

REACHING OUT

We want to reach out!

As schools return, we look to support each school's efforts to get involved with the rich tapestry of culture and creativity within the borough. Tameside Cultural Services have been looking at how we can best use our years of experience and resources to support schools. We will link in with the Philosophy for Children, as well as the National Curriculum, the schools' recovery curriculum and the Five Ways to Wellbeing: Connect, Be Active, Take Notice, Keep Learning and Give.

Each month, we will share information relating to our education offer as well as giving further ideas and ways to engage with our offer in your classroom. There will be activities from each of the Cultural Services teams and we will take the opportunity to highlight one of our site based workshops as when we are able to, we cannot wait to welcome you back to our sites and great outdoors.



BOWTON'S YARD

This session is about dialect, and about paying attention to your local environment and your neighbours. Bowton's Yard is a well-known poem by Samuel Laycock. It describes the Yard, and the characters that live there.

Children will first consider the dialect, examining why the poem has been written that way. They will then think about their own streets, and write a short verse of their own.

culture
Tameside



BOWTON'S YARD



This activity aims to encourage children to think about their surroundings and their community, as well as to think about local language and why it varies.

Pupils will start by looking at the first couple of verses of Bowton's Yard together as a group, and attempt to "translate" a few lines from the dialect. The poem, written by Samuel Laycock, describes the area he lives in Stalybridge, and the people that live there. The teacher will then lead a discussion on why local dialects may have developed, and why these may have continued to change and in some cases become less common.

Objectives

This lesson enables pupils to develop skills:

- Language
- Creative writing
- Community-minded thinking

The activity:

1. Working as a class, look at the first verse of Bowton's Yard, and examine the words. Some of them don't look quite right— sound them out, are they written in a particular style? What might it mean?
2. Having established that the poem is written in dialect, try to sound out the first few lines with the class. See if you can all read out the first verse.
3. Work together to translate the first verse or two (depending on time).

Resources

Copy of Bowton's Yard (p3)

Paper

Pen or pencil

To view a reading of the poem, in dialect please visit:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-GMTWJIPT88>

For more information or to discuss please email:
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BOWTON'S YARD



4. Discuss with the class—Why would the poet write in dialect? Does he like the way it sounds? Maybe the dialect helps you picture the street better, if that's the way everyone there would have spoken?

5. Now it's time for the pupils to become poets! Looking at Bowton's Yard, think about your neighbours and street. Can you write a verse of your own, about your street and the people who live there?

Plenary

On completion time should be spent discussing the poem and your own version. Ask pupils questions, Did they understand the dialect? Is their street and home very different to Bowtons yard? Do they think much has changed over time? What?

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BOWTON'S YARD

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'Bowton's Yard' poem and translation

At number one, i' Bowton's yard, mi gronny keeps a scoo, But hasn't mony scholars yet, hoo's only one or two; They sen the'owd woman's rather cross, – well, well, it may be so; Aw know hoo box'd me rarely once, an' pood mi ears an'o.

At number one, in Bolton's Yard, my granny keeps a school, But hasn't many scholars yet, there's only one or two; They say the old woman's rather cross, – well, well, it may be so; I know she boxed me good one time, and pulled my ears as well.

At number two lives widow Burns – hoo weshes clooas for folk; Their Billy, that's her son, gets jobs at wheelin' coke; They sen hoo coarts wi' Sam-o'-Neds, 'at lives at number three; It may be so, aw conno tell, it matters nowt to me.

At number two lives widow Burns – she washes clothes for folk; Their Billy, that's her son, gets jobs at wheeling (transporting) coke (coal); They say she courts with Sam O'Neds, who lives at number three; It may be so, I cannot tell, it matters not to me.

At number three, reet facin' th' pump, Ned Grimshaw keeps a shop; He's Eccles-cakes, an' gingerbread, an' treacle beer, an' pop; He sells oat-cakes, an'o, does Ned he boath soft an' hard; An' everybody buys off him 'at lives i' Bowton's Yard.

At number three, right facing the pump, Ned Grimshaw keeps a shop; He has church cakes, and gingerbread, and treacle (sweet) beer, and pop; He sells oat-cakes, and all, does Ned, he has both soft and hard; And everybody buys off him that lives in Bolton's Yard.

At number four Jack Blunderick lives; he goes to th' mill an' wayves; An' then, at th' week-end when he's time, he pows a bit an' shaves; He's badly off, is Jack, poor lad; he's rayther lawm, they sen, An' his childer keep him deawn a bit – aw think they'n nine or ten.

At number four Jack Blunderick lives; he goes to the mill and weaves; And then, on the weekend, when he has time, he pours (drinks) a bit, and shaves; He's badly off, is Jack, poor lad; He's rather lame, they say, And his children keep him down a bit; I think they're nine or ten.

Extension idea:

Draw your street, or the building you live in and those around it.

