th' skeleton at ony rate, an' Bob wur reight, for it wur as plain to be seen as an elephant in a shop winder.

An' this wur a fact, it wur th' railway thay saw,
An' at th' first o'th' spectre thay all stood in awe,
For it wur smashed all i' pieces ashamed to be seen
As tho it hed passed throo a sausidge masheen,
Wi' horror sum fainted while others took fits,
An' theas 'at cud stand it wir piking up th' bits.

But after a while when thay all becum calm,
Thay gathered together like bees in a swarm,
Resolved to pick up all th' fragments an' th' wood,
An' splice 'em together as weel as thay cud,
Hasumever thay started a putting it streight,

An' wi spelking and braying thay soin made it reight.

Six months nah elapsed, an' th' gert job wur done,
An' th' next thing to argue wur wen it sud run;
So thay sent Joe a Stirks araand wi his bell,
An' gave him strict orders at he wur to tell
At th' inspector hed been an' examined it throo,
An' cum to th' conclusion at th' railway wud do.

So to wark wi' a vengeance, the bellman set to
To warn up a meeting at th' Black Bull,
It wod a dun yo all good to hear Joey shaat,
For thay heard him distinctly for miles all abaat,
For i' less ner ten minits, thay flockt so fast,
While Jonny Broth's horses thay cudnt get past.

So thay framed on wi' th' meeting an' th' chairman spak first,
An' tell'd 'em at th' railway wur finish'd at last,
An' declared at th' inspector hed passed when he cum
Both viaducts an' bridges as saand as a plum;
As for sinkin' agean thay wud do nowt o'th' sort,
For thay sailed throo th' arches i' Marriner Boat.

So he hoped i' this meeting thay all wud agree,
An' settle when th' oppening o'th' railway sud be,
He thout for his part tho he nobbut wur one,
At first day o' April wur t' fittest to run,
Wen a voice sed, sit daan or I'll pelt thee wi spoils,
Duz ta think at wur baan to be April foils?

Then up on to th' platform jump'd Red Dicky Brook,
Along wi his uncle, Black Tom at Dyke Nook,
Determined to saddle an' bring things araand,
As th' railway wur finished, both proper an' saand;
So thay pitched on a day, it wur April the fourth,
To oppen th' grand railway fra Lunden to Haworth.

It wur carried as usual, bi th' showin' o' hands,
Amidst great rejoicin' an playin' o' bands,
Both oud men an' wimen had a smile on thair face,
For all wur dead certain it wur baan to tak' place,

So thay fled to thair homes like bees to a hive,
Impashent an' ankshus for th' day to arrive.

Hasumever th' day at wur menshun'd before,
An' folk wur all flockin' fro maantan an' th' moor,
An' little thay thout wen thay set off that morn,
Another disaster wud laff 'em to scorn,
For Joe Stick wur sent out to tell 'em to stop
For poor Haworth Railway hed gotten i' pop.

Na this wur a damper an' th' biggest i'th' lot,
An th' folks thay declared it wur Keighla plot,
But one Jack o' Ludges sed he'd stop 'em thair prate,
He'a learn 'em i' Keighla to insinuate,
Thay'st hev no excurshuns for nowt but thair lip,
And Shipla an' Bradford shud hev the first trip.

He sed he'd been quiet, but he'd na interfere,
He'd wauk up to Derby an tell 'em up thear,
Ha thay hed been skitted sin first they begun,
An' na wen th' wur finished thay wurn't to run;
But ha he went on I never did hear,
But one thing I'm certain he must a been thear.

For th' tenth day of April bills wur put aat,
That th' railway wud oppen whithaat any daat,
An' a famous excurshun fra Bradford wod run,
An call at all th' stashuns wi th' excepshun o' won,
For nowt aat o' Keighla to Haworth sud ride,
For that day all tha' luggage wur left o' won side.

