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* [] and [?] have been used in the e-text to indicate doubtful and illegible spellings, respectively.

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SALAMANTINI

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Anonymous

***A Yorkshire Dialogue between Will a Wally,
and his Wife Pegg, & her Brother Roger,
their Son Hobb, their daughter Tib,
their Neece Nan, & their Landlord
(c1690-1730)***

[fol. 61r]

Speakers

W. P. R. H. T. N. L.

T. Moother, our Crockey's cawven, sine't grew dark,
And Ise flaid to come nar, hoo macks sike wark.

P. Seaun, seaun, Barn, bring my Skeel, & late my Tee,
Mack stickle but hast, hye to the Laer to me.
Gitt ta a Battin, and a burden Rape,
Tho' it be mirk, weese late it out by grape.
For [shad] hoo git to th' Beck, afore hoo cleen,
And mar her milk, Ise greet out bath my Neen.

T. Whaugh, Moother! how hoo rowts, Ise varra arfe,
She'l hipe, & rive my good Prunella Scarf.

P. Ise ding thy harnes out, thou base mucky Sow,
Thou macks sike Anters, thaw'l mistecht my Cow,
What need ta be sea flaid? Hoo will not mell,
Nor hipe, if tar war nean here, but tee sell.

T. Wally, Wally! here's a deft tiny Cawf,
It's better, than a Keausteril behawf.

P. Bot Pratty macks no Porridge, Tib, if't war
A Keaustril, it wad yeld mare money far.
It's newly gitten Feaut, tack haud on't, Tibb
Wee'l bedd it weel, & put it into th' Cribb.

[fol. 61v]

Good Beddin, Tibb, will mack it batt'in weel;
F[e]st her; wee'se milk some Beestlings into' th' Skeell.
Our why is better tidded, than this Cow,
Her Ewr's but swamp, hoo's nut for milk, I trow.

T. You wat not what of Crocky yet to say
Preauf of a Pudden, th'eating is alway.
She[e]s daft yet on her Cawf; a day or tweay
Will shaw, an shee be dree to milk or neay.

P. Now, let us hame, & late for bowls, & sile:
Thy fatther'l meause whor we are all this while.

-- Will, Crocky's cawv'd --

W. And is hoo? That's a goodin,
Now, Tibb, I whope, weese git some beestlin Puddin.
Let's spang our gates, for it is varra snithe,
And Ise flaid, waife, 'twill be a Frost belive.
Leauk, leauk, the Lad comes yond, to late for you,

Hee'd be a bed; to morn we gang to Pleaw.

P. Wya, wya, Will. Did th' Pot play, when you com?
Wheay keauks the supper now, when Ise fra hame?
What, Hobb, ist beef eneugh? Ist groats put in?
Tell that war deaun, I knaw, thou wad nut lin.

H. Ey, Moother, groats ar in: I've tane off th' Pot.
I tasted th' Cael, but it was varra hot.

P. Come, Tibb, & tack up th' beef. Git th' Dubler riddy:
Hobb, & thy Fatter (wench) mun gang toth' smiddy,
To fetch the Sock, & Cooter, Specks, & Sleead.

W. Come, Tibb, for shaum, bring out ye Sawt, & bread
Thur Cael smell strang o' Reek, they'r nut for me.
God sends good neeat; the Deel sends Ceauks, I see

[fol. 62r]

P. Marry, geaupe stink. You'r varra dench'd, I trow,
Your Belly sarraes an ill Master now.
They'r o'r good for them, that finnds fawt, Ise seaur.
But as the Sew doth fill: the draffe duz sowr.
Stride, Tibb, & claw't some Cassons out o'th' Hurne,
Then geay thy weays, & fetch a Skeell of Burn.
And hing the Posnet o're i'th' Rekin-Creauk,
And Ise wesh Sile, & Dishes up ith' Neauk.
And then wee'll ale to bed. Here's a cawd Neet.
But, Willy, Ise cling close, & weese blend feet.

W. Pretha, deau Pegg, & Ise get up ith' morne
And late some pokes, to put up seed[]in Corn.
Than thou'st geay sarra Gawts, & Gilts wi Draff;
And Ise git th' Yawds some hindereends, & Caffe.
Than for our Brackfust thou may haet sam Cael;
Whan I lay by my Shackfork, & my Flail.
And, Hobb, I lite o thee, to put my Traces,
My Swingletrees, & Helters in th[e]r places.
Mack reidy ale my Baurghwans, & my Plewgh,
Harrows, & Hames; & weese deau weell aneugh.

H. Fatter, thar liggin ale on our Faugh Lands,
I trail'd um thar my sell, wi my awn hands.

W. Thou's a geaud Lad, my Hob, that teauk sike Care
Ist Yoaks, & Bows, & Gad, & Yoaksticks thar?

H. Ey, ey, & th' Pleugh-staff teau, Hopper, & Teeams
We lack nought, but a Bay Stagge o my Neam's,
That we'r to yoak ith' pleugh before our Yawds:
And then, Ise seaur, weese rive up all adawds.

