

**SPECIMENS OF THE
WESTMORLAND
DIALECT**

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Specimens of the Westmorland Dialect by Thomas Clarke & William Bowness & Robert Southey

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THOMAS CLARKE & WILLIAM BOWNESS & ROBERT SOUTHEY

SPECIMENS OF THE WESTMORLAND DIALECT

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OF

The Westmorland Dialect.

BY

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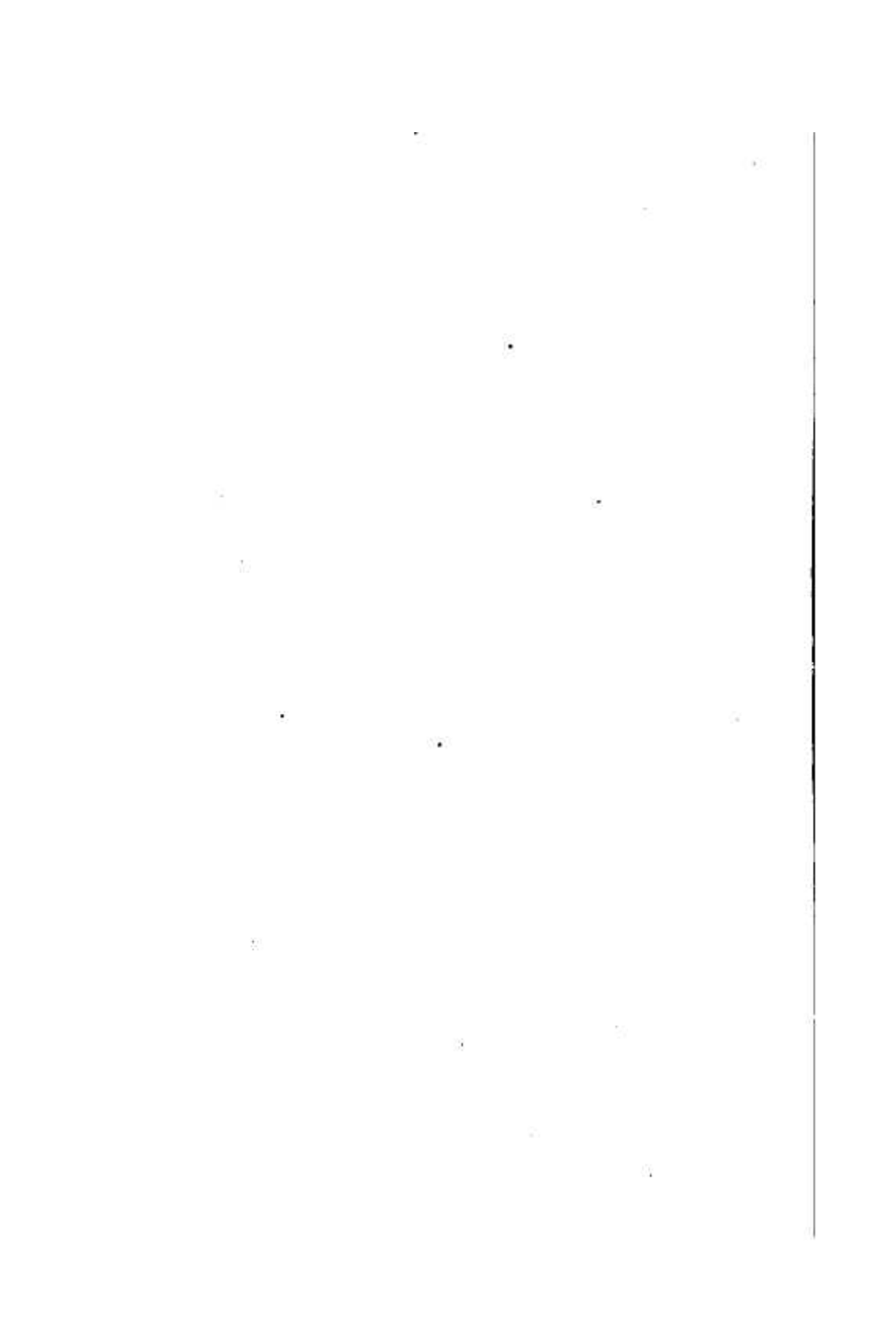
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T' REYSH BEEARIN.

