

Isle of Wight Dialect Recordings

Work in Progress

Here are the words for the recordings and then an approximate translation.

Voreright (Blundering, headstrong, regardless of consequences) (P 87 DIOWL)

“Aye, they ded use to do a lot o’ smugglen about here fifty or sixty year ago, when I was a bwoy. I’ve heerd my father zay, one time dree or vower on ‘em, wi’ tubs and, bags of tay, got ver’ near to by the Custom House officers, but they managed to git off the shore and into the churchyard at Niton; but zome o’ the officers had slipped round another road, and prid near penned ‘em in all zides. They thought ‘twas a gooser wi’ ‘em, but one on ‘em, a terbul voreright feller, called Mussel, zays : ‘Come on, mayets, I be darned if I won’t be upzides wi’ they fellers ‘; zoo they prised up the stooan on one o’ they gurt high brick tombs there es there, and got inside, tubs and all, and bid quiet. Cooise the officers lost ‘em, and couldn’t think where the deuce they was gone to, and aater searchen about a bit they went away. Zoon aaterwards, jest as ‘twas gotten daylight, my father was gwyne droo the churchyard to goo to work, when all at once he zees the stooan top o’ one o’ the tombs begin to move. He stopped short, and stared wi’ all the eyes he’d got, when up goos the stooan higher, and a man’s faace peeps out at one corner, and says : ‘I zay, mayet, can ye tell me what time ‘tes ?’ I’ve heerd father zay hes hear lifted hes hat clane off hes head; a couldn’t move, but stood there staren like a stuck pig: but when Mussel axed ‘en what time ‘twas, he roared out, and run back prid near frightened to death. He run into the vust house a come to, and zays to the people : ‘Whatever wull become on us ! the dead vokes in the churchyard be gotten out o’ their graaves.’ He was reglar terrified, and it gid ‘en sich a turn he couldn’t goo to work that day. Zometime aaterwards he vound out the rights on’t, and he and Mussel hand t’others had many a laugh about it. “

“Aye, they did used to do a lot of smuggling about here fifty or sixty year ago, when I was a boy. I’ve heard my father say, one time three or four of them, with tubs and bags of tea, got very near to the Custom House officers, but they managed to get off the shore and into the churchyard at Niton; but some of the officers had slipped round another road, and pretty near penned them in all sides. They thought it was the end with them, but one on them, a terrible forthright feller, called Mussel, says : ‘Come on, mates, I be darned if I won’t be match with those fellows ‘; so they prised up the stone on one of those great high brick tombs that is there, and got inside, tubs and all, and told them to be quiet. Of course the officers missed them, and couldn’t think where the deuce they was gone to, and after searching about a bit they went away. Soon afterwards, just as it was getting daylight, my father was going through the churchyard to go to work, when all at once he sees the stone top of one of the tombs begin to move. He stopped short, and stared with all the eyes he’d got, when up goes the stone higher, and a man’s face peeps out at one

corner, and says : 'I say, mate, can ye tell me what time it is ?' I've heard father say it lifted his hat clean off his head; I couldn't move, but stood there staring like a stuck pig: but when Mussel asked him what time it was, he roared out, and run back pretty near frightened to death. He run into the first house he come to, and says to the people : 'Whatever will become on us ! the dead folks in the churchyard be getting out of their graves.' He was regular terrified, and it gave him such a turn he couldn't go to work that day. Sometime afterwards he found out the rights on it, and he and Mussel and the others had many a laugh about it. "

Sterup Ile (Unsuspecting or dull youths were often sent by their seniors to the village cobbler with a request for "Sterrup Ile," to quicken their apprehension; but which the petitioners found to their cost, consisted in a vigorous application of the *sterrup* to their shoulders ; the cobbler always thinking it his duty to give as good measure as possible of his oil when asked for it, especially as he was certain the recipient would never come again for more.) ref (P 74-75 DIOWL)

