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POPULAR COUNTY HISTORIES

A HISTORY OF NORFOLK

BY

WALTER RYE

EDITOR OF “THE NORFOLK ANTIQUARIAN MISCELLANY”

LONDON:

ELLIO T STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1887
THE earlier traditions and semi-political prophecies, treated at length in vol. i., pp. 209 \textit{et seq.}, of the ‘N. and N. A. S. Trans.,’ and by myself at pp. 18, 19 of my ‘Tourist’s Guide’ to the county, are now almost wholly lost and forgotten. People still mysteriously hint, as I have already said, that

‘He who would Old England win,
Must at Weybourne Hoop begin;’

but all the old tales, how a traitorous mayor shall let a French king in there; how the Danish duke with sixteen great lords shall land at ‘Weybourne Stone,’ and fight a disastrous battle there, and how the miller with three thumbs shall hold three kings' horses on the Rackheath Road, during the progress of a terrible fight, which shall kill off nearly every man in the county — are now clean forgotten. Most of our prophesying is done out of penny almanacs, and our best-known local herbalist and simple-culler (that I should live to write it!) gets his stock-in-trade from Covent Garden by rail! We have ‘cunning men’ still, but they are not powers in the land like ‘Allen the Prophesyer’ was in 1551, of whom Underhill, in his ‘Autobiography,* says that ‘this Alen was called the God of Northfolke before they received the light of the Gospel.’ The present cunning man is literally what his name implies — a man more able and cunning than his neighbours, and who adds to his income by imposing on them. He should be careful, however, if he wants to sustain his reputation, to have ‘no visible means of subsistence,’ or his character will suffer. Not long ago a small farmer near Dereham, being perturbed in his mind about a bad arm and some pigs, both of which he considered ‘overlooked,’ had himself driven over to the house of the cunning man whom he wished to consult.
On asking for the wizard, the latter’s wife replied that he was ‘troshing’ (threshing) in the barn, upon which the client promptly told his driver to turn the mare’s head round, for he could be no cunning man if he did hard work.

Of ‘carriage-and-four ghosts’ we have specimens at Caistor, Pulham Market, Great Melton, and Blickling. The latter is the best story, for there are duplicate carriages, in one of which Anne Boleyn is driven, headless, down the avenue; while in the other her father, Sir Thomas, has to cross forty county bridges, pursued by all the fiends of hell for his share in his daughter’s death. The ghastly story of the


self-moving coffins is about Blickling, too; while not far off Lady Dorothy Walpole, the ‘Grey Lady,’ walks systematically at Rainham. She is described as a young and interesting woman who was forced, against her will, to marry Lord Townsend, in 1713, and I was told by a kinsman of hers how he saw the apparition. The ‘lie with circumstance’ was related, one windy and wet night, at the now closed ‘Chequers,’ at Brandon, with such detail and so many solemn asseverations, that I hardly dared sneak off to bed. Subsequent researches, which convinced me that so far from the lady dying of a broken heart, she lived long and ended a very prosaic life very quietly, have led me to disbelieve the whole story. Indeed, if we believe her other kinsman the gossip and the ‘Wentworth Papers,’ she was very little, if at all, better than she ought to have been. Of course, the recent appearance of a tall, priest-like figure to a well-known antiquary, while dozing over his books at Mannington Hall, is well known to Norfolk men.

How an escaped female lunatic, in white, ran barefooted and silent, but for her shrieks, alongside the gig of a hard-headed auctioneer, and temporarily converted him to a full belief in the uncanny world, is a well-known North-Norfolk joke, as also is the trick played with a black ram and a chain, which was turned out to meet some farmers, so as to represent the ‘Shuck Dog,’ the great, black, fiendish animal that patrols the northern coasts nightly, and which brings death within the year to anyone who meets it.
The fishermen, particularly, are very superstitious, and don’t care to be out of doors after dark, on the land. Their prayer is curious*:

‘Pray God lead us,
Pray God speed us,
From all evil defend us,
Fish for our pains God send us;
Well to fish and well to haul,
And what He pleases to pay us all.
A fine night to land our nets,
And safe in with the land—
Pray God, hear my prayer.’