Noo a's gaan ta tell ya summat about t' sterrins 't a sa net varra lang sen ; bet mappen y'd like ta knaa whaar a leeve first ov o'.

Wyah, ya see, we leeve i' yan o thor deevals up among t' fells — a fell heead spot amackly, es yan may say, omast be oorsells ; fer we'r a parlish lang way frae enny nebbers, sooa we nivver see neeabody, nobbet noo an' then when sum et deeval chaps cum up latan a stray teeap er summat et mak. We've a bit a land, an t' hoose ligs varra snug among a lock o' eysh trees, an's weel becalt' frae t' fell wind be some heeh crags. We keep a twa three kye, an bring up a few coves ; an noo an then hev a conny lile pig er twa, et does varra weel fer uz when we've a flick a bacan hingan i't chimla.

We set a lock a taetes, an hev a bit a cworn, if we can get it afwore t' snaa cumes ; an it sarras uz fer a bit a havver breading an a few podish ; we kern a few pund a butter a week, an meeak a lile cheese noo an then ; we greeave a lock a peeats a top a t' fell, ez cuz in varra weel fer eldin i' wintre. Meear than that we've twa er three scooar sheep, an i't lang wintre neets a card a bit a woo an meeak it inta flowts, while oor Betty spins it fer cleath. We've nowt bet oorsels et heeam, fer t' sarvants er sick sacy, fratchan, kickmalaery things noo-a-daes, et yan can deea nowt a to wi' them, neea nowt a to barn ; an oor Betty an me er beeath on uz gaily lish, sooa we'd rather deea t' wark oorsels ner be fashed we' them. Sooa we

prow on amang t' kye, an t' sheep, an t' coves be oorsels, an omast nivver see neeabody et deaal heead.

Bet ya dae Mowdiwarp Gworde coed es he wes gaan by, an telt ez et thear wes gaan t' be sum varra girt stirrins. Eyh, ses I, what's gaan t' be t' deea? Is t're gaan ta be a kirsennin er a weddin, er is t're gaan ta be a 'lection fer Parlimant men, er sum sheep fair, er what? Nae, ses he, nowt a that mack. They're gaan t' hev t' "Reysh Bearin," an ses he, ya mun ga an see't. Nae, ses I, thae'l want nowt wi' sick es me theear, nowt a to barn. Wyah, ses he, bet thae're gaan tul't frae o't neeaks e't ward; ivverybody 'l be theear. Ya mun ga, yer like, er ivverybody waen't be theear, that's varra sartn.

Sooa wen he'd a lile bit a cheese an breead an a soop a milk, an wes geean, thowt I ta mesel, an a sed ta oor Betty, a'l een ga an see this "Reysh Bearin." Eyh, ses she, ta be sewer, an I'll ga teea. We hev'n't mitch ta deea et heeam, an theear ar neea barns ta fash uz; an we can sewerly tack ccear uv oorsels. Sooa we set doon et we'd gang. Oor Betty sed it wes t'weyshin dac, bet she'd weysh ower neet seeaner ner she'd miss it.

It wes it lang days i' summer; bet we wer beath on uz up be it wer lect. I milkt kye, sarrat coves, an put geear onta t' nag, while oor Betty meead t' podish, en degged her cleas et she hed oot et' top et' girs. We donned on oor hallida cleas, sneckt deear, an off we set i' girt glee, ye may be sewer.

It wes a gay farrantly mooarnin', nobbut noo an then t' wind blew stoor i' oor een, an omast blinded uz, bet we cceard lile aboot that, we hied uz forrat. An when we gat thear, O what a seet; a wes fair maddlt, sic skoos a foak cum clutheran in frae omast o' t' neeaks it ward, hundreds (a'd omast sed thousans), sum frae Bruff, sum frae Kirby, sum frae Peerath, sum frae t' Haase, an' mappen sum frae Kendle, sum frae ya plceace an sum frae

anudther, an' sum frae neeabody knaas whar, o' donnt oot i' ther varra best; ther hallida shoon, an bits a hats et woodnt meeak a gradely throssel nest. Sum bits a barns net a peecat heeh; sum knaccan an' tokin like brockn sticks; sum gaan a ther tip teas like cats i' watter. Sum token amackly in a heeamly way, an sledtheran up an doon; sum popan aboot es if thae'd been hofe daezed. Sum girt lang letheran chaps waamelt aboot just like eels i't mooad.

