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DIALECT STORY

BETTY BRESSKITTLE'S PATTENS, OR SANSHUM FAIR, A CHESHIRE-MON'S  
CRACK. BY J. C. CLOUGH

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[The following amusing story chiefly illustrates the dialect of the district between Altrincham and Knutsford, where the peculiarity of adding a "k" to words ending in "ing," as "gooingk," "fleyingk," for "going," "flying," is frequently, though not universally, heard. In most parts of Cheshire the "g" is dropped altogether, as we say "gooin," "floyin."

In a letter addressed to me, Mr Clough said that he had derived much of his knowledge of our dialect from conversations with the miller at New Mills, Mobberley. I knew old Burgess (for that was his name) well, and his talk was very characteristic; and although, in the following story, there are a few words spelt somewhat differently from the orthography I have adopted in the vocabulary, I have not ventured upon any alterations; for the folkspeech, the idioms, and the mode of thought of the people are represented,

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on the whole, with such marvellous accuracy that, whilst I read the pages, "owd Jud Bresskittle" and his "weife" seem to stand up before me as living personages. With respect to the spelling, Mr Clough further explains that when he wrote this sketch he endeavoured to reproduce the dialect as it was spoken before the railway from Altrincham to Manchester was opened, say forty years since; hence, probably, some of the orthographical differences between us.- R. H.]

BETTY BRESSKITTLE'S PATTENS.

"Whey? Moy weife lemme go to Trutcham to th' Market to sell th' butther an' th' eggs! By gum! Hoo'd welly be abayt thinkink o' gooingk to th' owd mon fleyingk uppo th' eend o' a baysom stail afore hoo'd lemme goo agen! Ah, bu' aw did go wunst, that aw did! An' didna aw coom hwom soabur! It's noine  
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'eer sin coom Bowdon waakes sin then; ah! ba' aw con welly hear th' owd lass shaoutingk at me a thissens, 'Jud Bresskittle, tha mun coom hwom soabur! Thah gurt borsten gawpingk picked cawf! Thah mun coom hwom soabur! else aw'll may thi yed as maazy wi th' shippoon stoo as tha has may'd it wi th' yell o' th' Axe an Cleaver! Thah gurt borsten soo! then tha sud coom hwom soabur! An hoo up wi th' cheer an' hoo gen me a gradely good un o' th' top o' th' yed wheyl th' sparks flew aht o' mi een for monny a wheyl at aftur! By gum! hoo's getten th' kink i' th' smaw o' her back, good luck to her for't, an aw'll go for aw that to Sanshum fair i' th' morningk, if aw dee for't, that aw will!"

So argid i' his own moind owd Jud Bresskittle, a farmer o' Ashley, th' neet afore Sanshum fair.

Nah, Betty Bresskittle, his weife, were awful bad wi' th' rhomatic i' th' smaw o' her back, an hoo sot theer i' th' cheer, chunneringk an as fow i' her temper as yoh ne'er heëard tell on i' ony Christen wimmen folks, aw'st be bahnd!

Hoo had an awfu' neet on it, an' hoo scretched welly wheyl tha met a heëard her to th' lone eend

So Jud thowt t' were a good toime to may a cleëan brust on it, so he ses to her, ses he, "Betty, me wench, this cooms o' gettingk thi feet weet through not havingk ony pattens, but thah'rt awways agate o' chunneringk when thah mun lay aht a shellingk.

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"Heugh!" ses hoo, "thah's reet, aw welly think; it aw cooms o' that sarvent wench, th' brassy faaced hussey! heugh! oh! oh! slatingk mi pattens i' th' feyre, heugh! oh! an brunningk 'em! aw welly think aw mun han a yew pair! heugh! "

"Well, aw mun be gettingk a yew muck fork, an a peykil, an theer's Jud Drinkwaiter owes me for that wheyte cawf that coom off Cherry, an he ne'er osses pay me, an aw hearn foaks sen he isna gettingk on gradely reet, so aw'st just caw an ax for th' brass afore he goes to th' wa', an then aw'st caw an get thee a yew pair o' pattens as aw coom hwom!"

