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PEG POWLER'S RHYME

Keep back, keep back from Tees's side,
where Peg sits under, green and wide;
she combs her hair, she skims her cream,
she calls you sweeter than a dream.

Where Tees runs quick, Peg's arm is thin,
where Tees lies still, she'll have you in.
So cross at the stones where the water's white,
and never answer a voice at night.

Printed for the hawkers of the parish, and sold for a penny.

SLUICE BOOK, SCARTHGILL MILL

No.	Entry	Hand
1	*Mar. 28. Gate shut 6 p.m. per Mr G. Head of water good. — N.D.*	
2	*Mar. 29. Gate opened 2 hrs night, pool flooding the lower field. Fined 2s. by Mr G. — N.D.*	
3	*Mar. 30. Gate shut 6 p.m. Froth very thick below the weir.*	
4	*Mar. 31. Gate shut. Heard a lass crying on the water about 11. Did not go down. God forgive me.*	
5	*Apr. 1. Gate shut. T. Raine not come to work. His boot found at the Pot.*	
6	*— In another hand: 'Gate to stay DOWN after dark. Every foot of water let go is money. J.G.'*	