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VNiVERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANIINI

GRACEY.

Fath and Trath, I believe, in then Parishes round

Zuch a rouge, zuch a villain, es nat to be found.

MALLY.

Why, what’s the fusing long wee then, Un Gracey Chilvean.

GRACEY.

A fusing, a quatha add splet hes ould brain;

Why, our Martin’s com’d hom chield, zo drunk as a beast,

Zo cross as the gallish, from Peran zand feast:

He com’d in a tottering, a cursing and zwearing,

Zo hard as a stump horse, a tarving and taring.

MALLY.

Never mind ‘em, un Gracey, go futch ‘en to bed,

He’ll sleep all the lequor away from his head.

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GRACEY.

Why, I wed'nt go nist em to git the King's crown,
For he zwears if I speak to en, he'll cleve ma skull down;
Thou never, in all thy borne days, fath and zure,
Ded'st behold such a mazegery pattick before;
Why, he scat all to madjans and jouds for the nones,
A clum bason of scald milk about on the stones.
And took't up a shoul to stave me outright,
But I'm run'd away, ready to fainty for fright!
Lord, tell me, un Mally! what shall I do by en,
For odds down derry's death! I'm afraid to go ny en.

MALLY.

I know what I'd do, if so so be 'twas my case,
I'd scat the ould chacks ow 'en; I'd trem en, un Grace.

GRACEY

I'm afeard o' my life to go ny the ould vellan,
Else, please Father, I bleve I shud pardectly kill en.
I'll never no more be so bald and abus'd,
My arms are like basom the rouge have em bruis'd.
I made for his zupper, a raugetty pye,
But a shant clunk a crum ow' en, I wish I may dy.

MALLY.

I tould thee before that the job was a done,
Thou wed'st com to repent it as zure as a gun;
But, thou's not hearken to me, not doubting for why,
Because thou knowst much better than I:
But I know'd the tricks ow'en, before thou hadst go en,
For I tould thee of maches, of stories about en,

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But thou answer'd zo to it and shrink'd up thy nose:
As thinking 'twas great lashing lys, I suppose
But there's one of his pranks I shall always remember
'Tis three years ago come the eighth of November,
I'd two pretty young mabjers as eyes could behold,
Zo fat as the butterr; just eighteen weeks ould,
They were out in the town-place, a picking for meat,
Zo I hove down some pellas among them to eat,
When who but your man com'd tottering along,
Zo drunk, fath, I thoft he'd ha fallen in the dung;
He left fale his hogan bag just by the door,
Zo I cal'd to the man, as one would be zure,
"Harkee, Martin, doust hier chield, take up thy bag,"
"Arrah," says he, "who's that calling my dog."
Zo he runn'd to the hadge, ded no better nor worse,
Nack'd the mabjers both stif, with a great moor of furze.
Like a' now, ef I had'nt gone out of his way,
He'd a done as he did by John Rouse, t'other day,
When he got in his tantrums, a wilful ould devil,
And flam'd the poor man o'er the head with a kebel.
Fath and soul, then, un Grace, ef so be he don't alter,
I believe in my consense, he'll dy in a halter.

GRACEY

When the cyder es run'd away every drap,
'Tis to late of thinking of stoping the tap:
And marriage must go as God has ordain
But a parson wed zwear to plagued zo chilvean:
Had I known the cause ow' en but nine weeks ago,
I'd never a had the ould vellan, I know;
But e wow'd and he zwoore, if I wed be hes wife,
I never sho'd want all the days of my life;
And he brought me a nackin and corn save from pren,

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In my consense, thoft I, I shal live like a Quee.

But, 'tis plaguy provoking, add splet es ould head,

To be pooted and slap'd, zo I wish I was ded.

Why, he spent hafe his wages last Saturday night,

Like enow, that by this time, tes gone every doit;

But, I'll tam the ould devil before it be long,

Ef I cant weth my fist, I will weth my tongue.