Eftre a bit cus up a lot o' chaps wee o' macks a things; yan hed a girt lang thing like a brass sile, wi a hannel int' it; he werkt it up an doon secam es a pump. Anudther chap hed a gert thing like a watter tub, et he braet we twa sticks, an when he streak et it it meead a noise omast like thunner. An thae'y'd o' macks a things et neea body can neeam, as sewer I can't. I think thae coed 'em t' band; bet thae kick't up sick a nurraton, fit ta flae yan ta deeach, like o't' kye it deaal creenan, coves becalan, an t' man wi tub meckan t' thunner, et yan mud a thowt thae'd cum a purpus ta freetan fooak. Bet, hawivver, thae did'nt freetan uz mitch, fer we gat teean tu them afooar lang.

Eftre a bit we went te't kirk, whaar thae sed we wer ta hevt' "Reysh Beearin," an when we gat theear t' Kirk wes o'mast full a fooak, bet, hawivver, we gat a pleeas; an when t' preest gat up it wes a long while afoor a knew whether he was token, er reeden, er greetan. Bet a leeakt, an better leeakt, fer 'em to bring reyshes in, an' wundthert whativver thae'd deea w' tham; bet when t' preest wes deean, up lowpt sum barns we' bits of pooases i' ther' hans' et thae browt tul a chap; he set up a stee again t' wo, an' stack't pooases ontul a bit o' wud, an' o' wes ower.

I thowt ta mesel', an' a sed ta oor Betty, et a wes sewer thae mud be maffins if thae'd misteean ther pooases an' didn't kna them be reyshes. Wyah, ses she, mapp'm

thae hev neea reyshes doon i' thor laa pleeases. Wyah, ses I, bet if thae'd nobbet cu ta oor hoose thae mud git es menny Reyshes i' t' coo-paster es wed fill t' hecal kirk, an' if that wadd'nt deea fer 'em thae mud ga ontat Know an maa es menny brakens es wed fill t' kirk an' t' garth teea ; an' as varra weel sewer et brakens wed be better be hofe ner ther pooases, fer thae mud bed t' kirk fleear wi' 'em i' caald wedther an keep thersels warm, seeam es we deea wi' coves i' wintre. Bet a thowt t' mesel, an' a sed ta oor Betty, et a wes sarten thae wer a set a maizlins ta co that a "Reysh Bearin" when ther wosn't ya single reysh browt be yan o' them.

Then thae telt uz theear wed be sum tee reddy fer uz. Bet a wes omast frettant ta gaa wi' them, fer a thowt if they'd as lile gome about meeakin tee es thae hed about reyshes, et mapp'm thae'd puzzan uz wi' summat er udther. We hed ta gi' too breet shillins fer oor tee, es mitch es wed a kept oor Betty an' me omast a hecal week et heeam, an' varra modtherat stuff it wes. T' brekad wcs varra dasent ; bet theear wer sum chaps theear, a wundther thae warrant shamm'd a thersels, a wes ashamm'd o' them ; yan mud a thowt et thae hed'nt bittan fer a month. Thae *it* es mitch es Hugh Hird, et use t' *it* t' sunny side ov a wedther 'tle his supper.

When t' tee wes ower, t' band fellas began te kick up anudther nuration wi' ther things et thae hed, an' t' fooak gat up an' began t' rinn an' jump an' kaper about a top et girs. An' a thowt t' mesel, an' a sed ta oor Betty, what, ther sartenly gaen mad. Nowt et mack, nowt et mack, ses she, thoo's full a maapment ; thoo knaas nowt, mun, thoo's net fit ta ga fraa heeam. Sista, mun, thaer gaan ta dance, ses she. Wyah, then ses I, a's sarten the've gean mad. Dussent ta sae thesel et when Aggy Scrattam an' thae'r Johnny fose oot an' fratches et she gaas stark, rantan, dancin mad? Sooa thoo sees thae