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e - text

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Dialect represented: Cornwall

Iche cham Cornysche man, al[e] che can brew;
It wyll make one to kacke, also to spew
It is dycke and smoky, and also it is dyn;
It is lyke wash, as pygges had wrestled dryn.
Iche cannot brew, nor dresses Fleshe, nor vyshe;
Many volke do segge, I mar many a good dysche.
Dup the dore, gos! iche had some dyng to seg,
Whan olde knaues be dead, yonge knaues be fleg.
Iche chaym yll afyngred, iche swere by my fay
Iche nys not eate no soole sens yester daye;
Iche wolde fayne taale ons myd the cup;
Nym me a quart of ale, that iche may it of sup.
A, good gosse, to me iche hab a toome, vysche, and also tyn;
Drynke, gosse, to me, or els iche chyl begyn.
God! watysh great colde, and fynger iche do abyd!
Wyl your bedauer, gosse, come home at the next tyde.
Iche pray God to coun him wel to vare,
That, whan he comit home, myd me he do not starre
For putting a straw dorow his great net.
Another pot of ale, good gosse, now me fet;
For my bedauer wyl to London, to try the law;
To sew Tre poll pen, for waggyng of a straw.
Now gosse farewell! yche can no lenger abyde;
Iche must ouer to the ale howse at the yender syde;
And now come myd me, gosse, I thee pray,
And let vs make merry, as long as we may.