The only appearance, if it can be called so, which puzzles me, is a ‘light ’ which has been showing lately at Runton, near Cromer. It is said to issue from a hedgerow, cross a field, and disappear in a fir-spinney. Many credible people have seen it, and a superstitious glamour is cast over the matter by a statement that it goes into the ground just where some human bones were once found. I believe myself that it may be the reflection of Cromer revolving light, cast on a bank of fog or vapour, which may appear under certain atmospheric conditions. But this theory, and that of “Will-o’-the-wisps,” is scouted, because the ground is high and dry, and well drained.

Another inexplicable story is that told both of Rainthorpe and Ashwellthorpe Halls — how a stranger came into the hall in bygone times and planted an acorn, which grew into an oak of large size then and there, and

*E.C.C., p. 274.
Then there came “whewting” in,

and carried away the oak out of the hall.

Of ‘Men of Gotham’ stories, I think the most amusing is that about the ‘Holt knowing ones,’ who being annoyed by the hooting of an owl, caught it and put it up a waterspout in the church tower, in the full assurance that it would be drowned the next rainfall, and who were extremely disappointed to see it emerge at the other end and fly away.

I have collected from all sources open to me the following epitome of the FOLK-LORE of Norfolk, which may be divided as follows:

**DEATH, AND OMENS OF DEATH.**

1. The limp corpse foretells, or is a warning of, another death. —*Vide* Henry Daveney in *Notes and Queries*, 1st Ser., vol. x., p. 156; and Rev. A. Sutton, Rector of West Tofts, *ibid.*, p. 88. Compare Grose’s ‘Superstition,’ p. 48. This seems common in Durham and elsewhere in England. —*Notes and Queries*, 1st Ser., vol. x., p. 253.

2. If you bring yew into the house at Christmas amongst the other evergreens, you will have a death in the family before the end of the year. —Forby, p. 413.

3. If a branch of may, or whitethorn, is brought into the house, it brings with it misfortune and death. —*Notes and Queries*, 4th Ser., vol. i., p. 550.

4. If you overturn a loaf of bread in the oven you will have a death in the house. —Forby, p. 414.


6. If you watch in the church porch on St. Mark’s night (25th April) you will see the apparitions of those who will die or have any dangerous illness during the following year. —Forby, p. 407; and *vide* ‘Norf. Arch. Original Papers,’ vol. ii., p. 295.
7. To hear the cuckoo’s first note when in bed, betokens illness or death to the hearer or one of his family. If a cuckoo light on touchwood or on a rotten bough and cuckoos, betokens death. — ‘Norf. Arch. Orig. Pap.,’ vol. ii., p. 301.

TO COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE, ETC.

1. A clover of two if you put in your shoe,
The next man you meet in field or lane
Will be your husband or one of the name.


2. Bishop, bishop, Barnabee,*
Tell me when my wedding be!
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.

*Otherwise ‘Bishee, bishee, Barnabee,’ etc. (F. C. Husenbeth in same vol. of *Notes and Queries*, p. 286), and ‘Buskye, buskye, Byrnie Bee,’ etc. (E. S. Taylor, E. A., p. 301).

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Fly to the East, fly to the West,
And fly to him that I love best.

*Notes and Queries*, 2nd Ser., vol. vii., p. 198.

3. A humble bee flying in at the window betokens a stranger coming. If it has a red tail, a man; if a white, a woman. — *Notes and Queries*, 4th Ser., vol. ii., p. 221.

4. A long stalk in the tea-cup betokens a tall, a short one a little, stranger. — *Ibid*.

5. If one blows at the tuft on a seeding dandelion, you can tell how many years it will be before you are married by the number of puffs you take to blow all the seeds away. — Forby, p. 424.