W. Ey, Hobb but our E[e]ard's teough, & full o whickens,
Cat whins, & Furs, & Seavy Bauks, & Breckins.

[fol. 62v]

It's nought but Gorr. It ploses under feaut,
'Twill bide us billing at, when we com teaut.

H. Lythe ye, lythe ye: how fondly you duz tawk.
We mun tack teaum, & then weese mack [nea]bawk.
Besaid, the feck on't's gripp'd, the watter's gan.
I wa[r] at t' felt my sell, & seaur I am,
'Twill bring good Blendings, as e'r grew areaut

W. Our Eard is nut for Blending, Hobb, I deaut,
We mun saw it wi Bigg, I trow, or neaught.

P. Greay Geause hes lead, geay Hobb, tack in her Egg:
Tibb dare nut gang to fatcht, for flaid oth' Stegg.

W. Than goam steek th' Hemble deaur, & bar up Grise.
They'v bin ith' Haver-grund this earnder twice.

P. And goame to nointh' Gawt Ear, ar it will marr:
Ne'r loase a Hogg for lack o hawpworth Tarr
Our Perry garr'd har run, & lugg'd har sare:
Ise flaid he wad a riven off har Ear.

W. The Libber comes to moarn, weese libb th' awd Piggs:
It's varra filthy wark they mack o'th' Riggs.

H. Fatter, our Bull-Segg's pussom'd, he's Degbownd.
And our awd Meer is slidden into th' Pownd.

W. Wellaneerin! run, Hobb, good Hobb, run fast,
Fatch my Maugh Roger. Heese mack stickle but haste,
And bring his Horn to give our Segg a drink.

Ga[?] Hobb, ar else Ise whang tha, teu tha stink.
Wellaneerin! The Segg war weell to deay,
An preaz'd to git ith Fogg: It's this cowarse Heay
Hes killt him. It wur gittin ill. My Maugh
[S]ead it wad he neay feausan in't, 'twur naught.

[fol. 63r]

R. How now, Hobb? Thou reeks sair. What macks ta run?
What uncuths brings ta? Spack, & tell ma seaun.

H. Our Yawd's laid ackwards. Bull-Segg's like to dee,
He's sairly pussum'd, seay Ise cum for yee.

R. Marry, Ise varra weay, that's filthy wark.
Ise flaid, weese nut git thar, ar e'r t' be dark.

W. It's weell yar cumn, the Segg is at Stand heck,
What ails this deaur? I con nut finnd out th' Sneck.

R. Is this him, that liggs here? Hee's teng'd: Hee'l dee.
Let's stick him, thar's nea whopes of him, I see.
Hee's pratty flesh, & meeterly good Skin.
Hee'l mack geaud Cael, & put fat Backon in.
Let's gang & see yar sheep. What ails yon Teaup?
His hinder feaut is storken, slate him eup.
Thur Yows are Clow-clagg'd ale, they skitter sair.
They'l ale be mawkye, an ye tack nut Care.
Seaurly they'n gittin some fresh whewts of Girse
Macks um beclarted seay about the A-----

W. Ise like to clem. Let's hame, Maugh, to our Pegg,
She'll kedge our Kites wi geaud Kirn-milk, & Whigg.

R. He[v] ya ought, Sister, that'll be slocken weell?

P. Thar's Whigg ith' st[ou]nd, & geud Kirn-milk ith' Skeell.

R. Fill ma th' Bend-Kitt: Ise set it to my paet
Ise ventar a strang poul, tho' I be haet.

W. Here's mairis fine Backon, Maugh, it's ale glore fat.

P. But, Will, it's basely knarl'd wth our Carl Cat.

W. Sma warse for that, Pegg. Whor's our Haver-Riddle?

P. It liggs oth' Chawmber-fleaur, o'r th'head ith' Sniddle.

W. Whea hes remond th' side-Lanyells? Some ill foal,
I laid um here, under the Aumry Soal.

[fol. 63v]

Con neathing ligg, that's leeter nar a Stane?
We sall hev nought laft seaun, ale will be gane.
This Ewn for lack o' dittin, slack's all th' heat.
Jannocks are daugh, & Payes nut fit to eat.

H. The Batch, that you put up ith' harden Seck,
The Millner's Yawd hes thrawn it into th' Beck

P. Waes me! than we'r undeaun, ale our awd Breyad
Is gane. We mun mack Bannocks, Tibb, geay kneypad.

W. The Bakin comes ith' Earnder, or by neaun
Reach my awd Cockens, Hobb, & deet my Sheaun.
To morn ith' awnder we mun dod our sheep
The Weather's haet. Mawks will begin to creep.

