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VNiVERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANTINI

A VIGORNIAN MONOLOGUE
II.

Cowld? It be cowld. I rickons as a niver knaowed it cowlder. Wuz despret cool afore brakfus 's marnin'; ketched me 'wever smartish o' th' commin; could'nt kip m'self waarm no wahys; 'ad'nt 'ardly no felth o' m' 'onds. I bin doin' 'm 'lotment; waants t' git 'im ready fur plantin'; time o' yur's come for't, but thur yeant no despret 'urry, on'y a doesnt want to be laate; thur yeant no good o' thot.

I bin turni' the groun' up ov th' breas'-plough; it be sadin work, ef a kips mauling at it, so some times a digs an' mixes it a bit. But th' cool ar did ketch me smartish o' th' commin, lies so open, nothin' to burra it, no trees nor nuthin'. Foces to work: bin starred else. But a done th' hecch on it now. Thus wuz Tummus Murgin, 'e come up, 'e corn't do much ye knaows, got past it, but 'e come, ov a skillinton spaade, an' wuz a slimberin 'at it or summat, jes' t' regilate 'isself a bit, but a soon gin o'er, an' went whoam, an' was sot by th' fier, I sin 'im thur but jes'. Owld Mas'r Jones 'e wuz used to sahy thur wusn't no better bahily (bailiff) nor frosses, an' thur isn't I doubt. You mind, a doant want nobody else to kip a man to work.

The Salamanca Corpus: "A Vigornian Monologue.II". (1895)

I thinks we be some moer snaow to 'ave; shouldn't 'oonder ef us didn't get some rahin or wet slobber. Frosses does most in ginral bring rahin. Wull, us hasn't had no despret lot o' rahin this time, not as us gits some yurs; 'ant filled th' pooals, nor th' bottom springs; thur an't bin no water t' speak on in our pooal iver sence a was mudded, an' thot wuz afore har'st las' yur, an' I minds th' time wen a'd run o'er. 'Tyeant much o'er shoe-tops now.

We does'nt waant rahin for some things, nur snaow. But thahy all does good I doubt. An' frosses does good. Th' groun allus turns up so much more kinder like after thahy; a mellas it; doan't dig, so mooty. That clahy land as I'as, a cornt werk it, 'thout a 'as fros' upon it, cloms to th'spaade, it be so sticky like. I likes puttin' in taters arter frosses wen th' time comes. Mos' folks gits them in too soon, an' then thahy gits ketched: most sure t' spile em summat, an' backens 'em ef thahy overgits it. I allus graows them magnums, thur yeant no better tater fur crappin', an' doesn't git th' disease as some does. But a likes to try different sarts; 't yeant all siles as suits all sarts.

Ever try them schoomas'rs? Iss, a did try 'em; didn't get no despret big crap on 'em, an' a was sahyin' to Bill Smart 'smorning, a shan't be edicated by 'em no langer. Capital tater else. Biles all ov a flou-r. Riglar ball o' flou-r, as ye mahy sahy. Them Ombersley chaps graows 'em. I allus likes t' chop sid ov thahy. Ise I takes car' as a doesn't best muh; ties to 'wever.

Some folks puts them in a tater-ouse. Mark Trout do 'wever. I allus likes to put mine in a bury. Dessay thur yeant much odds what wahy, if so be a a takes car' as th' fros' doan't touch 'em. Tasses so slick of thahy be frossed; can't do ov 'em then. I shouldn't 'oonder ef a couldn't spar' ye some sid, come Febivary or March; cornt awhile to see about 'em now; dessay a shan't a none to 'spar' till then. Happen a shall 'a a pot or a 'orf-pot or a pretty good feow, ef ye can do ov 'em. But a mus' be walkin'; 'll think a got a fit o' th' laze else; an' th' missus 'er 'll be 'oonderin' whur I be gone to, an' wot be agate, an' er 'll 'ave drank up all th' tay or somethin'. Iss, it be cowld, as I sez, cowld enough to frizzle a yarn; an so I telled Dick Smart, t'other dahy, when I wuz down at th' osier bed, cutting out them withies, hevery otheren one, and showling out thot guzzly ditch that is anent th' nait an' 'e sez to me. Be ye wet? An' I sez, I beant wet, not to sahy wet, for I got some good shoes, on'y my fit be cool.