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VNIVERSITAS  
STVDII  
SALAMANTINI

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SPECIMENS  
OF THE  
YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

To which is added,  
A GLOSSARY  
OF SUCH OF THE YORKSHIRE WORDS  
AS ARE  
*LIKELY NOT TO BE UNDERSTOOD*

By those unacquainted with the Dialect.

**The Second Edition,**

*With large Additions.*

KNARESBROUGH:

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1808.

[NP]

SPECIMENS  
OF THE  
**YORKSHIRE DIALECT,**  
BY WAY OF  
**DIALOGUE,**

Between GULWELL, a London Register-Office Keeper, and MARGERY  
MOORFOOT, a Country Servant Girl

MARGERY and GULWELL.

MARGERY.

SUR, an a body may be so bowld, Ah's come te ax an ye've sped about t' woman sarvant  
'at ye advertahs'd for.

GULWELL.

I have not. —Come nearer, young woman.

MARGERY.

Let me steyk t'deer first, an ye please.

GULWELL.

What countrywoman are you?

MARGERY.

Ah's Yorkshire by my truly! Ah wor bred and boorn at lahtle Yatton, aside o'Roseberry  
Toppin.

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GULWELL.

Roseberry Toppin! —Where is that, my pretty maid?

MARGERY.

Sartainly God! ye knaw Roseberry? Ah thowght onny feeal hed knawn Roseberry. —  
It's t'biggest hill i' all Yorkshire. It's aboon a mahle an' a hawf heegh, an' as cawd as  
ice at t' top on't, i' t'yattest day i' summer; that it is.

*The Salamanca Corpus: Specimens of the Yorkshire Dialect (1808)*

GULWELL.

You've been in some service, I suppose?

MARGERY.

Hey, Ah'll uphold ye hev E; ivver sin E wor neen yeear awd. Neea, makkins! Ah'd a God's-penny, at Stowseley market, hawf a yeear afoore 'at E wor neen. An' as good a sarvant Ah've been, thof Ah say't mysel, as ivver come within a pair o' deers. Ah can milk, ken, fother, beeak, brew, sheear, winder, caird, spin, knit, sew, an' deea ivvery thing 'at belongs tiv an husbandman, as weell as onny lass 'at ivver ware clog-shun; an' as to my charicter, Ah defy onny body, gentle or simple, to say black's my nail.

GULWELL.

Have you been in any place in London?

MARGERY.

Hey, an' ye please. Ah liv'd wi' Madam Shrillpipe, i' St. Paul's Kirk-garth: but wor foorc'd to leeave my pleeace afoor 'at Id been a week o' days in't.

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GULWELL.

How so?

MARGERY.

Marry, because she ommost flighted and scauded me oot o' my wits. She wor t' arrandest scaud 'at ivver E met wi' i' my boorn days. She hed sartainly sike a tongue as nivver wor i' onny woman's heead but her awn. It wad ring, ring, ring, like a larum, frae moorn to neeght. Then she wad put hersel into sike flusters, that her feeace wad be as black as t' reckon-creeak. —Neea, for t' matter o' that, Ah wor nobbut reeghtly sarrad; for Ah wor tell'd afoorehand, by some varra sponsible fowk, 'at she wor a mere donnot. Hoosumivver, as Ah fand my money grow less an' less ivvery day, (for Ah'd brought my good seaven an' twenty shillings to neen groats an' two-pence,) Ah thowght it wad be better to tak' up wi' a bad pleeace, than no pleeace at all.

GULWELL.

And how do you like London?

MARGERY.

**The Salamanca Corpus: *Specimens of the Yorkshire Dialect* (1808)**

Marry, sur, Ah like nowther egg nor shell on't. —They're sike a set o' fowk as E nivver seed wi' my een. They laugh an' fleer at a body like onny thing. Ah went nobbut t' other day te t' beemaker's shop, for a laaf o' breed, an' they fell a giggling at me, as in Ah'd been yan o' t' grittest gawvisons i' t' warld.

GULWELL.

Pray, what is a gawvison?

[6]

MARGERY.

Whah, you're a gawvison, for nut knowing what it is. Ah thowght you Londoners hed knawn ivvery thing. —A gawvison's a ninnyhammer. Noo, d'ye think 'at Ah leek owght like a gawvison?

GULWELL.

Not in the least, my pretty damsel.

MARGERY.

They may brag as they will o' ther manners, but they've ne mair manners then a milner's horse. Ah can tell 'em that, that Ah can. —Ah wish Id been still at Canny-Yatton.