"Eh, mon! heugh, oh! but wilta coom hwom soabur?"

"Ah! that aw will!"

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"Then howd thi din; thah'st go if thah dusna meyrther me!"

So Billy sneck'd his maith up, an slep loike a top, an' Betty git a wee bit sleep at aftur dayleet.

Nah i' th' morningk when Jud had gotten his breksfust, an' baggingk, he coom into th' hayse an git hissel cleean, an his owd weife Betty were aw th' toime sot chunneringk i' th' cheer. Ah bu' when he were gotten ready an were welly as "foine as a yew scrap'd carrot," as folks sen, an were just thinking o' puttingk th' tit i' th' shandry Betty baws aht:

"Thah mun coom hwom soabur! an sithee, sit thi dahn, aw mun trey an insense thee gradely abaht these pattens! heugh! oh! bad cess to this kink aw've gotten! aw sud loike go an buey 'em mysel, aw rayally sud!"

"Aw wish thah cud, lass!" ses Jud, but he ne'er thowt it; "Aw wish thah cud, lass!"

"Arta sartin sure tha'll coom hwom soabur?"

"Eh! lass, thah'rt agate on me as if thah thowt aw cudna keeap my word."

"Weel, then," says hoo, "thah mun fotch me a pair o' pattens fro Thrutcham, an thah munner gen moor nor a shellingk for 'um, an they munna be too heigh kecklingk, ner too low carkingk, ner too weide gawpingk, ner too narra laumingk, ner too lung pokingk, ner too shirt pinsingk\*; an, sithee, if thah dusna bring 'em gradely reet, aw'll lug thi yure, wheyl thi yed gits as maazy an as meyrther as th' weather cock uppo Thrutcham Taan Haw."

Jud staared at her foinly loike a cawf wi aw his een, an he ses,

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“Lass! aw've gotten rayther a tickle job afore me, aw reckon. Lemme see! they munna be too heigh carkingk, ner too lung kecklingk, ner too narra pinsingk, ner—”

“Jud Bresskittle, thah'rt a foo!”

“Whur?”

“They munna be too heigh kecklingk, ner too low carkingk, ner too weide gawpingk, ner too narra lawmingk, ner too lung pokingk, ner too shirt pinsingk! Dosta hear?”

\*These directions were really given by the original of Betty Bresskittle when she wanted a new pair of pattens.— J. C. C

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“Ah! aw've gotten it nah, aw reckon. They munna be too heigh kecklingk, ner too low carkingk, ner too weide gawpingk, ner too narra laumingk, ner too lung pokingk, ner too shirt pinsingk! By gum! Thah'rt bahnd get a good shellingk's worth, aw'll swear.”

“Coom mon, thah hasna done yet! An if thah dusna bring ‘em—”

“Oh, ah! aw can tell thi! an if aw dunna bring ‘em gradely reet aw'll lug thi yure wheyl thi yed gets as maazy an as meythert as th' weather cock uppo Thrutcham Taan Haw.”

“Jud Bresskittle! artna shaamed o thisel! Thah's gotten a yure o' owd Scrat in thi, that thah has, an thah shanna buey ‘em for me, that thah shanna, for aw's buey ‘em mysel, so thee just put th' cheer i' th' shandry an aw'll go wi thee. Thah'rt nobbut loike a gurt hobbityhoy wi a beead, aw conna trust thi aht o' mi seet!”

“Ah bu' aw'st go, aw know!”

“Ah lad, tha'st go, an aw'll tak good care on thi, aw con tell thi, that thah cooms hwom soabur!”

“Weel, weel.

What conna be cured

Mun be endured.

“So caw th' sarvent wench, an' get thi ready, wheyl aw go put th' tit i' th' shandry.”

So sayingk Jud Bresskittle geet off to th' staable weel content eneuf for th' fawse felly know'd varyr weel that wunst at Sanshum fair his owd rhoomaticky weife cudna hinder him fro mitch fun.

He wurna lung noather afore he'd gotten th' shandry at th' doör, he teyed th' tit to th' eyren ringk i' th' wa' an git i' th' hayse to fotch th' owd lass.

