Some as yet unpublished material in the Yola dialect

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In the baronies of The Forth and Bargy, in the extreme south-east of Wexford, a dialect of English, known as Yola, was once spoken. It is thought to have evolved from the Middle English, brought to Ireland during or not long after the Norman invasion, in the 12th and 13th centuries. Another variety or dialect was spoken in Fingal in North Dublin. Both became extinct in the 19th century, when they were replaced by modern Hiberno-English. The name "Yola" means "old" in the dialect.

The dialect has attracted learned interested since the 18th century, when volume II of The Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy in 1788 has a paper on it by the renowned Charles Vallancey[i], whose portrait still adorns the walls of the RIA in Dawson Street. Further papers followed, by Herbert F. Hore[ii] in 1862, Dr C.W. Russell[iii] in 1892, Kathleen A. Browne[iv] in 1927 and, most recently, by Raymond Hickey[v] in 2007. However, the most comprehensive account of the dialect was the glossary, compiled by Jacob Poole and William Barnes, first published in London in 1867, brilliantly edited by T.P. Dolan and Diarmaid Ó Muirithe[vi] and reprinted by Four Courts Press in 1996. Additionally, Ó Muirithe[vii] has a later collection. There are also several internet sites relating to the dialect, including, obviously, Wikipedia.[viii]

There were, however, other collectors, and two of them passed their material on to a 19th century scholar whose influence was quite significant, and about whom very little seems to be known. His name was Joseph Henry Lloyd, and he was born in Wexford about 1840. He was passionate about the Irish language and was someone of significant importance in the 19th century organisations concerned with its preservation, especially the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language. He was a member of the Royal Irish Academy[ix], where among his proposers was Patrick Weston Joyce.

In 1886 William O'Neill, principal of Tenacre School, just south of Kilrane, near Rosslare sent Lloyd a long manuscript, entitled *Tales of Forth and Bargy. A description of the two south-eastern baronies of the county of Wexford.* As well as descriptions of all the parishes in those baronies, O'Neill included several songs and 'anecdotes' in the dialect. The main section of the manuscript, however, is a detailed description of all the parishes of the two baronies.

This manuscript was passed on to Lloyd's son, also named Joseph Henry Lloyd, but better known by the Irish version of that name – Seosamh Laoide, (1865-1939). Laoide was a brilliant linguist, but troubled. He was educated privately, probably by his father, and at the Model School on Marlborough St., Dublin. When he left school, he joined the Great Northern Railways, a job that enabled him to travel free of charge throughout Ireland. In 1886 he joined the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language in 1886, as his father had done before him, and the following year became a member of the society's council and publications committee, working closely with Patrick Pearse. In 1890 he won a sizarship to TCD which he attended until 1894, studying Greek, Latin and Irish. He won awards every year but left without graduating. He began writing for *Irisleabhar na Gaedhilge* in 1891 and was its editor 1899–1902. Although not present at the founding meeting of the Gaelic League in July 1893, he was co-treasurer of the movement by autumn that year. He used his railway

pass to go to Irish-speaking parts of the country, particularly those regions in which the language was weak.

In 1903, having resigned from the railway, he took up work as full-time editor on the publications committee of the Gaelic League, where, over the next 12 years, the League published over 300 books and pamphlets, many of which he wrote himself. However, in 1915 the League discontinued publishing books and he lost his job. He was deeply affected by this, and he turned his back on the language movement. He moved to London in 1916, where he worked for the civil service, apparently translating letters written in Irish during the war. His mental health suffered during this period, and he spent some time in a psychiatric institution before returning to Ireland. His skill as an editor was described by Liam Mac Mathúna ('Seosamh Laoide, eagarthóir') in *Studia Hibernica xxxi* (2000-01). He died in September 1939, and his funeral in Deansgrange was, to say the least, sparsely attended – two family members, two friends, and, for the Irish language movement: "An Seabhac " (Pádraig Ó Siochfhradha), and Séamus Ó Casaide, and it was this last who got Laoide's papers, including the Yola material. Ó Casaide's papers are in the National Library, where Manuscript MS 10,674 is described as "Topographical and antiquarian account of the parishes in the baronies of Bargy and Forth, with an essay, including many specimens, on the local dialect of English, by William O'Neill, Kilrane, 1876, with eccentric annotations by a later hand.". Those 'eccentric annotations' were by Laoide, writing in a language he created, somewhat like Irish – but only somewhat. It is clear that he was preparing the material for publication, and was both editing O'Neill's work, work of his father, and adding material of his own including instructions for the printer. An example of Laoide's 'Irish' is his 'instruction to the printer: "One line and centre; Oén flesscán aṁ áin i meḋóun". He signed his name Seósoṁ Laoide – Éó Féneğuss Óc Meicc Noú.