GULWELL.

As you had so great a liking to the place, why did you leave it?

MARGERY.

Marry, sur, Ah wor foorc'd, as yan may say, to leeave; t' squire wad'nt let me be; by my truly, sur, he wur efter me moorn, neean, an' neeght. If Ah wad but hae consented tiv his wicked ways, Ah mud hae hed gowld by gowpins, that I mud. —Leeak ye, squire, says Ah, you're mistakken i' me; Ah's neean o' ther soort o' cattle: — Ah's a varteous young woman, Ah'll asseer ye, Ye're other fowk's fowk; —wad ye be sike a teeastril as te ruin me? —But all wadn't deea; he kept follo'in' an' follo'in', an' teeazin' an' teeazin' me. At lang run, Ah tell'd my awd deeam; an' she advahs'd me to gang to London, to be oot of his way, that she did, like an honest woman as she

[7]

**The Salamanca Corpus: *Specimens of the Yorkshire Dialect* (1808)**

wor. —Ah went to my cousin Isbel, an' says Ah tiv her, Isbel, says Ah, will t'o gowa to London? an' tell'd her t' yal affair atween me an' 't squire. — Odsbobs! my lass, says she, Ah'll gang wi' thee to t' warld's end. An' away we com i' good earnest.

GULWELL.

It was a very *varteous* resolution. Pray how old are you?

MARGERY.

Ah's neenteen come Collop-Monday.

GULWELL.

Would you undertake a house-keeper's place?

MARGERY.

Ah's flayd Ah can't mannish't, if it beeont in a husbandman's house.

GULWELL.

It is a very substantial farmer's, in Buckinghamshire—I am sure you will do; I'll set you down for it. Your name.

MARGERY.

Margery Moorpoot, an' ye please.

GULWELL.

How do you spell it?

MARGERY.

Neea, makkins! Ah knaw nowght o' speldring; Ah's neea scholar.

GULWELL.

Well, I shall write to him this evening. What wages do you ask?

[8]

MARGERY.

Neea, marry, for t' matter o' that, Ah wad'nt be ower stiff about wage.

GULWELL.

Then I can venture to assure you of it. You must give me half-a-crown, my pretty maid. —Our fee is only a shilling for a common place; but for a housekeeper's we have always half-a-crown.

MARGERY.

**The Salamanca Corpus: *Specimens of the Yorkshire Dialect* (1808)**

There's twee shillings— an' yan, twee, three, four, fahve, six penn'orth o' brass, wi' a thoosand thenks. God's prayer leeght o' ye, for Ah's seer ye'er t' best friend Ah've met wi' sin E com fra' Canny-Yatton, that are ye. When mun E call ageean, sur?

GULWELL.

About the middle of next week.

MARGERY.

Sur, an ye please, your sarvant.

[9]

*T' DEEATH*

OF  
**AWD DEEASY.**

**An Eclogue**

GEOORGY *and* ROBIN.

GEOORGY.

Weel met, good Robin! seed ye my awd meer?

Ah've lated her an hoor i' t' looanin here,

But howsumivver, spite of all my care,

Ah cannot spy her, nowther heead nor hair.

ROBIN.

Whah, Geoorgy, I've te tell ye dowly news,

Sike as Ah's varra seer'll mak ye muse:

Ah just this minute left your poor awd tike,

Deead as a steean, i' Johnny Dobson's dyke.

GEOORGY.

Whoor! what's that, Robin? tell us ower ageean;

You're joking—or you've mebbly been misteean.

ROBIN.

Neea marry, Geoorgy, Ah's seer Ah can't be wrang,  
You know Ah've kenn'd awd Deeasy noo se lang.

[10]

Her breead-ratch'd feeace, an' twee white hinder legs,  
Preeav'd it was her, as seer as eggs is eggs.

GEOORGY.

Poor thing! — what deead then?—hed she lig'd theere lang?  
Whor aboot is she? — Robin, will ye gang?

ROBIN.

Ah caren't, Geoorgy, I haen't mitch to deea  
A good hoor's labbour, or mayhappen twee;  
Bud as Ah nivver like to hing behinnd,  
When E can deea a kahndness tiv a frind,  
An' E can help ye wi' my hand or teeam,  
Ah'll help to skin her, or to bring her hecame.

GEOORGY.

Thenk ye—good Robin. —Ah can't think, belike,  
Hoo t' poor awd creature tummled into t' dyke.