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Eh, mon! ha hoo did grunt an groen, poor owd wench! wi' th' rhoomatic as they taken howd on her to put her i' th' shandry! Hoo welly repented her o' her bargain, that hoo did! But they getten her landed saafe and saand at th' last i' th' shandry! an oop jumps owd Jud lest hoo sud awter her moind; gen th' tit a bit o' a switch wi' th' whip, an off they went, the dust fleyingk, th' owd woman shaouting "'heugh!" an "ho!" an Jud cracklingk th' whip an agate o mayingk as mitch din as a dozen foaks when they'd

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getten th' last sheaf o' kurn led, an are agate shuttingk th' hare into other folks laand.

When they'd getten a wee bit on th' rooad Jud tuk his toime, an th' owd woman didna caw an baw aht queyt so mitch.

By an by Betty began to noatise that theer wer an uncommon ruck o' folks aw bahnd to Thrutcham, an hoo couldna queyt may it aht, till at th' last one owd body shahts aht to her,

"Eh, Betty! an so tha'rt bahnd to Sanshum fair, rhoomatic or no rhoomatic, art a?"

"Sanshum fair!" ses hoo, "by golly, 'tis Sanshum fair to-day, an aw'd cleëan forgotten aw abaht it aw along o' this kink i' my back! bad cess to 't, an bad cess to thee, Jod Bresskittle, wi thi muck fork an thi peykil an thi brass at Jud Drinkwayter's for th' wheyte cawf that coom off owd Cherry! bad cess to thee! aw'll tan good care tha gits no brass to-day for no cawf that aw will, for tha'd nor rest till tha'd spent it aw at th' jerry shop!"

"Nay, aw wudna; aw've ne'er bin i' th' jerry shop i' moy loife!" ses Jud, switchingk th' tit wheyl Betty were welly fawingk aht o' th' shandry.

"Whey, mon! dostna want brak every boosan i' my skin that tha dreyves a thatens? Thah'll be fain eneuf when aw ee, aw'se warrant! Aw amna so bleind but aw've seen thi a lookingk at th' sarvant wench ahint mi back, an aw dar varry weel sen thah's trodden o' her toes under th' table! Thah'll be fain eneuf when aw dee!"

"Ah! aw wish thah wud dee, lass! mebbe aw'se be agate o' sum plum cake if thah nobbut dee; for ne'er a beyte o' that an aw getten sin aw were at th' berryingk o' owd Billy Reyle at Bowdon, mebbe three 'eer sin. So if thah wants dee, thah'd better be agate on 't this varry minute; thah'll foind cottages i' Peel Cosey cleëan eneuf to leye in; so, owd lass, be agate o' deeingk, an' aw'll buey th' plum caake o' owd Nance Wharton's i' Thrutcham. Coom, there's a wench Betty, dee, do, wench!"

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Owd Betty barst aht i' a flud o' tears.

"Eh, Jud!" ses hoo, "th' toimes are changed sin thah used meeat me i' th' meadows uppo' th' green at Rosterne Mare; but aw've gotten

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owd sin then, an thah dusna luv me no moör, that thah dusna! Aw rayally wish aw were djed an laid i' th' church yard!"

"Weel, Betty," seys owd Jud, a wheypingk his een wi his cooat sleeve, "thah's gotten a tung as lung as — ah, as lung as a beysom stail, an when thah'rt wunce agate o' thissens thah'rt as fow as a vixen wi a sore yed! Thah taks aw wrung as ever aw does, an when thah'rt agate o' talkingk sitch loike fash, then aw conna help sayingk summat too! so, lass, aw'll be mate if thah'll be marrow! let's be mate an marrow!"

"Ah, Jud, that aw will, if thah'll nobbut luv me!"

"Weel, lass, that's aw settled. Here we've gotten to Peel Cosey; we'se soon be i Thrutcham!"

When they did git to Thrutcham they druv reight to th' Market Plaace to th' Roebuck, which used to be i' th' middle o' th' market when George the Thurd were king an moi gronny were wick, an it were reight i' th' thick o' aw th' fun.

