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Cumbrian Poetry - The Breyedwain - continued part 2

Poems on several occasions
THE BREYEDWAIN

Written by John Stagg, the blind bard from Burgh, and published in 1808.
Continued from page 9 of the March issue which had just 8 verses, we now have verses 9 to 24 and there are still lots to go. Maybe we should have a competition to see who can memorise it all!

But now the lang-expected mworn
Of murriment arrives,
Wheyle helter-skelter frae a' airts,
I' swarms the country drives;
The lasses in their feyne pearce claes,
The lads baith trig an' souple;
Owr hill an' knowe, thro' seugh an' sowe,
Comes tiftan many o'couple,
Hauf saim'd that day.

Frae Cowgoe, Brumfelt, an' Cruokdake,
Frae Speatry, Bwoal an' Bowtan,
An' evry parish roun' about,
The fwoaks i' swarms come rowten:
An' monie a queerfar'd jwoat was there,
An' monnie an' unco't shaver,
Some wantin' mence, some wantin' sense,
An' some their best behaviour
Put on that day.

Frae Angerton wheyte to Dubbmill,
Nin mist, as yen may say,
But a' wi' yae consent seem'd met,
To mence this merry day.
Wheyle Allonby turn'd out en masse,
Ding dang, baith man an' women,
An' parlish pranks 'mang Silloth banks,
They hed as they were comin'
To th' Cwoate that day.

But it wad need a Homer's Head,
War I to tak in Han',
To sing or say what fwoak that day,
War there or how they wan;
For far an' near an' God kens whare,
By common invitation.
Wi' young an' auld and great an' laal,
Seem'd met on this occassion,
Wi' glee that day.

Lang Leeny eom wi' woal ey'd Wull,
Wi' thing o' Causeway Head,
Wi' what's they ca' him o' Foulseyke,
Tom Bewly an' Jack Reed;
Wi' jumpin' Jonathan, auld Joe barnes,
Dunb Jer'my an' lang Beaty,
Wi' thingumbob o' Southerfield,
Hard's Miller an' peed Peaty,
War there that day.

Blackan o' warton, he was there,
An' Barwise Lads o'th Tarns,
Wi' Irish Cursty, Canterin Ned,
An'fratcheous Gweordy Barns;
Wi' stutrin' Isaac, lispin' Frank,
Job Keay an' Robby Weyse,
An hundred mair wheas neams to tell,
Or sing, wad sarra tweyce,
Com on this day.

In shwort to say upon this day,
Frae yae nuik an' anither,
Twea thousand war frae far an' near,
Assembled here together;
The rwoads war clean, the weather warm,
The lasses a' luik'd preymly,
An' whup for smack, the party pack,
A' aimin' to be teymly
O'th' sod this day.

Wi' bizzy care the blushin breyde
An' maids theirsells are bussin,
Wheyle some wi' pillion seats an' sonks
To gear their naigs are fussin.
Wi' glentin' spurs an' weel clean'd buits,
Lin sark, an' neyce cword breeches,
The breydegroom roun' the midden pant,
Proud as a peacock stretches,
Reeght crouse that day.

Now heevy-skeevy off they set,
To th' kurk, a merry crew,
Some gravely pae'd up th' turnpike rwaed,
Wheyle some like leeghtnin' flew;
Neer ak, they a' gat there i' teyme,
The priest was ready waitin',
The wed'ners just took gluts a piece,
Wheyle he his buik was laitin',
Frae th' kist that day.

His lesson fun'd an' a' set reeght,
To wark they gat wi' speed,
You tak this woman for your weyfe,
The breydegroom grumgh'd agreed:
An' you young woman promise here,
To honour an' obey
Your spouse in a' he may require,
The breyde said mantan n-yea,
We'l see some day.

Clwose buckled now, the parson paid,
Furth frae the kurk they waddle,
An' thick an' three faul', han'owr head,
Each lowps out oer his saddle;
The lasses lap up hint their lads,
Some stridlin' an' some seydeways,
An' some there war that wish'd their lot
He'd been what Ann's the breyde was,
Ay oft that day.

A' hors'd agean, streeght up th' town geate,
Leyke weyld fire off they flee,
An' nowther puol nor peet-stack flinch,
They're off wi' seck a bree;
'Twas a fair start, its a preyme reace,
Winge you! how fast they gang,
But yonder's Jerry Skelton lad,
He's fawn off wid a whang,
For seer this day.

Brown o'th moss seyde how he does reyde,
Wi' lang neck'd spurs he's rivan;
An' yonder's Glaister o'th Black Deyke,
Leyke that o' donnet drivan;
As for you Peape, if he escape
A neck-breck, its uncommon,
But Weyse grey meare, had she been here,
She wad been bang'd by nea man
'At's here to day.

But now they're fairly out o' seeght,
An' wheyte doun Coava lonnin.
Come we mun fettle up oursells,
Its teyme we sud be donnin:
I waddent leyke to be owr lang,
Come Jwosep, Izbel, hie ye,
You'll suin be buss'd an' nin behin,
I faickins sal gang bye ye,
O'th' rwoad this day.

Now th' weddiners are at th' far end,
An' a' thro' ither cruenin',
Wheyle th' fiddlers they're at wark i'th' leathe,
An' thrang they're fiddles tuneing;
Tom Trimmel, Tommy Baxter, Stagg,
Nay, hauf a scowre they've led in,
An' they're a' rozzlin' up their bows,
To streyke up Cuddy's Weddin',
Wi' glee this day.