ROBIN.

You mind she'd fun hersel just boon to dee,  
An' sea laid doon by t' side, (as seems to me,)  
An when she felt the pains o' deeath within,  
She'd fick'd an' struggl'd, and seea towpled in.

GEOORGY.

Meast likly;—bud—what, was she deead ootreeght,

**The Salamanca Corpus: *Specimens of the Yorkshire Dialect* (1808)**

When furst ye fand her; when ye gat t' furst seeght?

ROBIN.

You s' hear. — As Ah was gaun doon t' looan, Ah spy'd

A scoore or mare o' craws by t' gutter side,

All se thrang, hoppin' in, and hoppin oot,

Ah wonder'd what i' t' warld they waz about.

[11]

Ah leeaks, an' then Ah sees an awd yode leead,

Gaspin' an' pantin' sare, an' ommost deead;

An' as they pick'd its een, and pick'd ageean,

It just could lift it leg, an' give a greean:

But when Ah fand awd Deeasy was ther prey,

Ah wav'd my hat, an' shoo'd 'em all away.

Poor Deas! You mind, she's noo worn fairly oot:

She's lang been quite hard set te trail about. —

Bud yonder, Geoorgy, loo' ye whoor she's leead,

An' twea 'r three nannies chatt'rin' ower her heead.

GEOORGY.

Hey, marry! This Ah nivver wish'd to see,

She's been se good— se true a frind to me?

An' is thoo come to this, my poor awd meer?

Thoo's been a trusty sarvant monny a yeear;

An' better treatment thou's deserv'd fra me,

Then thus neglected in a dyke te dee.

Monny a good day-wark we ha' wrought togither,

An' bidden monny a blast o' wind an' weather;

Monny a lang dree mahle, ower moss an' moor,

An' monny a hill an' deeale we've toddled ower;



**The Salamanca Corpus: Specimens of the Yorkshire Dialect (1808)**

Bud noo, wae'st me! thoo'll nivver trot ne mair,  
Te nowther kirk nor market, spoort nor fair;  
An' noo, for t' future, thoff Ah's aw'd and leeame,  
Ah sal be forc'd to walk, or stay at heeame.  
Ne mair thoo'll bring me cooals frae Blakey-Broo,  
Or sticks frae t' wood, or turves frae Leafhoo-Coo.  
My poor awd Deas! afore Ah dig thy greeave,  
Thy weel-worn shun Ah will for keepseeakes seeave;  
Thy hide, poor lass! Ah'll hev it tann'd wi' care,  
'T'll mak a cover te my awd airm-chair;

[12]

An' pairt— an apron for my wife to weear,  
When cardin woul, or weshin' t' parlour fleer.  
Deep i' t' cawd eearth Ah will thy carcass pleace,  
'At thy poor beeans may lig an' rist i' peaace;  
Deep i' t' cawd eearth, 'at dogs may'nt scrat thee out,  
An' rahve thy flesh, an' trail thy beeans aboot.  
Thou's been se faithful, for se lang te me,  
Thou sannot, at thy death, neglected be:  
Seldom a Christian 'at yan noo can finnd,  
Wad be mair trusty— or mair true a frind.

[13]

**THE  
INVASION,  
An Eclogue.**

*Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit?—VIRG.*

**The Salamanca Corpus: Specimens of the Yorkshire Dialect (1808)**

A wanton wether had disdain'd the bounds  
That kept him close confin'd to Willy's grounds;  
Broke through the hedge, he wander'd far astray,  
He knew not whither, on the public way.  
As Willy strives, with all attentive care,  
The fence to strengthen, and the gap repair,  
His neighbour Roger, from the fair return'd,  
Appears in sight, in riding-graith adorn'd;  
Whom, soon as Willy, fast approaching, spies,  
Thus to his friend, behind the hedge, he cries——

WILLY.

Hoo de ye, Roger? ha' ye been at t' fair?  
Hoo gangs things? Made ye onny bargains there?

ROGER.

Ah know nut, Willy; things deeant luke ower weel,  
Coorn satles fast, thof becas 'll fetch a deal:  
To sell t' awd intack barley, Ah desaund,  
Bud cudn't git a price to suit my maund;  
What wi' rack-rents, an' sike a want o' trade,  
Ah know'nt hoo yan's to get yan's landloords paid.  
Mare ower 'an that, they say i' t' spring o' t' year,  
Franch is intarmin'd on't to 'tack us here.

