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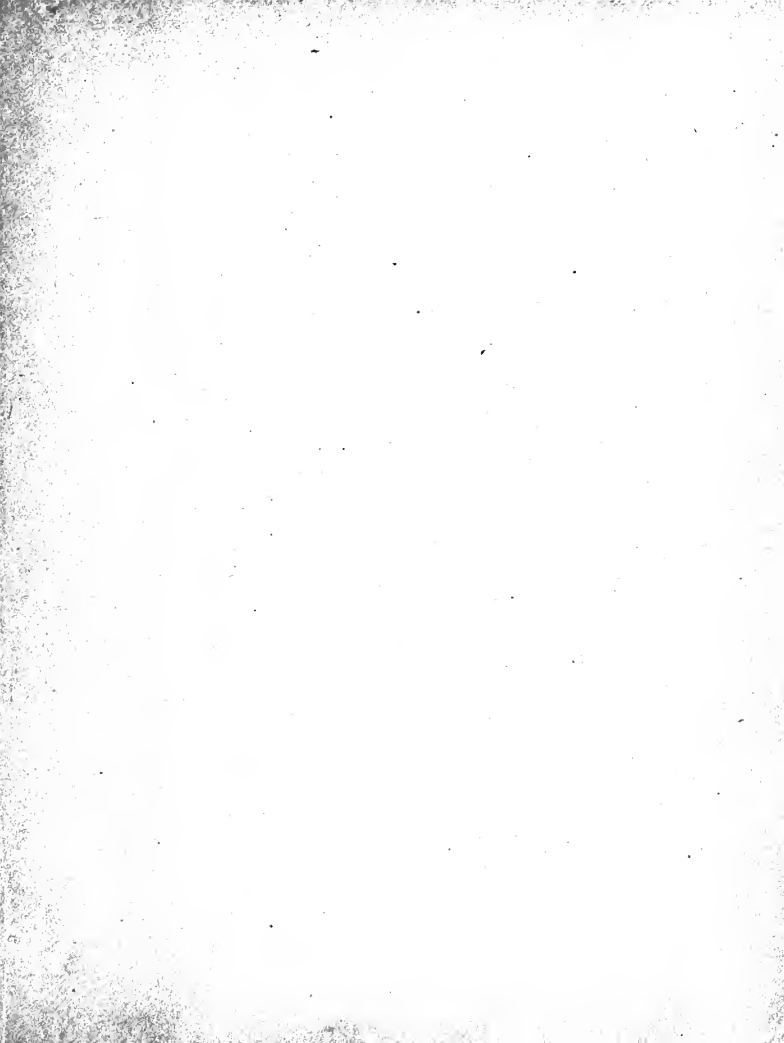
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The Song of Solomon

IN

THE LANCASHIRE DIALECT,

AS SPOKEN AT BOLTON.

*FROM THE AUTHORISED ENGLISH VERSION.*

BY

JAMES TAYLOR STATON.

1859.

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## N O T E S,

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THE dialect in which the following translation appears is that peculiar form current in the neighbourhood of Bolton-le-Moors. In other parts of Lancashire there is a material difference in the pronunciation of many words. Thus, for example, the words *will not*, *must not*, and *shall not*, would in Bolton be pronounced *winnot*, *munnnot*, and *shannot*; whilst in another part of the county they would be pronounced respectively *wunner*, *munner*, and *shunner*.

I have endeavoured to convey an idea of the peculiar manner in which, in many cases, the words of the ordinary English version would be pronounced, as well as orthography would permit, though some sounds must be heard to be fairly comprehended, for want of a complete parallel.

Nearly all words or parts of words having the same sound as *ou* in *mouse* are pronounced as the first syllable in the adverb *ever*, but somewhat broader. Thus,

<i>house,</i>	<i>heawsè,</i>
<i>about,</i>	<i>abeawt,</i>
<i>flowers,</i>	<i>fleawrs.</i>

But the legitimate English sound of *ou* in such words is not altogether discarded; it is simply transferred to other words. For example,

<i>Daughter</i>	is pronounced	<i>dowter,</i>
<i>Laughter</i>	„	<i>lowfter.</i>

As a rule, I may say, the letter *g* is not sounded as a termination. *Going* is pronounced *goin*; *schooling*, *skooin*; *running*, *runnin*; and so on.