P. If I could tell, whea's poul'd our band fra th' Sneck,
Ise whang 'um weell, & mack um jet the Heck.

T. Whilk way's our Hobb gan, Moother? Here's base wark.
Yong Gawt's ith' Garth, hes riven ale his Sark.

W. What's warse nar ill Luck, Tibb, late me our Fruggin
Do tho[u] stop th' yat, & Ise mack Perry lugg him.

T. Whaugh, whaw! our Sew's ith' Spence, hes thrawn down th' Stoond
And e'ry Soap oth' Whigg is [sh]ed oth' Grund.
And Perry hes ben ith' beef-Tub teau just now,
And made as ill, or warse warke, nar our S[o]w.

H. Our Kitling meyw'd; I meaus'd what her did ail
I trail'd her out oth' Ream-Kit, by the Tail.

P. Some body's feald our Backstan, Tibb, it's gane
Ise varra flaid its gitten ith' lang lane.
Thou geays, Tibb, like a Feaul, stir, leauk about,
And see if thou con late our Backstan out.

T. Some Tantril, Moother, seaur hes stown't away

[fol. 64r]

for it was liggin here, but tother day.

H. The Bleather toud ma yesterday at neaun,
Now tha taulkst on't, thy Sammaron web is stoun.

W. Ale things run wrang, waif, neathing cottons weell,
Here lies thy Rock braut, heres neay garn oth' Reell.
Thy Sneauskin's riven, wilta seet tee sell,

H. Here's ale the grey geause Geslings daz'd ith' shell.

W. Our great Whean Cat hes eaten th' Pudding Poke
You goam neaything, I never saw sike Fowke.
Here'st Dubler brocken teau, nea Sowl, n[o]r breau,
And Ise sea howl, I knaw nut, what to deau.
Seest ta this storken'd Fatt? It's shawm to see,
I wad this grisly Cat war hang'd for me.
Here's mad wark, Hobb. Speer th' deaur, flay back that Cat,
Thar's backon in her Mouth: hit her a Bat.
Weell deaun, Hobb. Hesta gitten't? Leauk, it's there.
It's little warse, but trail'd ith' mucky fleaur.
Reach me the gully, & Ise scrape it cleen,
Call in thy Moother; Ise seaur it's past neaun.
Fye, Pegg! If we'd nut stridden in just now,
We'd bin misliken'd of our Dinners, trow.

P. How seay? I whemmel'd th' Dubler owr the Meat,
To keep it geaud, & warm, & fit to eat.

W. But th' Cat hed like t' hev eaten't e'ry bit,
And th' Dubler's brocken; trust ty neen, dust see't?
I wad mains fain see a Sun shiny day:
Here's wancle weather, Hobb, fow gitting hay,
What ailes our Tibb? that she urles seay ith' neauk.
She's nut reet: she leauks an odd-farrant Leauk.

T. I've gitten Cawd, and I con hardly tawk,
My Snurles are seay stopt, I connut snawk.

[fol. 64v]

Nar snite my Nase: Teeth datther in my Head
Ise grawn seay healdy, I mun gang to bed.
W. Wilta nut yeat sum Bannock first, nor breau?

T. I've nea mare stummuck, fetther, nar our Sew.
W. Geay, lig tha down then, hill tha warm with th' Rugg:
Thou'st happen doven. Hobb, reach ma that Jugg.
This Backon macks ma swat, it's varra sawt.
And varra reasty teau, that's a warse fawt.

P. Thur, that yeat, till they sweat, & wark 'um cawd,
Sike fowks are fitter, Will, to hang, than hawd.

W. Outapo[u]t! How that Hen gobbles up ale th' Groats,
Thur Brids are Cumber, Peg, Ise cut their Throats.
Chase 'em away, Hobb, under that lang Settle.

P. Thou'st setten th' Hen a flowter, thou great Beetle.
She's gitten a gliffe oth' Dog, hit him a nawpe,
Or Ise tack th' Tengs, & brack his maungy Scaup.

W. What a durdam's here, Peg? Thou macks weary wark.
They'l heve thar gutts stampd out, when it graws dark.

P. Stand by old Caingell. Hobb crum'um sum breyad.
Ise arf to put um out, for flaid oth' Gleyad.

W. What a wha[n]ck's there? If thou sike warke duz mack;
I mun late th' needle, where it never stack.
I care nut, an they war ale drown'd ith' Dike.
I'de nut a Pringle give for twenty sike.

P. You're a cheap Carle, trouble nut your Jobbernowl;
Thraw 'um some Tr[ou]ts, Hobb, out oth' Kirn-milk Bowl.

W. Thou's nought but Bawbles, thou duz things to th' hawves.
Thou'd mare need gang, & mack some Cael for th' Cawves.
Hark, how they blear; they'l swelt for want of meat.

