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THE TRIP TO TIPTREE;  
OR, A LOVER'S TRIUMPH.

*Humbly presented to the Philologist, as a specimen of the dialect of the  
peasantry of Essex.*

Youn' Simon ov TIPTREE, a noice steady lad was he,  
They jouy ov his moather—the proide ov his dad was he;  
An', as a ploughmun, folks say, you scace ever ded  
Clap oyes upun one wot his wark hafe so clever ded.

To “come oup” to him, all his mates, they bestirrers wor,  
For straight—proper straight uns—they spied all his thurrars wor;  
But, our Simon, nut onny at *ploughin* ' excel ded he,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Trip to Tiptree* (1842)

If he sew, rep, or mew, stell the same, oh! so well ded he!

Stron' an' clunchy was Simon, an' noice carlly hair he had,  
With health's tint on his chakes, through the dale ov fresh air he had:  
With a charriter gud, ne'er lack "dubs" in his puss ded he. —  
Ollis "bobbish" an' gay, long pass his loife thus ded he.

Howsomever, this genus—this lad ov ability—  
Soon foun' a sad stup put to all his tranquillity;  
For into his heart soon much fudder love's arrars went,  
Thun into the moul's e'er the teeth ov his hurrars went!

All the cause ov his troubles, 'twas werry soon sin, they say, —  
He had so fell in love with one fair Dorcas Winn, they say;  
Such a noice gal was Dorcas, the chaps all look'd sloy at her,  
An,' poor Simon, *he* too, had oft caist a ship's oye at her.

Quoite the proide ov oad TIPTREE this naarbour's gud darter was,  
Whoile for some toime our Simon's wesh her to "goo arter" was;  
An' that what cud nut be at some other places done,  
Was—an' nut so wusser—soon at TIPTREE RACES done!

Nation plased now was Simon—his sithin' was banish'd quoite;  
To his gal he'd "struck oup," an,' his fares, they had wanish'd quoite:

His Dorcas's conduct, oh! now it was such he ded  
E'en begin to hev thotes ov the axin' at chutch, he ded!

Our Simon an' Dorcas, stell yit on the Heath wor they—  
Now sot down in some "Tavin," 'neath the floral wreath wor they:  
Where there was such guzzlin,' and such ham-an'-wealin' it, —  
Whoile many loike blazes kept on toe an'-heelin' it.

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At , TIPTREE, the pair, oup an' down long parade ded they,  
An' oyed all the "soights" — all the wonders display'd ded they;  
'Ginst the shows, with mouth opun, our Simon, long stan' ded he,  
Tell, ov coas, into etch, with much grace, his lass han' ded he!

Who's on TIPTREE'S coas *arly*, sure, but a doull clown is he,  
There no racers *come oup* tell the sun nare *gone down* is he!  
OH! there spud, sure, ov "bloods" be an arlier ridin' there!

Howsomever, our pair, of the hosses—*at length*— they had  
Cotch a wiew some vay oaf—when to so troy their strength they had;  
Jes to roights run'd the fust—for, though git such a check did he,  
At las'—as some beauties hev—*sin by a neck* ded he!

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Though so spirity etch, all the tothers, ‘twas plain, they had  
But bin “leather’d” for nought—but strain’d etch *narve in wain they had!*  
An’ when their cute backers twig’d that *behine* range ded they—  
(An’ foun’ hootch had bet) —think it “*passin* strange” ded they!

Whoile at TIPTREE, poor Dorcas, once or twice rayther frown’d had she,  
For, somehows, so dartied her best yallar gownd had she;  
An’, our Simon, some chaps there to bouy ded beset him so,  
He at last ded agree, when he foun’—they had chet him so!

To be oaf frum their “Tavin” quoite toime it now gittin’ was, —  
‘Sides, there was such a tarnation smudge where etch sittin’ was:  
So when ‘mong the stalws they had had a shote roam agin,  
Frum the Heath they wor trapsin’ to Dorcas’s home agin.

When snoug from the boustle, fond Simon, full oft ded he,  
“To her head,” tell his love such a kit ov things “soft” ded he;  
An’ his Dorcas, she trusted—(but wot lover do less ded he?) —  
That he’d soon come agin—for *wot*, Simon, guess ded he!

A few moanths arter this, our pair, made but one wor they,  
“Tied oup,” one foine moarn, by some grave Levi’s son wor they;  
An’ yow’d guess, by the smoile wot now plays on both faces stell,  
That they’ve cause to remember with jouy TIPTREE RACES stell!



The Salamanca Corpus: *The Trip to Tiptree* (1842)

CHARLES CLARK,

Author of "John Noakes," a poem in the

Essex Dialect.

Great Totham Hall, near Tiptree, Essex,

February, 1842.