Scarce Keighla crookt legg'd ens hed heard o' the news
An' wur just baan to give 'em the greatest abuse,
Wen a order cum aat fra sum unknawn scource,
That Keighla crookt legg'd ens cud go up of course,
Thay thout it wur best, an' wud cause the least bother,
For one sud be welcum as weel as another.

Hasumever thare hopes hes not been i' vain,
For th' day's arrived an' yonder's train,
An' thaasands o' folks are flocking to th' spot,

Th' gent fra his hall, th' peasant fra his cot,
For all are determined as th' weather is fine,
To hev an excurshun up th' Worth Valley Line.

They land up i' Haworth, an' sports 'at is seen,
Wur niver yet equalled it reign o' the Queen.
Such processions wi music yo never saw th' like,
Thay wur bands fra all nashuns excepting Black Dyke,
An' Sham o' Blue Bells sed he'd kick up a shine,
For na they hed oppen'd the Worth Valley Line.

Thare wur Jim o'th' Damems, an' Will o'th' Gooise Coit,
An' th' lads at wur in that puddin exploit,
Thare wur Ned daan fra Oakworth, an' Ike fra Loin-ends,
Along wi thair aristocratical friends,
They repaired to Black Bull, of saand puddin' to dine,
That day at thay oppen'd th' Worth Valley Line.

I' all nooks an' corners an' chimla tops,
Wur floatin' gert banners wi mighty big props,
An' stamp on each flag in figurs so nice,
Sum an inscripshun an' sum a device;
But th' nicest i'th' lump at swung on a band
Wur, welcum to Haworth fra ivery land.

Yor welcum, yor welcum, all men upon earth,
Yor welcum to the Valley of Worth,
Fra th' Humber to th' Mersey, fra th' Thames daan to th' Tyne,
Yor welcum to travel the Worth Valley Line.

CHAPTER IV.

“The last Scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history.”

Fra th' Corrispondant o'th' Hoylus End Mercury.

Good folks, you've inkwired at home and abroad,
Ha we're gettin' on wi wur famous railroad;
And wen I've tell'd yo th' disasters we've hed,
Yo've greev'd monny a time wal yo've tain to yor bed,

But ha yo will gape wen yo read farther daan,
Wat famons big stirrins we've hed up i'th' taan.

I know yo'd be mad as soin as yo heard,
Abaat that oud kaa at belonged to Blue Beard,
For I like as I saw yo just hod of its tail,
And braying it rump wi th' end o' yor flail;
For I wisht monny a time at yo'd been here,
For swallowing th' plan yo'd a geen it wat cheer.

Ha iver, good folk, I'll try to be breef,
For I know yo're i' pain and I'll give yo releef—
So to tell yo the truth in a plain honest way,
Th' railroad is finish'd an oppen'd to-day;
An' I've tain up mi pen, for ill yo'd a tain't
If I hedn't a geen yo a truthful ackaant.

Hasumever, this morning as I tell'd yo before,
I wur wakken'd wi hearin a awful uproar,
Wat wi th' prating o' women an' shaating o'th' folk,
An' th' bells 'at wur ringin, it wur past ony joke,
For ivery two minits thay shaated huray,
We are na baan to oppen th' Haworth Railway.

So I jump'd up i' bed, an' I gat on the floor,
I slipt on mi cloas an' ran aat door,
An' th' first at I met, it wur one Jimmy Peg,
He'd cum'd up fra Bockin an brout a gert fleg,
An' just at his heels wur th' Spring-headed band,
Playing a march—I thout it wur grand.

So I fell into th' step for I knaw how to march,
For I've been stiffen'd up wi' guvornment starch;
An' first smell o' music it makes me fair dance
An' I prick us mi ears like a trooper his lance,
Hasumever, I thout as I'd gotten the scent,
I'd follow this music wharever it went.