In this manuscript, NLI MS 10674, I found four of O'Neill's 'anecdotes'. Laoide then included material of his own, including versions of the Lord's Prayer in various dialects from Forth and Bargy, with examples from Western Shelmalier, Eastern Shelmalier, Southern Bantry, Arnestown and Killoughrum. I will refer to these later.

The second of Joseph Lloyd's Yola material is a notebook by the Wexford journalist Edmund Hore. Hore was a journalist, editor of the *Wexford Independent* and a fiercely proud Wexfordman. He wrote frequently on the two baronies and their dialect and compiled a quite beautiful manuscript book on them. He presented this book to Joseph Lloyd. The book was subsequently owned by one *P. Traynor*, possibly the nationalist bookseller Patrick Traynor, the father of Oscar, whose shop was in Essex Quay. It was bought from Traynor by P.J. Sweeney who presented it to the RIA, where it is catalogued as manuscript 12 B(1) 6. Again, this book contains much on the history and folklore of the baronies and would almost certainly repay a modern editing. He then gives over 82 Ms pages an extensive list of Yola words, the majority of which are in the works of Poole and Barnes, and Dolan and Ó Muirithe. I give here words not in those sources as well as meanings not found there.

I begin with the RIA manuscript, Manuscript Number 12 B(1) 6:

> A vocabulary of the ancient dialect of the Baronies of Forth and Bargie, County of Wexford, collected by Vallancay (1786) and Poole (1823)
> with additions by Edmund Hore, Castle Street, Wexford, 1875
> (the date given at the end of the Ms is 13th December 1875)

The dedication reads: To Joseph Henry Lloyd, M.A., Ph.D., F.R.I.A., &c, &c

These pages are presented as a small token of admiration for his genius and high literary attainments, and as affording subject (sic) for his interesting, ethical and philological investigations by his admiring friend and well wisher

Edmund Hore

And, on the last page of Hore's introduction:

I have not heard a conversation carried on in it these twenty years, nor heard a word of it for the last ten. No two old septuagenarians on meeting now use the old familiar phrases, and perhaps not more than a score can now recall it with facility. I have been prolix, perhaps, without being interesting, but even so, I beg to assure you that they have been written with the fond and pleasing hope that you will inscribe another line on the tombstone of the dear departed Dialect, still truly loved and cherished, by yours faithfully – Edmund Hore, Wexford.

> *If Hore is correct and the language had disappeared by 1875 then Laoide's versions of both anecdotes and the Lord's Prayer are almost certainly his own invention. And Hore published an address to the Lord Lieutenant in his paper in 1836. It seems certain that it was composed by him, he not being able to find a native speaker with sufficient vocabulary.*

Hore then gives what he calls 'observations':

Speak slowly and avoid all English pronunciations. The plural number is always formed by a distinct syllable.

The vowel A is invariably long, as in f<u>a</u>ther.

E is sounded as in m<u>e</u>t

EE as e in m<u>e</u>

O as in <u>o</u>ne

OO as in g<u>oo</u>d

Y as ai in g<u>ai</u>n

Here are some meanings and explanations not found by me in any other source.

