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VNI^{ER}SI^{TA}S
STVDII
SALAMANTINI

THE SONG OF SOLOMON
IN THE
CUMBERLAND DIALECT

FROM THE AUTHORISED ENGLISH VERSION

BY
John Rayson
1858

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NOTES

In considering the peculiarities of Cumbrian orthography, it must be borne in mind that, as the dialect possesses a literature of some standing, no writer now attempts to make out a system for himself, but merely modifies that already in use sufficiently to express the variation current in his own district. Cumbrian orthography, it may also be observed, grew up under the influence of that of the Scotch.

Most of the difficulties of Cumbrian pronunciation arise from the insertion of the *w* and

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y sounds between the initial consonants and certain succeeding vowels. For an explanation of these phonetic peculiarities, v. Sullivan's "Cumberland and Westmorland," pp. 72, 73.

The peculiar sound in *mwouth* & c. may be described as a weak or half-formed *w*, but there is no other letter by which this can be expressed.

The sound in such words as *neame*, *meade* & c., is as near to *y* as the sound in *mwouth* to *w*, but it appears to be more susceptible of modification from the preceding consonant. *Gyate* and *geate* are used almost indifferently, but in *neame* and *meade* the *e* is perhaps preferable. It must, however, be understood that the sound represent is a kind of *y*. The succeeding *a* in *neame* is not as long as *a* in the English "name;" perhaps not more than half as long.

The *ai* in *naig* represents, besides the *a*, a narrow sound, something like as if written *nyag*.

Awaeken, *maiden*, & c., show the narrow expression curiously modified by the preceding labial, to such an extent that the sound of *e* (*y*) appears to follow the real vowel sound.

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The *ui* in *luive*, *luik* & c., is intended to represent a diphthongal sound differing from the English *u* as to one of its elements. The English *u* being formed of *y* and *oo*, the component parts of the Cumbrian diphthong appear to be the vowel sounds *ee* and *oo*, both short. Many persons would write *lyuve*, *lyuk*, & c. The vowel sound in *dui*, *tui*, is of the same nature.

Duves has not the sound of "doves," but contains a *u* rather shorter than that in "duke."

Yearth might be written without the *a*, but that the vowel sound is not as short as the English *ě*.

The vowel sound in *weyne*, *meinde*, & c., differs from the vowel in the words "wine," "mind", & c. The English *ī* is the diphthong *ai* or *ei* closely compressed or blended; the Cumbrian vowel has the elements of the sound more distinguishable or less compressed.

Reiver is pronounced *reever*.

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The vowel sound in *voyce, rejoyce, & c.*, has the *o* closer than in the English words. “Voice” might be written *vaw-ice*, whilst the Cumbrian is nearer to *voo-ice*.

Doun is Scotch orthography, and pronounced *doon*. *House* has the same vowel sound.

Thie, flie, have the sound of *ee*.

Thee is pronounced shorth (*thě*), unless emphatic, when it has the proper English sound.

Wayes has a more prolonged vowel than the English word. It is, however, called *wayses* by many Cumbrians.

The termination in *vallie* is more marked or accented than that of “valley.”

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THE SANG O' SOLOMON

CHAP. I

1 The sang o' sangs, whilk is Solomon's

2 Let him kiss me wi' the kisses o' his mwouth: for thy luive is far afwore weyne.

3 Becwous o' the savor o' thy guid ointmint thy neame is ointmint teemed out, therfware dui the meaidens luive thee:

4 Pu' me, we wull rin efter thee: the king hes brong me intui his chammars: we wull be glad an' rejoyce in thee; we wull meind thy luive mair ner weyne; the upreet luive thee.

5 I am black, but bonnie, O ye dowters o' Jerusalem, as the tents o' Kedar, as the cwortins o' Solomon.

6 Luik nit apon me, becwous I am black, becwous

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the sun hes sheyne on me: my mudder's bairns wer angrie wi' me; thay meade me keepir o' the veyneyards; but my awn veyneyard hev I nit kept.

7 Tell me, O thou whom my sowl luivest, whare thou feedist, whare thou

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meck'st thy flock to rest at nuin: for why sud I be as yen that turnist aseide by
the flocks o' thy cumreades.

8 If thou kens nit, O thou fairest amang wemen, gang thy ways furth by the
fitsteps o' thy flock, an' feed thy kids beseide the shepherd's tents.

9 I hev leyken't thee, O my luive, tui companie o' naigs in Pharao's chariets.

10 Thy cheeks are bonnie wi' raws o' jewils, thy neck wi' cheains o' gowd.

11 We wull meck the bwordirs o' gowd wi' studs o' silvar.

12 Wheyle the king sits at his teable, my speykenaird sens furth its smel.

13 A bunnel o' myrrh is my weel-beluivet tui me; he sall lye aw neet atween my
breists.

14 My beluivet is untui me as a clustir o' camphire in the veyneyards o' En-gedi.

15 Behauld, thou art fair, my luive: behauld, thou art fair: thou hest duves' een.

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16 Behauld, thou art fair, my beluivet, yis, pleesint; an' beseide our bed is green.