6. If you take a leaf of the yarrow plant and tickle the inside of your nose, saying—

Yarroway, yarroway, bear a white blow.
The Salamanca Corpus: “Superstitions, Folklore and Dialect” (1887)

If my love loves me my nose will bleed now.

And if your nose does bleed, your lover does love you. —Ibid.

7. If a young woman on St. Mark’s Eve goes out alone into the garden at midnight and sows some hempseed, saying at the same time—

Hemp-seed I sow— hemp-seed grow,
He that is my true love
Come after me and mow—
the figure of the future husband will appear with a scythe and in the act of mowing. —Forby, p. 408.

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8. If a young woman on St. Mark's Eve, while quite alone, bakes the ‘dumb cake,’ made of an eggful each of salt, wheat-meal, and barley-meal, before the fire, a little before midnight, and fasts and holds her tongue during the operation, the sweetheart will come in exactly at midnight and turn the cake. The door must be left open. —Forby, p. 408.

9. When an old maid dies the steeple nods. —Notes and Queries, 2nd Ser., vol. iii., p. 199.

The spire of Great Yarmouth is said to have got crooked through a virgin having once been married in the church.

10. They that wive
Between sickle and scythe
Shall never thrive.


This probably relates to its being unlucky to waste any time during the harvest.

TO CERTAIN DAYS IN THE YEAR.

1. Candlemas Day:

(a) On Candlemas Day, if the sun shines clear,
The shepherd had rather see his wife on her bier.
This is an allusion to the mortality among the ewes and lambs during the consequent bad weather. It seems a modern version of the old Latin proverb:

‘Si sol splendescat, maria purificante
Major erit glacies post quam fuit ante.’

See also F. C. Husenbeth in Notes and Queries, 1st Ser., vol. xi., page 335, and distich in the ‘Norwich Domesday’ on St. Swithin’s Day, quoted in Notes and Queries, 2nd Ser., vol. vii., p. 450.

(b) As far as the sun shines in on Candlemas Day,
So far will the snow blow in before old May.

Ibid., also ‘Norf. Arch. Trans.,’ vol. ii., p. 294.

(c) The farmer should have on Candlemas Day
Half his stover [turnips—new version] and half his hay. —Ibid.

(d) At Candlemas cold come to us. —Ibid.

(e) Candlemas Day the good huswife’s geese lay,
Valentine’s Day yours and mine may. —Ibid.

(f) You should on Candlemas Day
Throw candle and candlestick away.

Ibid., also see ‘Norf. Arch. Trans.,’ vol. ii., p. 294.

(g) When Candlemas Day is come and gone,
The snow won’t lie on a hot stone. —Ibid.*

(h) All the Christmas evergreens must be removed

* The sun by Candlemas Day has so much power that the snow won’t stop long unthawed.
on Candlemas Eve, or some misfortune will happen. —Forby, p. 415.

2. St. Valentine’s Day:
   
   (a) For an account of St. Valentine’s Eve at Norwich, see Notes and Queries, 1st Ser., vol. x., p. 5. For old custom of ‘catching valentines,’ see Forby, p. 423.

   (b) At Ryburgh, on St. Valentine’s Day, the children go round the village for contributions, singing —

       God bless the baker!
       If you will be the giver
       I will be the taker.

   Notes and Queries, 4th Ser., vol. v., p. 595.

   (c) On St. Valentine

       All the birds in the air in couples do join [jine]. —Forby, p. 418.

3. St. Mathias’s Day (24th Feb.).

   (a) This is the farmer’s day. —Norf. Arch. Trans., vol. ii., p. 295.

   (b) If the bushes hang of a drop before sunrise, it will be a dropping season; if the bushes be dry, we may look for a dry summer. —Ibid.

   (c) St. Matthew get candlesticks new
       St. Matthi lay candles by. —Forby, p. 418.

4. St. Mark’s Eve:

   (a) The brakes drop their seed at midnight.

       The top rolls up quite close and the seed falls. —Ibid.

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   (b) The appearances of all who are to die or be married can be seen at midnight in the church porch. —Ibid.

