

Andrew Boorde: *The Fyrst Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge, the whyche dothe teache a man to speake parte of all maner of languages, and to know the usage and fashion of all maner of countreys. And for to know the moste parte of all maner of coynes of money, the whych is currant in every region. Made by Andrew Borde, of Physycke Doctor. Dedycated to the right honorable and gracious lady Mary daughter of our soverayne Lorde Kyng Henry the eyght* (1547; Kommentierte Ausgabe von F. J. Furnivall 1870): Cornwallexkurs, p. 122 ff.

¶ The apendex to the fyrst Chapter, treatinge of  
Cornewall, and Cornyshe men.

I can brew beastly beer	¶ Iche cham a Cornyshe man, al[c] che can brow; It wyll make one to kacke, also to spew; It is dycke and smoky, and also it is dyn;	
like hogwash.	It is lyke wash, as pygges had wrestled dryn. <sup>2</sup> Iche cannot brew, nor dresse Fleashe, nor vyshe; Many volke do segge, I mar many a good dyshe. Dup the dore, gos <sup>3</sup> ! iche hab some dyng to seg, ‘Whan olde knaues be dead, yonge knaues be fleg.’	4 7
I'm very hungry:	Iche chaym yll afyngred, <sup>4</sup> iche swere by my fay Iche nys not eate no soole <sup>5</sup> sens yester days; <sup>6</sup> Iche wolde fayne taale ons myd the cup;	
give me a quart of ale. I've fish and tin,	Nym me a quart of ale, that iche may it of sup. A, good gosse, iche hab a toome, <sup>7</sup> vyshe, and also tyn; Drynke, gosse, to me, or els iche chyl begyn.	12
but suffer cold and hunger	God! watysh great colde, and fynger iche do abyd! Wyl your bedauer, gosse, come home at the next tyde. Iche pray God to coun him wel to vare, That, whan he comit home, myd me he do not starre For putting a straw dorow his great net. Another pot of ale, good gosse, now me fet;	17 20
I'll go to law for a straw.	For my bedauer wyl to London, to try the law, To sew Tre poll pen, for waggyng of a straw. Now, gosse, farewell! yche can no lenger abyde; Iche must ouer to the ale howse at the yender syde;	

<sup>1</sup> Boorde evidently didn't appreciate the Anglo-Saxon words of our speech as he did his own long Latin and Greek coinages.

<sup>2</sup> therein: as *dyn* above is "thin," *dycke*, "thick." <sup>3</sup> gossip, mate.

<sup>4</sup> a-hungred. <sup>5</sup> soul, flavouring, meat; p. 138, l. 21.

<sup>6</sup> sign. B. ii. back.

<sup>7</sup> at home.

And now come myd me, gosse, I thee pray, 25  
 And let vs make mery, as longe as we may.

¶ Cornwall is a pore and very barren countrey of al maner thing, except Tyn and Fyssh. There meate, and theyr bread, and dryncke, is marde and spylt for lacke of good ordning and dressynga. Fyrres and turues is theyr chief fewel; there ale is starke nought, lokinge whyte & thynke, as pygges had wrasteled in it,

Cornwall has only tin and fish. (See Note.)

Their food is spilt by bad cooking.

Their ale is awful stuff;

<sup>1</sup> smoky and ropye,  
 and neuer a good sope,  
 in moste places it is worse and worse,  
 pitie it is them to curse;  
 for wagginge of a straw  
 they wyl go to law,  
 and al not worth a hawe,  
 playinge so the dawe.

they'll go to law for wagging of a straw.

¶ In Cornwall is two speches; the one is naughty Englyshe, and the other is Cornyshe speche.

And there be many men and women the whiche cannot speake one worde of Englyshe, but all Cornyshe. Who so wyl speake any Cornyshe, Englyshe and Cornyshe doth folow.

Many Cornish people can't speak a word of English.

