

THE COMING OF THE KINGDOM

Nine Readings from the Authorized Version of The Bible.

in

The Dialect of the Black Country

Read by members of the Black Country Society at Slater Street
Methodist Church, Darlaston, on December 22nd, 1973.



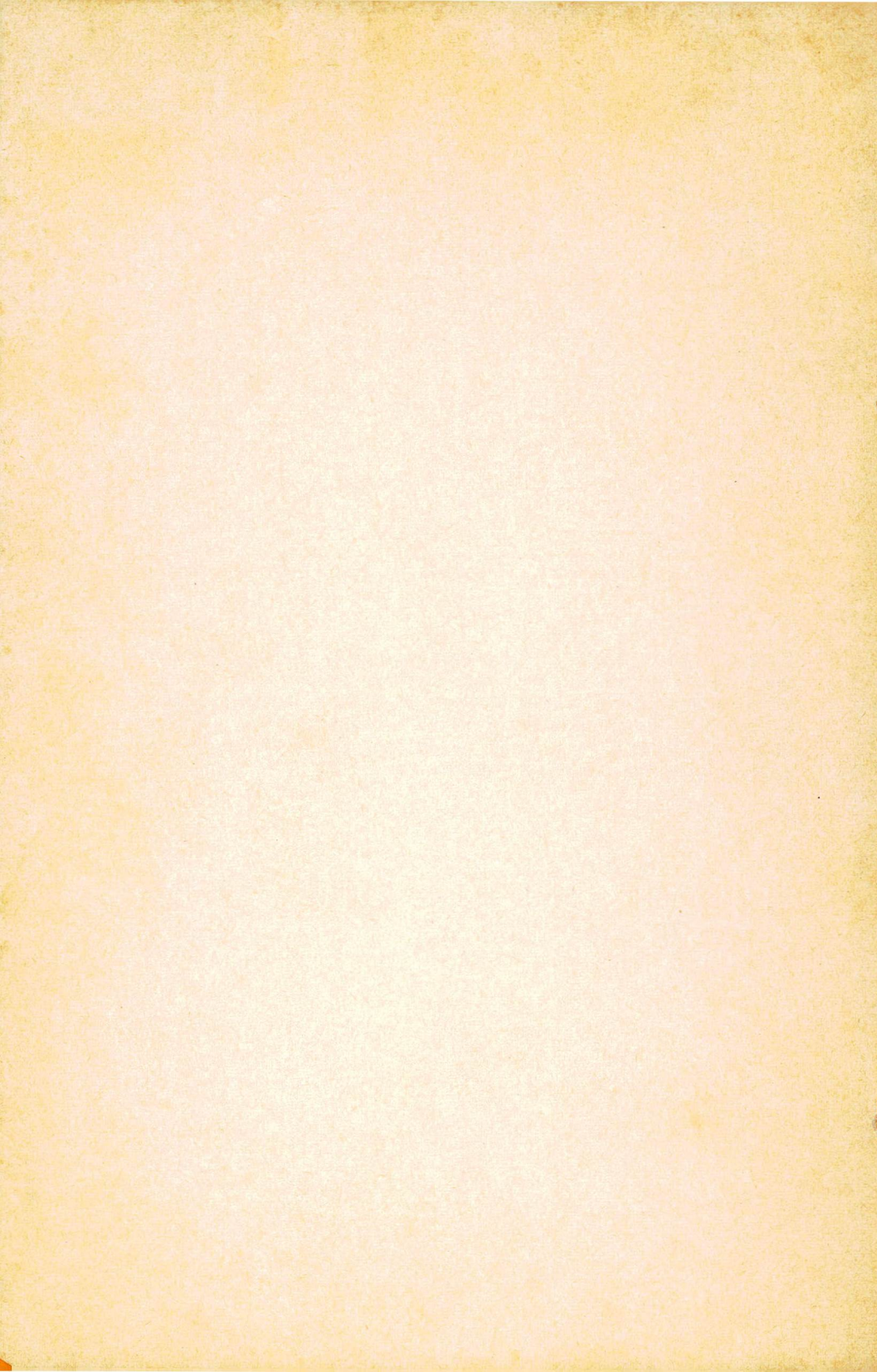
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PREFACE

Each Christmas, thanks to the co-operation of local clergymen and their places of worship, the Black Country Society is invited to different areas to present a short series of Bible readings in the local dialect. We are most grateful for this help and for the opportunity it gives us to show how our regional dialect can express a wide range of emotions and attitudes.