Words, or syllables, sounded as *joy*, are, for the most part pronounced in a manner somewhat difficult to explain. A sound similar to that given to *weigh* is imparted, but very broad and emphatic. *Fire* is pronounced *feighur*. The word *key* is also pronounced in the same way — *keigh*.

In the 4th Chapter, v. 10, are to be found two modes of spelling the pronoun *thy*. The way in which the sentence would be spoken necessitates this. In the first two instances a little stress would be laid on the word. The *a* being sounded as in *art*; in the other instance the *y* would be softly and quickly sounded, as the *i* in *mist*.

In Chap. ii. verses 8 and 9, for the verb *behold* has been substituted its common Lancashire synonyme *lucko*. *Behold* is pronounced *behowd*, as in Chap. i. v. 15; but only in very exceptional instances would it be used. Words, generally terminating with *old*, are thus pronounced,—

<i>cold</i> ,	<i>cowd</i> ,
<i>old</i> ,	<i>owd</i> ,
<i>sold</i> ,	<i>sowd</i> ,
<i>gold</i> ,	<i>gowd</i> .



# TH' SUNG O' SOLOMON.

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## CHAP. I.

**T**H' sung o' sung, which is Solomon's.

2 Let him kiss me wi' th' kissins uv his meawth ;  
for thy love's better nur woine.

3 Because oth' savvur o' thy good eightments thy  
name's as eightment temm'd forth, therefore do th'  
varjuns love thee.

4 Poo me, we'll run after thee: th' king's browt me  
into his reawms: we'll be fain un rejeighce in thee,  
we'll think o' thy love mooar nur woine: th' upreet  
love thee.

5 Awm black, but comely, O yoa dowters o' Jeru-  
salem, as th' tents o' Kedar, as th' curtains o' Solomon.

6 Look not uppo me, because awm black, because

th' sun's lookt on me: my mother's childer wur vext at me; they made me keeper oth' voineyerds; but my own voineyort have aw not kept.

7 Tell me, O theaw uz my sowl loves, where theaw feeds, where theaw makes thy flocks to rest at noon: for waw should aw be uz one ut turns asoide by th' flocks o' thy companions?

8 If theaw doesn't know, O theaw fairest among wimmin, goo thy way forth by th' footsteps oth' flock, un feed thy kids by th' shepherd's tents.

9 Awve compared thee, O ma love, to a ruck o' hawses i' Phayroh's chariots.

10 Thy cheeks are cumly wi' rows o' jewels, thy neck wi' cheons o' gowd.

11 We'll make thee borders o' gowd wi' studs o' silver.

12 Whoile th' king keawrs at his table, ma spoike-nurt sends forth th' smell thereof.

13 A bundle o' merr is ma weel-beloved to me; hes't lie aw neet between my breasts.

14 Ma beloved is to me as a cluster o' camphoire ith' voineyerds o' En-gedi.

15 Behowd, theaw'rt fair, ma love; behowd, theaw'rt fair; theaw's dove's een.

16 Behowd, theaw'rt fair, ma belov'd, ya, pleasant:  
ya, un eawr bed's green.

17 Th' beoms uv eawr heawse are seedar, un eawr  
rafters are ferr.

### CHAP. II.

**A**WM th' rose o' Shayron, un th' lily oth' valleys.

2 As th' lily among thurns, so is ma love among  
th' dowters.

3 As th' appo-tree among th' trees oth' wood, so is  
ma beloved among th' sons. Aw keawrt deawn under  
his shadow wi' greight deleet, un his fruit wur sweet to  
my taste.