5. Ash Wednesday:

   Wherever the wind lies on Ash Wednesday it continues during the whole of Lent. —Forby, p. 414.

6. Good Friday:
If work be done on Good Friday, it will be so unlucky that it will have to be done over again. —‘Norf. Arch. Trans.,’ vol. ii., p. 296.

One must not wash on Good Friday. This is in the Bible. Christ once went on Good Friday for a walk, and asked a woman for a draught of water, and she gave him water with soapsuds in it. Therefore, etc. — [Told me on Good Friday, 1874, by my servant, Susan Abbs, from Runton.]

Cake baked on Good Friday never gets mouldy. It is good for diarrhoea. The same is said of Good Friday bread. —Forby, p. 402.

7. Easter:
Baked custards should be eaten at Easter and cheesecakes at Whitsuntide. —Notes and Queries, 3rd Ser., vol. i., p. 248. A tansey pudding on Easter Sunday. —Forby, p. 422.

8. Midsummer Day:
Cut your thistles before St. John,
You will have two instead of one.

Forby, p. 418.

9. Holyrood Day:
On Holyrood Day the Devil goes a-nutting. —Forby, p. 418.

10. Michaelmas Day:
If you do not baste the goose on Michaelmas Day, you will want money all the year. —Forby, p. 414.

11. St. Andrew’s Day:
St. Andrew the king
Three days and three weeks before Christmas comes in.

Forby, p. 418.

12. Christmas:
(a) At Christmas Eve, at midnight, animals rise and turn to the east. The horse will stay some time on his knees, and move his head about and blow over the manger. —‘Norf. Arch. Trans.,’ vol. ii., p. 296.
The Salamanca Corpus: “Superstitions, Folklore and Dialect” (1887)

(b) The rosemary blooms on Old Christmas Day. —Ibid.

(c) If you bring yew into the house at Christmas with the other evergreens, there will be a death in the family before the end of the year. —Forby, p. 413.

* For Christmas carols see Notes and Queries, 4th series, iii., p. 90: ‘Oh! here’s to the one ho!’

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(d) At old Christmas the days are longer by a cock-crow. —Forby, p. 418.

13. Childermas Day:

On whatever day of the week the 28th of December falls, that day is an unlucky day for the ensuing year. —Forby, p. 405.

TO THE WEATHER, ETC.

1. First comes David and then comes Chad,
   And then comes Winneral [St. Winnold] as though he was mad;
   White or black or old house-thack [thatch].
   Notes and Queries, 1st Ser., vol. i., p. 349.

2. If the ash is out before the oak it foretells rain. —Notes and Queries, 2nd Ser., vol. x., p. 256.

3. The grass that grows in Janiveer
   Grows no more all the year.
   Forby, p. 418.


5. Ne’er cast a clout till May be out. —Notes and Queries, 1st Ser., vol. vi., p. 601.


7. Saturday’s change and Sunday’s full
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Never brought good and never wull.


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Another version is in Forby, p. 417:

‘On Saturday new or Sunday full
Was never good and never wull.’

8. A Saturday’s moon
If it comes once in seven years comes too soon.
Forby, p. 416.

9. Another version is:

On Saturday new and Sunday full
Never brought good and never wull.
Forby, p. 417.

10. When the weirling shrieks at night,
Sow the seed with the morning light,
But when the cuckoo swells its throat
Harvest flies from the mooncall’s throat.

This is in Notes and Queries, 1st Ser., p. 614, called the ‘Wilby Warning,’ but from its phraseology I should say it was decidedly modern.

11. When a sun dog (two black spots) comes on the south side of the sun there will be fine weather, when on the north side there will be foul. The sun then fares to be right muddled and crammed down by the dog. —‘Norf. Arch. Trans.,’ vol. ii., p. 297.

12. If you see the old moon with the new there will be stormy weather. —Ibid. (Vide Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens.)

13. If it rains on a Sunday before the church doors are open, it will rain all the week more or less,

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or else we shall have three rainy Sundays. —Ibid.
The old version used to be:

If it rains on Sunday before mass,
It rains all the week more or less.

