

The Salamanca Corpus: "A Pastoral Dialogue in the
Cumberland Dialect" (1778).

Author: Charles Graham (c 1750 – fl 1796).

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[65]

WORDY.

What Will, how dost honest lad?

How's aw at heam? how's BETTY, how is dad?

[66]

Let's shak thy neef — how faresta honest heart?

A's fain to see the', and as laith to part.

And is aw gayly wi'ye now at heam?

WILL.

Aw but my fadder — he has git'n a leam.

WORDY.

A leam indeed — how pray'ye happen'd that?

WILL.

A'll tell the' barn — (thou kows my fadder's fat)

Thou kens his way how ev'ry sunday mwron

He gits suen up, to gang and see the cworn;

He's duen sea twonty year for ought I know,

But 'till last thursday never gat a fo,

Nor had he than* — but cheated wi the muen

He gat up stav'ling nin could tell how suen;

When at the top of our hee garret stairs,

(As luck wad heft) our BETTY'S two tame hares

Sprang cross the room and sec a racket meade,

My fadder fell, and brack his shoulder bleade.

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I woken'd suen, and louping out a bed,
Was freeten'd fear my fadder had been deed
Sea lapt my cranky neck-cleath round his heed.
Now think what a sad takan we war in—
Tom jumbt up hofe asleep, and brack his shin.
Our sarvant man was cast and cou'dn't see,
Fell ow'r my fadder's leg, and leam'd his knee,

* Generally used in *Cumberland* for *then*.

The critic will please to observe, that, in this dialogue I have indeavoured to copy nature, not Grammar.

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'Twas but a stound — my fadder sarey man,
Cry'd help me up, guid barns, dua, if ye can!
Yan's swory than, for aw yan's fuilish toak,
I wish'd him well agane, and suen to woak.

WORDY.

And sea dov I — but did ye kill the hares?

WILL.

Aye, that we dud, for ow our BETTY'S prayers.
Puer silley gouk, she wing'd and gret full sear,
And beg'd my fadder wad "the victims spare."
But hur fine toke was on my fadder lost,
And BETT for yeance was in her fancy crost.

WORDY.

I's swory for't — but let that stwory pass—
Tho' I'd been leath to've crost sea fine a lass.
It wad'nt been sea hard to've spar'd a puss—
Nay seav'd them beath, and sent them heam to us.
Our NAN wad been reet fain sic hares to keep,
A finer burth be hofe than hurden sheep.
And gif she be but a lang idle staik,
I'd pode her feed them weel for BETTY'S sake.
And suaner than thy e'er should suffer harm,
I'd murder'd ow the hounds within our farm.

WILL.

The dikars wad ta — who'd be mazlin than?
But wad ta' deun sea much for sister NAN?

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I dread it mikle, yet for ow this jaw,

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Thou likes thy sister weel enough I know—
But I can gader now fra what t's said
'Tis BETT and nut our hares tha stuffs the' head.
What seesta' at her — meaks she's nea greet things!
Yet still a's pleas'd whene'er the baggish sings.
She reads ow kind a' buiks as fast as hopps
Just like a parson tua, and minds her stops.
She reads the vurses maistly in the news,
And toaks of conspiracy fra the muse.

WORDY.

I know that barn, ay ow'r weel I know,
The thoughts a' hur has bred me mickle woe,
Yet lith'd it still, and wad'nt let her know.
But I was daft for be'n sea vara bleat,
When I've close tul hur shworn beath suen, and late.

WILL.

Thou dud I know — it was but 'tother week—
What said t' tull her? did ta never speak?

WORDY.

I cud'nt WILLY, words was far to seek.
I glim'd and luik'd, and luik'd and glim'd again,
She blusht and luik'd as gif I gave her pain,
I'd fain a talk'd, but still had nought to say,
And kept dum silence o the langsome day,

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Then towards neight I fell again a staine,
Slap went the fickle to the vara bain.
I hoded up my neef, to shew the mark,
She luik'd and laugh'd, and bad me mind my wark,
I blusht for sham, and tuik mysel away,
And has'nt seen her sen that swory day.

WILL.

Puir silly maslin! thou was sarra'd reet,
For he deserves to starve that wullont eat.
Ah fackless soul! I wonder'd oft a leate.
What mead ta luik sea skar, and seem sea bleate;
But laal thought I, that WORDY sigh'd for BETT,
(Nor is I sure but thou is jwoking yet)
If that be o, we'll find some way next week
To bring her to the' and to make her speak;
But if thou gloupin sit and neathing say,

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I know she'll flier, and laugh and run away.

WORDY.

I canna dua't — I canna set a feace,
Yet I can talk in ony other plaice,
I often think when worken be my sel,
What canny stwories I'll to BETTY tell;
But when I meet her, ow my stwory's gean,
And a's as mute as ony coble-staine.

WILL.

O WORDY, WORDY! thou's been fuilish lang,
Thou's warce then RALF, that garrac gammer stang;

[70]

A perfect sweepless, muck up tull his een,
With clouted clogs, and sark not ower clean;
Beside he's gleeed, and swavels as he gangs,
Chews 'bacca tua, and shews his yellow fangs,
Thou wad'nt think, to see him in the street,
He shawl'd a courting every winter neet;
And yet he does — and finds a deal a' jaw,
I lith'd him yeance, sea canna miss but know,
But seken toak, nin kent what 'twas about,
I stopt my lugs, for fear a snurting out.
What pleas'd him best, she warm'd him up some keal
And RALF dud mak a varra fulsome meal,
He sharp'd and leug, but lay baith snug and sease.
When RALF was stiv'd as fou as fue could be,
Baith pot and truncher tumel'd frae his knee,
I deftly now crap out, I stay'd na lang,
I'd seen enough, 'twas time for me to gang.

WORDY.

Thou's sek a fellow WILL for gibes and jwokes,
Thou's a sea queer, thou always pleases swoaks.
Had I thy gumshin, and thy gift a gob,
I need'nt sneek a hwoals and greet and sob;
O could I now but read your written hand,
Or rite me sel, I'd part wi hofe my land.
There's TOM our laird, for o his gentle luiks,
Taks o his letters out a printed buiks.

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Get me vean duin, and let your BETTY see't
'Twad dua my wark if't dud but make her greet.

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WILL.

Speak tul her mun! mind weel what tu's about,
BET'S sec a dab she'd find thy letter out,
Then wazes me, smo then wad be thy hwope,
Gif thy fine letter could be fund i' pwope.

GWORDY.

That's reet my lad — I find I was mistaien,
Two heads thou kens is better a than yeane,
But thu mud tell hur on't mun, if tu' wad,
How for her seak poor GWORDY'S ganging mad,
Gif she be kangey, and my profer skworn,
I'll never leeve to see another mworn,
I mun away. I's thrang and bodder'd fair,
If tu, maks gam, I'll never like t' mair.

