

Cumbrian Poetry - The Breyedwain - continued part 3

Poems on several occasions

THE BREYEDWAIN

Written by John Stagg, the blind bard from Burgh, and published in 1808.

Continued from page 6 of the April issue which took us up to 24 verses, another 14 this month takes us up to 38 verses and there are still lots to go. Has anyone memorised it yet?

The breyde now on a coppy stuol,
Sits down i'th' fauld a' whithrin',
With pewter dibler on her lap,
On which her towgher's gethrin',
The fwoaks leyke pez in a keale-pot,
Are yen thro' tother minglin',
An' crowns an' hauf crowns thick as hail,
Are i' the dibler jinglin',

Reeght fast that day.

Nit yen that's owther mence or sheame
Wad be that snaflin ninny
As to haud back their gift, nay some
Wad whuther in a guinea.
I'th meanteyme th' fiddlers changg'd and play'd,
As hard as they cou'd peg,
Till th' offering it was feckly duon;
When back to th' barn to sweg

They bows'd that day.

Now loundrin' shives o' cheese an' breed,
Are down their gizzrin's whang'd,
An' some there war cud scarcely speak,
Their thropples were sea pang'd;
Bit twea or three let down's o' yell,
Soon set their hawses free,
When thus with pith restword, yence mair
They took anudder spree,

Till cramm'd that day.

Indeed there was some feckless fwoak,
At luikt to be owr neyce,
'At nobbit nibblen peyk't and eat,
Just like as monny meyce;
Bit then there was some yetherin' dogs,
At owr the leave laid th' capsteane,
For some they said eat lumps as big
As Sammy Liank's lapsteane,

I'th' barn that day.

They're keyte's weel trigg'd wi solid geer,
They now began to guzzle,
Wheyle yell in jugs an' cannas was brought,
An' held to evry muzzle;
They drank in piggins, peynts or quarts,
Or ought 'at com to han',
An' some they helt it down sea fast,
They suin cud hardly stan

Thar sells that day.

At last some lish young souple lads
Their naigs frae th' buoses brought,
An' off they set to try a reace,
The prize was neist to nought;
A rig-reape, braugham, pair o' heams,
Or something o' that swort,
Nea matter, tryfle as it was,
It made them famish spwort,

O'th sands that day.

Some for a' pair of mittans loup;
Some wurstled for a belt;
Some play'd at peunice steans for brass;
An' some amaist gat fel't;
Hitch step an'loup some try'd for spwort,
Wi' monny a sair exertion;
Ithers for bits o' bacco gurn'd,
An' sec leyke daft devarshon

Put owr that day.

Now some o'th menceful mak o' fwoak,
As suon as things w'ar settled,
When they'd yence hed a decent snack,
To set off heamewards fettled;
Bit mony a yen there was that staid,
Auld sly buits that war deeper,
An' Philip Mesher cried hout, stop!
Guid drink was never cheaper,

Than't's here to-day.

Full mony a reeght good teyper com,
As th' country seyde cud brag on!
Nay, there was some that at a win
Cud tuom down a yeal flaggon.
Wi' casks weel season'd frae a' nuiks
Thur bachanalions gether'd,
An' some there war 'at clash't their keytes
Till they war fairly yether'd

Wi' drink that day.

Some crack o'brandy, some o'rum,
An' some o'weyne far sought;
That drink o'my opinion's best,
'At we can get for nought;
That day i' this seame thought wi' me,
I witnessed monny a seyper,

Suon on that day.

Wi' fiddlin, dancin, cracks an' yell,
The day slipt swuftly owr,
An' monnie a csware or darknin' gat,
As drunk as they cud glowr.
When great Tom Carr, that man o' war,
Com stackrin' on to th' floor,
He slapt his bam', an' cried, od dam,
I'll box wi' onny here,

'At dare this days.

Then Watty Farguson, provwok'd
To hear this haufthick rattle,
Fetch'd him a fluets under th' lug,
An' sea began their battle;
Clash tuot they fell, wi' thumps pell-mell,
Wheyle a' was hurdum durdum;
An' some among the skemmels fell,
An' ithers nearly smuir'd them,

I'th' fray that neeght.

Then up lap Lowrie o' the Lees,
An' leyke a madman ranted,
A lang flail souple full'd his neif,
That owr fwoaks heads he flaunted;
He yoller'd out for Cursty Bell,
Whea last Yule eve had vex'd him,
But was sea daft he could not see
Puor Kit tho' he sat next him

I'th' leathe that neeght.

Kit gat a braugham in his han',
Wi' veng'ance whurl'd it at him,
The collar leeghted roun' his neck,
An' to the fluir it pat him,
Loud sweels o' laughter dirl'd their lugs,
The fwoak war a' sea fain,
An' wheyle he sprawl'd wi' reage an' sheame,
Some cried out he was slain

Caould deed that neeght.

Shaun Bee
by Regan Stamford
aged 4
from
Holme St. Cuthbert
School



Super Stinger
by Abbie Williamson
aged 10 from
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