14. If it rains the first Thursday after the moon comes in, it will rain more or less all the while the moon lasts, especially on Thursdays. —Ibid.

15. If there be bad weather, and the sun does not shine all the week, it is sure to show forth some time on the Saturday. —Ibid.

16. If Noah’s Ark show many days together there will be foul weather [I do not understand this]. —Ibid.

17. On three nights in the year it never lightens (clears up) anywhere, and if a man knows these nights he would not turn a dog out. —Ibid.

18. If the hen moult before the cock, we get a winter as hard as a rock;
If the cock moult before the hen, we get a winter like a spring. —Ibid.

19. If the evening star rides low in the summer (i.e. with the leading star of the bear's tail above it) there will be a bad crop. —Ibid.

20. If the cuckoo on the last week he goes keeps on the top branches of the oaks and makes a noise, it is a sign of a good harvest, etc.; but if he keeps on the lower branches it is a bad sign. —Ibid., p. 301.

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TO VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

1. Them that ever mind the world to win,
   Must have a black cat, a howling dog, and a crowing hen. —Ibid., p. 302.

2. Cutting your nails on Monday means health; Tuesday, wealth; Wednesday, news; Thursday, new shoes; Friday, sorrow; Saturday, seeing your sweetheart the next day; Sunday, the devil. —Forby, p. 411.

3. White spots on the nails are lucky.

4. It is dangerous to let blood in the dog-days. —Ibid., p. 413.
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6. It is unlucky not to wear at least some new article of dress on Easter Sunday. — *Ibid*.


8. Dogs howling is a sign of ill-luck.

9. It is unlucky to buy bees; they should be obtained by barter. — *Ibid*.

10. It is unlucky to turn a loaf over in the oven. — *Ibid*.

11. It is unlucky to leave a candle to burn in the room by itself. — *Notes and Queries*, 1st Ser., vol. xii., p. 488.

12. It is unlucky to have rooks build near your house. — *Forby*, p. 414.

13. It is lucky to see the moon over the left shoulder. — *Ibid.*, p. 415.

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14. If you bring a few flowers into a house at a time there will be but few chickens there. — *Notes and Queries*, 4th Ser., vol. i., p. 550.


16. If you swear, you will catch no fish. — *Forby*, p. 414.

17. Fish are plentiful when fleas are plentiful. — *Notes and Queries*, 3rd Ser., vol. viii., p. 288.

18. If snakes could hear and sloths could see,
   Nor man nor beast would ever be free.
   

19. To cure hooping-cough, catch a house spider and tie it up in muslin and pin it over the mantelpiece, and when it dies the cough goes away. — *Ibid.*, 2nd Ser., vol. i., p. 386.

**Quaint Sayings.**

The late Rev. E. Gillett, of Runcham (E.G.R.), had a most amusing collection of these, which he told me he intended publishing under the title of ‘A Latch of Links;’ but his untimely death prevented this, and I do not know where his MS. is.
The Salamanca Corpus: “Superstitions, Folklore and Dialect” (1887)

A long collection of East Anglian proverbs, etc., will be found at pp. 427-435 of Forby.

Those in the text marked ‘W. R.’ are, I think, new, and are from my personal observation.

1. He has no more sense than a May gosling. —W. R.
2. On and on like a pig in a harvest-field. —W. R.
3. The kettle call the pot black-face. —W. R.
4. At fifty years of age a man is either a fule or a doctor. —W. R.

5. The last of eleven stone of hemp. —W. R.
6. He lies like a tooth-drawer. —W. R.
7. Sunday saint and week-day devil. —W. R.
8. As wooden as a pump. —W. R.
9. As lame as a tree. —W. R.
10. As old as Carlton Common. —W. R.
11. As deep as Chelsea (Reach). —Notes and Queries, 2nd Ser., vol. iii., p. 258.
19. Tew eager, like Farmer Cubitt’s calf as drotted tree moyles to suck a bull. —W. R.
13. No more ear for music than Farmer Ball’s bull, as dossed the fiddler over the bridge. —W. R.
14. A man who has had four wives is said to have shod the horse all round. —Notes and Queries, 4th Ser., vol. iv., p. 300.