One. two. thre. foure. fyue. six. seuen. eyght. nyna.  
*Ouyn. dow. tray. peswar. pimp. wha. syth. eth. naw.*

The Cornish numerals.

<sup>2</sup> Ten. aleuyn. twelue. thertene. fourtene. fyftene.

*Dec. unec. dowec. treddec. peswarddec. pympdeec.*

Syxtene. seuntine. eyghtyne. nyntene. twenty.

*Whedec. sythdeec. ethdeec. nawdeec. Igous.*

One and twenty. two and twenty. three and twenty.

*Ouyn war igous. dow war Igous. tray war ygous.*

Fouer and twenty, &c.

*peswar ygous*: and so forthe tyl you come to thyrty.

¶ No Cornysheman dothe number aboute .xxx. and is named. *Deec warnegous*. And whan they haue tolde thyrty, they do begyn agayn, "one, two, and

30 is their highest number.

<sup>1</sup> Printed as prose.   <sup>2</sup> B .iii. not signed.

thre," And so forth. and whan they haue recounted to a hondred, they saye *kans*. And if they number to a thousand, than they saye *Myle*.

A talk in Cornish  
and English.

God morow to you, syr ! *Dar day dew a why, serra !*

God spede you, mayde ! *Dar zona de why math-tath.*<sup>1</sup>

You be welcome, good wyfe !

*Welcom a why gwera da*

I do thanke you, syr. *Dar dala de why, syra.*

How do you fare ? *Vata lew genar why ?*

Wall, God thanke you, good master !

*Da dar dala de why, master da !*

Hostes, haue you any good meate !

*Hostes, eus bones*<sup>2</sup> *de why ?*

Yes, syr, I haue enowgha. *Eus, sarra, grace a dew.*

Giue me some meate, good hostes !

*Reuh bones*<sup>3</sup> *de vy, hostes da !*

Mayde, giue me bread and drinke !

*Math-tath,*<sup>1</sup> *eus me barow ha dewas !*

Wife, bringe me a quarte of wine !

*Gwrac, drewh quart gwin de vy !*

Woman, bringe me some fishe !

*Benen,*<sup>5</sup> *drewh pycos de vi !*

<sup>4</sup> Mayde, brynge me egges and butter

*Math-tath,*<sup>1</sup> *drewh me eyo*<sup>6</sup> *hag a manym de vi*

Syr, much good do it you !

*Syrra, betha why lows weny cke !*

Hostes, what shal I paye ?

*Hostes, prendra we pay ?*

Syr, your rekenyng is .v. pens.

*Syrra, iges rechen eu pypm in ar.*

How many myles is it to london ?

*Pes myll der eus a lemma de Londres ?*

Syr, it is thre hondred myle.

*Syrra, tray kans myle dere.*

*Math-tath* P. (John W. Peard).

<sup>4</sup> B .iii. back.

<sup>1</sup> *Boos* P

<sup>2</sup> *Benen* AB. (*Bennen* P.)

<sup>3</sup> *eye*, an egg ; pl. *eyow* P.

God be with you, good hostes!

*Bena tewgena a<sup>1</sup> why hostes da /*

God gyue you a good nyght!

*Deio rebera vos da de why!*

God send you wel to fare!

*Deio reth euenna thes why fare eta!*

God be wyth you! *Deio gena why!*

I pray you, commend me to all good felowes.

*Meesdesyer,<sup>2</sup> why commende me the olds matas<sup>3</sup> da.*

Syr, I wyl do your commaundement.

*Syrra, me euyden gewel ages commaundement why.*

God be with you! *Deio gena why!*

A talk in Cornish  
and English.

<sup>1</sup> *Deio genem*, P.

<sup>2</sup> *! Mas den syra*, good man Sir, good Sir, P.

<sup>3</sup> *! maynys*, pl. of *mayn*, an intimate, P.

<sup>4</sup> B .iiii. not signed.