17 The jeests o' our hwous ar cedars, an' our raftars o' fur.

CHAP II.

1 I am the rwose o' Sharon, an' the lillie o' the vallies.

2 As the lillie amang thworns, sae is my luive amang the dowters.

3 As the apple-tree amang the trees o' the wud, sae is my beluivet amang the
sons. I sat down anunder his shaddow wi' muckle deleyght, an' his frute was
sweet tui my teaste.

4 He brong me tui the banquetin' hous, an' his bannir ower me was luive.

5 Stay wi' flaggans, cumfert me wi' apples: for I am seek o' luive.

6 His left han' is anunder my heed, an' his reet han' infauls me.

7 I wearn you, O ye dowters o' Jerusalem, by the rwoes, an' heynes o' the fiel',
that ye stur nit up, ner awaeken my luive till he please.

8 The voyce o' my beluivet! Behauld, he cums loupin' upon the mwountans,

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skippin' apon the hills.

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9 My beluivet is leyke a rwoe, or a young buck: behauld, he stans ahint our waw,
he luiks owt at the wendaws, showin' hissel owtseyde the lettice.

10 My beluivet spack, an' said intui me, Reise up, my luive, my fair yen, an'
cum away.

11 For, lo, the winter is bye, the rain is ower an' geane.

12 The floures apear on the yearth; the teyme o' the singin' burd is cum, an' the
voyce o' the turtul duve is heard in our lan'.

13 The fig-tree puts furth her green figs, an' veynes wi' the tendir greape gev a
guid smel. Reise up, my luive, my fair yen, an' cum away.

14 O my duve, that art in the cliffs o' the rock, in the secret pleaces o' the stairs,
let me see thy cwountinence, let me hear thy voyce; for sweet is thy voyce, an'
thy cwountinence is cumlie.

15 Teck us the foxes, the little foxes that weast the veynes; for our veynes hev
tendir greapes.

16 My beluivet is meyne, an' I am his: he feeds amang the lillies.

17 Till the day breck, an' the shaddaws flee away, turn, my beluivet, an' be thou
leyke a rwoe or a young buck apon the mwontans o' Bether.

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CHAP. III.

1 By neet on my bed I swought him whem my sowl luives: I swought him, but I
fan him nit.

2 I wull reise now, an' gang abwout the citie in the throufeares, an' in the brwoad
ways I wull seek him whem my sowl luives: I swought him, but I fan him nit.

3 The watchmen that gang abwout the citie fan me: to whom I said, Saw ye him
whem my soul luives?

4 It was nobbet a wee bit teyme efter I hed past frae them, when I fan him whem

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my swoul luives: I gat haul o' him, an' wad nit let him gang, till I hed brong him
intui my mudder's hwous, an' intui the chammer o' her that bwore me.

5 I wearn you, O ye dowters o' Jerusalem, by the rwoes, an' by the heynes o' the
fiel, that ye stur nit up, ner awaeken my luive till he please.

6 Whee is this that cums owt o' the wildirness leyke pillars o' smuik, scentet wi'
myrrh an' frankincense, wi' aw pwodirs o' the merchan.

7 Behauld his bed, whilk is Solomon's: threeswore vallient men ar about it, o'
the breave o' Israel.

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8 They aw haud swards, bein' weel-skill't in war: iviry man hes his sward apou
his thie, because o' fear in the neet.

9 King Solomon meade hissel a chariet o' the wud o' Lebanon.

10 He meade pillars o' it o' silvar, the boddom o' it o' gowd, the cwoverin' o' it
o' purpil, the middle o' it bein' peav't wi' luive, for the dowters o' Jerusalem.

11 Gang furth, O ye dowters o' Zion, an' behauld King Solomon wi' the crwoun
wharewi' his mudder crwonet him in the day o' his espousals, an' in the day o'
the gladness o' his heart.

CHAP. IV.

1 Behauld, thou art fair, my luive; behauld, thou art fair; thou hest duves' een
widin thy locks: thy hair is leyke a flock o' gwoats, that appear frae mwount
Gilead.

2 Thy teeth ar leyke a flock o' sheep that ar snodlie clipp't, whilk cam up frae the
weashin': iviry yen hes twins, an' neane is geil't amang them.

3 Thy lips ar leyke a thread o' skarlit, an' thy speech

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is cumlie: thy tempils ar leyke a piece o' pomgranate widin thy locks.

4 Thy neck is leyke the twour o' David, built for an armerie, whareon ther hing a
thwousan' bucklirs, aw shiels o' meightie men.