"When I was a gurt hard bwoy, one time, out in the rickess at Wroxall wi' that 'ere maggotty Sam Jacobs, a zed to me : 'Goo down to cobbler Coombes's vor me, wull'ee, and ax 'en to gee ye a drap o' hes best sterrup ile; there's noo call vor ye to take anything to car et in.' Zo, like a fool, off I goos, and axed the wold man vor't. A was zet there, zowen away; but as zoon as I toold'n what I was come vor, a rared up and took hes sterrup off his knee and draaed en dree or vower times right across my showlders, ready to cut me all to pieces. 'There's the ile,' a zays, 'and I've rubbed it in vor thee'. I roared out, and shabbed off as quick as I could, looken middlen foolish; and I've always minded what *sterrup ile* was vrom that day to this."

"When I was a great strong boy, one time, out in the rick yard at Wroxall with that there crotchety Sam Jacobs, he said to me : 'Go down to cobbler Coombes's for me, will you, and ask them to give you a drop of his best sterrup (leather band) oil; there's no call for you to take anything to carry it in.' So, like a fool, off I goes, and asked the old man for it. He was sat there, sewing away; but as soon as I told him what I was come for, he got up and took his sterrup off his knee and lashed it three or four times right across my shoulders, ready to cut me all to pieces. 'There's the oil,' he says, 'and I've rubbed it in for thee'. I roared out, and sneaked off as quick as I could, looking rather foolish; and I've always minded what *sterrup oil* was from that day to this."

Standvurder (A contention, a quarrel) ref (P 74 DIOWL)

“Wold Jerry Bull ben dead now a good many years; I can onny jest mind ‘en. A used to be a kind o’ groom or coachman to Squire Rishwuth [Rushworth], who lived at Freshwater one time. The Squire couldn’t bear turnpike geats - they was jest putt up then; a wouldn’t never paay if a could help it, and always had a deuce of a standvurder wi’ the turnpike feller. ‘Drave rish droo,’ he’d zay to Jerry, ‘I’ll stand the racket on’t.’ One day, the Squire was took mortal bad, and thought a was gwyne off the hooks; zo a had wold Jerry in to zay good-bye too’n. ‘Ah Jerry,’ a zed, ‘I be gwyne a longer journey now than ever you drove me.’ ‘Well, meyaster,’ zays Jerry, ‘ye won’t hay to paay noo turnpikes on the road, that’ll be one consolation to ye.’”

“Old Jerry Bull been dead now a good many years; I can only just mind him. He used to be a kind of groom or coachman to Squire Rushworth, who lived at Freshwater one time. The Squire couldn’t bear turnpike gates - they was just put up then; he wouldn’t never pay if he could help it, and always had a deuce of a quarrel with the turnpike feller. ‘Drive right through,’ he’d say to Jerry, ‘I’ll be answerable for it.’ One day, the Squire was took mortal bad, and thought he was going to die; so he had old Jerry in to say good-bye too him. ‘Ah Jerry,’ he said, ‘I be going on a longer journey now than ever you drove me.’ ‘Well, master,’ says Jerry, ‘you won’t have to pay no turnpikes on the road, that’ll be one consolation to you.’”

Yoppul (Useless talk, incessant gabble. “Dedn’t the wold dooman yoppul at us!”) ref (P 95 DIOWL)