P. You'r full o Care, that ne'r hed onny yet,
A Pund o Care'l nut pay an ounce of debt.

[fol. 65r]

If I'de nut tane mare Care than you, Ise seaur,

Wee'd o'r this day, bin ale turn'd out a deaur.

W. Weell Peg, thy humour thou mun heve, I see
Or else, I trow, thou'l nowther hight, nor ree.

H. Fetther, here's Uncoths brought'll mack ye marvil,
My Neem Graunt's swelt, & sent for you to th'Anvil.

W. Dyead, saist? He leauk'd weell yesterday at Neaun.
I little meauted, he sud swelt sea seaun.
Fatch me my Jerkin, and my better sheaun.
Come, Waife, mack reddy: wilta nut gang teau?
Let Tib deau th' wark, if thar be aught to deau.

P. Wellaneerin! Poor Tibb, yau know's nut weell.
Besaid, I heav twea spoo's o garn to reell,
And th' Cooper will bring hame my Kirm, & Skeell.

W. Wya, fare ye weell than, Ise een gang away;
They'r boon to th' Kirk, & seay I mun nut stay.

P. Wya, fare ye weell, sweet Will. ---- Ise fain hee's geaun,
I've wark, that he ne'r meauts on, to be deaun.
He geays to bury th' dyead, Ise try belive,
If I con buy part of ya[n] alive.

N. ---- Good speed ye here. Whor is my nunko[o], Naunt?

P. Hee's gane to th' Anvil of aud Rau[g]h o Graunt.

N. How duz my Cosin Tibb, Naunt? I heard say,
Hoo'd gitten Cawd: whor is hoo? I mun nut stay.

P. Ey, wellaneering! Wilta gang & see,
Hoo's aboon ith' Chawmber, thou may clim up th' Stee.
Hoo's on a dovening now: gang deftly, Nan.
And mack as little Din, as e'r tha can.

N. Yee'r mains flaid, Naunt: but there's an awd See-[Saw]
Thar is nea Carran that con kill a Craw.

[fol. 65v]

If sh[a] be nut as deyad, as a deaur nail,
Ise mack her flyre, & simper like flesh Cael.

---- Whay, Tibb, how dost, Wench? I whope thou's nut dyead:

Dost Cover yet? Leauk up; hawd up thy head.

T. Ah, Nan, steek th' Winderboard, & mack it dark,

My neen are varra sair, they stoun, & wark.

They've been seay gunny, & furr'd up for some time,

I con nut leauk at Leet, nor see a stime.

N. Come, I con mack thee leetsom, Tibb, & blithe

Here will be thy awd Sweet heart here belive.

He told me seay himsell, my wench, last neet.

He hes spon-new Clathes, as fine as onny Kneet.

T. Fy, Nan, thou duz but jybe; theres nea sike thing.

I hed an inkling, he hes ta'ne a fling

At a gay Lass, & ge[v] her a gowd Ring.

I thought he lov'd me weell, he mede sike shaw,

But ale's nut gowd that glitters, weell I knaw.

He was o're keen to hawd, as he began.

He was so browden yance, as ne'r was Man.

But, Nan, o're mickle of yea thing, I've hard say,

Is ge[auld] for neathing. Heigh-ho! lackaday.

N. Away, away, great Feaul, tack thou no care,

He [h]ovars & vows, he'll love thee evermare.

And saies, as e're he whopes his Saul to save,

He'll owther wad to thee, or tull his grave

He meauts not thou's seay ill, an he hed knawn,

He hed ben here e'r this. Wench, hee's thy nawn.

He vows hee'd leether tack thee in thy Smock,

Than ya[n] wi fourty pund. Puk! Means is murk.

T. Thau macks ma flyre. If ale be true thou sais,

I whope, that I may live to see geaud daies.

[fol. 66r]

He hes made ma geay with monny a heyvy hart,

I leaukt for nought, but that we mought quite part.

N. Thou's hard say, Love me leetly, love ma lang.

And that's the C[a]se, he duz nut cum, & gang,

Seay as he eaus'd. Hee'd heve yar Loves tack hawd;

There's Luck in Leazer. Haet Love is seaun cawd.

Seaur, he may love the House weell, that hes Tibb in,

And nut be awwais riding on the Riggin.

Neust teaum ha cums, he'll tell tha ale his maind,
Seay be nut Stanfra, but be free, & kaind.
E'en let him smug his fill, O grape tha teau
Thou's ne're warse Woman, Tibby, if he deau.

T. He's hed neay want of that, wch macks ma think
Of the awd Proverb Proffer'd Guear duz stink.
Thur things, that we heve deaun, Ise arf to tell.
But I meau[l]t, Nan, thou's dun the laik wi Will.

