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VNiVERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANTiNI
VIGORNIAN MONOLOGUE.

XVIII.

[5]

'Iss I be adiggin', but I on'y mombles at mah work, 't yean't nothin' but slimberin' as a mah sahy, for I be very middlin', thinks I ketched cowld the t'other dahy, doin' thahy carrits. The sun shone hout, an' a wuz a' ov a darmy sweat, an' a wuz stood ar sot ar summat, an' I thinks as I ketched cowld, fur all as a 'ad mah pretty wull o' cloes on, the win' was despret cool an' blaowed so thin. But I minds as I've ketched two or three cowlds one atop o' the t'other, fur I 'an't bin wull not to sahy wull this lung time. But I tries to scrawl about, mus' 'oweever, fur us be so plagued o' the sparrahs; a comes an' fithers among the sids, as I cuffed in, an' a grazes off the rodishes as fast as a comes through the groun'; an a mus' be to stick thahy pays as is walter-booming hall hover the plaace hover therest, behand thahy heavers, an' try to boffle 'em some, if us con. But a be so cheeky. Thur yean't much as do boffle thay fur lung. A comes an' plahys the b'ar ov the ruff ov our owld 'ouse. It be thotched, 'ee see, an' a comes an' pu's the thotch out on 'im, an' a spiles the ruff and looses the rahin through, an' us doesn't want to 'a no

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water-heds, nar to graow no gorden-stuff hupstahirs.

A've come wisitin' we, hiver sence thahy owld buildin's wuz burned down; an' the masonters be abuildin' the new uns, and a be driven awahy, an' a comes to we. I 'as a bit of a gun, but a con't see to load 'im, mah sight be so mufflin'; an' a doesn't sca'cely ventur to loose 'im off if a could; but a minds a gun more'n annythin' A likes t' 'arbour in the thotch, dessahy a finds it waarm, an' a maakes a despret nise, us doesn't 'a no pace fur thur clitter. But thur cheek, I sez, caps me. Nothin' doan't dahnt 'em , nar boffle 'em, an 'on't be boffled 'owever. Why! us put a mommet, an' bell yur 'eort the beggars a come and lahid thur heggs in 'im or summat. 'T worn't o' no moer good than nothin'. Thahy doesn't trouble about no mawkin. By my missus, 'er thought as 'er wuz despret owld, an' as 'er 'ud best 'em, an' las' Satiday, at muckshot, w'en 'er come fro' morket, 'er 'anged a slingety bit ov a owld red 'angercher out o' th' upstahirs' winder. Er thought as it 'ud blaow about ov the win' an' dahnt 'em. But, goms! if a didn't come in the night, the marnin' part on it 'owever, an fetch 'im clean awahy an' a ripped 'im a' to bits to maake their mess ov 'im. I wishes as the bwoys 'ud knaow to thur nesses, an' come a robbin' ov 'em, as thur worn't no laws agen it. A be deouced terrifyin' I tell 'ee . A tarments we despret, hevery dahy, fro' marnin' to night, an' thur doan't sim to be no remeddy. But a mus' be to see wot a con do. I knaows as us waants to git shet on 'em the wust as is. A mus' try an' odds it some wahy. But if a con't do nothin' 't yean't o' no good we complahinin'. Thot 'o n't mend it. A mus' be to put up ov it, an' maake the best on it, if a con't 'elp it. But 'ee mus' be gooin' mus' 'ee? Wull, so lung.

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