“It used to be a terbul out-o’-the-way plaace here by St.Cattern’s, and zome rum fellers used to live here years agoo, avore I can mind, but I’ve heerd tell on ‘em a good many times. Wold Dove (he or his brother used to keep the Star at Niton years agoo), was a miserable ignorant, voreright sort o’ feller, and when a got woldish a’d zet mumchanced in the chimley corner vor half a day together ; but if anybody ded git or a word or two out on ‘en, ‘twas zummet to the pwynt, pend upon’t. He was mortal bad vor a long time, and they thought he’d zoon slip his wind; zoo they got the paason to come and zee what he could make on ‘en. Zo the paason come and begun talken too’n, but the wold man zet and zed nothen for zome time. Predney the paason axed ‘en, ‘Do ye know who maade ye?’ Then wold Dove opened his jaas and zays, ‘Noa, I dunno as I do, dost thee?’ ‘Iss,’ zed the paason, ‘I do - God Almighty; don’t ye bleeve it?’ ‘I beant nooway sarten about it,’ zays wold dove, ‘vor all I got to goo by is what I ben toold about it, and vokes always zays ye must never bleeve half o’ what ye hears; zoo shet up and don’t let me hay noo moore o’ yer yoppul.’ ‘Come her Jin,’ a zung out to hes wife, ‘I be got as hungerd as a hoss;, cut us off a bit o’ that choppekin ye bwiled yesterday, wull’ee.’”

"It used to be a terrible out-of-the-way place here by St.Catherine's, and some rum fellows used to live here years ago, before I can mind, but I've heard tell of them a good many times. Old Dove (he or his brother used to keep the Star at Niton years ago), was a miserable, ignorant, forthright sort of feller, and when he got oldish he'd sit silently in the chimney corner for half a day together ; but if anybody did get a word or two out of him, 'twas something to the point, depend upon it. He was mortal bad for a long time, and they thought he'd soon slip his wind; so they got the parson to come and see what he could make of him. So the parson come and begun talking to him, but the old man sat and said nothing for some time. Presently the parson asked him, 'Do you know who made you?' Then old Dove opened his jaws and says, 'No, I don't know as I do, do you?' 'Yes,' said the parson, 'I do - God Almighty; don't you believe it?' 'I being noway certain about it,' says old Dove, 'for all I got to go by is what I been told about it, and folks always says you must never believe half of what you hear; so shut up and don't let me have no more of your useless talk.' 'Come her Jin,' he sung out to his wife, 'I be got as hungered as a horse;, cut us off a bit of that choppekin (under jaw of a pig) you boiled yesterday, will you.'"

Twickered Out (Tired out, very weary, done up.) ref (P 84 DIOWL)

"My wold dooman's ben and walked to Nippert you, and brought a tidy nitch hooam wi' her ; and now aater she's ben batteren about wi' the young ones vor an hour or two, darned if she don't sim prid near twickered out." "Oi, you, noo doubt about that, but mine's a danged sight wuss; she ben to Nippert too, and rid back in Chiverton's van, but she happened to car a wold umbereller wi' her, all patched up, and wuth about drippence, what belonged to her mother, and she's come away and left 'en in zome shop or nother, and now she's got hooam she keeps on harpen about the wold thing, there's noo biden in doors long wi' her; she's wuss than a cat what's lost her kittens. She wouldn't hay noo tay, and all I can git out on her es : 'Oh dear, dear, onny to think I should a lost my poor dear wold mother's umbereller, what she had for over thirty year. I wouldn't a lost 'en vor fifty poun, noobody knows the vally I putt upon 'en but myself'; and I'll be bound I shan't hear the last on't for the next zix weeks."

"My old woman's been and walked to Newport town, and brought as much as she could carry home with her ; and now after she's been battering about with the young ones for an hour or two, darned if she don't seem pretty near tired out." "For, you, no doubt about that, but mine's a danged sight worse; she's been to Newport too, and she rode back in Chiverton's van, but she happened to carry an old umbrella with her, all patched up, and worth about three pence, what belonged to her mother, and she's come away and left it in some shop or another, and now she's got home she keeps on harping about the old thing, there's no biding in doors long with her; she's worse than a cat what's lost

her kittens. She wouldn't have no tea, and all I can get out of her is : 'Oh dear, dear, only to think I should have lost my poor dear old mother's umbrella, what she had for over thirty years. I wouldn't have lost it for fifty pounds, nobody knows the value I put upon them but myself; and I'll be bound I shan't hear the last of it for the next six weeks.'

