

The Salamanca Corpus: *Song of Solomon in the dialect of Central Cumberland* (1859)

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**THE SONG OF SOLOMON**

IN THE

**DIALECT OF CENTRAL CUMBERLAND**

*FROM THE AUTHORISED ENGLISH VERSION*

BY

**WILLIAM DICKINSON**

1859

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**NOTES**

The geographical boundary of the dialect of the following translation may be roughly defined as occupying the space, included within the irregular oblong square, marked by a line commencing on the Western coast of Cumberland, where the river Ehen discharges its waters into the sea, ascending by the course of that stream to Egremont; and by the watershed of the elevated forest of Copeland, and south of the head of Borrowdale to Dunmail Raise. Thence by the south-eastern boundary of the county to Kirkland, at the foot of Crossfell; and northwards along the base of the Blackfell range to Croglin, turning westward by Sebergham, Warnel fell, Brocklebank and Aspatia, to Allonby on the shore of the Solway Firth.

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Within these limits the dialect is tolerably uniform, with occasional imported variations: and gradually shading off near the outskirts, and mixing with the provincialisms of the parts adjoining.

To the southward of this area, the form of speech gradually merges into that of North Lancashire; and to the north it becomes largely intermixed with the southern Scotch, and occasionally with a dash of the Northumbrian burr.

The Ancient Cumbrian dialect, of which the present central one may now be taken as the type, appears to have been chiefly composed of words of one and two syllables – a few of three, and perhaps none of more if

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Any words of more syllables were used, they seem open to the suspicion of being compounds or importations.

Among the peculiarities appertaining to the dialect in which this translation is given, that of contracting the article *the* into *t'* is one of the most conspicuous. The terminative *ing* in words of more than one syllable is pronounced *an*; and *t'* is commonly substituted for *ed*, and also for *it*. The *d* is omitted from the word *and*.

The peculiarities of the vowel-sounds, generally, may be best gathered from the phonetic spelling attempted in the translation; but no description or explanation can approach the impression to be obtained from hearing a few of the sharp-witted, but uneducated natives, in unrestrained colloquial glee, or in angry recrimination.

The first feeling on perusing the following may convey an impression of irreverence, which the translator wholly and emphatically disclaims.

*Workington, June 28, 1859.*

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THE SANG O' SOLOMON  
CHAP. I

- 1 The sang o' sangs, it's Solomon's.
- 2 Let am kiss ma wid his mouth: for thy leuve's better ner wine,
- 3 Because o' t' good smell o' thy soves, thy neamm's like ointment teum't out,  
and that's what t' lasses likes tha for.
- 4 Draw ma, we 'l run efter tha: t' king's brought ma intul his lofts: we 'l be  
glad an' fain i' tha; we 'l think mair o' thy goodwill ner o' drink: good fwok  
o' likes tha.
- 5 I'se black-a-vize't, bit canny, ye dowters o' Jerusalem, as Kedar's tents or  
Solomon's curtains.
- 6 Leukk nut at me, because aaz black-a-vize't or

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because t' sun hez shine't on ma: my mudder's barns was vext at ma, an'  
they sent ma ta leukk efter t' gardin, bit aa cuddent tak care o' my oan.

- 7 Tell ma, thee 'at aa like best, whoar thou eats, whoar thou draws thy sheep  
tull at neunn: what for sud I be like them 'at strowls away with other fwoks'  
sheep?

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- 8 If thou duzzent know, thee 'at 's t' bonniest of o' wummen, gang thy ways  
an' feutt them til thou finds them, an' feed t' young lambs beside t'  
shippherd huts.  
9 Aa've liken't thee, my leuvv, tul a set o' horses in t' king's carriages.  
10 Thy cheeks is bonny wi' strings o' jewelry, an' thy neck wi' gold chains.  
11 We'l mak tha fringes o' gold and buttons o' silver.  
12 While t' king sits at his teabble my mint send out a finde smell.  
13 Him aa like best is like a bunch o' myrrh to ma; an' he sal lig o' neet on my  
breest.  
14 To me he's like a lump o' camphor in Engedi's orchat.  
15 Seesta, thou 's bonny, leuvv; seesta, thou's bonny, thou hez eyes like  
pigeons'.

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- 16 Seesta, thou's bonny, leuvv, ey, plizzant: an' our bed's a grand colour.  
17 T' main timmers of our house is pencil wood, an' t' rafts is fir.