GENESIS 3 : 1-7.

Now the snerk wor arf cleverer than all th'other animals that God 'ad med. So 'e says ter the wench : 'Am yo tellin' me that God 'as tode yo yo cor ate off all on the trees in this garden?'

An' the wench says ter the snerk : 'Yo'me right. We con ate off any tree in this plerce, but we cor ate from that tree as is in the middle o' the garden. 'E's tode we we cor 'ave anythin' off the'er, an' we cor even touch it, cos then we shun be jed'.

So the snerk says ter the wench : 'Yo wo be jed. 'E knows as if yo ate from the'er, then all on a sudden yo'er eyes ull open up, an' yo'll be like 'im, an' know what things am good an' what things am bad'.

So as soon as the wench sid the tree was alright ter ate, an' it looked alright, an' it might mek 'er a bit cleverer, 'er ate summat off it, an' gid a bit ter 'er ode mon who happened ter be wi 'er. An' 'e aet a bit an' all.

Then th' eyes on um both got opened up, an' they sid they'd both got nuthin' on. So they stuck tergether some leaves off the fig tree an' med theirselves ganzies.

SAMUEL 1, 2 : 2-10.

Nobody is as 'oly as the Lord, cos there ay anybody by 'im, an' there ay ne'er a big stone like ower God.

None o' yo should spake wi plums in yer mouths, an' doe yo spak as if yo know it all, cos God knows what's gooin' on, an' 'e knows why yo do anythin'.

The top blokes con get inter big trouble, an' them as ay very good con get better.

Blokes as wus full up afore, now 'ave ter do a bit o' werk ter get sum fittle, but them as was clammed now doe 'ave ter werk. 'Er what couldn't 'ave any kids 'as now got seven, but 'er what 'ad kids all over the plerce cor' 'ave any mo'er.

God meks blokes jed, an' meks blokes alive. Some 'e puts in the cemetery; sum 'e teks owt.

Sum 'e meks po'or; some 'e meks rich. Some 'e shoves under; some 'e pushes up.

'E picks up the po'or out on the dert; 'e fetches th'ode beggar out on the miscin. 'E puts um up wi the gaffers, an' 'e meks um get sot down in a king's che'er.

Cos the Lord 'odes up the world an' 'e put it the'er.

E'll look after 'is kids faet, an' the bad uns 'ull 'ave ter keep quiet in the dark. A big strung chap 'ull do no good.

Them as doe werk wi 'im, 'e'll break um inter little bits. From up the'er 'e'll sort um owt. 'E'll try owt th' ends o' the world 'an 'e'll mek is own gaffer a lot strunger.

NEHEMIAH 2 : 2-6.

An' so the king says ter me : 'Why am yo pullin' mergrems, cos yo ay bad? Yo must be a bit upset sumwhere'. An' I wor arf frittened.

So I says ter the king : 'I hope yo goo on livin' a lung toime. Con I help bein' a bit upset at the serm toime as the plerce whe'er me ode family is buried is all knocked down, an' when even its doers 'ave bin bernt up?'

So the king says ter me : 'What am yo askin' me for?' So I sed a quick prayer.

So I says ter the king : 'If yo like what I've bin doin' 'ere fer yo, an' if it suits yo, how abowt sendin' me up inter Judah ter see me ferthers' graves in the town, so as I con build it up agen?'

An' the king says ter me, wi the queen sot down by 'im : 'Ow lung am yo gunner tek, an' when am yo a cumin' back?' So it suited the king ter send me, an' I tode 'im when I was a cumin' back.

PSALM 122.

I wor arf pleased when they tode me ter goo up ter the Lord's house.

Now, Jerusalem, we faet ull stond inside yo'er doors.

Cos the town is put tergether like a plerce tied up ter itself.

The'er all the folken, the folken that belong ter the Lord, goo up ter show off Israel, an' ter say thanks ter the Lord's nerme.

Cos the'er they've put up che'ers ter sort people out, an' the'er's the che'ers o' David's 'ouse.

Do a bit a prayin' for Jerusalem's peace; them that get on a bit, they'll luv yo.

Inside yo'er walls 'ull be peace; in yo'er better 'ouses it's gonner be alright.

Fer the sake on all me pals an' mates, I con now say : inside vo, 'ave a bit o' rest.

An' cos the Lord's 'ouse is the'er, I'll look after yo.