Afeardth	afraid, frightened, in doubt of
Agyther	together, in a gathered state
Aloghe (aloche)	below
Amang	among, mixed in
Ameal	Ashes. “Aul ameal” – all mixed
Arich	the morning “Raie ee-arich” – early in the morning
Astarte (a-starte)	run away
Alere	going too rapidly, “Ye mele be goin alere” the mill is going too fast
Bandele	a measure of eighteen inches, half a yard
Bejaped	deceived, tricked
Bebber, bibber	to shiver with cold, a fear
Bederup, betherup	the “Bedrup” was a service of tenants in early days in reaping the lord’s corn, for so many bound days, and the name, applied to the vassal reapers at first, continued to the free ones
Bebberage	a name given (beverage) to a fine of drink, or treat, claimed from a friend on first wearing a new suit of clothes
Bee	by, nigh to
Been (be-en)	Bees, the plural of bee
Benagh	a heifer or cow under two years old
Besmroth	besmeared, smothered
Blay	to blow
Blaze, bleaze	a strong fire
Blent	stopped suddenly
Blooden	fresh, with the blood still flowing “blooden eales” live or fresh eels
Blin	mistaken. “Ich as mocha blin” – I was greatly mistaken or taken in
Boar, boarman	a hedgehog
Boorane	a skin platter for kneading dough on
Borde	a table, a board. “ha’t apa borde” – have it (the dinner) on the table
Bra, braa	brave, in good health
Brandyrons	kettles, pots etc.
Brailes	barrels (the plural of braile)
Breal, brelagh	a large fire
Broor, brower	a brother “Sank Joan is oor brooer” St John is our brother.
Bunyane	the cord between the flail and the handstaff
Caule, caulis	A horse, horses. (the Rev W. Barnes inquires “can caul be the primary stem of the diminutive form ‘caulet’, colt? If so, it is interesting”).
Chamis	chips, fragments of paper
Chizoole	a chisel
Chull	I will (Ich will)
Caitivès	towards
Co	says. “co he” says he (quoth he)
Coardhed	searched. “Coardhed an coarded agyne” – searched and researched
Coomforte	Comfort, consolation
Commane	a hurley or batt
Craueen (crau-een)	choking. Figuratively, when one is badly in want of a drink
Cress	a cross road

Cub, cobbe	a small kind of gull
Curkite	topsy turvey
Cunnie, cunnigere	a rabbit, a rabbit burrow
Dauneen	the dawn of morning. "ye raie dauneen o' arich" the first dawn of morning
Dansth	danced. "he dansth ur maid" – he danced with the young woman
Dhirteen	thirteen
Drine-vold	when a horse, tumbling, got on his back in a dry trench, he was said to be so.
Emothee	an ant. "Emothee knoughane" – a pismire or ant hill
Enteete	a sleep and rest taken after dinner
Eschotteth	shouldered, jostled, came in contact
Eee-deight	put on, affixed to
Fain	gladly. "chould fain" I would gladly
Fay	faith, honesty
Faadge, fadge	to hunt, to hunt for food
Feeleen	feeling, pity
Fidi?	where?. "Fidi be ee mien, fidi be ee mien? Ee cotleagh be ee lowse, ee kyne be in ee corne, an ee swin be dellen ee cabache hye" Where is the little girl, where is the little girl? The small gate is loose, the cows are in the corn and the pig is digging up the cabbage garden.
Fouster, fooster	making unnecessary trouble, fuss
Frump	to scold, a sour, ill humoured person
Fungarlagh	a cow that never produced a calf
Garr	anger, sudden passion
Geree, gery	uncertain, dangerous
Glaade	sunset, a narrow or dark valley "Ee zin goe to glaade". It is sunset
Glad	a kite, a bird of prey
Glaum	to stare, to gaze
Gnafen	chopping. "Gnafen ee beanes" chopping the ground over sown beans
Gorsoon	a little boy
Gorse	small furze, heath
Grate	great, large
Gretch	to grudge
Grevès	small woods; also the remains of fat of pigs after being well melted
Gud	God. "Gud amity" God almighty
Gurlish	childish
Gurdth	a goad
Haaslete	the entrails of a pig
Harr	the shank of a button, a hinge
Harrest	the harvest, autumn
Hardhell	a bundle
Harnothes	pignuts, earth-nuts
Heigh (heeke)	high, aloft
Heft	weight
Hent	seized, arrested
Hite, highte	called, named
Hie	hasten. "hie thee hime", hasten home
Hoane	the hand. "Ryaught hoane" – the right hand
Hoat - hote	hot, burning "hoat broan" a firebrand
Holly	holy. "holly die" a holyday
Houle	to hold