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WILLY.

Yea, mun! what are they cummin hither for?  
Depend on't they'd far better nivver stor.

ROGER.

**The Salamanca Corpus: Specimens of the Yorkshire Dialect (1808)**

True, Willy, —nobbut Inglishmen ‘ll stand  
By yan another, o’ ther awn good land;  
They’ll nivver suffer (Ah’s be bun to say)  
The Franch to tak’ a single sheep away;  
Feightin’ for heeame, upo’ ther awn fair field,  
All t’ pow’r i’ France cud nivver mak ‘em yield.

WILLY.

Whaw, seer you cannot think, when put to t’ pinch,  
‘An onny Inglishmen ‘ll ivver flinch?  
If t’ Franch deea cum here, Roger, Ah ‘ll be hang’d,  
An they deea git ther sens reeght soondly bang’d:  
Ah can’t bud think, (thof Ah may be misteean)  
Nut monny on ‘em ‘ll git back ageean.

ROGER.

Ah think nut, Willy—bud sum fowk ‘ll say,  
Oor Inglish fleet let ‘t Franch ships git away,  
When they wor laid (thoo knaw’s) i’ Bantry Bay;  
‘At they cud nivver all hae geen ‘em t’ slip,  
Bud t’ Inglish wanted nut t’ tak a ship.

WILLY.

Eah! that’s all lees!

ROGER.

———Ah dunnot say it’s true,

It’s all unknow’n to syke as me an you.  
Hoo deea we knaw when fleets deea reeght or wrang?  
Ah whooop it’s all on’t fause—but seea talks gang.

Hoosivver, this Ah know, 'at when they please,  
Oor sailors awlus beat 'em upo' t' seeas,  
An' if they nobbut sharply leak aboot,  
They need n't let a single ship cum oot;  
At leeast they'll drub 'em weel, I dunnot fear,  
An' keep 'em fairly off, fra landin' here.

WILLY.

Ah whooap sea Roger, bud an' if they deea  
Cum ower, Ah then sal sharpen my awd leea.  
What thof Ah can bud of a lahtle boast,  
You know yan wadn't hae that lahtle lost.  
Ah's send oor Mally an' all t' bairns away,  
An' Ah mysen 'll by the yamsteead stay.  
Ah'll feight, if need; an' if Ah fall, whaw then,  
Ah's suffer all the warst mishap mysen:  
Was Ah bud seer my wife and bairns wor seeaf,  
Ah then sud be to dee content eneeaf.

ROGER.

Reet, Willy, mun! what an they put us teea't  
Ah will mysen put forrad my best feeat;  
What thof Ah's awd, Ah's nut seea easily scar'd,  
On his awn middin, an awd cock feights hard.  
They say a Franchman's turn'd a different man,  
A braver, better soldier, ten to yan;  
But let the Franch be turn'd to what they will,  
They'll finnd 'at Englishmen are English still;  
O' ther awn grund they'll nowther flinch nor flee,  
They'll owther congker, or they'll bravely dee.

[16]

THE  
SWEEPER AND THIEVES,  
A Tale

BY D. LEWIS.

A sweeper's lad was late o' th' neeght,  
His slape-shod shun had leeam'd his feet;  
He call'd to see a good awd deeame,  
'At monny o' time had trigg'd his wame,  
(For he wor then fahve miles fra yam:)  
He ax'd i' t' lair to let him sleep,  
An' he'd next day, ther chimlers sweep.  
They supper'd him wi' country fare,  
Then show'd him tul his hooal i' t' lair.  
He crept intul his streay bed,  
His poak o' seeat beneath his heead;  
He wor content, nur car'd a pin,  
An' his good frind then lock'd him in.  
The lair frae t' hoose a distance stood,  
Between 'em grew a lahtle wood.  
About midneeght, or nearer moorn,  
Two theives brak in to steal ther coorn;  
Hevin a leeght i' lantern dark,  
They seean to winder fell te wark;  
And wishing they'd a lad te fill,  
Young Brush, (wheea yet had ligg'd quite still,)  
Thinkin' 'at t' men belang'd to t' hoose,  
An' that he noo mud be of use,

[17]

Jump'd doon directly on to t' fleear,  
An' t' thieves then baath ran oot at t' deear;  
Nur stopt at owt, nur thin, nur thick,  
Fully convinc'd it wor awd Nick.  
The Sweeper lad then ran reeght seean  
T' t' hoose, an' tell'd 'em what wor deean:  
Maister an' men then quickly raise,  
An' ran to t' lair wi' hawf ther clais.  
Twea horses, secks, an' leeght they fand,  
Which had been left by t' thievish band;  
These roond i' t' neybourheead they cry'd,  
Bud nut an awner e'er apply'd;  
For neean durst horses awn, or secks,  
They wor se freegthen'd o' ther necks.  
Yan horse an' seck wor judg'd the Sweeper's share,  
Because he kept the Farmer's coorn an' lair.

