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Payne, Edward (?-?)

The Yorkshire Weaver's Address to his Wife (1866)

It's Kersmus-day to morn, my lass,
It's Kersmus-een to neet;
'T wur on a Kersmus-day, my lass,
When Jamie forst sow t' leet.
It's Kersmus-day to morn, my lass,
It's moor nur twenty yer
Son thee an' me wur weud, my lass,
Wur weud, my lass; dost' hyear?

When au forst coom to see, my lass,
Aah thou'd do fur u waufe,
Au thowt au ne'er hed seun, my lass,
Such u lass i' my laufe.
Au couldn't du nowt but look, my lass,
Ut thoas raupe lips o' thaine,
An' wish wi' oal my hairt, my lass,
Ut tha an' t' lips wur maune.

Then au thowt o' mesen, my lass,
An' oal mau blund'rin ways;
An' then au thowt o' thee, my lass,
An' tha breet, bonnie faze;
An' nayst au mad reet suer, my lass,
Ut au should nivver be,
Nivver, i' oal my days, my lass
U gainly mate fur thee.

Au coom one day, tha noas, my lass,
To hev u tothree word
With thee oud darelín' dad, my lass,
An' his wee, bonnie bird.
Gaumless thee dad ne'er wur, my lass,
An' soa, when tha went ayut,
He slapt me o' my back, my lass,
An' said au wur a cayurd.

Whativver else au am, my lass,
U cayurd au could na be;
An' soín au towd him soa, my lass,
An' then au said he'd see.
Well, an' see he soín did, my lass,
Fur when it oal coom to,
Au could noa moor a spok, my lass,
Nur aur dear Jamie's shoe.

Fur au noa soiner sow, my lass,
Theesen com in---abayut,
Afoor my big faze went, my lass,
Es waut es ony clayut.
Tha look'd soa wee an' fond, my lass,
Waul au mesen wur big;
U grut, big, borly chap, my lass,
Wi' Chearly o' my rig.

Then au wur thirty yer, my lass,
Waul tha hed nobbut beun,
Sum twenty yer an' two, my lass,
I' this world to be seun.
Oal raund abayut thee wom, my lass,
Aum suer ther wur noa end
O' hairy, coountry lads, my lass,
Wi' oal theer hairts to lend.

One day, it chaunc'd to be, my lass,
Ut au mad boald to coom,
Es au hed done my wark, my lass,
Au hed to do i' th' loom.
Thee dad wur aut o' th' door, my lass,
When tha, Nell, nobbut said,
Aah nauce it look'd autsaude, my lass,
Aah quaut, the sun aah red.

Au ax'd thee if thau'd goa, my lass,
Es fur es top o' th' loin;
Tha said tha woddent maund, my lass,
Es th' even wur su foine.
Tha took my aarm es if, my lass,
Tha'd practis'd it afoor;
Waul au wur twance es prayud, my lass,
Es if au'd th' world, an' moor.

Au screw'd my corrage up, my lass,
Till au wur fit to crack,
Thro' my hyead-piece to moor, my lass,
Nur hauf way dayun my back.
Ut last au got it ayut, my lass,
I'spaut o' throat an' tung,
Ut aw loved Nelly weel, my lass,
An' hed done e'er su lung.

Tha said tha lov'd me moor, my lass,
Nur oal i' th' world besaud;
Tha said thau'd be my waufe, my lass,
An' then tha went an' craud.
Au put my aarms arayund, my lass,
Thee little, tauny sen;
Tha hid thee bornin' faze, my lass,
O' th' brayst o' thee own Ben.

It's moor nur twenty year, my lass,
Sin' thee an' me wur weud;
Ut th' end o' twenty moor, my lass,
We'st happen boath be deud.
Fur th' twenty year ut's past, my lass,
Tha's bless'd my laufe oal thro';
Tha little, tauny honds, my lass,
Hev carrs'd my tauard broo.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Yorkshire Weaver's...* (1867)

To shap to summat lauke, my lass,
Tha's towed reet haard wi' me,
But varry weel tha noas, my lass,
U gent au could na be.
Tha's beun a lovin' waufe, my lass,
Tha's ne'er done out umiss;
Wau, Nell! weer lovers yet, my lass,
Com, Nell, let's hev a kiss.