N. Geaud Tibby, tell ma; tell ma, Woman, seaun.
And I'll tell thee, what Will, & I heve deaun.

T. If I sud tell the Reeks, that we heve had,
Thou's kittle seay; Ise flaid, 'twud mack tha mad.

N. Tell ma ale, Tibb, cum, round ma in the Ear.
Here's nean, but thee & me, thou needs nut fear.

T. I dare nut tell tha, for flaid o my Moother
Pritha be quiet, Nan, thou's sike anoother.
I will nut tell tha, till thou first declare
What Will & thou did, whan ye gang'd to th' Fair.

N. Wya, Will, we're freends: And Ise een tell tha that
Will is a Lad, will heve a bit for's Cat.

T. Wheesht, wheesht! my Moother's coming up, Ise flaid,
Hoo's listn'd, & hard ale that we heve said.

[fol. 66v]

N. Wad sha war hang'd, that cud nut stay below.
I wad, as leeve be fell'd now, as nut know.
But Ise hear ale, I whope, some other teaum,
My Naunts a top oth' Greese, Tibb, I'll geay hame,
I mun be ganging noww, Ise flaid, it'll rain,
I've nowther fatcht up th' Kye, nor sarra'd th' Swine.

P. What, ista ganging Nan? Will ta nut stay?
How comes thy Clathes seay flurr'd this fine lownd Day?
Thou's never tite, ther's awwais summat wrang:
I wad ta see thy sell, thou Gammerstang.
For sham, Wench, reet um down weell, as ta geays.
I [marl] th' hes neay mere mence, Nan, in thy Clayes.

Thou's like sum jarbles Underlout. Tack care,
For Meat is mickle, Nan, but Mence is mare.
Yonder's our Owse is lowpen o're the Yate,
Nan, slate him back, as ta gangs up th' Town-Gate.

N. Naunt, I'll nut mell, outless he war our awn.
What ist th' weaud Owse, that hiped at our Brawn?

P. Nea, nea, great Staggs, what durdams dust ta mack?
It's him that brack down th' Rails to th' Haver-stack.
As ta gangs eaup the Town, thoutl know him seaun.
He h[e]s a fine flan Head, & a brown greaun.

N. Yonder's yaur Hobb, Naunt, let him gang himsell.
I tell ya plain, Ise nowther mack, nor mell.
I heve nea team now up th' Town-gate to rame,
There is odd Charrs for me to deau at hame.

P. Its weell yar cummen hame, Will, our weaud Owse
A wee-bit hes cut oth' Fawd brack lowse.

[fol. 67r]

W. Ey, seay I know. Hobb's gane to slatt him down,
If he can dree, I saw him yeaud up th' Town.
As I cume hame, Peg, I git sike a Wheelck,
(Ise varra sair) it made my Gutts, cry Kelck.
A ruck of seay whickens fest my Sheaun,
I cud nut hawd my houghs; it thraw'd ma deaun,
And fell'd ma on a stane on my Heart-speaun.
Ise sairly riv'd yan o my Spatterdashers.
Peg, yeaud up th' Greese, & fatch ma my Gamashaes,
For I mun gang to th' felt, and I weell may,
And give to ilkin of the Drapes sum hay.
There is a rencky Cow, beats ale the rest,
When e're they'r fother'd. An unsawncy Beast!
Tother hes book & bane, & are as tall,
And yet she macks 'um run o Snacksnarles all.
Sweep th' house cleen, Peg, & then do[n] thy best Clayes,
Our Lo[wterd] will be here to neet, he sais.
I hed an incklin on't at th' Anvil-Feast.

P. He macks, birlady, deelish stickle but haste
It's nut aboon three weeks gan, sine th' Rent day.
Husb[o]nt, what hev yau gitten up to pay?

W. I hev but five No[?], Pegg, and some odd munny.
Thou sold sum Cheeses lately, hes taw onny?

P. Sea[u] groats, Will, & a Penny's ale my Stock:
Thau knows, whor't liggs, I keep nea kay, nor lock.

W. Pritha now tell ma trewly, hest nea mare?
Did ta nut sell sum garn, at our last Fair?

P. What an I did? Heve I nut mare to pay,
Nar I can mack o Trouts, Kirn-milk, & Why?
Wadta he ma keaun, ar deau a thing that's warse,
Turn whore, and addle munny wi my Narse?

[fol. 67v]

I'd heve mare under my hands, hawd tee a groat.
Meauts ta, that I will be thy Underlout?
[?] tau heve ale the keaun, & I be bout?

W. Peg, thou snoutbands me sayr: may I nut jest?
Why wreaks ta sea? I meaut nea harm ith' least?
Thou leauks a dozand leauk. Rub o're thy face
With Dishelout, & put on thy Quaif with Lace.
Sweep th' Attercrops, & Arrans down, come, Fye,
Ne'r lin, mack all things clean: Or by my Fye,
My Lonlort, when ha cumes, will leauk agye.