CHAP. II

- 1 I'se t' rrose o' Charon, an' t' lily o' t' valleys.  
2 My leuvv wad leukk amang t' rest as a lily wad leukk amang thorns.  
3 An' he wad leukk amang other men as a apple-tree i' ful bleumm wad leukk  
in a wood of other sworts o' trees.  
4 He brought ma to t' feast, an' aa fand as if his leuvv was o' ower ma.  
5 Stop ma wid flagons, comfort ma wid apples, for aa 's seek o' leuvv.  
6 His left hand 's onder my heed, an' his reet hand coddles ma.  
7 Aa forbid ye, O ye dowters o' Jerusalem, by t' roes an' t' hinds in t' fields 'at  
ye disturb nut, ner woken my leuvv, till he pleases.  
8 My leuvv's voice! See ya, he comes lowpan ower t' fells, an' skippan ower t'  
knowes.

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- 9 My leuvv is like a roe, or a young buck: see ya, he stands ahint our wo', he  
leuks out o' t' window, an' shows his-sel through t' lattice.  
10 My leuvv spak, an' sed to ma, Git up, my leuvv, my fair an, an' come away.  
11 For see, t' winter's done, t' rain's ower an' gone.  
12 T' flowers is springan on t' grund t' time's cumt for t' burds to begin to sing,  
an' t' sound o' t' wood-pigeon's hard in t' country.  
13 T' fig-tree puts forrat t' green figs, an' t' vines an' t' young grapes gives a  
good smell. Git up, my leuvv, my nice an, an' come away.  
14 O my pigeon, 'at 's in t' nicks o' t' rock, in t' bye pleaces o' t' crags, let ma  
see thy feass an' hear thy voice; for thy voice is sweet, an' thy feass is  
bonny.  
15 Catch us t' foxes, t' laal ans, 'at spoils t' vines; for our vines hez fine grapes  
on.  
16 My leuvv is mine, an' I's his: he feeds amang t' lilies.  
17 Til t' day breks, an' t' shadows gang away, turn, my leuvv, an' be like a roe,  
or a young buck, on Bether fells.

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CHAP. III

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- 1 By neet a-bed, I laitit him 'at aa like: I laitit him, bit duddent find am.
- 2 Aa 'l git up now, an' gang about t' town in t' streets, an' in t' wide rwoads aa 'l late him 'at aa like: I laitit him, bit duddnt find am.
- 3 T' watchmen 'at gangs about t' town fand ma: an' I sed to them, Saw ye ought o' him 'at I leuvv?
- 4 Efter aa past them a laal bit, aa fand him 'at I like: aa held am, an' waddent let am gang, till aa 'd brought am to mudder's, into hur loft 'at bwore ma.
- 5 Aa forbid ye, O ye dowters o' Jerusalem, by t' roes an' t' hinds in t' field, 'at ye disturb nut, ner woken my leuvv, till he pleases.
- 6 Who's this 'at comes out o' t' wood like pillars o' smook, scentit wi' myrrh an' frankincense, wi' o' far away things?
- 7 See ye, his bed it was Solomon's: threeswore brave fellows is about it, some o' t' best of Israel.
- 8 They o' heve swords, an' 's kittle at war; ivry man hez his swurd ridy on his thee', because they may be wantit at neet.
- [10]
- 9 King Solomon meadd his-sel a carriage o' t' wood frae Lebanon.
- 10 He meadd t' pillars o' silver an' t' boddom o' gold, an' cover't it wi' purple; t' middle ont was peàvvt wi' leuvv, for t' dowters o' Jerusalem,
- 11 Gang forrat, O ye dowters o' Zion, an' see King Solomon wid t' crown 'at his mudder crown't am wid on his weddin' day, an' t' day 'at he was fain at heart.
- CHAP. IV
- 1 Leukk, thou's bonny, my leuvv; leukk, thou's bonny; thou hez pigeon' eyes amang thy curls; thy hair's like a flock o' gwoats, 'at comes fray Mount Gilead.
- 2 Thy teeth's like a flock o' sheep'at 's ebben shworn, 'et com up fray t' wesh-dub; when ivry yowe bearr twins, an' nut a geld yowe amang them.
- 3 Thy lips is like a scarlet threed, an' thy talk's canny; thy brow 's like a bit ov a pomgranate onder thy curls.
- 4 Thy neck's like a tower o' David's built for an armoury, whoar they hing a thousan' buckers on, o' o' them girt men's shields.
- [11]
- 5 Thy two breests is like two young twin roes, 'et feeds amang t' lilies
- 6 Till daybrek, an' till t' neet gits away, aa'l stay beside t' mountain o' myrrh, an' t' hill o' frankincense.
- 7 Thou's bonny, my leuvv; theer' nea spot i' tha.
- 8 Come wi' me fray Lebanon, my wife, wi' me fray Lebanon: leukk fray t' top ov Amana, fray t' top o' Shenir an' Hermon, fray t' lion' dens, fray t' fells o' t' leopards.
- 9 Thou's teann possession o' my heart, my sister, my wife; thou's teann possession o' my heart, with yan o' thy eyes, wid a chain about thy neck.
- 10 How fair thy leuvv is, my sister, my wife! How mickle better thy leuvv is ner wine! an' t' smell o' thy soves ner o' spices!
- 11 Thy lips, O my wife, drops like honey-cwom: honey an' milk's onder thy tongue an' t' smell o' thy cleàz is like t' smell o' Lebanon.
- 12 A garden dyk't in is my sister, my wife: a spring clwoz't up, a fountain stop't.

