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**Produced by** Javier Ruano-García

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**Collier, John (ps. Tim Bobbin) (1708-1786)**  
***Lancashire Hob and the Quack Doctor* (1763)**

A thrifty carl was tir'd of lonely Cot,  
Because the Tooth-ach he so often got:  
Six Teeth were all he had to chew his Food;  
All gave him Pain, but none could do him good.  
*Hob* hearing his *Rochdale* Town did then contain  
A famous Quack, that drew Teeth without pain.  
To him he flies, and, in a Voice as loud  
As Stentor's, thus bespoke him thro' the Crowd:  
*Ho--onist Mon! whot munneh gi' ye to drea*  
*A Tush ot pleagues me awmust Neet on Dea?*  
Six Pence the Quack replies.--*Hob* spoke again,  
*On conneh do't me, thinkneh, beawt mich pein!*

The Salamanca Corpus: *Lancashire Hob and the Quack Doctor* (1763)

Ho, well enough.--Quoth *Hob*, *Suppose I two,*  
*Yoan do for neenpunce?* That I will not do.  
*Heaw monny then for Twelvecunce winneh poo?*  
All that thou hast.--Quoth *Hob*, *They're just enoo.*  
The Doctor took this for a Country Joke,  
'Till he saw *Hob* hard pressing thro' the folk,  
And mount the stage.--Quack now some mirth intends.  
And slily for a Pair of Pincers sends;

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Thinking he'd met one of those puny Fools  
Would run away from such inhumane Tools.  
*Hob* takes the pincers, *Vara weel*, said he  
*If they'n fit yo, I'm shure they win fit me.*  
*Hob* now aloft is seated in a Chair,  
With open Mouth, in which the Quack did stare;  
Who laughing said, You have but six, I find,  
And they're so loose, they'll wag with e'ry wind.  
*Better for yo, yo known; do yo yer job.*  
Yes, yes, and quickly too, my honest *Hob*;  
Hold up your head--*Oh*--here is one you see;  
Cone, hold again--here's two--Would you have three?  
*I think ot mon's a foo; we bargint plene,*  
*Poo these aw eawt, or set thoose in ogen.*  
If that be th' Case, hold up again, my Friend,  
Come, open wide, and soon the Work we'll end.  
*Hob* now extends his spacious Jaws so wide,  
There's Room for Pincers, and good Light beside.  
Cries Quack, Here's three--here's four--*Hob* bawls out *Oh*,

The Salamanca Corpus: *Lancashire Hob and the Quack  
Doctor (1763)*

Hold, hold, says Quack, there's something more to do;  
Come, gape again;--here's a five--here's a six--and th' last,  
And now I'm sure thy Tooth-Ach pains are past.

*That's reet, quoth Hob, gi' me meh teeth, on then  
I'll pey os freely os some roycher men.*

The Quack complies, and *Hob* his twelve pence paid,  
Then, in dismounting, to the Mob thus said,  
*They're arron Foos ot Six Pence pein for one,  
While for o Shilling I ha six jobs done.*

*But sill they're bigger foos that live e pein,  
When good seawnd Teeth mey choance to come ogen.*

The Doctor stares--and hastily replies,  
They come again! not till the Dead shall rise,  
One single Tooth no more thy Jaws shall boast,  
I hold a Crown thou ev'ry Tooth has lost.  
*Tis done, quoth Hob: and stakes a Charle's Crown  
The Quack as nimbly throws Five Shillings down.*

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*Hob* takes up all and in a neighbour's Hand  
Secures the Total: then makes his Demand.

*Measter yo know eawr Bet is, that I've lost  
My Teeth; and that I have not none to boast.*

The Quack replies 'tis true; and what by that?  
*Why, see I've six neaw; eh meh owd Scull-hat.*

*Ne sur, if yoan geaw wimmy Whom, I'll shew.  
Yo e'ry Tooth, ot e meh meawth did groo.*

The Quack ill-vex'd he such a Bite shou'd meet  
Turn'd on his heel, while *Hob* said, *Sur--good neet.*