4 He browt me to th' banquetin-heawse, un his  
banner o'er me wur love.

5 Stay me wi' flagons, comfort me wi' appos: for  
awm sick o' love.

6 His left hont is under my yed, un his reet hont  
clips me.

7 Aw cherge yoa, O yoa dowters o' Jerusalem, by  
th' roes, un th' hoinds oth' fielt, that yoa stur not up,  
nor wakken ma love, tell he pleos.

8 Th' veighce o' ma beloved! lucko, he comes leopin  
uppo th' meawntins, skippin uppo th' hills.

9 Ma belov'd is loike a roe, or a yung hert: lucko, he stonds behaind eawr waw, he gloors at th' windows, showin hissels through th' lattis.

10 Ma belov'd spoke, un said to me, Roise up, ma love, ma fair un, un come away.

11 For, sithee, th' winter's past, th' rain's o'er, un gone.

12 Th' fleawrs appear uppo th' earth; th' toime oth' singin-birds is cumn, un th' veighce oth' turtle's yerd i' eawr lond.

13 Th' fig-tree puts eawt hur green figs, un th' voines wi' th' tender grape give a bonny smell. Get up, ma love, ma fair un, un come away.

14 O ma dove, theaw'rt ith' clifts oth' rocks, ith' huddin places oth' stairs, le' me see thy face, le' me yer thy veighce; for sweet is thy veighce, un thy face is pratty.

15 Tak us th' foxes, th' little foxes ut speighl th' voines; for eawr voines have tender grapes.

16 Ma love is moine, un awm his: he feeds among th' lilies.

17 Tell th' day breighks, un th' shadows hie away, turn, ma belov'd, un be theaw loike a yung roe, or a yung hert uppo th' meawntins o' Bether.

## CHAP. III.

**B**Y neet on my bed aw sowl him uz my sowl loves :  
aw sowl him, but aw fun him not.

2 Aw'll get up neaw, un goo abeawt th' city ith' streets, un ith' brode ways aw'll seetch him uz my sowl loves : aw sowl him, but aw fun him not.

3 Th' watchmen uz goo abeawt th' city fun me : un aw said to um, Han yoa seen him uz my sowl loves ?

4 It wur but a little bit uz aw geet fro' um, but aw fun him uz my sowl loves : aw howded him, un wouldn't let him gooa, tell awd browt him int' my mother's heawse, un into th' reawms uv hur uz consaved me.

5 Aw cherge yoa, O yoa dowters o' Jerusalem, by th' roes, un by th' hoinds oth' fielt, that yoa stur not up, nor wakken ma love, tell he pleos.

6 Hooa's this uz comes eawt oth' wilderness loike pillars o' smook, scented wi' merr un frankincense, wi' aw th' peawders oth' merchant ?

7 Lucko at his bed, which is Solomon's ; threescore valliant men are abeawt it, uv the valliant uv Isrul.

8 They aw howd surds, beein very active i' war :

every mon has his surd up uv his theegh, because o' feor ith' neet.

9 King Solomon made hissel a chariot oth' wood o' Lebanon.

10 He made th' pillars on't o' silver, th' bottom on't o' gowd, th' coverin on't o' purple, th' middle pert on't bein paved wi' love, for th' dowters o' Jerusalem.

11 Goo eawt, O yoa dowters o' Jerusalem, un behowd King Solomon wi' th' creawn uz his mother creawnt him wi' ith' day uv his espeawsals, un ith' day oth' gladness uv his hert.

#### CHAP. IV.

**B**EHOWD, theaw'rt fair, ma love; behowd, theaw'rt fair; theaw's dove's een within thy locks: thy yure's loike a flock o' goats, uz appear fro' Meawnt Gillyud.

2 Thy teeth are loike a flock o' sheep uz are even shurn, which coom up fro' th' washin; every one o' which uz had twins, un noane's barren amung um.

3 Thy lips are loike a threed o' skerlet, un thy speech is cumly: thy temples are loike a piece o' pumgrannit within thy locks.

4 Thy neck's loike th' teawr o' David built for a hermoury, wheereon there hang a theawsand bucklers, aw shields o' moighty men.