See what you can remember from memory, and then compare it to what it really looks like when you get back.

Take a look at some of pictures of Bowton's Yard on the last page for inspiration, or if you prefer you could map out your street instead!

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BOWTON'S YARD

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At number five aw live mysel', wi'owd Susanah Grimes; But dunno loike so very weel – hoo turns me eawt sometimes; An' when awm in there's ne'er no leet, aw have to ceawer i'th' dark; Aw conno pay mi lodgin' brass, becose awm eawt o'wark.

At number five, I live myself, with old Susannah Grimes; But I don't know that she likes me very well – she turns me out sometimes; And when I'm in, there's never any light, I have to shower in the dark; I cannot pay my lodging brass (rent), because I'm out of work.

At number six, next dur to us, an' close o'th' side o' th' speawt, Owd Susie Collins sell smo'drink, but hoo's welly allis beawt; But heaw it is that is the case aw'm sure aw conno' tell; Hoo happens maks it very sweet , an' sups it o herself.

At number six, next door to us, and close to the side of the spout, Old Susie Collins sells more drink, but she's really always about; But how it is that is the case I'm sure I cannot tell; She happens to make it very sweet, and drinks it all herself.

At number seven there's nob'dy lives, they left it yesterday, Th' bum-baykus coom an' makr'd their things, and took 'em o away; They took 'em in a donkey cart, aw know nowt wheer they went. Aw recon they'n bin ta'en and sowd becose they owed some rent.

At number seven there's nobody lives, they left it yesterday, The bum-bailiff came and marked their things, and took them all away; They took them in a donkey cart, I know not where they went. I reckon they've been taken and sold because they owed some rent.

At number eight – they're Yawshur folk – there;s only th' mon and woife, Aw think aw ne'er seed nicer folk now these i' o mi loife; Yo'll never yer 'em foin' cawt, loike lots o' married folk, Tehy allis seem good tempered like, an' ready wi' a joke.

At number eight – they're Yorkshire folk – there's only the man and wife, I think I've never seen nicer folk than these in all my life; You'll never hear them falling out, like lots of married folk, They always seem good tempered like, and ready with a joke.

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BOWTON'S YARD

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At number nine th'wod cobbler lives – th' owd chap 'at mends mi shoon,
He's getting very weak an' done, he'll ha' to leov us soon; He reads his Bible
every day, an' sings just loike a lark, He says he's practisin' for Heaven – he's
welly done his wark.

**At number nine the old cobbler lives – the old chap that mends my shoes.
He's getting very weak and done, he'll have to leave us soon; He reads his
Bible every day, and sings just like a lark, He says he's practicing for Heaven
– he's really done his work.**

At number ten Jame Bowton lives – he's th' noicest heawse i' th' row; He's
allis plenty o' sum'at t' eat, an lots o' brass an' o; An' when he rides an' walks
abeawt, he's dress'd up very fine, But he isn't hawve as near to heaven as
him at number nine.

**At number ten James Bolton lives, he has the nicest house in the row; He
has always plenty of something to eat, and lots of brass, and all; And when
he rides and walks about he's dressed up very fine, But he isn't half as near
to heaven as him at number nine.**

At number 'leven mi uncle lives – aw co him uncle Tum, He goes to conerts,
up an' deawn, an' plays a kettle-drum; I' bands o' music, an'sich things, he
seem to tak' a rpide, An' allis makes as big a moise as o i' th' place beside.

**At number eleven, my uncle lives – I call him Uncle Tom, he goes to con-
certs up and down and plays a kettle drum. In bands of music and such
things, he seems to take a pride, and always makes as loud a noise as the
others besides.**

At number twelve, an' th eend o' th' row, Joe Stiggins deal i' ale; He's sixpen-
ny, an' fourpenny, dark coloured, an' he's pale; But aw ne'er touch it, for aw
know it's ruined mony a bard – Awm th'only chap as doesn't drink 'at live i'
Bowton's Yard.

**At number twelve, at the end of the row, Joe Stiggins deals in ale; He has
sixpenny and fourpenny, dark-colored and pale; But I never touch it, for I
know it's ruined many a bard, I'm the only chap that doesn't drink that
lives in Bolton's Yard.**

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BOWTON'S YARD



An' neaw aw've done aw'll say good-bye, an' leave yo' for awhile;
Aw know aw haven't tow'd mi tale i' sich a first-rate style; But iv
yo're pleased aw'm satisfied, an 'ax for no reward; For tellin' who mi
nayburs ar 'at live i' Bowton's Yard.

**And now I'm done, I'll say goodbye, and leave you for a while; I know I
haven't told my tale in such a first-rate style; But if you're pleased, I'm
satisfied, and ask for no reward; For telling who my neighbours are that live
in Bolton's Yard.**

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Tameside Cultural Services

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Pictures of Bowton's Yard