Hyle	to pour out. “Hyle ee yaale” pour out the beer or ale
Hoar	grey. “Ye hoar stoan”. The grey stone, a tall or small (sic) pillar stone, so called, found near to the old circular raths – very numerous in Forth
Ich wot note	I know not
Ilke	name, appellation
Japes	tricks
Japed	tricked, deceived
Joee	joy, pleasure
Keowe	a cow
Kefee	a kiss, salutation
Keeovar	a cover, lid
Keeke	to peep under, to look upwards
Kurnee, karnee	angry, peevish
Laave	permission
Lass, less	lass ee - chouch-hye
Lauthest	the superlative degree (of last [latest]) “La-est” or “Lauthest”
Laupeen	lapwing, a plover
Lea, leave	untilled land
Lear, lere	empty: “ye mile’s a-lere” – the mill is empty
Leezit	leave it
Let, lete	to hinder, an obstruction “Ee cut of let” the cut of the obstruction (This was a term applied to the Lake of Lady’s Island which, having no natural outlet, being tideless, has to be opened by the labour of 500 or 700 men every few years by cutting across a sandy bank which separates it from the sea.
Leesth, leseath	You lie. “Thou leesth as thou wasth Saan Vinteen an a Saan Vinteen agyne” “You lie, if you were St Fintan and St Fintan again”. A solemn denial.
Lean, lhean	mischief. “Lhean take ee man” – Sorrow or mischief overtake the man.
Louthee	warm
Lothewrwite	A wite is a fine rather than a heriot. Lotherwite is a feudal word and has been written *lotherwit, lotherwurte, legerwurte, lairwite* and means at first a fine paid for the corruption of a woman, his vassal, to the lord. Another fine of a like kind was chilwite or child fine, for fatherhood to a bastard child by a vassal woman.
Losset	a trough for kneading dough in
Ludee, lhudee	a dunce
Magota-pie	Magpie (the birds were never in Ireland until 1640 when they reached Carne in a snowstorm from the east.)
Mate	a companion
Mannes	plural of ‘man’
Maunes	plural of ‘woman’ ‘Yola maunes”, the old woman, wife. (A term always used in the sense of endearment.)

Moneth, mowneth	a month (four weeks)
Messe	Mass, also a crowd
Midgeen	a small quantity
Moke	to stalk thoughtlessly about
Mucha, mutcha	big
Multh	What is given away gratuitously
Neckares	chains, bonds, fetters
Oxther	the armpit
Oales, oles	abilities
Paughmeale	The harvest home. It does not signify the harvest, but an entertainment called the Paugh or Paugh-meale which was given to the whole Bederup or harvest hands on the night of terminating the harvest in the fields. Some say it was so called from Paug, the Irish for kiss, as kissing not infrequently took place between the sexes during the dancing and sports. It was a merry termination of the labours of the season, but now out of fashion.
Pickes	pitchforks
Pilleen	a seat stuffed as a saddle and fastened on the horse's rump, on which women sat, or rode behind her husband, brother or other male person (formerly in common use, now totally out of use)
Purveyance	provision, an ordinance, rule, etc
Pill, pylle	a small river of freshwater, running into a lake or the sea
Pyshogues	fairies, foolish narratives
Quigaule	a distaff, a stick to hold the flax in spinning
Quainte	strange, odd
Quingere	a rabbit warren or burrow
Raaye	early. "Raaye ee-arich" – early in the morning
Risheen, rusheen	an afternoon luncheon or a small meal in the evening. The old Forthers always had four meals a day. Breakfast was after sunrise, dinner at 12 o'clock, 'risheen' about 4 o'clock and supper at night when work was done.
Risheenmeare	a term applied to a person who makes it a point to drop in about risheen time – a cupboard hunter
Ropeare	a brazen beggar
Rouk, roukane	an uproar, a hubbub, a mess
Rungès	the steps of a ladder
Runt	torn. Mee coate be ee-runt – my coat is torn
Rummetagh	a foolish talking person
Saastie, sasty	a rest, snug
Shruanes	scraps of bread
Sike	a sob, a sigh
Skelp	to run about
Siker	surely, more like
Sleight	slander