Theer were shows, and fleyingk boats, an' doobby horses, an' merry go rains, an' nuts to shoot for, an' spin um rains aw prizes and no blanks, an fat wimmen foaks, an lean men, geyants, an dwarfs an aw th' rest.

"Eh, wench!" ses Jud, "this is a mortacious foine seet! welly as foine as th' fair twenty ear sin when aw tuk thi i' aw th' shows an git th' prize for grinningk through th' horse collar! Eh, wench! it maks me yung agen! it maks me yung, aw dunna feal loike foive forty, that aw dunna!"

"Well! well, lad! tay th' tit aht, an lemme git i' th' Roebuck parlour wheyl tha bueys th' pattens and does thi wee bit jobs i' th' taan. Tha sees aw've forgen thi!"

So owd Jud git her i th' parlour and put th' tit i' th' staable, an he git to th'owd weife.

Then ses owd Betty, "Ah bu' tha winna go buey th' muckfork baht me?"

Jud looked at her, and then he ses, "Now, aw winna!"

"Then tha may go; stop a minute; tha'rt in a gradely hurry," ses hoo; an tha winna go buey th' peykil baht me!"

Jud looked at her agen, an then he sez, "No, aw winna, owd lass!"

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"Then tha may go; stop a minute moor," ses hoo, "nah! tha winna go git th' brass fro' Drinkwaiter's for th' wheyte cawf that we got fro' owd Cherry baht me?"

Jud look'd at her agen, and then he ses,

"Now, owd lass! that aw winna!"

Jud was just off agen, when hoo caws him back agen.

"Tell me, lad! tha'll com hwom soabur, winna 't a?"

"Ah, lass! ah winna get drunk baht thee!"

"Jud Bresskittle!" aw wunder at thi!"

"It's aw reet, lass!"

"Well, sithee then; tha munna forget mi pattens, an tha munna gen moor nor a shillingk for em, an they munna be too heigh kecklingk, ner too low carkingk, ner too weide gawpingk, ner too narra laumingk, dost hear? ner too lunk pokingk, ner too shirt pinsingk! Dosta hear?"

"Aw hear! art a gradely done nah? eh, lass?"

"Aye! aw've done!

"Then aw con go?"

"Ah!"

Nah he'd gotten leeave Jud started off into th' fair.

"Aw munna buey th' muckfork, an aw munner buey th' peykil, an aw munna git th' brass fro Drinkwaiter for th' wheyte cawf that aw git fro Owd Cherry! Whey! there's nowt for me to do 'cept git drunk! nay, mon, tha munna get drunk! tha mun buey th' pattins, nay aw munna git drunk noather! Hooray! aw've gotten nowt to do but buey th' pattins!"

"Eh! Jud! is that thee, owd lad?"

Jud turn't hissels, an who shud he see but Jonas Pricket.

"Eh! Jonas! is it thee, lad? What art agate on?"

"Oh nowt!" just lookingk rained loike! Wilt coom an have a soap o' drink?"

"Ah! aw will! Now! aw munna git drunk, th' owd ooman ses, or awst git my yed purred."

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“Git drunk! What art agate on, eh mon? aw didna say owt abaht gettingk drunk! Theer’s a vast atween gettingk a soap o’ beer aht o’ a gill-pot, and soapingk a piggintle!”

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“Tha’rt reet, Jonas!”

An so they git to th’ Axe an Cleaver, an Jonas trated Jud, and then yoh know that Jud trated Jonas; an then Jemmy Reyle o’ Sandyway coom in, an Jonas trated Jimmy and Jud, an Jud trated Jonas an Jimmy, an Jimmy trated Jonas and Jud; and then in coom Jock Carter o’ Runjer, an he trated em aw, an they aw trated him, an they aw trated one another; an then they git agate o’ a argiment abaht th’ shows, when Jock Carter o’ Runjer ses they’d gotten th’ best preize feighters i’ aw Cheshire theer, to which Jud Bresskittle ses, “It’s fawse!” So Jock axed whoa cud feight em? an Jud ses, “Aw con!”

