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VNiVERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANTIINI
VIGORNIAN MONOLOGUE.

[4]

XI.

Eerd the nightingels? Ah, a bin cutherin' a bit a dahy or two, but a' 'an't sung out, not till to-dahy, and a wuz all ov a charm like down i' the brake 's evenin'. I 'eerd 'em wen a wuz i' the groun' agen the nait. A maade a despret nise or summat. A'd 'ad mah a bit o' supper, an' a puts a bit o' baccer i' mah poipe, an' a thinks to m' self, a'll goo an' 'earken 'em. A wuz be-eautiful, for all as the craows wuz a squawkin; an' a wuz some foxes a barkin' an' scrawkin' too. Didn't see thahy 'ooever.

Dessay I could sing m'self? Iss, a wuz used to be hable, an' so wuz mos' o' my family; but the t'others on 'em aint sich good musickers as Lizer be. Er be despret fond on it, an' 'er 'ave got a copital v'ice. Thur ain't much as 'er corn't sing 'ooever. The bwoys an' Lizer las' Chreemas-time, was singin' 'ymns an carols in-doors like, by the fier sot. I likes it; passes the time 'ooever Winter hevenin's a be so djeouced lung an' so quiet.

The Salamanca Corpus: "Vigornian Monologue. XI." (1895)

Noa, I cornt sing now, but a could twenty yur agoo. A wuz used to sing at church or chopel or summat. But I be sich a poor crittur got, an' it lies i' mah breath so baad, an' it fled to my baack but just, an' simd to goo into mah lonks, an' a 'an't done nothin' o' no account a lung time; no work, not to sahy work, not this aight year; an' the doctor 'e does n't gie no 'opes as a shall be better. But a ruggles on, an' does the best as a con; an' hevery nows an' thens a be a bit pearter. An' us 'ad Artur at-whoam, an' 'e 'an't done nothin' this las' wik. Is mas'er gin 'e the sack, or 'e gin 'e. 'T yeant much odds which 'ooever. Is mas'er 'e sez to 'e "Kip your heyes hopen" e sez, "un' min' wot a be a doin', and doan't scramble th' 'osses ower the plough." An e sez, "I 'as got mah heyes hopen, un I knaows wot a be doin." An' e sez, "Doan't ee sauce me." 'e sez. An' at thot a gits swartlin', and 'e sacked 'e. 'E be allus so despret cur'ous ov 'is 'osses, an' allus 'aves 'im some good uns. That thiller, thur corn't be no better 'oss nor 'e, a's so good-tempered, never offers to kick, an' ull do hany thin'. An' that foremost-un, 'e be a niceish 'oss got, an' ef 'e 'aves a bit of a gammit hevery once while, thur yeant no vice about 'im.

Iss it do sim clause; a fils thundery weather like so muggy warm; a thinks we 'm be gwain to 'a tempest or summat; a be all of a dormy sweat. Shouldn't 'oonder ef a mightn't get a smartish starm o' rahin or summat. Jarge, thur be thot bit o' fother thur anearst the wain-us, it be on'y a little bit ov a jobble, as much as a could put on a barra, not more nor two or three pike-full. A 'd better goo an' gether it up agen the rahin comes, ull git wet else, an' a oodn't 'have it sogged o' wet watever.