Slouveen,	a slut, a slovenly female
Speate	a cow's teat
Springallès	a sprig for thatching, twisted and bent
Spudd	a short or worn down knife
Steven	turn, opportunity
Stent	spread over, extended
Starr, Steorès	a star, stars
Staarth	to start, surprise
Skillen	an out-house
Theene thee eeyen	shut your eyes
Theige	an awkward female
Theeme, teeme	to rain heavily
Thilke?	What?
Ummerelès	the entrails of a goat or deer
Varr loane	far off land
Varzet	to forget
Vassalès	vassals, subjects
Vessale	a vessel, pitcher
Vier, Wyer	a weasel, a cross person
Vizee	to rush with force
Visgere	a pair of bellows, a boaster
Winneen	winding
Winneenès	things cast on the seashore by the wind
Weal	will, also well;' chote weal' - I know well
Winneen koase	a winding sheet, a great coat
Welf	a web, a cobweb
Wele?	Well?
Whet ee blade	Whet the scythe
Wing	a projection from, a cross
Weene	to think
Whilke	Which
Wourloke	to frighten
Whilome	once, while, during
Yux,. Yox	to sob as a child after crying
Zarve	to serve
Zeeise	six
Zome	some, a few
Zin (the sun) be ee goan	to glade sunset
Zweale	to sweat, to scorch

Now I turn to NLI MS 10674, described in the NLI catalogue entry as "Topographical and antiquarian account of the parishes in the baronies of Bargy and Forth, with an essay, including many specimens, on the local dialect of English, by William O'Neill, Kilrane, 1876, with eccentric annotations by a later hand." 'Eccentric' is putting it mildly.

A description of the two South Eastern baronies of the County of Wexford

By William O'Neill.
Principal of Tenacre School in the Parish of Kilrane and Barony of Forth, Co. Wexford.
Edited by Joseph Henry Lloyd, Ph D., F.R.S.L., M.R.I.A.
Revised by Joseph Henry Lloyd, his son.

Comment by William O'Neill, with note by Joseph Lloyd on page 126/7, dated May 25, 1876.: "The language of Forth as a medium of conversation is now obsolete; few indeed, even understand a dozen words of it. There is little to be hoped that it will ever again come into use. (WO'N)"

Footnote by Joseph Lloyd: Mr Hore (who wrote on the dialect in 1862), regretting its disuse, says "I have not heard a conversation carried on in it these twenty years, nor heard a word of it for the last ten. No two old acquaintances, on meeting, now use the old familiar phrases, and perhaps not more than a score can now recall it with facility"

I now give some 'songs' and anecdotes which I have found in no other source. The manuscript is unbound – the pages are loose, but have been numbered in what seems a later hand, and it is these handwritten page numbers I give.

The Grass Widow's Sorrow p. 135

Katto Haw an Marune Doyle
As thaye were zellen plaaces
Thaye zat em deowne apa thaye groun
To praate thaare doleful caases

O Katty a hager dost thou no faade
Zure me blagard is lishted
Theay've zint him aff to vight a Vrinch
Ing troth ich often wished it.

Zo Katty a hager cume gie us a drop
Thou kno'sth ich am in zorrow
Suppose in mee smock 'chull ha ta pop
Weel hae a drop tomorrow.

Translation
Catherine Hayes and Maryann Doyle
As they were selling plaices
They both sat down upon the ground
To argue their doleful cases

O Katty my friend, do you know what?
Sure my blagard (husband) he's listed
They've sent off to fight the French
In truth I often wished it.

So Katty, good friend, come give us a drop
You know I am in sorrow
Suppose in my shift I'll have to pop
We'll have a drop tomorrow.

Dirge or keen in Barony Forth p 139

In this case the widow laments not only the death of her husband Joane (John) but also that of his horse (Brogeen) which was accidentally drowned in a well called the Kamp Stone (Crooked Stone, in Churchtown, Carne – 'officially' Carna - Forth). It is peculiarly characteristic of the Barony Forth. Her pathetic address runs as follows:

O faade shall ich doe now ath al, ath al
Thaares Joane deed an 'cham e-left alone.
O Joane thee yarth deed an Brogeen ee drent
E welle o' Kamp Stone.

O Joane thee yarth thaare cole as aye stone
It's theezil was mee gude ploware,
mee gude soware, me gude reepeare,
an me gude moweare and me gude seppen makeare

O Joane thee yarth thaure an ich am al alone.
Joane thee yarth deed an Brogeen eedrent
e Well o' Kamp Stone.

Translation
O what shall I do now at all, at all.
There's John dead and I am left alone.
O John you are dead and Brogeen drowned
In the Well o' Kamp Stone.

O John you are there, cold as a stone
It's yourself was my good plougher, my good sower, my good reaper
And my good stack maker.
O John you are dead and Brogeen drowned
in the Well o' Kamp Stone.