“Thah con?” ses Jock.

“Ah, aw con!” ses Jud.

“Nay, thah conna!” ses Jemmy.

“Yea, aw con, an aw’ll doo’t!” ses Jud.

“An if thah dusna doo’t wilt a stond glasses o’ brandy aw raind?”

“Yea, aw will!”

“An aw’ll stond em aw raind if tha does!”

So they aw tummelt aht o’ th’ Axe an Cleaver an git em into th’ fair to th’ feightingk show wi a girt black nigger wi th’ gloves on, a challengingk aw Cheshire to coom up theer an feight him. An another mon, — he were a wheyte ‘un, — were a knockingk as hard as he could upo a thingk that looked loike a girt copper freyingk pon, an makkingk din eneuf to meyther aw th’ foak i’ Thrutcham, an he were a bawlingk aht:—

“Valk hup, ladies and gennelmen! valk hup! honely von penny to see the great prize fight between Brassy Jack of Hoxford, that beat hall the stoodents hof the Huniversity, and Chicken 'Arted 'Arry of London, that beat the Fightin’ Cock o’ Brummyghem, and knocked ‘im hall to nuffin for two 'undred pound aside! Vill commence in five minutes free gratis for nuffin for hall the world that pays the small sum hof von penny has haforesaid!”

Jud Bresskittle queyte forgit that th’ show were just oppysit the Roebuck wheer his weife were, an so he shaouted aht,

“Mesther Blackymoor! const a feight? eh, owd mon?”



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“Valk hup, sir! valk hup! hand I'll send you hinto the middle

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of next veeek, hall hin two minutes, free, gratis, for nuffin! Come ‘ere, sir, give us yer ‘and!”

Jud sprung upo’ th’ stage leet as a buck an bowd as a dandycod, an’ th’ mon what were playingk th’ drum (only it wer’nt a gradely drum) gen him a pair o’ gloves. Jud began a sparringk, an th’ foaks shaouted, “Hooray! Go it, owd Jud! Tha’rt a gradely Cheshire mon!”

Th’ black felly next gen Jud a wee bit o’ a bang i’ th’ reet ee, an Jud git as weild as weild, an hit reet aht, but some hah he couldna git a gradely bang at th’ black mon. At aftur two or three minutes th’ black felly knocked Jud dahn, an t’other chap coom and picked him up, an’ touched Jud's faace wi’ th’ spunge everywheer wheer he’d gotten a bang, but th’ spunge had gotten a gurt lot o’ red ruddle on it so that it made gurt red blotches upo Jud’s faace wheer it touched it; an th’ foaks shaouted an shaouted, “Hooray, Jud! Owd mon! at em agen!” An Jud let floy a good un, an th’ mon wi’ th’ spunge had to pick th’ blackeymoor up this toime an put th’ ruddle upo his faace just at under th’ ee.

“Hooray, Jud! hooray, owd mon! " shaouted Jock Carter o’ Runjer; tha’rt game if tha’rt owd!”

Just at that vary minit Jud's weife, bad as hoo were wi’ th rheumatic, pushed her roaad through th’ folks an stood i’ th’ frunt o’ th’ show.

“Go it agen, Jud! here’s th’ weife coom t’ see hah gam tha art!” shaouted Jonas.

Jud turn’d rahnd an gurned at th’ frunt o’ th’ show wi’ his faace aw ruddle.

“Tha girt borsten soo! I’ll baste thi when aw get thi hwom, that aw will!” shaouted Betty Bresskittle; “aw wunder tha artna ashamed o’ thisen to stond theer a feightingk th’ deevil hiss!”

“Hooray! hooray! here’s a bonny marlock!” shouted aw th’ foaks as Betty shak'd her fist at Jud.

“Sithee! Jud Bresskittle! as sure as tha’rt caw’d Jud Bresskittle aw’ll mak it aw reet wi’ th’ milkingk stoo’ when aw’ve gotten thi hwom!”