Then I march'd up erect, wal I cum to th' grand stand,
An' that wur at th' stashun whare th' train hed to land
Thare wur flags of all nations, fra th' Union Jack

To Bacchus an' Atlas wi' th' globe on his back,
For th' Inspector and Conductor, and all sorls o' fray,
Wur expected directly to land at th' railway.

So I stared until both een wur varry near bleared,
An' waited an' waited—at last it appeared,
It wur filled full o' folk as eggs full o' meat,
An' it tuk four engines to bring it up reight,
Two hed long chimlas an' tuther hed noan,
But thay stuck weel together like a dog to a boan.

They wur gruntin' an' growlin' wur th' folk at gat aat,
So I made sum inquiries wat it wur abaat;
For i' all mi born days I ne'er heard nowt so called,
For three or four times thay sed it hed stall'd
Wal sum o'th' crookt-legg'd ens bethout of a schem,
An' thay went back to Keighla for a hamper o' steam.

An' my word an' honner, it did mak a gert din,
For I stud by and heard it an' saw it cum in;
I expected it cummin as quiet as a lamb,
But no daat a'th' noises wur nobbut a sham;
But wat's th' use o' tellin yo ha it did cum,
I'd forgotten yo'd ridden to Wibsey begum.

Thare wur fifty i' number invited to dine,
All us at hed acted reight loyal to th' line;
Sa I thout that I'd go, for I knew weel enuff
'At th' puddings this time wud be made o'th' reight stuff
And noan o' that stuffment that gav th' Keighla band,
Toan awf on it rubbish and tother awf sand.

For twelve stone o' flour (3lbs. to a man)
Wur boiled i' oud Bingleechin's kaa lickin pan,
Wi gert lumps o' sewet at th' cook hed put in't,
At shane like a ginney just new aat o'th' mint;
Wi nives made a purpos to cut it i' rowls,
An' th' sauce wur i' buckets, an mighty big bowls.

They wur chattin an' tawkin an' sucking ther spice,
An' crackin at dainties thay thout 'at wur nice,

Wal th' oud parson gat up and pulled a long face,
An' mutter'd sum words 'at thay call sayin' th' grace,
But I niver goam'd that, cos I knew for a fact
It wur nobbut a signal for th' puddin attack.

And I'll tell yo wat, folk, tho yo maint beleeve,
But yo tawk abaat Wibsey folk heytin horse beef,
Yo sud a seen Locker taaners brandishin' thair nives,
An' choppin and cuttin thair wallopin shives,
An' all on em shaating thay liked th' puddin th' best,
For nowt wur like th' puddin for standin the test.

And while thay wur cuttin an' choppin away,
The gallant Spring-headers wur order'd to play,
But thay didn't much like it for every one
Wur flaid at thay'd play wal th' puddin wur done;
But as luck wur they ticed em, wi a gert deal to do,
To play Roger the plowman and Rozzen the Bow.

Hasumiver thay played an' thay drummed up agean,
An' th' drummer he struck wi his might and his mane,
An' I'm like to confess I wur niver war flaid,
For thay put such a stress on to all 'at thay played,
But I kept mysel quiet, cos I knew't wur a sin,
To stop such grand music, if th' roof tumbled in.

Ike Ouden wur chairman at com to preside,
An' Will Thompson o' Guiseley wur set by his side;
Na Will's a director o'th' Midland line,
An' as dacent a chap as sat daan ta dine,
Along wi Jim Sugden at held the vice chair,
Wur one Billy Brayshaw, Bradford Lord Mayor.

Thare wur Jonathan Craven, Mic Morrell and me,
And a lot more lads at wur on fur a spree;
Thare wur Nedwin o' George's and Pete Featherstone,
They sat side by side like Darby and Joan!
An' I hardly can tell yo, but yor noan to a shade,
But I knaw thay wur Ingham and little Jack Wade.

Na th' dinner bein ower thay shifted all th' tins,

Then th' chairman stud up like a man on his pins,
And proposin' a bumper to England's gooid Queen,
He telled what a kind-hearted monarch shoo'd been,
At shoo'd trained up her family in her own loyal way,
'At th' Crown Prince wur th' best rider i' Haworth to-day.