\*This Tale is founded on Fact, and happened at Leeming-Lane a few years ago.

[18]

**DARBY AND JOAN,  
AND  
THEIR DAUGHTER NELL.  
A Dialogue.**

**BY W. H.**

**DARBY.**

JOAN! Ah noo hev thought sea mich aboot it.  
Ah seerly never mare sal doot it;

**The Salamanca Corpus: Specimens of the Yorkshire Dialect (1808)**

At moorn an' neeght, an' neeght an' moorn,  
Ah sumtimes wish Ah'd ne'er been boorn.

JOAN.

Wah, Darby, prethee let me see,  
Ah whoap it's nought 'at's bad o' me.

DARBY.

Thee, *Joan!* neea marry, neea sike thing,  
Think bad o' thee! 'twad be a sin  
Ah think, indeed, Ah was a feeal  
Too send oor Nell to t' *Boordin-Skeel*;  
Sike mauky feeals as them, Ah think,  
Hae fill'd her heead wi' pride an' stink;  
For, sin she went, she's grown seea fine,  
She can't deea noo withoot her wine,  
When t' dinner's ower'd:—an' she's seea nice,  
She weant heeat puddin meead o' rice;  
Thof when at Skeel, an' put to t' *pinch*,  
Fra sike gud stuff she'd nivver flinch;  
An' all her nooations are seea rais'd,  
It's fit to drive her fathther craz'd.

[19]

Nut 'at Ah care aboot t' fond lass,  
Neea mare then this— it taks my brass;  
An' wi' her fine lang labbring tail,  
She'll git her father into t' *Jail*.

JOAN.

Wah, Darby, bud thoo knaws there's t' *squire*,

**The Salamanca Corpus: Specimens of the Yorkshire Dialect (1808)**

An' he, mayhap, will Nell admire;  
An' efter all their noise an' strife,  
Thoo knows t' young squire wants a *wife*.  
Then, let's be seer to mak' her smart,  
An' teych her hoo to play her paart;  
She seean will larn to draw him on,  
An' then thoo knows, 'at t' wark is deaan,  
Hooseer, I'll try and deea my best,  
An' leeave to thee to mannish t' rest.

DARBY.

Bud then, suppooase oor plot sud fail,  
An' me for det be sent to t' jail,  
Poor Nell wad nivver be a wife,  
An' hev te labour all her life;  
For efter bein seea browght up,  
Hoo can she ivver bide te stoop?  
To gang to sarvice, or to spin,  
Or ivver to deea onny thing?

JOAN.

Wha, Darby, leave it all te me,  
Ah'll mannish t' weel, an' that thoo'll see.  
Ah'll be her pilot all my life,  
An' ma' her sum rich Farmer's wife.  
Then, as they gang to t' church, doon t' looan,  
Ah's seear thoo'll say—*Weel deean, oor Jooan*.

[20]

THE FAIR.

Ye loit'rin minutes faster flee,



**The Salamanca Corpus: *Specimens of the Yorkshire Dialect* (1808)**

Ye're all ower slaw behawf for me,  
That wait, impatient for the moorning;  
To-moorn's the lang, lang wish'd-for fair,  
Ah'll try to shine the fooremust their,  
Mysen i' finest cleelas adorning,  
To grace the day.

Ah'll put my best white stockings on,  
A pair o' new cawf-leather shoon,  
My cleean-wesh'd goon o' printed cotton;  
About my neck a muslin shawl,  
A new silk hankecher ower all,  
Wi' sike a careless air Ah'll put on,  
Ah'll shine that day.

My paartner Ned, Ah knaw, thinks he,  
"Ah'll mak mysen secure o' thee,"  
He's often sed he'd treeat me rarely;  
Bud Ah sal think of other fun,  
Ah'll aim for some rich farmer's son,  
And cheeat oor simple Neddy fairly.  
Se sly that day.

