



FARNE

Folk Archive Resource North East



Dinnet Let words mek ye sad

Young Jimmy com cryin' frae school
Says the muther "what's hurt ye, me son?"
Says he "whey aw cannet but cry
Throo them words thor's been said by Matt Dunn,
He sneered and he call'd mus glee-eyed
Afore a' the big lads I' the scheul,
An aw thowt as it went te me heart,
At the time that aw luckt like a feul."

The muther says "Jim, dinnet cry
Or ye'll myek us as bad as yorsel,
He shuddin't myed gain o' yor eyes,
But how vext can he see ye excel;
Ye can beet ivery lad i' the class
At sife'rin an' writin as weel,
An' envy 'ill myek them gie vent
Te the spite that they cannet conceal."

Ye know that Mat Dunn he's a dunce,
An he's one o' the bad selfish kind

That wad like ivry lad like hissel,
Or warse, so his spite dinnet mind
Thor's nivor a man I' the world
That gets on weel can please ivry one,
So his ignuorance ye munnit heed,
But just think o'yorsel, an' push on.

He call'd ye glee-eyed, -so he did,
Whey then let him, it winnet huirt ye,
Twes god's will te myek ye that way,
An' we cannet help whart hes to be, -
It's what's I' the heed myeks the man,
Tho' silly foaks mock them me lad,
They do the most harm to thorsels,
So dinnet let words make ye sad!"