

2. COME HOME TO YOUR CHILDREN AND ME.

EDWIN WAUGH.

Mr HARRY T. GRIBBIN says "Come Whoam to thi Childer an' Me' appeared in the 'Manchester Examiner' and at once attracted attention. Issued in pamphlet form (1856), the poem was hummed all over Lancashire, and eventually there arose a demand for it throughout England and the Colonies. Miss Burdett-Coutts was so impressed, that she purchased thousands of copies for gratuitous circulation. The most influential literary journals in the country went out of their way to bless and praise it, and 'Come Whoam to thi Childer an' Me' became a Lancashire classic." It is hoped that the present issue with music will enable many people who have hitherto only known the poem, to sing it into further favour.

Smoothly. $\text{♩} = 66.$

VOICE.  Key D. { :s :s | s :f :m | f :s :l | s :- : | : :d' }

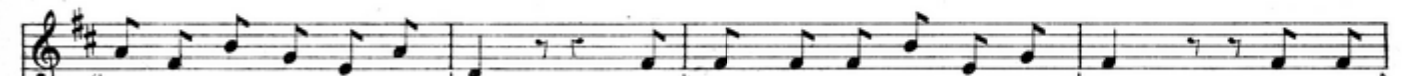
PIANO.  *mf* *mp*

I've just mend-ed the fire with a cob; Old

 } s :f :m | f :s :l | m r :- : | :s :s | s :f :m | f :s :l | s :- : | :s :d' }

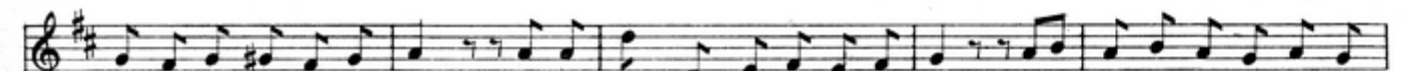
Swad-dle has brought your new shoon; There's some nice ba-con col-lops on th' hob, And a




 } s :m :l | f :r :s | d :- : | : :m | m :m :m | l :r :f | m :- : | :m :m }

quart of ale - pos-set in th' o'vn. I've brought your top coat, do you know, For the



 } f :m :f | f e :m :f e | s :- : | :s :s | d' :d :r | m :r :m | f :- : | :s :l | s :l :s | f :s :f }

rain's com-ing' down, as you see; And the hearth-stone's as white as new snow; Come home to your chil-dren and



me, And the hearth-stone's as white as new snow; Come home to your chil-dren and me.

Come home to your children and me.

(Selected verses in King's English.)

- 1 I've just mended the fire with a cob ;
Old Swaddle has brought your new shoon ;
There's some nice bacon collops on th' hob,
And a quart of ale-posset in th' ov'n ;
I've brought your top-coat, do you know,
For the rain's coming down, as you see ;
And the hearth-stone's as white as new snow ;
Come home to your children and me.
- 2 When I *put** little Sally to bed,
She cried, 'cause her father wasn't there,
So I kiss'd the little thing, and I said,
You'd bring her a ribbon from the fair ;
And I gave her her *doll*, and some rags,
And a nice little white cotton ball ;
And I kiss'd her again ; but she said
That she wanted to kiss you and all.
- 3 And Dick, too, I'd such *work* with him,
Before I could get him upstairs ;
You *told* him you'd *bring* him a drum
He said, when *saying* his prayers.
Then he *look'd* in my *face* and he said,
"Have the bogies got hold of my dad?"
And he cried while his *eyes* were quite red ;
He likes you somewhat, does yon lad !

HUSBAND.

- 4 "I've a drum and a *trumpet* for Dick ;
I've a yard of blue ribbon for Sal ;
I've a book full of babs ; and a stick,
And some 'bacca and pipes for myself ;
I've *brought* you some *coffee* and *tay*,
If you'll feel in my pocket, you'll see ;
And I've *bought* you a new cap to-day,
But I always bring something for thee !
- 5 "God bless *thee*, my lass ; I'll go home,
And I'll kiss thee and children all round ;
You know *well* that wherever I roam,
I *fain* would reach the old ground.
Though I can do with a *chat* o'er a glass,
And can *do* with a bit of a spree ;
I've *no* real comfort, my lass,
Except with my children and thee."

* The verses being irregular, italics have been used occasionally to show where the musical accent occurs. Each of Waugh's songs causes some homely, heart-felt chord to vibrate, and his pictures of Lancashire home life are faithful and graphic. I have heard several variants of the air, but the slight differences noted down were not of importance. The original tune, which I discovered later, "composed and sung by P. Delavanti," is here given.—J. G.

Come whoam to thi childer an' me.

(The verses complete in Lancashire dialect.)

- Aw've just mended th' fire wi' a cob ;
Owd Swaddle has brought thi new shoon ;
There's some nice bacon collops o' th' hob,
An' a quart o' ale-posset i' th' oon ;
Aw've brought thi top cwot, does ta know,
For th' rain's comin' deawn very dree ;
An' th' har' stones as white as new snow ;
Come whoam to thi childer an' me.
- When aw put little Sally to bed
Hoo cried, 'cose her feyther weren't theer,
So aw kiss'd th' little thing, an' aw said
Thae'd bring her a ribbon fro' th' fair ;
An' aw gav' her her *doll*, an' some rags,
An' a nice little white cotton bo' ;
An' aw kiss'd her again ; but hoo said
'At hoo wanted to kiss *thee* an' o.

- An' Dick, too, aw'd sich wark wi' him,
Afore aw could get him upstairs ;
Thae tow'd him thae'd bring him a drum
He said, when he 're sayin' his prayers ;
Then he look'd i' my faze, an' he said,
"Has th' boggarts ta'en houd o' my dad?"
An' he cried whol his e'en were quite red—
He likes thee some weel, does yon lad !

- At th' lung-length aw geet him laid still ;
An' aw hearken't folks' feet 'at went by ;
So aw i'ron't o my clooas reet weel,
An' aw hang'd em o' th' maiden to dry ;
When aw'd mended thi stockin's an' shirts,
Aw sit deawn to knit i' my cheer,
An' aw rayley did feel raythur hurt,
Mon, aw'm *one-ly* when theaw artn't theer.

"And he's a drum and a trumpet for Dick."