Why sud Ah nut succeed as weel,  
An' get a man full oot genteel,  
As awd John Darby's dowghter Nelly;

[21]

Ah think mysen as good as she,  
She can't mak cheese or spin like me,  
That's mair 'an beauty, let me tell ye,  
On onny day.  
Then, hey! for spoorts an' puppy shows,

**The Salamanca Corpus: *Specimens of the Yorkshire Dialect* (1808)**

An' temptin spice-stalls rang'd i' rows,  
An' danglin dolls, by t' necks all hangin;  
An' thoosand other pratty seeghts,  
An' lasses, trail'd along the streets,  
Wi' lads, te t' yal-hoose gangin',  
Te drink that day.

Let's leek at t' winder —Ah can see't,  
It seeams as thof 'twas growin' leeght,  
The clouds wi' eearly rays adoorning;  
Ye loit'ring minutes faster flee,  
Ye're all ower slaw behawf for me,  
'At wait impatient for the moorning,  
O' sike a day!

[22]

**A DIALOGUE  
BETWEEN  
TWO YORKSHIRE FARMERS  
ON THE  
PRESENT INDECENT MODE  
OF  
DRESS,  
ADOPTED BY FASHIONABLE LADIES.**

**BY W. H.**

SIMON.

GOOD morrow, Johnny, —hoo deea ye deea?  
If you're boon my rooad, A'll gang wi' ye:  
Hoo cawd this morning t' wind dus blaw,  
Ah think we seean sal hae sum snaw.

JOHNNY

Heigh, Simon, seea we sal, ere lang:  
Ah's boon to t' toon, Ah wish ye'd gang,  
For Ah've a dowghter leeatly deead,  
Ah's boon te git her coffin meeade.

SIMON.

Heigh! Johnny, deead! wah seer you're wrang,  
For she wur wi' us e'er seea lang,  
An' oft wi' her, i' yonder booe,  
Ah've jooak'd an' laugh'd full monny an hoor;

[23]

Bud first, good Johnny, tell me this,  
What meead her dee? what's been amiss?

JOHNNY.

To tell thee, Simon, noo Ah's boon:—  
Thoo sees Ah sent her to yon toon  
To t' Skeeal, an' next to larn a trade,  
By which she was to git her breed;  
Bud, when she first com' yam to me,  
She hed neea petticoats, you see:  
At first Ah fan she'd bud her *smock*,  
An' ower that her *tawdry frock*;  
Sike wark as this it rais'd my passion,  
An' *then* she tell'd me—it was t' *fashion*.  
Besides, her apron, efter all,  
She'd quite misteean it for a shawl;  
A sartin sign at she was crack'd,

**The Salamanca Corpus: Specimens of the Yorkshire Dialect (1808)**

She'd teean an' thrawn it ower hur back;

An' her fine hat, turn'd up befoor

All mead her leeak just like a Wh\*\*r!

SIMON.

Wah, Johnny, stop, you're oot o' breath;

But, hoo com she to git her deeath?

JOHNNY.

Wah, Simon, stay, an' thoo sal hear,

't' next pleace, mon, her breests wor bare,

Her neeak'd airms, teea, whe lik'd to show,

E'en when t' cawd bitter wind did blaw:

An' when Ah tak'd aboot it, then,

You see Ah's awlus by my sen,)

Her mother awlus leean'd her way.

It matter'd nowght what Ah'd to say:

[24]

Ah tell'd my wife hoo it wad be,

An' seea she can't lig t' bleeam o' me;

Says Ah, *'foore she's twice ten yeear awd,*

*She's seer to git her deeath o' cawd.*

For this mishap Ah bleame that feal,

For spoiling her at t' *Boordin-Skeal;*

Noo hed she meead hur larn her letters,

I'stead o' dressing like her betters,

She'd nut so seean hae gotten cawd,

An' mebbly liv'd till she wor awd.

Ah's seer it's all t' gert fowk's pursuit,

To hev, *like Eve, a birthday-suit.*

SIMON.

Thoo's reeght, good Johnny, reeght Ah say,  
That Ah've obsarv'd afoore to-day;  
For maist o' t' women, noo-a-days,  
Nobbut put on yan hawf ther clais;  
An' noo i' t' toon, as each yan passes,  
Ah can't ken *Ladies* fra *bad Lasses*;  
An' oft Ah've thowght when t' cawd wind blows,  
They'd deea reeght weel te freegthen craws:  
For it wad blaw 'em seea aboot,  
They'd be neea 'cashion then to shoot:  
Just seea as if 'at thee and me  
An ugly, monstrous thing sud see,  
Away we baath sud run reeght fast,  
As lang as ivver we could last.

