

10. Now would 'chwore hong'd

William Corkine

Now would 'chwore hong'd, zis, but thou
 Hadds voote zweete zis, what aild tha
 Ha not I bought my ker- zie

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most ma wrong. God's bors, I crie God mer- cy to
 woo ma now? I 'cham as like to zarve thy
 wed- ding briche, hudda hate, 'cham an- grie, thou makes ma

zweare. Hast not my rings and things and geare with
 turne as yer I wos zince 'chos I borne, and
 vret And is not my bond re- die zet, woeld

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vaith and troth a- mong, and wout vor- zake ma now, and
 sha not I have thow? Let's zee who dare, let's zee who
 zarve ma zuch a twich? 'Chill break his brow, 'chill break his

(#)

wout vor- zake ma now? Nay, masse, ware that, nay,
 dare, I 'chould but zee. Huds lid I zweare, huds
 brow, I vaith I 'chill, I vaith I 'chill, I

masse, ware that vor if thou doo, 'chill take a
 lid I zweare, huds lid I zweare 'chill take a
 vaith I 'chill, that shall love thou. Then take a

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knife and honge my zelfe vor one of
 sward, and make a yend of I or
 rop and drown thy zelfe vor mere good

thow. Yea I woll, so I woll,
 hee. Yea I would, so I would,
 will. Yea I would, so I would,

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that I woll, I vaith la! Yea I woll,
 that I would, I vaith la! Yea I would,
 that I would, I vaith la! Yea I would,

so I woll, that I woll, I vaith la!
 so I would, that I would, I vaith la!
 so I would, that I would, I vaith la!