Bu’ Jud didna seem to loike it, so he slipp’d th’ gloves off his

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honds, an joomp'd off th' show, an off he cut through th' foaks welly loike a hare, and Jock Carter and Jonas Pricket an Jemmy Reyle an aw their chums at tafter.

"Stop Jud! Jud! hoo isna a comingk!" shaouted Jemmy Reyle.

So Jud stopped, and sed, "Awd cleean fergetten hoo'd gotten th' kink!"

Then his chums aw shook honds wi him an sed:

"Cheer up, Jud! tha mun tay a glass o' brandy to keep thi pekker up! Coom, lad!"

And so they went into th' nearest public hahse, which were th' Unicorn, an shaouted for brandies aw rahnd, an maade Jud pay for th' lot cause he hadna threshed th' blackeymoor. Then Carter paid for brandies aw rahnd, an Pricket at tafter, an Jud were gotten joost abaht jolly an nebburley.

"Coom, lad!" ses Carter, "another glass'll stiddy thi yed, an then tha const coom hwom an flare oop a bit loike; send th' owd lass to th' middle o' next ear if hoo osses start agate o' cawingk thee!"

"It isna th' cawingk!" ses Jud, "it's th' puncingk my yed an pooingk my yure that aw moinds! aw conna foncey that, no hows!"

"Then tha mun tay fourpenno'th o' brandy wi two penno'th o' whisky, rayal Eyrish in't, an then tha'll be i' good fettle, loike a shouldier nobbut th' red cooat!"

"Bu aw munna ferget th' pattens, or noather th' brandy nor th' whisky 'll do me a a'wpo'th o good! Some on yo go get me a yew paar o' pattens for th' owd lass! Me yed's gotten aw o' a muddle!"

"That aw'll do!" ses Jock Carter o' Runjer, "an aw'll get me aht o' this hole and doo't wheyl tha gets thi stuff soaped!"

So wheyl Jud soaped th' brandy wi th' whisky, Jock o' Runjer fotched th' pattens, an when he were coom back he gen um to Jud wropped up i' papper. Jud put 'em i' his poke baht sayingk owt.

"Nay, mon!" ses Jock, "tha winnat goo hwom baht gieingk me th' brass for th' pattens, wilt a? Thah'rt welly drunk!"

"Eh! mon! awd cleean fergetten th' brass, th' owd lass that sits i' th' Roebuck threap'd me foynly, that aw sudna gie no moor nor a shellingk for em. So here, hasta a shellingk every awpenny on 't!"

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An he gen him a fistfu' o brass, which Jock tell't o'er, and then gen him noine pennies  
an foive awpennies back

“Hasta tan aw tha wants?” ses Jud.

“Ay, aw have!”

“An they munna be too low gawpingk, nor too heigh kecklingk, ner too long pinsingk!  
Dosta welly think they're gradely reet?”

“Ay, aw welly do! But dosta welly think tha const may thi way hwom baiht a  
meycrooscoop?”

“Whur? What dosta sen, mon? tha maks me feeal aw overish loike! Oh law! oh law!”

“A megnifeyngk glass is what aw meēan, a glass that maks fleys welly loike cawves!”

“Eh, mon! aw'e gotten two megnifeyngk glasses i' mi yed awready, for here's this  
weife o' moine that's no bigger ner a fley has gotten me under her thoom welly as if  
hood been a yolliphant, an aw winna stan it no moör, that aw winna, nor aw winna sit  
mysel dahn to it noather, coweringk i' th' chimbley nook wheyl hoo's agate o'  
chunneringk!

For aw's a jolly good felly!

An aw's a jolly good felly!

An aw's a jolly good fel-el-el-ly!

An' my naem's Jud Bresskittle, an aw's bahnd for Ashley, so aw'll jist get aht o' this  
hole wheyl aw'm wick, and if yo donna loike it, ye con let it baide!”

“Wheerbista bahnd?”

“Hwom! mon, hwom! for theer aw've gotten sitch a swate craytur o' a weife, so aw'll  
jist gang hwom wheyle aw'm soaber!

For aw mun gang hwom soaber!

Soaber, soaber!

Aw mun gang hwom soaber

To leead a queyet loife!