Th' toast it being honnered, then the chairman went on,
And tell'd wat gert wonders oud England hed dun;
As for invading armies shoo'd nothing to fear
As long as th' bold 42nd wur thear,
But he'd leave that aside, for he'd summat to say
Abaat his attachment to Haworth Railway,

So, he says, be silent all th' folk i' this hall,
So, as any one on yo can hear a pin fall,
And John o' Bill Olders, just shut up thi prate,
For I've summat to say an I mun let it aat;
For I mun hev silence whatever betide,
Or I'll cum aat o'th' loom and sum on ya hide.

Three years hes elapsed an' we're going on th' fourth,
Sin we first started th' railway fra Keighley to Haworth;
Wat wi dreamin' by neet an' workin' by day,
It's been to poor Haworth a dearish railway,
An' monny a time I've been aat a patience,
Wi th' host o' misfortunes and miscalculations.

Th' first do at we hed wur th' kaa swallowing th' plan,
An'd then wur bad luck an' misfortunes began;
For before Ginger Jabus cud draw us anuther,
All went on wrong an' we'd a gert deal o' bother;
He must ha' been dreamin, a silly oud claan,
For three fields o' Doodle's he never put daan.

But Jack Metcauf put up wi' that for he sed he'd allah
'At th' misfortune wur caused wi th' greedy oud kaa;
So be set all his navvies agate in a hig,
An' thay upset a chapel at th' Paper Mill Brig;
Na th' folk dropp'd thair lugs an wur daan o'th' Railway,
But we gat ower that bit wi' hevin' to pay.

Nah Ike finished off in his dashin' oud way,
An' th' folk wur all shaatin', hear, hear! and hurra,
For heigher and heigher the band it wur playin',
An' nobody cud hear a word thay wur sayin',
For th' clappin' an' shaatin' it lasted awhile,
For I clapped wal mi hands wur as sore as a bile.

Nah, I'll tell yo wat, folk, yo tawk abaat storms,
An' thunner an' leetning, an' dreadful alarms,
But th' applause thare wur wen he'd dun,
Thare wur niver nowt heard like it under th' sun,
For wat wi laad music, huraaing an' cheers,
Th' folk wur so suited thay gaaped at both ears.

As for thee, Jonny Broth, it's a pity I know
For thart one o'th' best drivers at iver I saw,
An' nobody can grumble at wat tha hes dun,
If this bus driven wearisome race it is run;
For who cud grumble ha fine wur thur cloth,
To ride up to Haworth wi' oud Jonny Broth.

So Jonny, mi lad, don't thee mak onny fuss,
I' shutting thi horses, or sellin' thi Bus;
For if th' railway hes dun thee, thare's one thing I know
Tha mud mak o'th' oud Bus a stunnin' peep show,
An' if I meet thee at Lunden, tho two hundred miles,
I sall patronise thee if it be in St. Giles.

An' if any one else hes a complaint to mak,
Doant let em say it behint yor back,
But cum up to th' front an' dunnot be flaid,
If he's owt aat o' pockets I'll see at he's paid;
For all theas small trubbles I want to decide,
An' them at's been wrong'd to be satisfied.

For all native exiles are welcum once more
To cum back agean to thair awn native shore;
Even theas at hed hookt it an' left it i'th' lurk,
An' wur flaid at they'd awet if thay happened to work,
Can cum back agean to thair awn native place,

If thay think thay can fashion to show up thair face.

So strike up yor music an' give it sum maath,
An' welcum all nashuns fra north to th' saath;
Th' black fra th' east, an' th' red fra th' west,
For thay sud be welcum as weel as th' rest,
An' all beyond th' Tiber, th' Baltic, or Rhine,
Shall knaw at we've oppen'd th' Worth Valley Line.

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