5 Thy two paps are loike two yung roes uz are twins, which feed amung th' lilies.

6 Tell th' day breighk, un th' shadows hie away, aw'll goo to th' meawntins o' merr, un to th' hill o' frankincense.

7 Theawrt aw fair, ma love; there's no spot in thee.

8 Come wi' me fro' Lebanon, my speawse, wi' me fro' Lebanon; look fro' th' top o' Amana, fro' th' top o' Shenir un Hermon, fro' th' lions' dens, fro' th' meawntins oth' leppurds.

9 Theaw's ravisht my hert, my sister, my speawse; theaw's ravisht my hert wi' one o' thy een, wi' one cheon o' thy neck.

10 Heaw fair is tha love, my sister, my speawse! heaw mitch bettur is tha love than woine! un th' smell o' thy eightments than aw spoices.

11 Thy lips, O ma speawse, drop as th' honeycom: honey un milk are under thy tung; un th' smell o' thy clooas is loike th' smell o' Lebanon.

12 A gerdin closed-in is my sister, my speawse; a spring shut up, a feawntin seolt.

13 Thy plants are an orchart o' pumgrannits, wi' noice fruits; camphoire wi' spoikenart,

14 Spoikenart un saffron; calamus un sinnimun, wi' aw trees o' frankincense; merr un aloes, wi' aw th' main spoices:

15 A feawntin o' gerdins, a well o' livin watters, un streems fro' Lebanon.

16 Wakken, O north woint, un come, theaw seawth; blow uppo my gerdin, that th' spoices ut are in may flow eawt. Let ma beloved come into his gerdin, un eit his noice fruits.

#### CHAP. V.

**A** WM cumm into my gerdin, my sister, my speawse: awve gethert my merr wi' my spoice; awve etten my honeycom wi' my honey; awve drunk my woine wi' my milk: eit, O friends; drink, ya, drink hertily, O belov'd.

2 Aw sleep, but my hert wakkens: it's th' veighce o' my beloved uz knocks, sayin, Oppen to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefoiled: for my yed's filled wi' dew, un my locks wi' th' drops oth' neet.

3 Awve pood off my coat; heaw shall aw put it



on? Awve washt my feet; heaw shall aw durty um?

4 My belov'd put in his hont by th' hole oth' dur, un my bowels wur moved for him.

5 Aw geet up to oppen to my belov'd, un my honds dropt wi' merr, un my fingers wi' sweet-smellin merr, uppo th' hondles oth' lock.

6 Aw oppent to my belov'd; but my belov'd had withdrawn hissels, un wur gone: my sowl failt when he spoke: aw sowt him, but aw couldn't foind him; aw cawd him, but he gien me no onswer.

7 Th' watchmen uz went abeawt th' city fun me, they hit me, they weawnded me; th' keepers oth' waws took my veil away fro' me.

8 Aw charge yoa, O dowters o' Jerusalem, if yoa foind'n my beloved, that yoa tell'n him uz awm sick o' love.

9 Wot is tha belov'd mooar than another belov'd, O theaw fairest amung wimmin? Wot's tha belov'd mooar than another belov'd, that theaw cherges us o' that'ns?

10 My belov'd is whoite un ruddy, th' chief'st amung ten theawsand.

11 His yed's as th' mooast foine gowd, his locks are bushy, un black as a raven.

12 His een are as th' een o' doves by th' rivers o' watters, washt wi' milk, un noicely set.

13 His cheeks are as a bed o' spoices, as sweet fleawrs: his lips loike lilies, droppin sweet-smellin merr.

14 His honds are as gowd rings set wi' th' berril: his bally is as breet oivory o'erlaid wi' sapphoires.

15 His legs are as pillurs o' merble, set uppo sockets o' foine gowd: his keawntenance is as Lebanon, excellent as th' seedars.

16 His meawth is mooast sweet; ya, he's awtogether lovely. This is ma belov'd, un this is ma friend, O dowters o' Jerusalem.