P. Ise into' Loft, & don my Clathes, & Will,
Geau tha[u] to fet sum Eldin in, thy sell;
And mack Tibb leet a fire, it's ommost out,
And [b]id Hobb rub down th' Taboo, with a Clout.

W. And Pretha, Hobb, how preaud ith' packet's [teu]!
I knaw thou's addled sum wi driving Plew.

H. Sense pence, twelve Bodles, & a groat I've gitten.
But, FATHER, I'd leether see ya feaul besh ---
Nor [lond] a pringle. W. Pretha, Hobb, be willing,
When I git money, thou's heve a whale Shilling.

H. Ise gang & fet it: it's fest in a Clout.
Here yau may lows't yar sell, & tack it out.

P. Ise reddy now, cum Lonlort, whan he will,

But nowther th'Why, nor Filly, shall ta sell.
W. Here's three & three pence mare odd money, Peg.
Its farty shillings ale, reet as my Leg.
Pashions a Life, here's t Lonlort just at deaur.
Ston wide, Peg, Ise geay meet him. Sweep that fleaur.

P. Let's ne're thraw down our Hearts. Let him be mad.
As lang lives merry Saul, as yan that's sad.

[fol. 68r]

L. Speed ya here, Peggy, how dust? How dusta Billy?
What macks ta hustle? Thou's mare fawse than filly.
Thou glincks & glimes seay, I'd misken'd thy Face,
If thou had wont at onny other Place.
Ist God-Morn, or God-deen; what sesta, Will?

W. Leet, pray ya Lonlort. I heve nea great Skill
In 'Haviour; & besides our Tibb is ill.

L. Thou casts a lantom Leet, Peg, thou's mains fine.
What, heve ya onny Guests, to cum to dine?
Here's a geaud smell. P. Gang in, & you shall know;
I heve some appo[o] Paies ith' Ewn to draw.
Some beestlin-Custarts, & a Brown-cap: seay
I whope, you'll bite a snap, [e]r-e'r ya geay.

L. Sike fowks as you warse-fare mought weell content;
Outless you better goam'd to py yar Rent.

P. Wellaneerin! We'd need seaur yance a day
Of summat, that is geaud. Alackaday!
It's hard, if we mun gobble nought, but Whig, & Whay.

L. Py yar Rent furst, & than you's eat, & drink,
And dou, & doff, & ly abed, & st--
And for my part deau whatsome'r ya will.

W. Wya, here's Pegg, & Tibb, Hobb, & my sell
Wark varra hard, & yet we'r peaur, & bare,
A Ward o Losses we heve hed this year.
Sheep deed oth' R[a]t. A Yawd ar twea o'rthrawn,
A Bull-Segg teng'd to th' dyeth. Hed ya ale knawn,
Seaur, Lonlort, you'd ba kaind. We plew, & saw;
And Bigg, & Haver's varra Druggs, ye know.

P. And Praice o Trouts, & butter's varra law.
Wese py ya as it macks, and as t' comes in.
And you con heve neay mare oth' Cat, but th' Skin.

[fol. 68v]

W. The Times are hard. Geaud Lonlort be content.
Give teaum, wese py each bedle of yar Rent.

L. It will be lang teaum furst, Ise varra feard,
While th' Girse grows, th' Yawd clems, as I've often heard.

W. Here's farty Shillins. We con git neay mare,
Weese h[e]ve a Why to sell at our neest Fair.

L. What mun I deau with this? This will nut clear
Seay mickle, as wad streight yar awd Arrear.
Neest teaum I cum, you mun clear ale, I leauk:
Thur driblets mack ma scrat, whor't duz nut yeauk.

W. If we sud swelt our hearts, it wad nut deau,
To find Kirn-milk, & breyad, & py Rent teau.
I was tell'd, I shud git Grath here, by some Fowk.
But now I meaut, I've bought a Pigg ith' Poke.

L. My Farm is slander'd by you: you've tell'd some,
You'r quite undeaun, & beggar'd sine ya com.

W. Some Pikethank [T]antril Drull hes tell'd ya that.
An unquoth Dog hes monny barkers at
Ise sackless on't, as this is Fire that reeks,
I'll swear't upon ale beauks, that opes & steeks.
But yet we've cose to ba[un] the teaum, that you
Teauk us for Tenants, Lonlort, that is trew.
We've saddle'd here, & seay to stir we'r laith
But weell I wait, wese gither here nea grath.

L. Yar preaud, & dench'd; & sud I let ya sit
Rent [?]ee, I see you cud nut live on it.

W. Wya, you mun let us rive up some fresh grund,
Ar elze wese turn yar Farm into yar hund.

L. Wad ye'd gan titter; I hed been nea warse,
For you'r nut warth the warst F-- o my Na--

[fol. 69r]

You may gang, whan ya will. Ise weell content.
That's Tenants geaud far, that will py no Rent?
You con nut py, nor I con nut forbear.
Sea gang, provide yar sells another year.

