

The Salamanca Corpus: A Passing Squall (1867)

Author: Anonymous

Text type: Verse

Date of composition: 1867

Editions: Unknown

Source text:

Anon. A Passing Squall. Published in The Free-lance: A Journey of

Humour and Criticism. vol. I, No. 18, April 20, 1867. 141.

e-text:

Access and transcription: July 2011

Number of words: 376

Dialect represented: Lancashire Produced by Javier Ruano-García

Copyright © 2011- DING, The Salamanca Corpus, Universidad de Salamanca

SALA Anonymous IIII

A Passing Squall (1867)

"Thou little powsement---deary me! Come in this moment out o' that. Did every anybody see,---As grimy as a tinker's brat. Aw'll flay thee wick, you noughty child!" "Now, Missis---Missis! Draw it mild"

"Go-look! Hast' fund thy road at last?
A bonny time to bring thy brass!
It happen isn't mitch thou hast.
Where have you been, you gaupin ass?
Sich wark's enough to dreighve one wild."
"Come, Missis! Gently! Draw it mild."

"Gullook again! It's grewin dark, An' th' beighin in's ta do forth' morn; Sin th' skrike o' day aw've bin at wark,



The Salamanca Corpus: A Passing Squall (1867)

Aw wish aw never had bin born. No wonder if my temper's spoiled!" "Now, Missis! Wilt' o draw it mild."

"Thou'rt kestin bout thy slate, owd lass, Aw've but had one odd gill to-day; An' if aw have spent aw my brass, Aw've wanted it in a gradely way; Yon's th' market wiskit fairly piled. So, gently, gently! Draw it mild.

"Come hither, chilt, an' mount my knee, An' le'me wipe thy een an' nose; Why dost t'not let thy mam a-be, An' mind thy nice new warty cloas? See heaw thy holland bishop's soiled. Theer, husht! Stop cryin---draw it mild.

"Yo'n bin a marketin yoursel?
Ee! why, of coorse--aw quite forgeet
As heaw thou said thou met as weel.
Here! clap thee deawn, lad, eawt oth' weet.
Aw'll very soon ha' th' polly boiled,
An' try my best to draw it mild.

"Come, bring thy pipe here into th' nuck; Its eawt oth' road oth' draught---an' me; Aw'll soon ha' sided up this ruck, An' look moor pleasant, lad, thou'lt see. Wi fidgettin aw wur beguild, But just thee mark---aw'll draw it mild.

Thou see'st thou art na like those folk
As pride theirsels i doin wrung;
'Twere really gettin past a joke,
Thy stoppin eawt so very lung.
But theer! Ta' that!---Art reconciled?
One moor!" "Weigh, Missis!---draw it mild."

NOTE. Any person familiar with the Lancashire character and idiom will scarcely require telling that, when the Missis affects an injured and indignant bearing, she sometimes attempts to drop the dialect and give vent to her feelings in the unfamiliar vernacular. The result is not uniformily successful.