Screech Owl (The bull thrush.) ref (P 61 DIOWL)

"There used to be dree or vour wold women about here one time, who used to prid near frighten all the vokes in the parish out o' what little sense they had. There was a wold granny Jooans, and wold granny Morris, and one or two more wold brimstooane bitches, that was vor ever zeein' tokens, and ghostes, and signs, and noobody knows what nonsense bezides; and a gurt many people was zoat enough to bleeve sich traade, and used to goo to 'em vor charms, and to hay their fortunes toold.

One day vour or vive was got together in granny zomebody's house, I vorgits which 'twas now, but howsomever there was a larkish kind o' chap handy, that zid the lot goo in, I thinks his naame was Jacobs, zo he thought he'd just like to hear what they was on upon; zo he slips over hedge into the gearden, and crapes in under the open winder. There they was round the taable, tellen fortunes in their teacups: one was to hay a carriage stop at her door, and another was to zee a strainger avore night, and a lot moore o' sich wold zoat foolishness; and then one on 'em begun to tell how she heerd a screech owl several times the night avore, and 'twas a sartain token o' death to zomebody or nother she knowed. 'Iss,' zays another,' one vlow cloose by my uncle's head, and gid a terbul screech, and the poor wold man come hooam and went to bed, and was a corpse avore the week was out.' Then another wold fool told a yarn about a gurt high thing all in white, that she zid one mornen in wold Cooper's gearden, avore 'twas light, when she was gwyne out to washen. 'Ah!' zays the wold dooman the house belong to, 'onny last night I was putten a vew sticks under my kettle to bwoil'n up vor my tay, when all at once the room simmed to git mummy; zo I looked up, and massy me! If there wudden't a gurt ugly black thing, wi' eyes ver' near as big as the top o' one o' these taycups, jest outside the winder, staren in at me: I ded gee sich a squawk.'

While all this was gwyne on, Jacobs whipped down the gearden and got a wold gallybagger that was there, and ties 'en on to the wold dooman's oben rubber that was layen agen the wall, and direckly minute the wold fool was tellen how she squawked at the gurt black thing she zid the night avore, Jacobs rammed the wold gallybagger right droo winder, on top o' the taable, right in the middle on 'em. They dedn't stop to hay a second look at it, but roared out, and vlow out o' doors like bees out o' a tee hole. 'Twas zome time avore they come back, and while they was away Jacobs putt the

gallybagger in his plaace agen; zo they dedn't know the geeam he had wi' em. But the yoppel they maade over it terrified their neighbours zo, that lots on 'em was afeared to goo out doors in the dark vor months aaterwards."

"There used to be three or four old women about here one time, who used to pretty near frighten all the in the parish out of what little sense they had. There was a old granny Joans, and old granny Morris, and one or two more old brimstone bitches, that was for ever seeing tokens, and ghosts, and signs, and nobody knows what nonsense besides; and a great many people was foolish enough to believe such trade, and used to go to them for charms, and to have their fortunes told.

One day four or five was got together in granny somebody's house - I forget which 'twas now - but however there was a larkish kind of handyman, that saw the lot go in, - I thinks his name was Jacobs, - so he thought he'd just like to hear what they was on upon; so he slips over hedge into the garden, and creeps in under the open window. There they was round the table, telling fortunes in their teacups: one was to have a carriage stop at her door, and another was to see a stranger before night, and a lot more of such old silly foolishness; and then one of them begun to tell how she heard a screech owl several times the night before, and 'twas a certain token of death to somebody or another she knew. 'Yes,' says another, 'one flew close by my uncle's head, and gave a terrible screech, and the poor old man come home and went to bed, and was a corpse before the week was out.' Then another old fool told a yarn about a great high thing all in white, that she saw one morning in old Cooper's garden, before it was light, when she was going out to washing. 'Ah!' says the old woman the house belong to, only last night I was putting a few sticks under my kettle to boil them up for my tea, when all at once the room seamed to get dark; so I looked up, and mercy me! If there wasn't a great ugly black thing, with eyes very near as big as the top of one of these teacups, just outside the window, staring in at me: I did give such a squawk.'