JOHNNY.

Hey, Simon, seea we sud, Ah sweear;  
Bud noo to t' toon we're drawing neear,

[25]

Thoo need n't tell what Ah hevsed,  
About my dowghter being deead;  
Good morrow, Simon, fare thee weel:—  
Ah say!—noo mind thoo does n't tell.

SIMON.

Neea, that Ah weeant, whah! Ah hev breeath,  
Ah'll nobbut say—*She's starv'd te deeach.*

THE

*Old and New Pocket-Books:*

A Dialogue,

Occasioned the latter being thrown into a DESK where  
the former had been laid.

BY D. LEWIS.

*New Pocket-Book.*

WHY am I here a captive plac'd?  
And with such company disgrac'd?  
I may, with reason, now complain,  
Fine books, like men, were made in vain.

*Old Pocket-Book.*

Thy keease, kind friend, can't be se hard,  
As thy new maister is a bard:  
The ass-skin leeaves 'at thoo'll conteean,  
He'll write 'em ower an' ower ageean,  
Wi' sonnets, epigrams, an' odes,  
Wi' elegies, an' episodes;  
Thoo'll beear the copies of his sangs,  
An' gang wi' him where'er he gangs.  
If there sud be a country fair,  
He ten ta' yan 'll tak thee theer;  
Keep thee on high an' hollidays,  
When he puts on his better cleas,  
If bill or nooat fall to his share,  
He will commit it to thy care,  
Till monny years, when thou may be  
As ragg'd, an' just as poor as me;

[27]

Dooant let grief reign, nor thy heart ache,  
Hee'll keep thee for thy giver's seeak.

*New Pocket-Book.*

Dost thou compare thyself with me?  
If thou couldst but thy picture see,  
Thy ragged coat, thy dirty look,  
Scarce worthy of the name of book.  
And must I to the fields retire,  
Be prostituted to the lyre,  
Companion of rustic swain,  
And ne'er return to town again?

*Old Pocket-Book.*

True, thoo of heigher kin may booaast,  
Of finer shap, an' bigger cost;  
Thoo's neeat an' smart, Ah mun alloo,  
Bud, thoo will quit that bonny hue,  
When thoo, like me, hes hardships born,  
An' been by toil an' labour worn;  
I' 't hoose or field, by stream or wood,  
Ah constant i' my station stood;  
An' nivver did may aid refuse,  
To sarve my maister, an' the muse.  
To gratify his rhyiming streean,  
He wrate an' rubb'd, an' wrate ageean;  
That Ah, like him, lang time hev toil'd,  
Which hes mah yance fine lustre spoil'd:  
Thoo's yet a stranger to the world,

**The Salamanca Corpus: Specimens of the Yorkshire Dialect (1808)**

Where things appear unequal hurl'd;  
Still different stations ther mun be,  
Thof monny mair will freeat like thee;  
Then dooant lament thy turns of fate,  
Bud reconcile thee to thy state.

[28]

*THE RACE.*

BY J. H.

Noo, Bob, my lad, to morn's the- day,  
All t' spoort at t' race we'll see;  
Wi' t' lark we'll rise, an' trudge away,  
An' varra fine we'll be.

To see 'em ride, thoo knaws, seea fast,  
As roound about they'll gang,  
They'll whip an' spur, te nut be last,  
Ah say noo! dust to lang!

What fouks all fine we theer sal see,  
I' different colours drest;  
An' lasses, to cheeat sike as me,  
Will be all i' ther best.

An' theer we'll stop while t' races last,  
An' all t' fine fouks are geean;  
Fra thence to t' fair we'll trudge reet fast,  
To reach it afore neean.

Together then that day we'll keep,



**The Salamanca Corpus: *Specimens of the Yorkshire Dialect* (1808)**

Wi' sticks i' hand seea fine;  
At sum o' t' shows we'll tak a peep,  
Ah's seear that day we'll shine!

There soldiers will be ganging oot,  
Wi' drums an' fifes seea grand,

[29]

Recrutin for young lads aboot,  
Te feight by seea an' land.  
Noo wi' impatience we deea wait,  
The cummin o' that day;  
We'll off seea seean, an' stop seea late,  
Cum, Bob, noo let's away.

[30]

SONG.