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- 13 Thy plants is an orchard o' pomgranates, wi' sweet fruits, camphire, wid  
spikenard.  
14 Spikenard an' saffron, calamus an' cinnymon,  
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wid o' trees o' frankincense, myrrh an' aloes, wid o' t' main spices.  
15 A fountain o' gardens, a well o' lyve watters, an' streams frae Lebanon.  
16 Woken up, O north wind; an' come, thou south; blow on my garden 'at 't spices  
ont may stream out; let my beloved come intil his garden, an' eat his nice fruits.

CHAP. V.

- 1 Ize cum't into my garden, my sister, my wife; I've gedder't my myrrh wi' my  
spice, I've drunk my wine wi' my milk: eat, O friends; drink, ey, drink  
abundantly, O beloved.  
2 I sleep, bit my heart's woken; it's t' voice o' my leuvv 'et knocks, an' sez, Open  
to me, my sister, my leuvv, my pigeon, my untouch't an: for my heed's full't wi'  
dew, an my curls wi' neet drops.  
3 Aa'v doft my cwoat, how can I donn't? Aa'v wesh't my feet, how can I dirty  
them?  
4 My leuvv pot his hand in at t' door-sneck wholl, an' my heart jump't for am.  
5 I gat up to open to my leuvv, an' my hands dropt

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Wi' myrrh, an' my fing-ers wi' sweet-smellan myrrh, on t' hannels o' t' lock.  
6 I oppen't to my leuvv, bit my leuvv hed turn't about an' was geann: my heart  
fentit when he spak: I laytit him, bit aa cuddent finnd am; Aa shoutit on am, bit  
he ga' me nea answer.  
7 T' watchmen 'et went about t' toon fand ma, they streakk at ma, an' woundit  
ma; t' keepers o' t' wo's teukk my vail frae ma.  
8 I charge ye, O dowters o' Jerusalem, if ye finnd my leuvv, 'et ye tell am, 'et I'ze  
seek o' leuvv.  
9 What's thy leuvv mair ner anudder leuvv, O thou bonniest amang woman fwok?  
what's thy leuvv mair ner anudder leuvv, 'et thou charges us seah?  
10 My leuvv's white an' reed, t' best amang ten thousan'  
11 His heed's like t' finest gold, his hair's bushy, an' black as a reavven.  
12 His eyes is like pigeon eyes by t' watter-side, wesh't wi' milk, an' niceley  
setten.  
13 His cheeks is like a bed o' spices, an' sweet flowers: his lips is like lillies sweet-  
smellan myrrh.  
14 His hands is like gold ring set wi' beryl steanns:

- [14]  
his belly's like breet ivory laid ower wi' sapphor steanns.  
15 His legs is like marble pillars, set on sockets o' fine gold: his countenance is like  
Lebanon, grand as t' cedars.  
16 His mouth is varra sweet: ey, hee's o'togidder leuvvly. This is my leuvv, an' this  
is my friend, O dowters o' Jerusalem.

CHAP. VI.

- 1 Whoar is thy beleuvt geann, O thou bonniest amang woman fwok? whoar is thy  
leuvv turn't aside tull? 'at we may layt am wi' thee.

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- 2 My beleuvt is geann down intul his garden, into t' beds of sweet yerbs, to feed in t' gardens, an' to gedder lilies.
- 3 I is my leuvv's oan, an' my leuvv is mine: he feeds amang t' lilies.
- 4 Thou is bonny, O my leuvv, as Tirzah, weel-favvor't as Jerusalem, terrable as an army wid colours.
- 5 Turn thy eyes away fray ma, for they hev come ower ma: thy hair's like a flock o' gwoats 'et comes fray Gilead.

