

Cumbrian Poetry - The Breyedwain - continued part 4

Poems on several occasions

THE BREYEDWAIN

Written by John Stagg, the blind bard from Burgh, and published in 1808. Continued from page 11 of the May issue which took us up to 38 verses, another 12 this month takes us up to 50 verses and at last we're finished. Has anyone memorised it yet? Was it the sort of thing you want in the Buzz? Please let us know.

Twea gurnin' gibbies in a nuik,
Sat fratchin' yen anudder,
An' nought wad sarra tham but they
Wad hev a match together.
A single roun' for hauf a crown,
The question was to pruiwe,
But t'yen objected to the bet,
An' said he box'd for luive,
Or nought that neeght.
Then off their duds thar duosters doft,
An' tirl'd to their bare buffs,
Beath teyke leyke tuolian roun' the barn,
An' dealen clumsy cluffs;
But sir John Barleycorn sea sway'd
Their slaps they a' flew slant,
Till a__e owr head they cowp'd at last,
Lang stretch'd i'th' midden pant,
Weel sows'd that neeght.
Just leyke as when some druove o'kye,
Brek back and a__ewards hurry;
Sea here thar govions leyke font,
Wad yen anudder lurry;
Stark mother neak'd they skelp'd about,
An' some gat deevlish knockan;
But th' silly Blackburd o' Well Rash,
Puor man his leg gat broken

Some way that neeght.
The fiddlers bang'd up on their legs,
Some fought, some swear, some holloed;
The lasses skurlin clamb up th' mews,
An' some slee hanniels follow'd;
Bit suon as a' this stoore was laid,
An' a' was whisht an' whiat;
Bounce down they lap, the spwort renew,
Anudder spell to try at
Their reels that neeght.
Lang sair they kevvel'd, danc'd, and sang,
An' parish dusts they hed;
Till it began to grow nar th' teyme
'At fwoak sud gang to bed;
The breyemaids a' wi' fuslin care,
The breyde hauf yieldin' doft,
An' the blythe pair in a han' clap,
War guessend up i'th' loft,

Reeght snug that neeght.
The couple now i'th' blankets stow'd,
A swort o'th' revellan bruocies
Unsatisfied, wi' a' consent,
Went lethran down to Lucy's:
Just leyke louse nowt, they bang'd up stairs,
Th' lang room it bum'd an' thunner'd,
An' some yen'd thought t've brought down't house,
About them waddent skunner'd
Wi' noise that neeght.

Here th' better mak o' them that com,
Wi' country dances vapour'd;
But them that dought uot try sec sprees,
Wi' jigs an' three reels oapor'd;
Mull'd yell an' punch flew roun' leyke steyle,
The fiddler's a' gat fuddled;
An' monny a lad their sweethearts had
I' nuiks an' corners huddled

Unseen that neeght.
Auld Deacon wi' his puffs an' speyce,
Was there, wi' him Dog Mary,
Wi' snaps an' gingerbread galwore,
Tho' neyce fwoak ca'd them slairy;
Bit plenty nought o'th' secret knew,
An' fast their brass was wairin;
An' th' lads reeght keyn'd the lasses treat,
Wi' monny a teasty fairin',

I' dauds that day.
At last 'twas gitten wheyte fuor days,
The lavrocks shrill war whuslin',
Wheyle yen by yen wheyte daiz'd an' deylt,
O'th' rwoard t'wards heame are wrustlin';
Bit some wad yet hev tother quart,
Befwore o'th' geate they'd venture,
Sea ramm'd away to Richard Rigg's
An' leyke mad owsen enter,

Owr drunk that day.
Here a' was yae confusion thro',
Loud crackin', fratchin', swearin',
An' some o'th' hallan or th' mell deers,
Their geylefat guts war clearin.
Wheyle bacca reek beath but an' ben,
Had full'd leyke a kiln logie,
An' some that scare could haud their legs,
War dancin'th' reels o' bogie

Stark mad that neeght.
Some heads an' thraws war stretch'd i'th' nuik,
An' loud as brawns war snowran,
Others wi' bluid an' glore a' clamm'd,
War leyke stick'd rattens glowran,
The fiddlers they i'th' parlour fought,
An' yen anudder pelted,
Tom Trimmel leyke Mendoza fierce,
Poor Tommy Baxter welted,

Reeght sair that neeght.
Wheyte tir'd at last wi' drink an' noise,
Hauf wauken an' hauf sleepin',
I heamwards fettled off mysell,
Just as the sun was peepin';
Full monny a teyme I've thought sen syne,
On that seame bidden weddin';
An' Heaven in prayer to bless that pair
Have begg'd in bwoard an' bed in,
Ever sen that day.

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Another Cumbrian Poem - circa 2006

Poem by:

Shirley & Charlie Morris
of
Seacote Caravan Park

Caravan season is here
And has started so well
Our first Charity Dance
Really went down well.

Our May entertainer
The tops was she
A super performer
Called Lisa Marie

The Audience enjoyed her
Their applause would not end
And she sent Chic and Charlie
Right round the bend.

Charlie took his teeth out
The Ladies wanted more
So Charlie obliged them
As his trousers hit the floor

We all played bingo
Lots of people took part
As Gary called the numbers
Straight from the heart,

Shirley and Heather sold Bingo Books
Everyone had such fun
Especially the winners
Good money was won.

We had a Raffle
What a brilliant night
Like Bruce Forsyth
The Prizes were right

Thanks are given Warmly
To people Prizes did Donate
But one gift Donated
Poured money on a plate.

Ellie and Stan Swinburn
Really did so Well
Gave a litre and half of whisky
Which the Charity Money did Swell

So here is to the next dance
Will be entertaining and Funny
There's a singer and a Comedian
And a very funny Dummy.

The next Dance will be
Sponsored by Eden Fireplace
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voucher to spend in the shop.



Super Stinger
by
Gareth Davenport
aged 9 from
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