

THE DULÉS I' THIS BONNET O' MINE,

Lancashire Ballad,

WRITTEN BY

EDWIN WAUGH,

Author of

"COME WHOAM TO THY CHILDER' AN ME." "EAWR FOLK," &c.

Composed and Sung

BY

N. DUMVILLE.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

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THE DULE'S I' THIS BONNET O' MINE.

A LANCASHIRE BALLAD.

WORDS BY
EDWIN WAUGH.

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N. DUMVILLE.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 





The dule's i' this bonnet o' mine,..... My rib-bins'll never be

reet,..... Here, Mally, aw'm like to be fine,..... For

Jami'll be comin' to neet;..... He met me ith lone tother

day,..... Aw're gooin' for way-ter to th' well,..... An' he

begg'd that aw'd wed him i' May;..... Bi'th' mass, iv he'll let me,aw.

will.....

When he took my two honds in-to

his,..... Good Lord, heaw they trembled be - tween;..... An' aw

durstn't look up in his face,..... Be - cose on him seein' my

e'en;..... My cheek went as red as a rose;..... There's

ne - ver a mor - tal can tell..... Heaw hap - py aw felt; for thea

knows..... One couldn't ha' axed him their - sel'.....



But th' tale wur at th' end o' my tung, —
 To let it eawt wouldn't be reet, —
 For aw thought to seem forrud wur wrung,
 So aw tow'd him aw'd tell him to neet;
 But, Mally, thae knows very weel, —
 Though it isn't a thing one should own, —
 If aw'd th' pikein o'th world to mysel',
 Aw'd oather ha' Jamie or noan.

Neaw, Mally, aw've tow'd tho my mind;
 What would'to do iv'twur thee?
 "Aw'd tak him just while he're inclined;
 An' a farrantly bargain he'd be;
 For Jamie's as greadly a lad
 As ever stept eawt into th' sun; —
 Go, jump at thy chance, an' get wed,
 An' may th' best o'th job when it's done!"

Eh, dear, but it's time to be gone, —
 Aw shouldn't like Jamie to wait, —
 Aw connot for shame be too soon,
 An' aw wouldn't for th' world be too late;
 Aw'm o' of a tremble, to th' heel;
 Dost think at my bonnet'll do? —
 "Be off, lass, — thae looks very weel; —
 He wants noan o'th bonnet, thae foo!"