By gum! ha th' street rows abaht! Aw welly think th' awminack proffeyside a  
yarthqueyke! By gum! ha th' Market Haw steeple dodders!

An aw's jest bahnd for 'Stralier!

Bu aw at the Queen's expense!”

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An at tafter he'd sung this he donced welly loike wicksilver on th' top o' a drum yed, an talked to hissen a thissens: —

“Come, Jud, mon! wheers thi shandry?”

“Oh! aw'll fotch it in now! Jock, tha dusna walk gradely reet, mon! Tha artna soaber! Eh mon! aw reckon theer's been a good toothery glasses agate aw rahnd wheer tha's bin!

Here's to aw widders o' bashful sixteen,  
An' here's to yung wenches o' sixty,  
An' we'll get us a glass that's fit for a queen,  
An oather o' brandy or whisky!

Here, Missis Roebuck Inn, sithee lass! Wheer's moy shandry? Coom, lass, get a eshintle o' th' best Jock Barleycorn! an' moind theer's no wayter in 't!

For aw con pleugh, an aw con sow,  
Aw con reëap, an aw con mow,  
An aw con to the market go,  
An sell my daddy's kurn an hay  
An yedde my saxpence ivery day!

Theer! mon, theer's th' shandry, nah aw'll get me hwom an get this mortacious fashious bizness o'er!”

So off goes owd Jud through th' fair as happy as happy, shaoutingk an singingk a thissens : —

“Thah should coom hwom soaber! thah gurt rakussingk scrag-peëace! Aw'll raddle thi' bones for thee, that aw will!

Theer isna luck abaht the hayse!

Theer isna luck at aw!

No moor theer is when th' mon dusna coom hwom soaber! So aw gang hwom wi' th' pattens an see what hoo's gotten to saäy!

“They munna be too heigh gawpingk, ner too lung kecklingk,— nay, that isna it noather,— they munna be too heigh kecklingk, ner too lung gawpingk, that's it— nay— they munna be too narra laumingk, that's it— they munna be too shirt gawpingk— Eh! mon, tha's a foo! an aw's welly gloppened that thah's forgotten aw as aw tell'd thee?

**The Salamanca Corpus: Betty Bresskittle's Pattens (1879)**

Eh! that's it, mon! forgotten! forgotten! Eh mon! aw've forgotten summat! Too heigh pokingk! Aw shud a browt summat fro'

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Thrutcham! What have aw forgotten? Thah shud coom hwom soaber! That's it!

Then thah shud coom hwom soaber!

Soaber! soaber!

Thah shud coom hwom soaber!

When thah goes to Sanshum fair!

Sithee mon! con'sta tell me what aw've forgotten? Th' pattens munna be too low gaupingk, nor too lung pinsingk, nor too heigh kecklingk! Oh deary, oh deary, mi yed's aw ov a maaze! aw'se welly meithert! Ah, bu' theer's a vast o' foaks is war than oi th neet!

Shud moi weife's pattens be forgot

An never browt to min'?

Awll tak a gill for coomfort sake

When aw get to the Wolf!

That's Bobby Burns wi' management in 't! Eh, mon! theer's th' Wolf! dang it! but somebody shall tell me what aw've fergetten!"

When owd Jud had gotten to th' Wolf 't were welly dark, but he gets anuther gill an off he gangs hwom.

Aw at wunst he stops th' tit and slaaps his bond upo his leg.

"By gum! that last gillfull has maade me soaber! aw've forgotten nowt! Jud Bresskittle, dusna thah moind that thah munna buey th' peykil baht me! and thah munna buey th' muckfork baht me! an thah munna git th' brass fro owd Drinkwaiter for th' wheyt cawf as coom off owd Cherry baht me! Hooray!

"Aw welly think aw'd gotten th' mill wheel i' my yed; for

They munna be too heigh laumingk

Laum, laum, laumingk!

They munna be a laumingk

My owd woife ahwom!

Thah shud coom hwom soaber! Aw caares for nobody

No not aw!

**The Salamanca Corpus: Betty Bresskittle's Pattens (1879)**

For nobody cares for me!