W. Wee'r nut seay browden on't, as you sup pose
Langer we wond here, & the mare weese lowse.

P. Wad we'd ne'r kenn'd your Farm, nor e'r cumn here
But bought Wit's good, if it cost nut o'r dear.
We wur o'r weell afore, & did nut wait.
But now to cry for shed Milk its t[eau] late.

L. Geay, geay. Ale thur are geudly Cracks, & Braggs:
Ill husbands, weell I wait, mun gang in Raggs.
If ale yar Stock be gane, lean to your kin,
Neer is my Sark, but neerer is my Skin.
Charity 'gins at home. I is nut bund
To let you [w]ond rent free upon my Grund.
Neay sell like th' awn sell. You heve Farms anew
Offerd, you say, Gad speed ya. Ise ne'r rue,
You've hard, a weaud Horse, & a rotten Harrow
Are quickly parted. You may gang to marrow.

W. I've set our Lonlort forward, Wife, he's gane.

P. Let him gang to the Deel [him], Ise mains fain.
But Hobb's nut weell, he's a base stinking yane
Warms cumber him, he con nut sleep, nar ligg.

W. Give him some Warmseed blent wi Treacle, Peg.

P. Weay worth this trash! Ise flaid, my Lad's undeaun.
He's varra seek; it warks at his heart-speaun.
Geay, lay tha down, geaud Hobb, & ta yan nap
A dovening, Hobb, may [s]et ta reet, may hap.

[fol. 69v]

W. To marne Ise gang to th' Markit, & hire Tibb.
And, Peggy, Love, thy sell mun spin out th' Webb.

P. Wya, weell you know, you may deau what you will,

If I be weell, Ise git it deaun my sell.

W. Thou's lucken-brow'd. Weell, coye? but Ise flaid,
Thou leauks but meeterly. Is ta nut smaid?
How dusta, Wife? Thou is nut weell, I think.
Thou grains sea varra sare, Wilt heve a drink.
But grunting Yawd, & graining Jade nere will
Their Rider fail, Peg, than hes hard fowks tell.

P. Wya, wy. I can abide yar Scoffs, & Scornes.
But curst Cows, Will, ye knaw, gitts but shart Hornes.
You'd leether see ma hanging, Weell I wat,
Than see ma weell, & ganging up th' Town-gate.

W. You meause, Wife, as ye eause. Ise nea sike Man.
For thy geaud Heeal Ise deau what er I can.

P. You are unsauncy, Will. W. How seay, gead Wife?

P. Wi tawkin to you I heve [n]ippt my knife.

W. It's eath to mack th' barn greet, whore th' Lip doth hing
You gloom seay, Wife, I thought you'd heve a Fling.

P. Gloom, co yea? Why it macks ma seeke as Harse
Never to heve a Pringle in my Parse.

W. Whope weell, & heve weell. Lite ta for a while.
We shall heve Luck golore. Fortune will smile.

P. Smile, sesta? When I meause? We're varra bare.

W. He that sends Greau, sends Groats, tack thau nea Care.
Better's a coming: pretha deau nut wreak.

P. It's trew, Will, bat fur whope, the Heart wad Break.

W. When wancle weather's gane, cums a fair deay.

P. Give a Man Luck, & thraw him into th' Sea.

[fol. 70r]

N. How deye ale? What Naunt, as I hear seay,
Tibby hes tane a Gods-penny to deay.

Ise knaw it ale, ar ere I gang to bed.
I thought at our neest Wake she wad bin wed.

P. Waies is me, wench! She's o'r young for a Man.
There's mare Fowks wed, than keep geud Houses, Nan.

N. O'r young, wait ye? Ise seaur she's gan eighteen.
Few La[sh]es, but that Age macks 'em Man-keen.

P. She's book & bane aneugh, I knaw, that's trew,
Ill weeds wax fast, & seay duz hoo & tau.

N. What eage war you, geaud Naunt, whan you did wed?
Afore sixteen, you lost yar Maidenhead.

P. But thur that wad [a]r e'r they'r wise, it's said,
Mun dee afore they thrive. And seay Ise flaid,
Will thou & hoo, & ale sike Flirtigiggs,
That's geaud for neathing, but to sarra Piggs.
I marl, thy moother gits nut thee a Dame,
But keeps ta ligging lazily at hame.
To flavor, & spin hourds, & run a Charr.
A Sarvice, Nan, war fitter for tha farr.

N. What, sike an a Sarvice, Naunt, as Tibb's to heve
I'de mickle leether gang into my Greve;
Seay of twea Ills, the mickle Ill I'd leave.

P. How sea? What ails her Sarvice? Con ta tell?
Wilt nowther let her thrive, nor thrive thy sell?
Her wages, Nanny, are but varra law;
But wark bears witness, wha deaus weell, ye knaw.
Hoo's teaum eneugh, I trow, to raise her head,
And Bannocks is better seaur, nar na kin Bread.

