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VNiVERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANIINI

Anonymous
***A Lancashire Tale* (c.1690-1730)**

Heerny me Gentles, an inny wun tarry,
I'll tell o how Gilbert Scott sowd is mere Berry.
He sowd is Mere Berry at Warritt'n Fere,
Baw coud naw tell whether t be pede ere or nere.
Baw when he coom whom, & toud is Weif Greace,
Hoo up wuth a Kibboo, an swattim o'rth' Fece.
He towd her soe monny a mad farrant Tele
At hoo sweer he wus madder in Tum-a good-ele.
Baw when i' good yornst hoo see noo munny coome
Ten hoo lede abawt uppaw Gilbert soon,
Hoo thrutt im tuth' Hillock wo siche a Thwack,
At he hed welly brokken his Back.
hou Whoor, caw he, intle lemme rise,

I'll githee aw th' Light, as in me lies.
Th' Monn's Cwote wur a Grey, & a good Thrum-hat,
Foo quickly wur I espy'd aw that.
His bond wur teed wuth a Congerton-Pwoint,
Wo two or three Taggs at eiche eend varry quoint.
His Doublit wus blue, an his breeches wurn green,
An his Shoon wudden a doon a mon good to ha seen;
[H]or hosn wurn aw brown, & spike spon new,
Wo greit brode squere noses, as I am true.
A goodly brode gurdle, o lether wus gurt
About im like won oth' better swort
Aw doon wo brasse-buckoos, at mede siche a shaw,
At I durst ha trustit im wuth price on a Cow.
Baw how hetts he, caw hoo, ar where doozy dwell?
Bimilakin caw he, tat I conno tell.
[F]or why, caw he, I coud naw for shawm
Misduittim so miche ast ask im his naum,
Bawth' mmost oth' reidinessse azzee hea,
I mun meet im o wensdey at Rondle a Shea.
Ten Grece hoo woz angry, baw yet hoo lough.
Now marry caw hoo, tatts e'en reidinessse inough.
Bot as it feel out oth' tother dea,
He mett wuth is nebor Rondle a Shea.
Nyeam Rondle, caw he, I he soud my good Mere,
For neenteen grotes at Warritt'n Fere.
Niem Gilbert, caw he, who soudnyer too?
Now in yoan beleeme, I know naw too who.
Knoni naw who yo hen souder too senny?
Ten sure yo hen th'munny. Naw yet, ne'r a penny.
Ba'wth' munny's as sure, azzee yore honds, ar mine,
For innee rook me, I'll nere heed t felly agein.

He lookt like a grethly onnist mon's Son,
An he spent tupponz on ma when oo hadd'n dun.
He gan ma a lunch on a denty snig-py,
An shook me bith hond wheint lovingly.
Baw Grece, hoo to Warrittn aw wensdey betime,
An left Gilbert a whom out oth Curn fort tent Swine.
An there hoo continu't for five Markit deas,
Bawth' Munny ne'r coom too Rondle a Sheas.
Bot eich won as hoo met [e]e sicher a parell,
Wuth hom streight an eend hoo begun for to quarrell.
Ses, ho my good Freend, now doony naw wott,
Won as bought a Mere [aw] Gilbert a Scott.
Ten aw men lough wo might, & Mean,
Ses yonders sure sum simpoo Quean,
For hoo gadds up an down, here an there
An still creves muñy, hoo knowsnaw where.
Ten waxed Grece both pele, & wan,
Hoo had askt soe lung, & wist naw whom.
Bot as hoo wus resting her sell in a Rawm,
Hoo wus a war oth' Mon cum with Mere upth' Town.
Ten waxed Grece bwoth blithe, & merry,
An thowt hoo shud now he munny for Berry.
An for fear hoo shud misse on im hoo wus soe gloppen,
At for hest through th' window hoo had liket' a loppen.
As te Deel hed bin inner hoo after im runn,
Wuth hat under th' Arm, an th' weint welly gwon.
Her hyed-gear feel off, & down feell er Snood,
An hoo gap't, an hoo star't, as an hoo had bin woode.
Th' Mon slipt out oth' Street inta backside,
An Grece hoo wur soon aw that espide.
Th' Felly had tint' dor, baw hoo heeve up th' Latch,

Afore he had weel gotten th' Mere teed to th' Cratch.
Ses, E, my gud Mon greets o wunderous merry,
An preys o fort' send im munny for Berry.
Who binny, caw he, for I know o not?
Why beleeme, caw hoo, I'm Gilbert Wife Scott.
Th' Munny, caw he, I conno yet spere.
Bimilakin, caw hoo, ten I'll he th' Mere.
Soe hoo pickt im alunk, haveing hout on his hough,
At his head, & his shooders cry'd swalche agenth' wough.
Hoo geet im bith' hure, an he being not eboo
T' get up, hoo pood im up, an down th' Steboo.
Eich dash upoth' Snuffers hoo gennim soe big,
At he dasht out a bleeding just like a stickt Pigg.
Hoo geet uppon him, an he lee like a Cauf,
For hoo wus too big for im bith hawf.

His nose wus aw swown, & soe wurn his Een,
An his Cwoat, & his gurdle wurn dight like a Swein
Hoo pood im, & thrumm'd im shawm to be seen.
Thou Hong-mon, caw hoo, I'll poo out tee neen.
He baukt, an he rwor't, & he showtit out Murder,
At won met a heard im int' Cheshire, & furder.
An between 'um they mede sicke a wearifoo din,
At Rondle a Shea, fort' riddum, coom in.
Now Nawnt Grece, caw Rondle, fie o the Deel!
Doonee oather think ee doon farrantly, or weel?
Binny Monkeen, or woode, attee lene soe hard on?
Good feth, I'm feart twoman has quite spoilt tmon.
[?]re o, howd o content, caw hoo, Rondle, for doony
Think th Kneve shall he bwoth Berry, & 'tmunny.
I'll ma im a Sawmpoo, ee houdo a grote:



The Salamanca Corpus: *A Lancashire Tale* (c. 1690-1730)

I'll oather heth munny, ar I'll poo out his throte.
Good Nawnt, caw he, preyo be quite, an he dun,
Yoast'n oather heth' munny, or Me're, whether ee wun.
S'oe Grece, hoo geet 'tmunny, an away hoo trudg'd whom,
An hoo kept e'ry bit, an leet Gilburt ha non.

