

Author: Sarah Sophia Banks (1774-1818)

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"The Scolding Wife"

[f. 112r]

Husband

Cūm lets ha aour sūpper I prithe my Keate
Yeau see Im cūmd hoam Girl befoar it be leat
I left Nibor Swig at the Ealhouse my Dear
& just as heed axd for a fresh point o beer.

Wife

Im sūre thats a Loie for yeau Liquorish Sot
Yeaud ne-ar for my seake le-ave yeaur she-ar of a pot
De yeau think Im a Be-ast or a Stock or a Sto-an
To le-ave yeaur poor Wo-if hafe the Noit he-ar aloan
Im sūre my fūrst Hūsband while I were his Woife
Dear man he ne-ar ūs'd me so ill iv his loif
Bud he were a good man & nere loik a hūg
Ceame fūddled & Bullocking hoām fra his Nūg.

Husband

I prithe de-ar Cattern be pe-acefull at ho-am
Or else to be sûre I mûn fetch out Jûdge thûm
For all naow yeau mak sûch a fûss & a ro-ar
I heant been at th'Ealhouse the who-al weel afo-ar

Wife

Bud Im sartinly sûre yeau Eal sûcking Be-ast
Yeau were the-ar the last Moonth sevn toimes at the le-ast
And naow to be sûre yeaur as drûnk as a swoin
Yeau cudna be wurse had ye gûzzled i woin
Most sûrely yeau Belking and potbellied Dug
Yeaul ware all I addle a dea i wun Jûg
I wish my fûrst Hûsband were living just naow
And then I had never been married to yeau.

[f. 112v]

Husband

Adzooks the-ares noa be-arng this clatter & Riot
I sûrely mun be-at ye an yeau we-ant be quiet
Yeaur tunge hangs as loase and it clatters as well
As e-ar did the Clapper of aour Parish Bell.

Wife

As sûre as yeau tooch bud wun soide o my Fe-ace
Il goa to the Jûstice & swe-ar to the Pe-ace
The Squoire kno-as well what a Drûnkard yeau be-a
And heal do me jûstice & that yea shall be se-a
And for sartin to ma yeau asheamd o yeaur Loif
And of ûsing so badly so Quoieta woife
Il goa to the Parson & tell him dye sea
To Pre-ach iv his Sarment haow wicked ye bea.

Husband

Adzooks bud I winna be rattled to de-ad
This Clatter will sartinly split up my he-ad

The Salamanca Corpus: "The Scolding Wife" (1779-1783)

Il ma yeau bo-ath Quoiert & pea-ceable bea
Or il ge ye no moony to ware i yeaur Tea
And Il būrn yeaur fine Gaown that so highly yeau prize
And Il hang up yeaur Dug that ye luve as yeaur Eyes
And Il ma ye ūp Hūssey & ta aout the ke-a
And then yeau may scoald tis no matter to me-a.

Wife

Had e-ar a poor woif sūch a Barbarous Man
Im sûre naow I does all the best as I can
Bud when yeau cūm hoam yeaire so cross to yeaire woife
She cant get a strait word fro yeaire mouth for her loife