Anecdotes

Anecdote I (first dialogue) p. 140

Jameen Synote (James Sinnott), Billeen Foughlan (William Coughlan) and Dickeen Corishe (Richard Corish), having assembled at a convivial meeting at the time-honoured hostelry of Paudeen Haaye (Patrick Hayes) of Tomhaggard, they were "ne fo" when a stranger happened to call, whose appearance called forth the distasteful attention of Dickeen. Although the stranger offered not the slightest offence to the parties present, like the famous Doctor Fell, Dickeen took an unaccountable hatred to him, which he expressed to his neighbours in the following terms:

Dickeen: Dowst ye zee dhicke fellow lewar. Hea's a kanat's faase upa'm. Chull goe our an ge'm oa knack.
Billeen: Faade iles thee, thee sthouk, zure dhicka fellowe zyed nodhing ta thee.
Dickeen: Na mather, hea's oa Kanat's faase apa'm. Chull go our an gee'm oa knack.
Jameen: If thee doo na zitte downe, chull brae thee yola jowl. Faad's dhicka fellow zin a don te thee?

It was with difficulty however that Dickeen's friends prevented him from making his intended assault on the stranger. It was fortunate that the said stranger understood not one word of the dialogue, otherwise perhaps it might have led to serious consequences.

Translation

Dickeen: Do you see that fellow beyond. He has a knave's face on him. I'll go over and give him a stroke.
Billeen: What ails you, you fool? Sure, that fellow said nothing to you.
Dickeen: No matter, He has a knave's face on him. I'll go over and give him a stroke.
Jameen: If you don't sit down, I'll break your old jaw. What's that fellow saying or doing to you.

Anecdote II p. 144

Nickey Haay (Nicholas Hayes), a brogue maker of some ability in the Barony of Bargy, adopted a singular and successful plan of ridding himself of a troublesome creditor. Having involved himself in debt to a considerable amount to a tanner named Sinnott, the latter processed and obtained a decree against Nicky which he was about to execute when the redoubtable Nickey, understanding that Sinnott had left home and would not return until a late hour, attired himself completely in a white sheet, and, placing himself in Sinnott's path on his return, the latter, on seeing the apparition, and frightened almost out of his wits, exclaimed:

Sinnott: Tho in naame o' Loord, yarth thee?
Nickey: A thee nager, thou knowest well enow fo 'cham – Tho ent nowe 'cham Nickey Haay.
Sinnott: An faade a naame o' zaints feight thee dhicky wye?
Nickey: Dowst thee now Ich deed yerste ariche and Ich canna gan ta resthe tell thee gee mee dhicka raughten papere thee hast i thee poke. Yith thee dinna get 'chull taake thee wee mee.

Affrighted at the terrible alternative of being taken by the seeming ghost, Sinnott at oince delivered up the fearful mandate of the law, and, in tremulous voice exclaimed:

Heere, taak it we thee and gow to thee rest.

Nickey at once seized and tore the decree, and Sinnott, fearing exposure, never troubled him for the debt afterwards.

Translation

Sinnott: Who in the name of the Lord are you?
Nickey: Ah you nager, you know well who I am. Don't you know I'm Nicholas Hayes.
Sinnott: And what in the name of the saints brought you here.
Nicholas: Don't you know that I died yesterday morning and I cannot go to rest until you give me that wrangling paper (decree) you have in your pocket. If you don't get it I'll take you with me.
Sinnott replied on delivering the paper in these words: Here, take it with you and go to rest.

Anecdote III p. 148

Michael Cahill, or as he was called in the dialect of the Barony Forth, Kayleen O'Cawl, was an inveterate horse dealer, [and] for this ruling passion he sacrificed all other employments. He had once a snug farm, was a brogue maker by trade, but his mania for horse-dealing caused him to neglect all other pursuits; his farm lay neglected, his trade ruined, his finances quite reduced, so that the animals he offered for sale were generally such as would not pass muster at Dycer's. They were, almost in all cases, lean, bony, spavined and ancient specimens of horse-flesh. But Kayleen's great forte consisted in reducing their age at least by ten years of its true state. Many expedients he practiced for this purpose, but the one most successful we narrate thus.

