

Wensleydale 'ide an' seek

Tha mun close thon e'en
an' count Pip times till t'Jigger.
Pip times mind, an' no sneakin' a gawp!
YanTeanTitherMither

While yowes grumble an' graze
an' lambs frolic an' guzzle
an' Jack bides 'ard by my 'eel
PipTeaserLeaserCatra

an' allt bairns scatter like chaff int wind
all a giggle an' a gasp an' a squeeze
int t'shippon, ginnel, snicket,
HornaDickYan-dickTean-dick

t'byre, laithe, mistal, pig-'oile,
up stee quick as attercops int t'ay loft,
under carts int staggarth. One lass
Tither-dickMither-dickBumperYan-a-bum

meks a gradely flaycrow int cabbages
wi' a grand bale of 'airy band as 'er 'at.
All on 'em are a-buzz like bummlekites in a jar.
Tean-a-bumTither-a-bumMither-a-bumJigger

Then lad who's **It** reaches Jigger for Piph time,
yells "*Aym a-comin' – riddy or not!*"
an' there's this right stilly silence,
save for t'sobbin' from t'dry stane wall –

thon lad wi' t'belly on him,
burrowin' like a mowdywarp,
'as stuck fast int cripple'oil –
backside big as best footings.

We'll 'ave to rive t'wall
to set 'im free!

Char March

The Wall

The wall walks the fell –
Grey millipede on slow
Stone hooves
Its slack back hollowed
At gulleys and grooves,
Or shouldering over
Old boulders
Too big to be rolled away.
Fallen fragments
Of the high crags
Crawl in the walk of the wall.

A dry-stone wall
Is a wall and a wall
Leaning together
(Cumberland-and-Westmorland
Champion wrestlers),
Greening and weathering,
Flank by flank,
With filling of rubble
Between the two –
A double-rank
Stone dyke:
Flags and through-
Stones jutting out sideways,
Like the steps of a stile.

A wall walks slowly,
At each give of the ground,
At each creak of the rock's ribs,
It puts its foot gingerly,
Arches its hog-holes,
Lets cobble and knee-joint
Settle and grip.
As the slipping fellside
Erodes and drifts,
The wall shifts with it,
It is always on the move.

They built a wall slowly,
A day a week;
Built it to stand,
But not stand still.
They built a wall to walk.

Norman Nicholson 1914-1987 - from *Complete Verse* (Jonathan Cape, 1999)

Beasties

Clock-leddy, clock-leddy

Flee awa' hame,

Your lum's in a lowe,

Your bairns in a flame;

Reid-spottit jeckit,

An' polished black e'e,

Land on my luif, an' bring

Siller tae me!

Ettercap, ettercap,

Spinnin' your threid,

Midges for denner, an'

Flees for your breid;

Sic a mischanter

Befell a bluebottle,

Silk roond his feet -

Your hand at his throttle!

Moudiewarp, moudiewarp,

Howkin' an' scartin',

Tweed winna please ye,

Nor yet the braw tartan,

Silk winna suit ye,

Naither will cotton,

Naething, my lord, but the

Velvet ye've gotten.

Helen Cruickshank

from *Up the Noran Water and other Scots poems* (Methuen, 1934), and included in *Collected Poems* (Reprographia, 1971)