## CHAP. VI.

**W**HEERE'S tha belov'd gone, O theaw fairest among wimmin? where is tha belov'd turnt asoide? that we may seetch him wi' thee.

2 My belov'd is gone deawn into his gerdin, to th' beds o' spoices, to feed ith' gerdins, un to gether lilies.

3 Aw am my belov'd's, un my belov'd's moine: he feeds among th' lilies.

4 Theaw'rt beautiful, O ma love, uz Terzah, cumly as Jerusalem, terribul as an hermy wi' colours.

5 Turn away thy een fro' me, for they'n o'ercumn me: thy yure's as a flock o' goats ut appear fro' Gillyud.

6 Thy teeth's as a flock o' sheep ut goo up fro' th' washin, every one o' which bears twins, un theree isn't one barren un among um.

7 As a piece o' pumgrannit are thy temples within thy locks.

8 There's threescore queens, un fourscore concubines, un varjuns beawt number.

9 Ma dove, ma undefoilt, is but one; hoo's th' only one uv hur mother, hoo's th' cheice un uv hur ut bore hur. Th' dowters seed hur, un blest hur; ya, th' queens un th' concubines they praist hur.

10 Hooa's hur ut peeps eawt loike mornin; fair as th' moon, cleor as th' sun, un terribul as an hermy wi' colours?

11 Aw went deawn into th' gerdin o' nuts, to see th' fruit oth' valley, un to see whether th' voine flourisht, un th' pumgrannits budded.

12 Afore aw wur aware my sowl made me loike th' chariots uv Ammi-nadib.

13 Come back, come back, O Shoolamoite; come back, come back, that we may look at thee. Wot'll yoa see ith' Shoolamoite? As it wur th' company o' two hermies.

### CHAP. VII.

**H**EAW bonny are thy feet wi shoon, O prince's dowter! th' jeighnts o' thy theeighs are loike jewels, th' werk oth' honds uv a cunnin workmon.

2 Thy nable's loike a reawnd goblet uz wants no liquor: thy bally's loike a yep o' wheot, set abeawt wi' lilies.

3 Thy two paps are loike two yung roes uz are twins.

4 Thy neck's as a teawr o' oivory; thy een loike th' fishpoos i' Heshbon, by th' yate o' Bath-rabbim; thy nose is loike th' teawr o' Lebanon uz looks tort Damascus.

5 Thy yed a'top on thee is loike Kermil, un th' yure o' thy yed loike purple; th' king is howd'n ith' galleries.

6 Heaw fair un heaw pleasant are to, O love, for delects.

7 In height theaw'rt loike a pawm-tree, un thy paps to a cluster o' grapes.

8 Aw said, aw'll goo up to th' pawm-tree, aw'll tak howd uv its boughs: neaw also thy paps shall be as clusters oth' voine, un th' smell o' thy nose loike appos;

9 Un th' roof o' thy meawth loike th' best woine for ma belov'd, uz gooas deawn sweetly, makin th' lips o' thoose uz are asleep to speighk.

10 Awm my belov'd's, un his desoire's tort me.

11 Come, my belov'd, let's goo eawt into th' fielt; let's lodge ith' villages.

12 Let's get up i' good toime to th' voineyerds; let's see if th' voine comes on, whether th' tender grapes appear, un th' pumgrannits bud eawt: there will aw gie thee my loves.

13 Th' mondrakes give a smell, un at eawr yates are aw sorts o' noice fruits, new un owd, which awve laid up for thee, O ma belov'd.

## CHAP. VIII.

**O** THAT theaw wurt as my brother, ut seawkt th' paps o' my mother! when aw should foind thee areawt awd kiss thee; ya, aw shouldn't be despoised.

2 Awd leod thee, un bring thee into my mother's heawse, un hoo'd teich me: and cause thee to sup o' spoiced woine fro' th' joost o' my pumgrannit.