When Ah wor a wee lahtle tottering bairn,  
An' hed nobbut just gitten short frocks,  
When to gang Ah at first was beginnin to larn,  
On my bru Ah gat monny hard knocks:  
For se waik, an' se silly, an' helpless was Ah,  
Ah was awlus a tumblin doon then;  
While my mother wad twattle me gently, an' cry,  
"Honey, Jenny, tak care o' thy sen."

Bud wen Ah grew bigger, an' gat te be strang,  
'At Ah cannily ran all aboot

**The Salamanca Corpus: Specimens of the Yorkshire Dialect (1808)**

By mysen, where Ah lik'd, then awlus mud gang,  
Withoot being tell'd about owt.  
When, hooivver, Ah com to be sixteen yeear awd,  
An' rattl'd an' ramp'd amang men,  
My mother wad call o' me in an' wad scaud,  
An' cry— "Huzzy! tak care o' thysen."

Ah've a *Sweetheart* cums noo upo' Setterday-neeghts,  
An' he swears 'at he'll mak me his wife,  
My mam grows se stingy, she scauds an' she fleeghts,  
An' twitters me oot o' my life:—  
But she may leeak soor, an' consait hersen wise,  
An' preach ageean likin' young men,  
Sin Ah's grown a woman, her clack Ah'll despise,  
An' Ah's— marry!—tak care o' mysen.

[31]

A  
**GLOSSARY**  
OF SUCH  
**Yorkshire Words**  
AS ARE

*LIKELY NOT TO BE UNDERSTOOD*  
BY THOSE

*Unacquainted with the Dialect*

Ah and E— *I*  
Asseer—*assure*  
Ax— *ask*  
Aboon— *above*  
Airms— *arms*  
Beeak— *bake*

Beeans— *bones*

Bread-ratch'd— *broad-strip'd*

Bairns— *children*

Bang— *to thrash*

Behawf— *by half*

Cleas— *clothes*

Cawd— *cold*

Chimble— *chimney*

Conger— *conquer*

Dowly— *grievous.*

Dea— *do*

Dyke— *ditch or pond*

Deer— *door*

Een— *eyes*

Ey— *yes*

Fand— *found*

Flay'd— *afraid*

Fleer— *a floor, to laugh*

Feeal— *fool*

Fleeght— *to scold*

Fahve— *five*

Forrad— *forward*

Gaun— *going*

Gowpin— *a double handful*

Gang— *to go*

Giggle— *to laugh*

[32]

Oor— *our*

Hoosivver and Hoosumivver— *however.*

Heegh— *high*

Heeame—*home*

Heigh—*yes*

Ken— *churn*

Knaw— *know*

Lahtle— *little*

Lated— *sought*

Lig— *lie*

Looaning— *lane*

Leeght— *light*

Lair— *a barn*

Leeatly— *lately*

Labbering—*trailing*

Leeak— *look*

Maunish— *manage*

Mebby— *perhaps*

Meer— *a mare*

Misteean— *mistaken*

Mud— *might*

Maukey— *whimsical*

Mitch— *much*

Mare— *more*

Moorn— *morning*

Muck— *dirt*

Meead— *made*

Mak— *make*

Mayhap—*perhaps*

Maund— *mind*

Nobbut— *only*

Nowther— *neither*

Nell— *Helen*

Nought—*nothing*

Nivver— *never*

The Salamanca Corpus: *Specimens of the Yorkshire Dialect* (1808)

Neeght— *night*

Neea— *no*

Nooations— *ideas*

Neen— *nine*

Ower— *over*

Pairlour— *parlour*

Preeav'd— *prov'd*

Prood— *proud*

Prethe— *I pray thee*

Rahve— *tear*

Reckon creak— *a crook suspended from a beam within the chimney, to hang pots and pans on*

Reeght— *right*

Sare— *sore*

Sarrad— *served*

Steik t' deer— *shut the door*

Skeal— *school*

Seek— *sack*

Sal— *shall*

Slaw— *slow*

Sum— *some*

Seea— *so*

Soondly— *soundly*

Scaud— *scold, a turbulent Woman*

Seer— *sure*

Tike— *an old horse or mare*

Thowght— *thought*

Ther— *their*

Teeastrill— *villain*

Twee— *two*

Teych— *teach*

Weshing— *washing*

Whoor— *where*

Winder— *window*

Woul— *wool*

[33]

Whooap— *hope*

Weean— *will not*

Yal— *whole*— and *Ale*

Yan— *one*

Yatton— *Ayton*

Yode— *an old horse or mare*

Yat— *hot*

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