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Anonymous

***A Yorkshire Dialogue between an Awd Wife, a
Lass, and a Butcher (1673)***

AWD WIFE. Pretha now, Lass, gang into th' hurn,

An' fetch me heame a Skeel o' burn;

Na, pretha, Barne, mack heast an' gang;

I'se marr me deaugh, thou stayes sa lang.

LASS. Wyah, Gom, I'se gea, bad, for me pains,

You s' ge m'a frundel o' yar grains.

AWD W. My grains, me Barne? marry, not I;

Me draugh's for th' Gilts and Gaults i' th' Sty:

Than, pretha, luke i' th' Garth, and see

What Owsen in the Stand-hecks be.

*The Salamanca Corpus: A Yorkshire Dialogue
between an Awd Wife, a Lass, and a Butcher (1673)*

LASS. Blukrins! they'l put, I dare not gang,

Outeen ya'l len ma th' great Leap-stang.

AWD W. Tack th' Frugan, or th' awde Maolyn-shaft.

Cum tyte agaen, and be not daft.

LASS. Gom, th' Great Bull-segg, he's brocken /lowse,

And he, he's hypt your broad-horn'd Owse;

An' th' Owse is faln into the Swine-trough,

I think hee's brocken his Cameril-hough.

AWD W. Whaw, whaw, mi Lass, make haest to th'Smedy,

Hee's nu ded, for he rowts already;

Hee's bown; O, how it boakes and stangs,

His Lisk e'en bumps and bobbs wi' pangs.

His Weazen-pipe's as dry as dust;

His Dew-lapp's sweild, he cannot host.

He beales; tack the Barwhams of o' th' beams,

An' fetch some Breckons fra the clames;

Fre th' bawks, go fetch ma a wayem-tow;

My Nowt's e'en wreckend; hee'l not dow.

Een wellanerin for my Nowte;

For syke a Musan ne'er was wrought.

Put the Whyes a-mel yon Stirks an' Steers,

I' th' Oumar, an' sneck the lear-deers:

See if Goff *Hyldroth* be gaen hand.

Thou Helterfull, how dares ta stand?

LASS. Hee'l come belive, or aebles tittar;

For when a hard in what a twittar

Yar poor Owse lay, he took his Flayle,

An' hang't by th' Swypple on a nayle.

An teuk a Mell fra th' top o' th' Wharnes,

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An' swayr hee' d ding yar Owse i' th' Harnes;

Hee stack his Shackfork up i' th' Esins,

An' tuke his Jerkin of o' th' Gresins:

Than tuke his Mittans, reacht his Bill,

An' of o' th' Yune-head tuke a Swill

Ta kepp th' Owse blude in: Luke is cum.

AWD W: Than reach Thivel or a Strum,

To stur his Blude; stand nat te tawke,

Hing th' Reckans up o' th' Rannel-bawke.

God ya god moarne, Goff: I's e'en fain,

You'll put me Owse out o' his pain.

BUTCH. Hough-band him, tack thur weevils hine

Fra th' Rape's end; this is not a Swine

We kill, where ilk yean hauds a fuat;

I'se ready now, yelk ane luke tu it.

Than 'Beef', a God's name, I now cry.

Stretch out his legs, and let him lye

Till I cum stick 'im: where's me Swill?

Cum hither, Lass; hawd, hawd, hawd still.

LASS. What mun I dua with Blude?

BUTCH. Thou Fule,

Team't down i' th' Garth, i' th' Midden-pule.

Good Beef, by th' messe; and when 'tis hung,

I'se roule it down with Teuth an' Tongue,

An' gobbl't down e'en till I wurrye.

An' whan nest mell wee mack a Lurrye,

A peece o' this fre the Kymlin brought

By th' Rude, 'twill be as good as ought.

AWD W. Mawte-hearted Fule, I e'en cud greet

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Ta see me Owse dead at me feet.

I thank ya, Goff; I'se wype me Eene,

An' please ya tue.

BUTCH. Wyah, Gom *Gree*