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- 6 Thy teeth's like a flock o' sheep 'et gaz up fray t' wesh-dub, whoar they ivry yan hez twins, an' ther izzent yan geld amang them.
- 7 Thy brows within thy sidelocks is like a bit of a pomgranate.
- 8 Theer's threescuore queens, an' fourscuore concubines, an' young lasses widout number.
- 9 My pigeon, my pure 'an, is nobbet yan; she's o' 'et her mudder hes, and she's t' pickt an o' hur 'et bearr her: t' dowters saw her, an' bles't her: ey, t' queens an' t' concubines, an' they prais't her.
- 10 Who's hur 'et leuks out like t' mwornin, as fair as t' meunn, as clear as t' sun, an' terrable as an army wi' colours?
- 11 Aa went down into t' nut garden to see t' fruits o' t' valley, an' to see whether t' vine grew weel, an' t' pomgranates buddit.
- 12 Or ivver aa was aware, my heart meadd ma like t' cwoaches of Ammi-nadib.
- 13 Come back, come back, O Shulamite; come back, come back, 'et we may leuk at thee: what will ye see in t' Shulamite? Just as it was two armies.

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CHAP. VII.

- 1 How bonny is thy feet wid shun, O prince's dowter: t' joints o' thy thees is like jewels, t' handy-wark of a cunnin warkman.
- 2 Thy neavvel 's like a round goblet-glass, 'et 's full o' lekkar: thy belly 's like a heap o' wheat, set about wi' lilies.
- 3 Thy two breests is like two twin roses.
- 4 Thy neck 's like as an ivory tower, thy eyes like t' fish-pools in Heshbon, by t' yat o' Bath-rabbim: thy nwise is as t' tower o' Lebanon, 'et leuks towerts Damascus.
- 5 T' heed o' tha 's like Carmel, an' t' hair o' thy heed like purple; t' king 's held in t' galleries.
- 6 How fair an' how pleasant is thou, O leuvv, for delights!
- 7 This thy height 's like a pome-tree, an' thy breests is like clusters o' grapes.
- 8 Aa sed, I'l gang up to t' pome-tree, I'l tak hod o' t' bews ont: now an' seah thy breests sal be as vine clusters, an' t' smell o' thy nwise like apples;
- 9 An' t' reuff o' thy mouth like t' best wine, for my

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- Beleuvt, 'et gangs sweetly down, makkan t' lips o' them 'et 's asleep to speak.
- 10 Ise my leuvv's, an' his desire's towerts me
  - 11 Come, my leuvv, let's gang out into t' field; let's lodge in t' villages

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12 Let's git up seunn to t' vineyards, let's see if t' vine growes weel, whether t' young grape 's to be seen, an' t' pomgranates bud out: theer aa 'l gi' tha my leuvvs.

13 T' mandrakes giz a smell, an' at our yats is o' manner o' nice fruits, beatth new an' oald. 'et aa'v laid up for tha, O my beleuvt.

CHAP. VIII.

1 O that thou was as my brother 'et sookt my mudder's breasts! When aa sud finnd tha widout, aa wad kiss tha, ey, aa suddent be laal set by.

2 Aa wad lead tha an' bring tha into my mudder's house, an' she wad larn ma: aa wad mak tha drink spice't wine, an' t' juice o' my pomgranate.

3 His left hand sud be onder my heed, an' his reet hand sud coddle ma.

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4 Aa charge ya, O dowters o' Jerusalem, that ya doont stur up, nor woken my leuvv till he pleases.

5 (Who's this 'et comes up fray t' moors, leanan on her leuvv?) Aa raist up onder t' apple-tree; theer thy mudder brought tha forrat, theer she brought tha forth 'et bearr tha.

6 Set ma as a seal on thy heart, as a seal on thy arm: for leuvv 's as strang as deeth, jealousy 's as cruel as t' grave: t' cwols on 't 's cwols o' fire, 'et hez a most parlish lowe.

7 Menny watters can't slokken leuv, ner t' fleuds can't drown 't: if a man wad give o' 'at he hed in t' house for leuvv, it wad be nought set my.

8 We heve a laal sister, an' she hez nea breasts: what can we dea for our sister, that day when somebody 'al speak for her?

9 If she be a wo', we'll build a palace o' silver on her: an' if she be a door, we'll cover her up wi' cedar boards.

10 Ise a wo', an' my breasts like towers: than aa was in his eyes, as yan 'et fand favor.

11 Solomon hed a vineyard at Baal-hamon, he let out his vineyard to keepers: an' ivry yan was to bring a thousand bits o' silver for t' fruit on 't.

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12 My vineyard 'et is my oan 's befoor ma: thou, O Solomon, mun hev a thousan, an' them 'et keeps t' fruit on 't two hundred.

13 Thou 'et leevs in 't garden, t' cronies lissens to thy voice, an' meakks ma hear 't

14 Mak heasst, my leuvv, an' be thou like a roe, or like a young hart, on t' fells 'et growes sweet yerbs.

*I certify that only 250 copies of this work have been printed, of which one is on thick paper.*

GEORGE BARCLAY

28 Castle Street, Leicester Square.