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5 Thy twee breists ar leyke twee young rwoes that ar twins, whilk feed amang
the lillies.

6 Till the day breck, an' the shaddaws flee away, I wull get me to the mwountan
o' myrrh, an' tui the hill o' frankincense.

7 Thou art aw fair, my luive; ther is nae spot in thee.

8 Cum wi' me frae Lebanon, my spwous, wi' me frae Lebanon: luik frae the top
o' Amana, frae the top o' Shemir an' Hermon, frae the lians' dens, frae the
mwountans o' the leppirts.

9 Thou hest wun my heart, my titty, my spwous; thou hest wun my heart wi' yen
o' thyne een, wi' yen cheain o' thy neck.

10 How fair is thy luyve, my titty, my spwous! How muckle better is thy luive
that weyne, an' the smel o' theyne ointmints ner aw speyces.

11 Thy lips, O my spwous, drop as the hunnie-cwoum: hunnie an' milk ar
anunder thy tung; an' the smel o' thy claes is leyke the smel o' Lebanon.

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12 A garden deyket roun is my titty, my spwous; a spring shut up, a fwountan
sealet.

13 Thy plants ar a worchet o' pomgranates, wi' pleesent frutes; camphire, wi
spikenaird.

14 The spikenaird an' saffern; calamus an' cinnamin, wi' aw trees o'
frankincense; myrrh an' aloes, wi' aw the choyce speyces.

15 A fwountan o' gardens, a well o' leeivin' watters, an' streems frae Lebanon.

16 Awaeken, O nor win; an' cum, thou south; blow apon my garden, that the
speyces may flow owt. Let my beluivet cum intui his garden, an' eat his pleesent
frutes.

CHAP V.

1 I am cum intui my garden, my titty, my spwous: I hev geatheret my myrrh wi'
my speyce; I hev eatin my hunnie-cwoum wi' my hunnie; I hev drunk my weyne

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wi' my milk: eat, O friens, drink, yis, drink abundintlie, O beluivet.

2 I sleep, by my heart waekes: it is the voyce o' my beluivet that nocks, sayin',
Opin tui me, my titty, my luive, my duve, my undefeylet: for my heed is full't
wi' dew, an' my locks wi' the drops o' the neet.

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3 I hev putten off my cwoat; how sall I put it on? I hev weashet my feet; how
sall I defeyle them?

4 My beluivet put in his han' by the hwoel o' the duir, an' my bowils were
muivet for him.

5 I ruse up tui opin tui my beluivet; an' my hans drop't wi' myrrh, an' my fingirs
wi' sweet smelin' myrrh, apon the hannels o' the lock.

6 I openet tui my beluivet; but my beluivet hed geane away: my sowl failet me
when he spack: I swought him, but I coud nit fin him; I shoutet on him, but he
gev me nae answir.

7 The watchmen that went about the citie fan me, thay hat me, thay woundet me;
the keepirs o' the waws tuik away my vael frae me.

8 I wearn ye, O dowters o' Jerusalem, if ye fin my beluivet, that ye tell him I am
seek o' luive.

9 What is thy beluivet mair than anodder beluivet, O thou fairest amang wemen?
What is thy beluivet mair than anodder beluivet, that thou dest sae wearn us?

10 My beluivet is wheyte an' rwsie, the weale amang ten thoosan'

11 His heed is as the meast feyne gowd; his locks ar bushy, an' black as a crow.

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12 His een ar as the een o' duves by the reiver o' watters, weashet wi' milk, ae
feynely set.

13 His cheeks ar as a bed o' speyces, as sweet flwours: his lips leyke lillies,
droppin sweet smelin myrrh.

14 His hans ar as gowd rings set wi' beryle; his weaste is as breet iviry

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owerleade wi' sapphires.

15 His legs ar as pillirs o' marbil set apon sokets o' feyne gowd; his
cwountinence is as Lebanon, eksillent as the cedars.

16 His mwouth is meast sweet: yis, he is awtuigidder luivelie. This is my
beluivet, an' this is my frien', O dowters o' Jerusalem.

CHAP. VI.

1 Whudder is thy beluivet geane, O thou fairist amang wemen? Whudder is thy
beluivet turnet aseyde? That we may seek him wi' thee.

2 My beluivet is geane doun intui his garden, tui beds o' speyces, to feed in the
gardens, an' tui gadder lillies.

3 I am my beluivet's, an' my beluivet is meyne: he feeds amang the lillies

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4 Thou art bonnie, O my luive, as Tirzah, cumlie as Jerusalem, terrabil as an
armie o' war wi' bannirs.

5 Turn away theyne een frae me, for thay hev owercum me: thy hair is as a flock
o' gwoats that apear frae Gilead.

6 Thy teeth ar as a flock o' sheep whilk gang up frae the weashin', whareo' iviry
yen beers twins, an' ther is nit yet geil't amang them.

