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Text type: Verse

Date of composition: c1835-1860

Editions: c1835-1860

Source text:

Anonymous. c1835-1860. *The Character of a Soldier. In the Cumberland Dialect*. Preston: John Harkness Printer.

e-text:

Access and transcription: October 2014

Number of words: 480

Dialect represented: Cumberland

Produced by María F. García-Bermejo Giner

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VNIVERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANTINI

THE CHARACTER OF
A SOLDIER
In the Cumberland Dialect.
TUNE—"Boyne Water"

What is a sowdger in God's neame,
If God's neame I sud mention;
A monster in the human sheap.
Kept for a bad intenton;
He's merely us'd as a machine,
To move when he is bidden,
And then he shows 'neath his reed claes,
What horrid things wur hidden.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Trip to Tiptree (1842)

CHORUS A sowdger is a hatefu thing,

A hatefu thing and laithing,

We hae to pay their barrak room,

And find them food and claithing.

A sowdger is a dreadfu thing,

Sweet liberty they smudder,

The varra thout o see o thing,

Gars, human nature shudder;

A sodger is a sharp edge'd tuil,

That's sharp'd for bluddie duien;

To kill and slay his fellow men,

And fill the yearth wi ruin.

Maist ither things git out o date;

Wi yeage they droop an quiver,

Bit still we fin, this dreed machine,

As young an lish as iver;

A sowdger can't a christian be,

A husband or a brudder;

Cause't last command at Christmas gat,

Says yea luive ane anudder.

What can that lassie thing abuit,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Trip to Tiptree (1842)

Thut let's a sowdger tuch her?
She mun hae lost o female worth,
That weds a human butcher;
Wur I a lass i'd droune mesell,
Or hing me in a helter,
A' foure i'd wed a bluddie back,
That in human bluid was welter.

Aye' lassies dount link wi shuch raps,
The de'il wad sham to duie sae,
Dispise them and yo'l suin get chaps;
I'l luive ye as they sud dea,
A sowdger's luive is nout bit luist,
His words are aw deceitfull,
How can he act a thing that's just,
That is sae truely hateful.

What lad o sence, wad leeve his heame,
An sowdgering ga away now,
To kill fwolk, that hes duin nae harm,
For thirteen-pence a day now;
Young lads wad ye begin to think,
And luik't reet way abuit ye;
Ye niver wad for sowdger's gang,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Trip to Tiptree* (1842)

Rich fwolk mud feight widout ye.

Let feighters, feight, thur feight thursells,

And shut, and stick each other,

In duing good stay ye at heame,

And brudder, asist brudder,

When ye'r bit weage is pou'd down,

If on poverty ye stumble;

These bluid hound de'ils, are cae'd out,

To shut ye if ye grumble.

Ye fin them aw thur swords an guns,

To murder usefu boddies;

Their shot and pouder inta buit,

A'y bit ye'r simple noddies;

Good lads stay back hae nout to duie

Wi scandles to the gallows;

The varra air, we breathe is tax'd,

To keep thur reed cwoat fellows.

Cum, cum dispence wi reed back'd bruits.

Or varra suin ye'l rule it;

Begin to search for common sence;

Then easy wad ye duit;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Trip to Tiptree* (1842)

The sowdger props up aw the ills,
That owerrins each nation,
Wer't nit for them baith kings and preests,
Wad rin and leeve their station.

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Preston: Harkness, J., Printer. 121 Church Street.