3 His left hont should be under my yed, un his reet hont should clip me.

4 Aw cherge yoa, neaw, yoa dowters o' Jerusalem, that yoa stur not up, nor wakken my love, tell he pleos.

5 Hooa's this ut comes up fro' th' wilderness, leighnin up uv hur belov'd? Aw raist thee up under th' appo tree: there thy mother browt thee forth: there hoo browt thee forth uz bore thee.

6 Set me as a seol uppo thy hert, as a seol uppo thy arm; for love's as strung as death; jealousy's as cruel as th' grave: th' coals thereof are coals o' feighur, ut have a very big blaze.

7 Monny watters cannot quench love, noather con th' floods dreawn it; if a mon would give aw th' substance uv his heawse for love, it would be gradely despoised.

8 We'n a little sister, un hoo's beawt paps: wot mun we do for eawr sister ith' day when hoo'll be spokken for?

9 If hoo be a waw, we'll build on hur a pallus o silver: un if hoo be a dur, we'll close hur in wi' seedar booarts.

10 Awm a waw, un my paps loike teawrs: then wur aw in his een as one ut fun favvur.

11 Solomon had a voineyort at Baylhamon; he leet th' voineyort eawt to keepers; every one for th' fruit thereof wur to bring a theawsand pieces o' silver.

12 Ma voineyort, which is moine, is afore me: theaw, O Solomon, mun have a theawsand, un thoose ut keep th' fruit thereof two hundert.

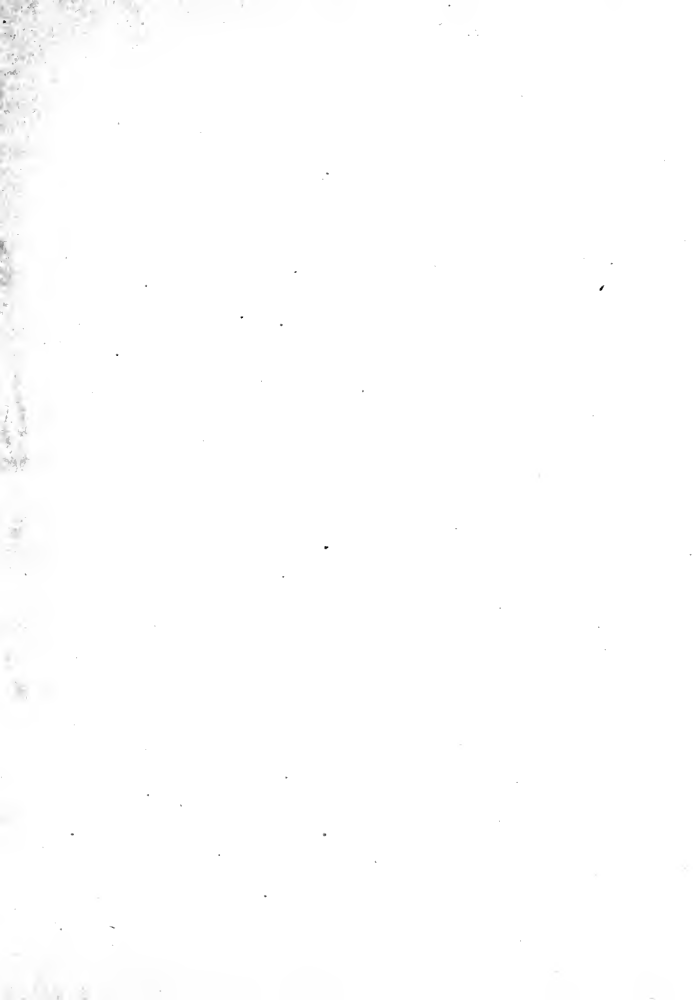
13 Thee ut lives ith' gerdins, th' companions herken to thy veighce: cause me t' yer it.

14 Be sherp, ma belov'd, un be theaw loike to a roe, or to a yung hert uppo th' meawntins o' spoices.

*I certify that only 250 copies of this work have been printed, of which one is on thick paper.*

**GEORGE BARCLAY,**  
28 Castle Street, Leicester Square.





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