While all this was going on, Jacobs whipped down the garden and got an old scarecrow that was there, and ties it on to the old woman's oven cleaner pole that was laying against the wall, and directly the minute the old fool was telling how she squawked at the great black thing she saw the night before, Jacobs rammed the old scarecrow right through the window, on top of the table, right in the middle of them. They didn't stop to have a second look at it, but roared out, and flew out of doors like bees out of a hive entrance. It was some time before they come back, and while they was away Jacobs put the scarecrow in his place again; so they didn't know the game he had with them. But the incessant gabble they made over it terrified their neighbours so, that lots on 'em was afraid to go out doors in the dark for months afterwards."

The Parson of Chale

A passon to Chale, zo a've yeard volk zaay,
A bachelor man wi' a lonzome lot
Kep oop hes hreckonen, daay by daay,
By doen a bit on a lobster pot.

Monday a'd put t'wands azide,
Toosday a'd ztart t'bottom o' pot,
Wednesday to Vriday a plaited an' plied,
Come Zaterdag a'd vinished t' lot.

Zunday 'twuz, just service time,
Bells hed ztopped hringen' an' ztartet chime,
An' chaap at t'organ 'gen ter blow
But theer ent no parson to ztart t' zhow.

T'buoys in choir gen zeuffen theer veet
An' zexton a vidgeted in his zeat.
Last wardebs tget oop to he did go
Wi' a whisper uv 'Wheer be Passon to?'

Zaays zexton, 'I know no more'n yeou.
I'd best hrundown to t'Rectory
An' zee what be oop.' Zo away went he
An' this wor t'zight thet he theer did zee.

In a's shirt zleeves unnder a zycamine dree
June it wuz an' terble hot
Zat Passon quite unconzarnedly
Worken' away on a lobster pot.

Zaays Zeston, 'T' volk be waitin' I' church,
Be zent to zee ef you'm comen' or not;
If 'ee doan't want to leave they all in t' lurch
Thee'd best gie over thet lobster pot.'

'Waitin' I' Church ! You'm zote, I zaay,
I kent be out - no, zurely not.
I tell 'ee, my man, tes Zaterdag
I've ztill to vinish this lobster pot.'

'Azen' your pardon 'tes you inzthead
Uv I thet be zote. T' bells be ztopt,
An' organ's begun- Ef you've zense I' your yead
You'll gie over plein thet lobster pot.

'Tes Zunday vor zure, ez I've tell'd it 'ee,
Tho' 'I looks most laike ez you've vorgot,
Zo put on thee coat an' come 'long me,
An-jest let 'n baide, thet lobster pot.'

Passon a pondered an' hrubbed he's yead,
Jest about wheer he'd a baldy spot.
'I mind now a colic a kep me I' bed
Mebbe I *am* out wi' my lobster pot.

'Here, hreach me my coat an' my walen' cane,
Goo tell 'em I'm comen' - Gad! I'll be zhot
Ef I hreckon t'daays uv t' week again
By t' wark I doos on a lobster pot.'

Passon wor in zech a mis'able hurry
Hes hat an' hes zpecks a clean vorgot.
An', ez a ztartet awaay, in's vlurry
Ketched hold, a did, by t' lobster pot.

Ez luck 'ud hay 't- bei' blind a'most
A'd zcarely as var as t' letten got
When a hrnun vull butt 'gen a hrecten' post
An' vinished hes life-an' t' lobster pot.

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This is the true and authentic tale,
You can believe or believe it not
Told me once on the beach at Chale
By a granfer mending a lobster pot.

Notes

Recorded at Whitwell in April 1962/63? of an unknown local person.

The readings are taken form:

Dictionary of Isle of Wight Dialect by W H Long 1886 (DIOWL)
and "The Parson of Chale" from
Song's of the Soil by Percy Stone 1933