

Dialect Writing



Summer Bulletin Reprints

Yorkshire Speyks from JOHN HARTLEY, WALTER HAMPSON and others Selected by R.W. HORNSEY (1959)

Brass taen aart o yan's pocket is mair than hauf spent. *Money taken out of one's pocket is more than half spent.*

Gettin wed's like buyin a second-hand car; it's bahn to cost yo afoor yo've finished wi it. *Getting married is like buying a second-hand car, it's bound to cost you before you've finished with it.*

T'laadest sharters often hasn't mich on their stalls. *The loudest shouters often don't have much to sell.*

It's better to fettle an shaht abaht it nor nivver to fettle at all. *It's better to do something and shout about it than never to do it at all.*

A rubber apron on t'knee's worth a dozen in t'drawer. *A rubber apron on the knee is worth a dozen in the drawer.*

Monny a chap gets credit for wisdom becoss he wears specs an keeps his mahtsh shut. *Many a man gets credited as being wise because he wears spectacles and keeps his mouth shut.*

Eawivver hooamly lukkin a chap may be, he can casole hissen wi thinkin ther wor a time when he wor th' bonniest babby at ivver wor born. *However homely looking a man may be, he can console himself with thinking there was a time when he was the bonniest baby that was ever born.*

It's easier to finnd a fault nor to loise one. *It is easier to find a fault than to lose one.*

If a man think's he's weel off, he's weel off. *If a man thinks he's well off, he is well off.*

Th' world nivver luks cleean to a chap at weears mucky glasses. *The world never looks clean to a man that wears dirty glasses.*

If yo want to be happy wi yor wife, allus tell her what yo want her to do, an then let

her please hersen. *If you want to be happy with your wife, always tell her what you want her to do, and then let her please herself.*

When a chap's nowt else to do he falls i love, an if he falls deep enuff, he'll finnd wark enuff to fit him for t'rest of his days. *When a man has nothing else to do he falls in love, and if he falls deep enough, he'll find enough work to occupy him for the rest of his days.*

It strikes me as bein queer at fowk at's allus buyin bargains dooan't get rich hawf as fast as them at sell em. *It strikes me as odd that people that are always buying bargains don't get rich half as fast as those that sell them.*

It's wer Christian duty to mak best o things - even husbands. *It's our Christian duty to make the best of things - even husbands (have to).*

When a chap booaats he's made a fortun bi his pluck, he nivver says who he pluckt. *When a man boasts he's made a fortune by his pluck (courage), he never says who he plucked (picked).*

Muck goas to t'middin an it's reight place for it. *Dirt goes to the dunghill and that's the right place for it.*

When a chap sets aht to leearn all it's possible to know abaht wimmin afoor he gets wed, it's a sovereign to a hayseed he dees single. *When a man sets out to learn all it is possible to know about women before he gets married, it's a sovereign to a hayseed that he will die single.*

Thar's nowt maks a woman as mad as to have a saycret at nubdy wants to know. *There's nothing that makes a woman so mad as to have a secret that nobody wants to know.*

Christmas Crackers by Arnold Kellett (West Riding)

Come, lads and lasses, frame yersens!

We'r bahn ter t' Christmas Crack,

Fer tales an' poims in t'Yorksher tongue,

As wi' tu'n wer clocks all back

Ter t' days o' wer youth, an' t' days o' yore,

An' fu'ther back still ter long afooare,

When t' stars shone dahn yon neet
On t' dawnin o' treeuth an' leet
In a bit of a mistal wi muck all rahnd
An' theeare in t' midst yon shepherds fahnd
T' babby in 'ippins all wahrmly lapped,
An t' three Wise Men, all on 'em capped
At such a gloorious seet!

Nay, we'r not same as fowk tha sees terday,
Spendin the'r brass wi' Christmas greed...
Wi s'll think o't' meantn o' yon grand day
An' think of all t' childer born i' need
Wi s'll do t'job reight - an' then wi s'll mak
This year's Christmas really crack!
For liftin low sperrits ther's no fowk can whack us:
We'r baht comic 'ats - but we'r reight Christmas Crackers!

A Whiff o' t'Past by Mike Park (North Riding)

Ah've nivver bin inside yan, bud Ah keeap hearin' aboot thease here new-fangled coffee hooses where thoo can buy jist aboot ivvery type o' coffee goin'.
An' maist on 'em seeame ti hev furrin' neames, fer sum reason. Fer instance, Ah've heeard of a netty, bud what's a 'latty' when it's at yam?
Mind, like a lot o' things, bein' offered a choice o' different types o' coffee is nowt new. Back in ma younger days, ivvery toon hed big neames lahk Kardomah an' Lyons wheer thoo cud sample dozens o' varicose brands o' coffee, or even buy t'beans an' tek 'em yam ti brew thi own.
Theer were a shop called Roontrees i' Scarborough, an' it hed a girt coffee grinder i' t'winder, an' all day lang, t'smell o' t'coffee used ti waft oot inti t'street. It fair med thi mooth watter as thoo walked by!
Bud then sartin smells allus were gooid at bringin' back mem'ries. Nooadays, fer sum reason, t'seaside wheer Ah live disn't seem ti smell 'seasidey' onny mooar, lahk it did when Ah were a lad. Yance ower, thoo used ti be able ti get a grand

lungful o' what they called t'smell o' t'ozone, an' thoo allus knew when thoo was gettin' near t'sea wi'oot even seein' t'waves. Nooadays, ivverywheer seems ti smell o' nowt bud hamburgers, pizza, an' fried chicken!

Yan ither smell 'at nivver fails ti set mi mooth watterin' is fryin' bacon. Ah can hardly wait fer it ti get broon an' crispy i' t'pan, stick it atween twa slices o' bread, an' sink me teeth intiv it.

Theer's on'y yan trubble wi' bacon, an' wi coffee an' all fer that matter, an' it's a bit ov a disappointment... They nivver ivver taste quite as gooid as they smell, do they?

Bath Neet by Christine Thistlethwaite (West Riding)

Ah wor skennin' in a plumber's winder

As Ah traipsed along on t'street

When me een wor caught wi' a breet display

O' t'latest bathroom suite.

T'colour wor sooart o' pinky puce,

T'taps wor gowd an' t'bath wor rahnd

By 'eck it wor a stunner!

It cost a thahsand pahnd!

Wesh basin wor shaped like a scallop shell

Deep enuf ter sink a fleet in,

Ther wor t'toilet, an' summat Ah cudn't mek out

Ah think it were ter wesh yer feet in!

Ah thowt 'ow this luxury aw' could be mine

If nobbut Ah 'ad the dough,

An' Ah smiled as Ah thowt o' t'contrast

Wi' bathneets o' long ago.

Frida' neets, Mam'd mek t'fire up

Wi' plenty o' wood an' coil,

Fill up t'big pans wi' watter

An' set 'em on ter boil.

Then, out o' t'wesh-house she'd fetch t'tin bath
An' set it on t'owd pegged rug,
Then each on us bairns'd be lathered in turn,
In t'kitchen ser warm an' snug.

Clean 'jamas wor waitin' on t'oven dooar,
As we splashed an' laiked in t'tub,
'Til Mam'd say, "Let's be 'avin' yer!
It's tahm fer a rub-a-dub-dub!"

Then, cocoa an' parkin curled up bi t'fire,
In a sleepy, shinin' glow.
Aye! Ah'd swap aw them fancy bathroom suites
Fer a bathneet o' long ago!