N. Yay, Naunt, it's trew. But I'de as geaud heve nean,
As eat sike Bannocks, as wad pussom yan.
Tibb's t'heve a sairy Dance, I hear. Raugh Wife of Fallows
Lend her a hauter, Naunt, send her to th' Gallows.

[fol. 70v]

Give her some Rotten-meat, or a keen Thwittle,
Far leether, nar with Fallow Wife to settle.
Why, hoo's the Deel. Hoo's warse nar Madge a Perkins;

Hoo'll deal her neaves about, & brush their Jerkins.
She'll naup, & nevel them without a Cause
And mack'em late their Teeth, Naunt, in their Hawse.
She's kittle of har Hond, & varra [f]jell,
Of sike an a Fury, Naunt, I ne'r hard tell.
She's hed [L]eause Underlouts, geaud Woman's Barnes,
Twea [?] stark clemm'd, & yan ding'd out her Harnes.
Yan ran away (to save her Life) unclad.
Yan drown'd har sell ith' Beck, & yan ran mad.

P. Thou'st hed a Layer-Fatther, Nan, I guess;
Or how the deel didst com to know ale this?

N. This is nut Teath: from Fallow Wife Gad bless.
Naunt, hoo's the muckle black Deel's Dam, & neathing less.
You'd bless yar sell, to hear her Faults togeder.
But th' mare ya tramp a T---, it graws ye broader.
Besaid, there's no whopes of her 'penteing, for
Her moother wus as bad as she, or war:
A pickled Jade! And that that's [?]ed ith' bane
Is hard to trail out of the Flesh, yo knawn.

P. Ise mains fain, Nan, thou's teld ale this to me
Ise think my Barn tea[w] geaud a Lass to be
A Battingstock to sike a yan as she.
Her Godspenny shall be turn'd back to morn.
Tibb's stay at hame wi me, Nan, I'll besworn.

N. Een let her, Naunt, & ye'll deau varra weell.
It's better play the Pot, & scour the skeell.
---- My Nunckoo's coming, Naunt, I'll geay to bed.
I've sitten, teu my feet's as cawd as lead.

[fol. 71r]

P. Nay, pretha, Nan, stay but a wirly bit;
I heve some Garn to send with thee to litt.
And I mun mack sum hauf-flet cheese ith' mar[?]ing
Sea, thou mun help ma with a soap of Earning.

N. Let Tibb cum o'r, as seaun as she gitts eaup,
And bring a mugg, & I sall send a soap.

P. What hast's ta in? Stay, tack a drink, gead Nan.
Theres some oth' Taboo there, ith' little Kan.

N. This drink's ale dowl'd. How lang ist' sine' twur [drawn]?

P. A wee-bit sine. N. It's warser than our awn.
Good neet, dear Naunt, it's varray mirkish grawn.

W. Yon Town's a dree way off, Pegg, Ise sare tir'd.
Tibb is ale jarbell'd, & Ise basely mir'd.
And yet for ale this durdam Tibb's nut hir'd.

P. Ise mains fain on't, fro what I've hard to deay.

W. I speer'd her Dame's Conditions out ale th' way,
Hoo's but seay, seay, they sen; Reet as my Leg.
Hoo's an odd Leauk. I deau nut like her, Peg.
I've geaud Tobacco, Peg, come, wilta smeauk.
Late ta a paip, & swat ta down ith' neauk.
How dusta like it, waife? It cost a pringle.
Come, leet ty paip. Whaugh, whaugh! Here is nea Ingle.

P. What need ya rame? you see the Ingle's gane;
Poul out yar Touchwood Fo[rr]is, & Flint-stane;
And strike a fire, & leet a seave. Sea, seay!
Come, now let's tast yar geaud Tobacco, preay.
It's base mundungus, Will. What kin of Fowks
War they that sowd it? W. Why? P. It's nought but stowks.
I ne'r smeauk'd warse. W. Thou's mains geaud skill, methinks,
In rosted wooll, it is aneugh, when't sticks.
It's reet geaud, Peg, as e'r war cut & dry'd.
And there's nean sike in ale the Town besaid.

[fol. 71v]

Seaur, Peg, thou's smeauk'd ale day with yan or odder,
Macks ta at this Tobacco mack sike Pudder.
But Evenings Orts will mack geaud morning's Fodder.

P. I'll smeauk nea mare. W. Deay as ta will, dear waif.
My Pipe grows swamp, Ise ligg it by believe.
Rake thou the fire. I'se kale in Hobb & Ned,
And speer the Deaurs fast: Seay we'se gang to bed.
Unfest my Collar poynt, Waif. Then let's kiss,
And pray for Love mell thur, whore neay Love is.