The Local Rhymes

I have been able to collect, are neither numerous nor particularly amusing, viz.:

1. Halvergate hares, Reedham rats,
   Southwood swine, and Cantley cats,
   Acle asses, Moulton mules;
   Beighton bears, and Freethorpe fools.

   Notes and Queries, 1st Ser., vol. ii., p. 150.
2. Blickling flats, Aylsham fliers, Marsham peewits, and Hevingham liars.
   E. S. Taylor, in *Notes and Queries*, 1st Ser., vol. ii., p. 150.

3. Gimmingham, Trimmingham, Knapton and Trunch, Northrepps and Southrepps, all in a bunch.

4. Cromer crabs, Runton dabs; Beeston babies, Sherringham ladies; Weybourne [Cley] witches [bitches] Salthouse ditches; Langham fairmaids, Blakeney bulldogs, [var. bowheads]; Morsta dodmen,* Binham bulls, Stiffkey trolls [var. blues]; † Wells bitefingers, ‡ And the Blakeney people Stand on the steeple, And crack hazel-nuts With a five-farthing beetle. C. W. Barkeley, in *Notes and Queries*, 4th Ser., vol. iv., p. 331; as added to from my own collection.

5. Rising was, Lynn is, and Downham shall be, The greatest seaport of the three. J. N. Chadwick, in *Notes and Queries*, 1st Ser., vol. iii., p. 206.

* Dodmen — snails.
† Blues —mussels.
‡ A Wells sailor is said to have bitten off a drowned man’s finger to get his ring.

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6. Rising was a seaport town,
   And Lynn it was a waste;
   But Lynn it is a seaport town,
   And Rising fares the worst.

7. That nasty, stinking sink-hole of sin,
   Which the map of the county denominates Lynn.

8. Caistor was a city ere (when?) Norwich was none,
   And Norwich was built of Caistor stone.

9. Denton in the Dale
   And Arborough in the Dirt,
   And if you go to Homersfield
   Your purse will get the squirt.
   Fuller.

10. ‘Twixt Lopham Ford and Shimpling thorn
    England shall be won and lorn.
    Old Court-Book of Shimpling Manor.

THE DIALECT*

Of Norfolk has been exhaustively treated upon —perhaps

* A long list of all authors on this dialect will be found in the Appendix to the ‘Prompt. Parvulor.,’ p. lxxxii. The more important works on the subject are Forby’s ‘Vocabulary’ (2 vols., 1830), with Supplementary Volume by the Rev. W. T. Spurdens (1858); ‘Promptorium Parvulorum’ (ed. by A. Way for the Camden Soc.), and Gnatt’s
too much so —by many writers, who have included in their vocabularies many words which are common to the whole of England. What will strike the stranger’s ear as being most unusual in the fields will be ‘deke, holl,’ or ‘hull’ (e.g., ‘he hulled it into the holl’; i.e., threw it into the ditch), ‘pulk, dolestone,’ ‘par-yard,’ ‘largess,’ ‘ligger,’ ‘pightel,’ ‘levenses and fourses,’ ‘driftway,’ and the right of ‘shackage.’ Up the rivers and broads, as he is ‘quonted’ along in a wherry, he will notice a man on the ‘rond’ ‘dydling.’ In the evening he will probably see either the ‘roke’ or an ‘eynd’ rise, and may hap to sail under a ‘perry wind,’ or be upset by a ‘Roger’s blast.’

