

**Author:** Henry Fairfax (1634-1702)

**Text type:** Verse, ballad

**Date of composition:** 1679-1682

**Editions:** Unknown

**Source text:**

Fairfax, Henry. 1679-1682. *How Now Sawny...* The Brotherton Library, BC MS Lt 43: fols. 41r-38rv

**e-text:**

**Access and transcription:** July 2007

**Number of words:** 419

**Dialect represented:** Northern/Scots

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**Fairfax, Henry (1634-1702)**

***How Now Sawny...* (1679-1682)**

How now Sawny whats the matter  
You make sau this din & clatter  
Ta your Gobb-spune and your Laddle  
Snye your brow & you's toth' Craddle  
w<sup>th</sup> au fa liny dow diddle London babby  
fa liny dow diddle London babby  
weel's mee oh my wonsome Laddy  
who see lick as yee are to Daddy.

Nay weel's mee oth' thy crucked Cragg  
ere it bee lang thoull steall a Nagg  
and Ride y<sup>e</sup> boundess through & through  
and fetch mee in y<sup>e</sup> carlish low  
w<sup>th</sup> au fa dow diddle &c.

My son shall have a gude blew Bonnit  
stuck'd behin & fine things on it  
Bubplet Breches, & a Pladdy  
who see like as you are to Daddy

w<sup>th</sup> au fa liny &c.

Yere sire was as neat as ony  
an stealing a[u] [C]ow hee was Cony  
but shrieve of Carlile as I heard say  
[?] day  
w<sup>th</sup> au fa ling &c.

Yett Sauny of ya thing I will want  
y<sup>t</sup> whilst he liv'ed wee had noe fiant  
of Beafe & mutton nor sic thing  
for he could ride & in it bring  
w<sup>th</sup> au fa ling &c.

and see will yee my wonsome Lad  
when yee have strength to rid a Nagg  
you will rid out both ene & morn  
as your state sire has done befor  
w<sup>th</sup> au fa ling &c.

My son shall have a gude lang Lance  
w<sup>th</sup> sward & Bistols by his side  
& and an Horse y<sup>t</sup> under him will Prance  
w<sup>n</sup> yee amongsts y<sup>e</sup> best may Ride  
w<sup>th</sup> au fa ling &c.

And w<sup>n</sup> you meett w<sup>th</sup> a proud Carle  
whose Pockets are well line'd w<sup>th</sup> Gold  
y<sup>n</sup> by y<sup>e</sup> Lugs you will him hald  
& to take from him yee'll make bold  
w<sup>th</sup> au fa ling &c.

Likewise ye'll spare noe naught n[?]r s[?]ke[?]  
where they doe h[e]nt & have their Lare  
but w<sup>n</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Carles are fast asleep  
yee'll fetch them in to mend our fare  
w<sup>th</sup> au fa ling &c.

Faith Sawny you'll be gude to your Deare  
you'll lett them w[u]nt fude nor geare  
it is but hanging yan hofe hoar  
when you have used it many a year  
w<sup>th</sup> au fa ling &c.

I wust not for noe earthly thing



The Salamanca Corpus: *How Now Sawny...*(1679-1682)

y<sup>l</sup> you should dee & lie a beast in bedd  
but end your life in an Hempten string  
as your Sire and all your Kindered  
w<sup>th</sup> a fa lin dow diddle Luldon Babby  
weels is me of my wonsome Laddy  
whe see lick as yee are to Daddy.