7 As a piece o' a pomgranate ar thy tempils wudin thy locks.

8 My duve, my undefeylet, is but yet; she is the wonlie yen o' her mudder, whe
is the choyce yen o' her that bwore her. The dowters saw her, an' blesset her; yis,
the queen an' the concubeynes, an' thay prayset her.

10 Whee is she that luiks furth as the mwornin' fair as the muin, clear as the sun,
an' terrabil as an armie wi' bannirs?

11 I went doun inui the garden o' nuts to see the frutes o' the vallie, an' tui see
whudder the veyne flurishet, an' the pomgranates buddet.

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12 Afwore ivir I kent, my sowl meade me leyke the chariets o' Ammi-nadib.

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13 Cum back, cum back, O Shulameyte; cum back, cum back, that we may luik
apon thee. What wull ye see in the Shulameyte? As it wer the cumpanie o' twee
armees.

CHAP. VII

1 How bonnie ar thy feet wi' shoon, O prince's dowter! the joints o' thy thies ar
leyke jewils, the wark o' the hans o' a guid warkman.

2 Thy neavil is leyke a roun goblit, that wants nit lekkir; thy middel is leyke a
heep o' wheet set roun abwout wi' lillies.

3 Thy twee breists ar leyke twee yung rwoes that ar twins.

4 Thy neck is as a towir o' iviry; theyne een leyke fishpuils in Heshbon, by the
geate o' Bath-rabbim: thy nwose is as the towir o' Lebanon, whilk luiks tui
Damascus.

5 Theyne heed apon thee is leyke Carmel, an' the hair o' theyne heed leyke
purpil; the king is hauden in the lofts.

6 How fair an' how pleesint art thou, O, luive, for deleyghts!

7 This thy stater is leyke tui a pawm-tree, an' thy breists tui bunches o' greapes.

8 I said, I wull gang up tui the pawm-tree, I wull teck haul o' the brenches o' it:
now awsae thy breists sall be as bunches o' the veyne, an' the smell o' thy nwose
leyke apples;

9 An' the ruif o' thy mwoth leyke the best weyne for my beluivet, that gangs
doun sweetlie, garrin' the lips o' thur that ar asleep to speak.

10 I am my beluivet's, an' his deseyre is tuiward me.

11 Cum, my beluivet, let us gang furth intui the fiel; let us ludge in the villagis.

12 Let us get up airtie tui the veyneyards; let us see if the veyne flurish, whudder
the tendir greapes opear, an' the pomgranates bud furth: ther I wull giv thee my
luives.

13 The mandreakes giv a smel, an' at our geates ar aw sworts o' pleesint frutes,
new an' auld, whilk I hev laid up for thee, O my beluivet.

CHAP. VIII.

1 O that thou wer as my brudder, that swuket the breists o' my mudder! When I
sud fin thee owtbodye, I wad kiss thee; yis, I sud nit be dispeiset.

2 I wad leed thee, an' bring thee intui my mudder's hwous, whee wad skuil me: I
wad gar thee to drink o' speycet weyne o' the juce o' my pomgranates.

3 His left han' sud be anunder my heed, an' his reet han' sud intweene me.

4 I wearn you, O dowters o' Jerusalem, that ye stur nit up, ner awaeken my luive,
till he please.

5 Whee is this that cums frae the wilderniss, leenin' apun his beluivet? I raiset
thee up anunder the apple-tree: ther thy mudder brong thee furth: ther she brong
thee furth that bowre thee.

6 Set me as seel apun thy heart, as a seel apun theyne aerm: for luive is as strang
as deeth: jeelasie is crewil as the greave: the cwoals o' it ar cwoals o' fire, that
hes a greet bleeze.

7 Monie watters cannit slocken luive, nowther can the fluids droun it: if a man
wad give aw the gear o' his hwous for luive, it wad be nae use.

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8 We hev a leyle titty, an' she has nae breists: what sall we dui for our titty in the
day when she sall be spwoken for?

9 If she be a waw, we wull beal apun her a palece o' silvar; an' if she be a duir
we wull inclwose her wi' bwards o' cedar.

10 I am a waw, an' my breists leyke twours: then wal I in his een as yen that fan
favor.

11 Solomon had a veyneyard at Baal-hamon; he let out the veyneyard untui
keepirs, iviry yen for the frute o' it was to bring a thousan' peices o' silvar.

12 My veyneyard, whilk is meyne, is befware me: thou, O Solomon, mun hev a
thoosan', an' thur that keep the frute o' it wee hunred.

13 Thou that leives in the gardens, the cumreades lissan tui thy voyce; gar me



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hear it.

14 Meck heaste, my beluivet, an' be thou leyke to a rwoe, or tui a yung buck,
apon the mwountans o' speyces.