Aw wish it were to-morrow morningk, that aw do, an then aw shud a getten this  
fashious business o'er. Hooray! aw've forgotten nowt!"

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An at last singink and shaoutingk owd Jud git hwom.

"An so yo're theër, are yoh?" said th' sarvant wench.

"Yes, an aw've getten th' pattens here i' my poke for the owd lass; wheer is hoo?"

"Isna hoo coom wi' yoh! Wher is hoo?"

"Whur-r-r!"

"Isna hoo coom hwom?"

"Whoa?"

"Th' missis!"

"Th' missis! th' missis! Oh law!" ses owd Jud, an he turn'd as wheyte as a sheet.

"Ah! th' missis!" ses hoo, "yoh hanna tummelt her aht o' shandry an kilt her, han yoh!"

"Now, wench! *worser nor that!*"

"Is hoo djed?"

"Now! now! *worser nor that! worser nor that!* aw'll never doo't agen as lung as aw  
live!"

"What han yoh done wi' her?"

"*Aw've fergetten her!* Oh moi! Oh moi! Aw know'd aw'd fergetten summat!" An owd  
Jud cowerd hissel dahn, an welly creyed.

At afther a wheyle th' owd lass hersen oppen'd th' door and coom in.

"So th'art theer, arta? Jud Bresskittle! th'art theer, arta?"

"Aw winna doo't agen, that aw winna!"

"Aw know'd tha wert after that gurt brassy faced hussey! hoo's getten eneuf brass i' her  
faace to mak a tay kittle!"

"Ah! bu' hoo hasna getten eneuf to mak a Bresskittle, hoo hasna!"

"Dosta meëan it?"

"Ah! that aw do!"

"Then aw'll forgie thi! That is, till aw'm better! aw'll tayche thi to look at th' sarvent  
wenches wi' a baysom stail! that aw will, afore a dee! Tha shanna get anuther Missis  
Bresskittle baht payingk for her, that aw con tell thee!"

**The Salamanca Corpus: Betty Bresskittle's Pattens (1879)**

“Aw've dun aw as thah's tow'd me!”

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“An thah's fergotten thi weife! An if it hadna a bin for Johnny Brain o' Mobberley aw met a bin nah i' Thrutcham! Bu' Johnny's weife's djed, an aw'll gang off wi' Johnny in now! that aw will, as shure as moi naäm's Betty Bresskittle! Thah gurt borsten soo! wheer are th' pattens? An if they arena too heigh kecklingk, ner too low carkingk, ner too— Jud Bresskittle, th'art a born foo! It aw cooms o' feightink wi' owd Scrat! Thah'st gotten bad luck top eend thah cumberlin! an for aw thah tawks so grand baht beingk soaber tha'rt desp'rate shommakin!”

“What's th' matter?”

“Thah gurt borsten drunken soo! What's th' matter? aw'll tell thee what's th' matter! theer! that's th' matter!”

An hoo let fley wun o th' pattens at his yed!

“Thah ruddle-faäced mawkin to coom thi marlocks uppo me, theer!”

An hoo let fley th' tother patten at his yed.

“Whur! By gum! what dosta meëan? Marlocks? aw conna may it aht! Aw've gotten thi pattens!”

“Pattens! fiddle as leike! Bu' aw'll mak it aw reet wi th' shippon stoo'!”

An hoo let fley th' tally eyrons at his yed.

“Dosta think aw'm a babby!”

“A babby? Thah dusna hit leike a babby!”

“A babby! Thah's nobbut browt me a paar o' babby's clogs!”

“Babby's clogs!”

Jud look'd at th' pattens, an for shure they're nowt but a paar of clogs for a babby toothree 'ear owd!

“Then thah shud coom hwom soaber!” ses th' owd lass wheyl hoo jowd his yed agen th' wa, “An as shure as thah'rt cawd Jud Bresskittle aw'll mak it aw reet wi' th' shippon stoo when aw've gotten gradeley shut o' this kink i' my back, an tha shanna forgit Betty Bresskittle's pattens as lung as thah lives!”