Indoors he may be sent to bed in either the ‘parlour-chamber’ or the ‘kitchen-chamber,’ the floor of which will be wiped up by a ‘dwile.’ The goodwife may be ‘haffling and jaffling’ with a neighbour, and come in and tell you she thinks her very ‘dis-improved,’ as she is not ‘jannock’ now, and is tolerably sure to give her children either ‘coshies’ or ‘loggetts’ to quiet them if they make too much ‘dullor,’ while she pours you out a glass of ale from a ‘gotch’ into a ‘beaker,’ and she ‘froizes’ you a pancake. A Norfolk man will say to you, ‘Come to mine,’ or tell you he had been to ‘his’—house being understood in each case. He will talk of a ‘mawther’ who may or may not be his ‘dafter,’ and if he is speaking to two or three will call you ‘together.’ He cannot pronounce ‘h’ when it comes after ‘t,’ so is compelled to say ‘tew’ and ‘tree’ for two and

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three, and ‘trew’ for through; while his vocative appellation for a man is ‘bor,’ and for a
woman ‘mor.’ Lastly, I regret to say he always, and in the most unblushing way, says
‘wulgar’ for vulgar.

‘That gate hang high;’ ‘but hinder none.’ Inscription at Kimberly to Jno.
Jenkyns, Mus. Doc.: ‘Under this stone rare Jenkyns lie.’

The following specimen of dialogue was given me the other day as being
taken down from the mouth of an East Norfolk gardener. Emphasized as italicized.

‘As I was jumping t’ holl from Farmer Thirkettle’s little pigtle inteu t’ rhoed,
she come up teu me and say:

‘“Can I get trew here?”

‘“Iss,” said I; “but it is no matter of a rhoed.”

‘“Whawt?” said she.

‘“It’s only a driftway like,” sed I.

‘“Eh?” sed she.

‘“Nobbut a packway,” sed I.

‘“Oh,” said she; “and which way deu I go?”

‘“Yew go as the rhoed go, for tew or tree hundred yard till you come teu a
paryard,” sed I.

‘“Teu whawt?” sed she,’ etc., etc.

Of dialect ballads we have few. There is an amusing one, telling how Giles
Jolterhead, a joskin raw, took his ‘darter Dinah ‘ to the Norwich Festival, printed in ‘E.
A.,’ ii., p. 67; and the Rev. E. Gillett translated the ‘Song of Solomon’ into Norfolk, for
Prince Bonaparte, in his polyglot version of that poem. The most readable of all the
dialect stories of the present day are ‘Giles’s Trip to London,’ and the rest of the series;
these are very clever and deservedly

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popular, and have run to a great number of editions. The difficulty in getting the country
people to let you take notes of their local words, or, indeed, to use them in your
presence at all, is very great. There are, indeed, some more sensible than others, and among them is my old skipper, Tungate, who sails my old boat, called the *Lotus*. Here are some notes I have taken down from his mouth, and as he is about seventy-seven, and is pure-bred Norfolk, they may be depended on. Sickles, in Norfolk and Suffolk, used to be slightly toothed or ragged-edged—a sharpened sickle ought to be called a ‘rape (reap) hook.’ A ‘flag’ is the top spit of a marshy meadow; a ‘turf’ is cut *down* after the ‘flagg’ is skinned off. It is always 4 inches by 4 inches by 3 feet long. Six score go to the hundred. ‘My father used to cut ‘em and lay ‘em one hundred and twenty in thirteen minutes, but I got to do ‘em in eleven minutes and a half.’

‘Hay (have) you got the guy rope?’
‘Undernain’ = Underneath.
Dingling about = Hanging or swinging about.
‘Then in her byes ’ = Then in her best.
‘I will stick-lick him’ = I will beat him with a stick.
‘He *driv* home’ = He drove home.
Hakes = Hooks.
Poyles = Piles.
Moyles = Miles.
Roding line = Roeing line.
The gun was ‘loaden.’
Wretts = Warts.
To lig = To lie (hence *ligger*).
Musharoom = Mushroom.

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‘I cast him such a dab,’ ‘I punched him good tidily.’
‘I rew him ’ = I rowed him.
Ganging = Going.
‘We are not so *pent* for half-an-hour’ = Pressed.
‘We har tew hev’ = We ought to have.
Jiffling = Fidgety.