Lady. Dun yo know Soiden-Mouth*, Tummy?
Gent. Eees; an’ a’ neation good feller he is tew.
Lady. A desput quoiet+ mon! But he loves a sup o’ drink. Dun yo know his woif?
Gent. Know her! Ay. Her’s the very devil when her sperit’s up.
Lady. Her is. Her uses that mon sheamful --- her rags± him every neet¶ of her loif.
Gent. Her does. Oive known her come into the public§ and call him all the neames her could lay her tongue tew afore all the company. Her oughts to stay till her’s got him I’ the böat, and then her mit say what her’d a moind. But her taks aiter her feyther.
Lady. Hew was her feyther?
Gent. Whoy, singing Jemmy.
Lady. Oi don’t think as how Oi ever know’d singing Jemmy. Was he ode Soaker’s brother?
Gent. Eees, he was. He lived a top o’ Hell Bonk. He was the wickedest, swearininst mon as ever I know’d. I should think as how he was the wickedest mon I’ the wold, and say he had the rheumatiz so bad.

*With the mouth aside.
+ Desperately quiet.
± Scolds outrageously
¶ Night
§Public house.