Previous to taking his departure from home on Market or Fair days, he always placed by his fireplace two sods of turf, [and] another sod he placed in a cradle which he had placed on purpose in the kitchen. On arriving at the fair with his cattle (sic), he was soon surrounded by intending purchasers, when the following colloquy took place:

Buyer: Well Kayleen, faade's e aageen ow yola cawl dhicke teeme?
Kayleen: Chull tell thee faad, hea's neen a Maay.
Buyer: Ah, hea's neenteen any wye.
Kayleen: Nowe, 'Cham gown e swaare te thee, Ich prie that thaaye twine be vire zeed, an oan e craadle bee boornte e ashen wer Ich gou hime ef hea bee oun de yolere.

This was generally conclusive, the two by the fireside [and] the one in the cradle being understood as his children, and the bargain closed.

Translation:
Buyer: Well, Michael, what's the age of this old horse this time?
Michael: I'll tell you what, he is nine at May.
Buyer: Ah, he's nineteen at any rate.
Michael: Now I'm going to swear to you. I pray [that] the two and the one in the cradle may be burnt to ashes before I go home, if he be one day older.

Anecdote IV p 150

Jem Corish [Chameen Corishe] was an itinerant or roving tailor. He and his apprentices, for he generally had two or three, worked up all the frieze and flannel manufactured at that time in the confines of Forth and Bargy. For his work, in place of coin, he took oats, barley, potatoes, butter &c. By some strange fancy of his own he always mixed up oats and barley in one promiscuous heap! This strange medley he carried to Wexford for sale. The corn buyers, knowing his eccentricity, were quickly about him.

Merchant: Faade hast thee to dei, Chameen
Jem: Barich
Merchant: Dowsth thee call dhicka dhing Barich? Zure its oathes.
Jem: Well, leth't bee oathes if thee lik; chul zel't var eacha dhing.
Merchant: O chullna ha't at al.
Other Merchant: Faade thee ha en zack, Chameen
Jem: Oathes
Other Merchant: Oathes, whi it bee bairich
Jem: O leth't bee bairich. Ich doona caar faade. Chull zell it var eacha dhinge.

Jem could find no purchaser for his corn and he carried it home to grind it up for his "gurles" (children).

Translation (by Seosamh Laoide)
The Merchant: What hast thou today, Jem?
Jem: Barley.
The Merchant (examining the sample): Dost thou call that thing barley? Sure it's oats!
Jem: Well let it be oats if thou like. I will sell it for either of the two things.
The Merchant: O, I will not have it at all!
The second merchant: What is it thou hast in the sack, Jem?
Jem: Oats.
The second merchant: Oats! Why it is barley!
Jem: O let it be barley. I do not care what. I will sell it for either of the two things.

Much of the notes are clearly in the hand of Seosamh Laoide, and, in spite of the comments of William O'Neill and Edmund Hore stating that the dialect was no longer in use, he gives many examples of the dialect for which I can find no early source and which seem to be his own creation. For instance, gives several versions of both the Lord's Prayer and the beginning of St John's Gospel in what can only be describe as sub-dialects of the language, and, for interest sake, I give here two

Ee Loard's Pryer p168

Forthe

Oure Vaadher fho yarth ing Heaaveene, Ee hallowet bee thee naame. Thee kingdome come. Thee weel be ee doane , as ing heaveene, zoo eake an earthe. Yes ouze to-deie oure deilye breed. An voryee ouze oure dettes, as wough voryee oure dettoores. An leed ouze nat ing to forseekeen, mot varlowse ouze vrom eyvil. Vor theene are ee kingdome an ee creft an ee loardlyheed ing ayeheede. Amein

Bargy.

Oure Vaather fo yarth i Heeovene, Ee hallowet bee thee naume. Thee kingdome coome. Thee weel be ee doane, alick i heaoveene, zoo eake apa yerthe. Yee ouze to-deie oure deilye breed. An varyee ouze oure dettes, alick as wough varyee oure dettoores. An leed ouze nat ing to forseekeen, mot varyee ouze vram eyvil. Vor theene are ee kingdome an ee poustee an ee loardlyheed vor eyver an eyver. Amein

I acknowledge the marvellous help I have had, before and during lockdown, from the staff in the National Library Manuscript Collection in Kildare Street and the staff of the Royal Irish Academy in Dawson Street. Buíochas dóibh go léir.

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