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**Produced by** María F. García-Bermejo Giner

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VNiVERSITAS  
STVDII  
SALAMANTINI  
VIGORNIAN MONOLOGUE.

VIII.

Noa, 'e yean't at whoam jes' now; 'e do' come whoam dahys, an' 'aves 'is fittle 'ere; but 'e allus lies at Art'ur's nights. 'Ee see us be so despret shart o' room, a could n't awahy ov 'im. Dunno as 't makes much odds to 'e. E bin a plantin whate at th' 'lotment. 'T be despret maulin' work. E done the plantin', but th' rahin come on smartish, an' 'e 'ad to gie it up, 'an a' 'a'nt 'ealed 'im, but a mus' be te do't afoer dork. The craows a be so djeouced mischerful, a mus' be to git one o' the young uns to tend 'em; won't 'a nothin' left else. A planys th' ba-er ov sids.

You'll be glod to see mah agen afoer lung? I telled Willum, 'e be the gaffer ower me when I comes, as a should be to come to-dahy, but thur wuz sich a despret sight o' wee-ads and pelf down o' that uvvermost plack—happen a cort full, as a 'had to git up, an' a could n't come, but I'm mindin' to come o' Monday, ef the weather 'oulds up, an' I do 'ope 't 'ull soon taake up an' be fine. Ef 'ee be at a fau't a shouldn't 'oonder ef a

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mightn't git Masr Tummas to gie 'ee a helpin' 'ond a bit. 'E gin' up cowman-ing las' Satiday wuz a wik. A'd bin along o' thahy se'n yur else. 'E be a 'ondy mon, an' con do gardenin' like, copital.

An' thur be thot e-adge of yourn i' th' laower groun; a waants tappin'; a's got too 'igh; a spiles your 'ay-maakin'. An the fence be a'most daown; a'd be daown ef 't wornt fur th 'ea-dge. Ef a wuz to tap 'im, the crap 'ud sar' to fill up the glats an' 'oals; was allus used to take the crap fur gappin' an' shardin'. An' then ef a wuz to get one o' thahy withy poals, an' druv in. an nah-il to, 't 'ud 'ould 'im up. An thur's a sight o' stuff i' th' ditch, an' a waants shoolin' out an' thraowin' o' th' grin groun'. E'd do 't fur ee.

I bin a sand-aulin' 's marnin' afoer I sin 'ee come up th' 'ill. Thahy wuz most o' th' finish daown thur at the brew-us, them masonters; ad n't 'ardly got none left, as a mahy sahy.

I thinks as I should be to ax 'im; dessay 'e'd come, but a con do wotever a do mind. Doa-nt make no odds to me; anny moer'n I thought a'd jes tell 'ee.

Ull a taake a orf-crownd for one o' thahy poraffin borrels o' yourn? Thank 'ee kindly. I bin waantin' to ketch 'olt o' one.

OUTIS

