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VNiVERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANTINI
VIGORNIAN MONOLOGUE.

VII.

Plase to come in. Sorry to 'a kep ye wah-itin', but I didn't 'ear 'ee tabberin'. I wuz buckin' i' the brew-us, an' I should n't a knaowed ye wuz thur, anny moer 'n th' little gurl 'er sez, gran-muther, thur be somebody a poundin' at the do-er, 'er sez, an' so I come, but I be all about. Plase to come to the fi-er, ye'll ketch cowl'd else, the win' strikes in so cool by the do-er. Noa I bean't well, not to say well. It's m' 'eort. The doctor says 'e beats annyhow, cross-ways, or annyways. But I thinks I got the turn, an' be on the mendin' 'and. I tries to rest mah as much as hever a con. Plase to kip your 'at on, you'll feel o' the draught, a comes in smartish jes' thur.

Be thot a owld clock? Iss 'e be very owld; 'e wuz muhther's, an' 'er bought 'im at a sa-el, an' 'er gin thirty shill'ns fur 'im, an' 'e be in copital fettle ov a owld 'un, 'e kips good time for all 'e be so owld-fashioned, any more 'n 'e gits some, every nows an' thens. Mah muhther wuz i' sarvice, an' 'er kep 'er plaace an' lived along o' thahy a

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manny yur; an then 'er thought as 'er waanted a change, an' so 'er sez to th' maaster, I means to goo to th' mop, 'er sez, fur I waants a change. An' 'e sez Ye'd better stahy whur ye be, 'e sez, fur I does n't want ye to goo, 'e sez. An' 'er sez, I waants to goo. An' the master, 'e sez, Ef ye goo, I shan't gie ye no wages, 'e sez; an' 'er sez. Then you'll be to kip 'em, 'er sez, fur I means to goo; an' 'er went. 'T wuz to Muckley mop 'er went. Thahy wuz used to stan' i' th' strit. An' 'er stood th' mop, an' 'er wuz 'i-erd. 'T wuz to th' out-boun's o' Swines-diggins; an' wen 'er 'ad bin thur a yur 'er morried my fahther; 'e wuz kipper to Squier Smith, it be Brown-Smith now; an' 'e wuz kipper to 'e a many yur; an' wen 'e got past it mah bruther done it. An' thahy wuz used to goo up to th' ouse hevery yur, an' thahy gin 'em lots o' thin's, and sent 'em in a waggin. Folkses lived plah-in i' them dahys. An' mah muhther said, when 'er wuz married, 'er gin six pun's for 'er bed, a riglar fither bed. Thin's wuz dee-ar then. Thahy gin a shill'n a yard fur calico an cotton stuffs. An' 'er 'ad two years' wages wen 'er morried. 'Er maaster 'e said as 'e oodn't gie 'er no wages, nor 'e didn't then: fur 'e thought as 'er 'ud be su-er to come back to thahy; but 'e gin it 'er arter 'er wuz married. An' mah fahther 'e 've bin gone dyud a manny yur; 'e died a young mon; 'e worn't more nur farty-nine; but 'e wuz aildin' some tie-m afore 'e died.

Must ye be goin'? Wull, good hevenin'. Meary, what be 'ee nickerin' at. Maake your obedience. Loose the gen'lman out.

OUTIS