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**AR OBADOYER;
OR,
MUSTER COX'S COORTIN'.**

A LE'STERSHOYRE PASTORAL.

Soo Oi says to ar o'd Obadoyer, says Oi –
Noigh-'and all the toime wi' vexetion to croy:
"Well," Oi says, "this Nance Drew as yo want me to wed,
Oi mek count as 'er 'airt's joost as roight as 'er 'ead;
An' shay's woonderful tow'dly an' oyable loike,
Shay's as roight as moy leg an' as street as a poike."

"Well," a says, "een't yo got nothink else for to sey?
Fur Oi knood all that theer sin' a twe'mon' todee –
Shay een't jed, or strook oogly or nothink o' that?"

"Noo," says Oi, "but, yo say, Oi cain't wed 'er, that's flat!"

"Whoy," a says, "yo gret gomeril, what do yer mane?
Wull ye tek tew a doochess or marry the Quane? –
Whoy, shay's thray 'underd poun! Well, Oi'm gormed if Oi ivver!
Moy hoys an' o'd limbs! an' yo says yo woon't hev 'er!!"

"Whoy, it happens a-thisns," says Oi, "lookye 'ere!
Oi told Peggy Beck as Oi'd hev 'er last year;

The Salamanca Corpus: "Ar Obadoyer" (1856)

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An' wan man, as Oi tek't, whoy, a cain't marry tew,
Soo Oi've blest if Oi knoo what the O'd un to dew!
An', what's moor, this 'ere Peggy, shay knoos 'ow it stan's,
An' sweers as shay'll put it in s'licitor's 'an's. –
Soo now then," Oi says.

“Whoy,' a says, “Yo've a fule!
Oi med count as yo would, when they sent ye to skule!
An' yo hev!”

“Well,” says Oi, “but what's best fur to dew,
Fur Oi mut marry Peggy, an' cain't marry tew?”

“Well,' a says, “done ye loov 'er?”

“Not Peggy,” says Oi,
“But the t'other, whoy, yis, that Oi dew if Oi doy!”

“Whoy, then, yo gret fule,” a says, viciously loike,
“Yo cain't marry at all, an' may doy i' the doike!
Doon't coom gosterin' 'ere! Oi cain't dew nothink forry!”
“Well,” says Oi, “then good mornin' an' thanky! Oi've sorry.”
Well, now then, these wenches – Moy surs, Ooncle Cox,
Joost didn't a knoo 'em, the craffy o'd fox! –
A blacked up 'is butes, an' a sheaved an' a drest
Proper up to the noines in his new Soonday-best,
An' a goos to o'd Beck's, an' a sets his-sen down,
An' a laffs an' a ligs an' a chaffs 'em all roun
'Bout Aylse an' the paason an' Dick an' all that,
An' at lasst a says, solid, joost twizzlin' 'is 'at:

“Oi've a unkit o'd farmer,' a says, “an' at toimes
Oi fale summot joost 'ere when Oi 'ear the o'd choimes.”
“Whoy,” says Beck, “do yo mane as yo've moinded to wed?
Lokamussy, whativver's put that in yer 'ed?”

An' o'd woman Beck, shay did tek it up kane:
“Oi mane nothink,” a says, “but Oi mane what Oi mane.”

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An' Miss Peggy, shay up, an' says shay, “Muster Cox,
Whoy, yo live loike a rabbit shut up in a box! –
Whoy, if yo wuz to troy, ah be boun' yo could foin',
An' not very fur off, joost a lass to yer moin'.
Whoy, theer's many a gell 'ud joomp out o' her hoide
If yo'd ahx 'er in arnest to mek yo a broide.

The Salamanca Corpus: "Ar Obadoyer" (1856)

Whoy, yo've money enew fur to boy up the town,
An' yo've yoong enew yit fur a woif ah be boun'."

"Well," a says, "yis, Oi've 'arty enew, Oi suppoose,
An' Oi've not quoite a beggar joost yit, as toimes goos;
But," a says, "lookin solid – moy hoide, what a muve! –
A says, "It een't money as doos it! Its loov!"

Well, yo knoo, when the o'd uns they heern 'im talk soo,
They foun' very sune an ockesion to goo.
But Miss Peggy, shay stopt, an' shay toorned very red,
An' o'd Cox, a loked fulish, tew, scrattin' 'is 'ead:
An' a nudged 'is cheer noigher, and noigher agen,
An' Miss Peggy sot gaupin' an' mekkin preten',
Till at lasst, when 'is cheer wur joost set to his moin',
Ooncle Cox, a joost slipt 'is arm round 'er behoin',
An' a says, "Yo doon't mane as yo'd hev owght to sey
Tew a wizened o'd gree-headed beggar loike may?"

"Hoh," says shay, an' shay soiked loike a cow in a fit:
"Coom," a says, "doon't ye goo fur to brossen ye yit!
Whoy, they to'd me this mornin' as they'd heern yo said
As yo meant if yo lived to be married to Ned. –
Done ye mane it?" a says, "Fur, moy hoys, if yo dew,
Oi've gormed if Oi leave 'im the wuth of a screw!
Soo now then," a says :

"Lor bless yer," says shay,
"It wur oon'y moy fun! – Ned een't nothink to may!
Except he's yoor nevy," shay says, lukin' sloy.

"Yo woon't hev 'im?" a says.

"Noo," says Peggy, "not Oi!"

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"Well," a says, "hev yo sure?"

"Ah," says shay, "an' Oi'll sweer
Oi wouldn't, not if it wur ivver so! Theer!"

"Well," a says, "dew ye loov ma?" an' nudged a bit noigher;

"Hoh," says shay, loike a stuttrin, "Hoh! – Ob – Obadoyer!"

"Whoy, that een't no annser!" a says wi' a kiss:
"Coom, dew ye, ma wench?" an' at lasst shay says "Yis."

The Salamanca Corpus: "Ar Obadoyer" (1856)

"Whoy, Oi've sixty,' says ooncle, "an' bloind o' wan oy –
An' yo says as yo'll hev me? Tek keer yo doon't loy!"

"Ah, Oi wull," shay says, scrowgin up, "moy Obadoyer!
Yis, Oi wull, that Oi wull! – do yo think Oi've a loyar?"

"Well," a says, "That Oi *doon't* knoo, but wan thing Oi dew,
An' that there is this 'ere – as Oi woo'not hev yew!
An' Oi een't non o' yourn tho' yo said it and swoor it,
An' soo if yo loov ma, yo'd better git o'er it! –
Good mornin', a says, an' a oop an' a roon
Joost afore shay could ketch 'im, loike shot from a goon.

Moy hoide! What a teerin' an' sweerin' shay med,
Till shay welly brought down the o'd 'ouse on 'er 'ead!
Such a janglin' an' branglin' an' stompin' an' sooch,
Yo moight 'ear 'er for sure as fur off as the chooch.
Till the foolk all coom runnin', th'o'd woman an' all,
To ahx 'er whativver shay meant by 'er squall.

Moy surs, 'ow shay called 'em all down to the ground!
Their mate didn' dew 'em mooch good, ah be bound!
An' ooncle, a left 'em all moytherin' theer
An' shogs off to Kit's at the Stag for some beer:
An' nextus a coom to ar mill an' says a,
"Yo coom 'ere, yo gret bif-yead, an' listen to may!"
An' a to'd me this 'ere joost as Oi'n to'd it yew:
"An' now then,' a says, "yo goo street to Nance Drew,
An' ahx if shay'll hev ye – Oi count as shay wull!"

An' shay did – its as trew as moy neam's Yedda'd Bull!