MARK 1 : 1-3, 6-8.

Now the tale o' Jesus Christ, God's lad, begins like this.

Th'ode prophets 'ad writ this down : Now look out; I'm sendin' in front o' yo'er ferce, me own sairvent an' is job 'ull be ter mek way fer yo.

An 'e'll bawl out in the desert, an' 'e'll spaek fer yo ter tidy up the Lord's path an' mek it dead strert.

Now John wor nuthin' but the hair off a camel an' a belt med out o' skin round 'is middle, an' 'e ate bob-howlers an' honey 'e fun in the wild.

An' 'e preached; an' 'e sed : 'I've cum afore sumbody what's heftier than me, an' I aye fit ter get down an' unfasten 'is boot laerces.

I con chuck werter over yo ter mek yo clane, but 'e con clane yo' wi' th'oly ghost'.

LUKE 2 : 1-7.

Now it 'appened in them days as th' Emperer Augustus put owt a law that all the folk should mek out the'er tax forms.

An' this 'appened when Cyrenius wus gaffer over Syria.

So all the folken went ter where they wus born, ter sort out the taxes.

Now Joseph went out o' Galilee an' all, out o' Nazareth, up inter David's town, naemed Bethlehem, cos 'e cum from David's family an' wun o' is folk.

An 'e took Mary, 'is own missis, wi 'im ter be taxed, an' 'er wus just about ready ter 'ave a kid.

So it cum abowt as while they wun up the'er, 'er time wus up, an' 'er started ter 'ave the kid.

An' so 'er 'ad a kid, 'er fust son, an' 'er wrapped 'im up in sum ode cloos, an' put 'im in the fead box, cos nobody could put um up in the pub.

MATTHEW 2 : 13-16.

Now when the three knowin' chaps 'ad gone, th' aengel cum down from God ter Joseph while 'e wus fast asleep, an' 'e says : 'Gerrup an' tek yo'er yung lad an' 'is mother an' run off inter Egypt, an' stop the'er till I send werd ter thee, cos 'Erod's gonner 'ave a look for this kid an' see that 'e's jed!'

Now when Joseph got up, 'e tuk 'is yung kid an' 'is missus ov a night toime, an' went off inter Egypt.

An' 'e stopped there till 'Erod wus jed so that what the prophet 'ad writ about God might cum abowt, cos 'e'd sed : 'I've fetched me own lad owt on Egypt.'

But 'Erod wor arf upset as soon as 'e fun owt that the three knowin' chaps 'ad med fun on 'im. So 'e sent owt 'is sojers an' put ter jeath all on the little babbies in Bethlehem an' round about, as 'ad bin two 'ear ode or under about the toime as 'e ad bin spaekin' wi the three knowin' chaps.

REVELATIONS 5 : 11-14.

Now as I looked around me, I heard all th' aengels showtin' out together as they wus all standin' round this big che'er wi all th' animals an' th'ode folken. An' there must 'ave bin thousands an' thousands an' thousands the'er.

An' all aloud they wus spaekin' : 'The lamb what wus killed off is a proper un ter get the top job, money, an' schoolin', an' be strung, an' be praised up, an' be fermus, an' get looked up to.'

Now every creature what's up the'er in the sky, an' down 'ere, an' under the ground, an' them as is in the werter, every single wun I listened to, shouted out : 'Praises, ferme an' a good nerme ter 'im as is sot down in the top saet an' ter the lamb, fer all the toime.'

An' the fou'er animals shouted : 'That's it!' An' the twenty fou'er ode folken got down an' praised up 'im what'll never be jed.

REVELATIONS : 6 : 12-17.

Now when 'e'd opened up the sixth lock, I sid there was a great big bangin' in the ground, and the sun went pitch black like a bit o' dirty airden bag, an' the moon turned the colour o' blood.

An' all the stars in the sky drapped down on the ground, just like th' opple tree drops all th' early opples as soon as it gets shuck up in a big wind.

An' the sky all went, just like as if yo wus rollin' up sum wall perper; an' all th' islands an' hills got shifted out on their own plerces.

An' all the top blokes, all the big gaffers, all them wi plenty o' money, all the leadin' sojers, all the slerves un' all them as wus free went an' 'id theirselves in 'oles an' up in the mountains.

An' they tode all the stones an' th' 'ills : 'Drop on top o' wi so that 'im what's sittin' on the big sate up the'er wo see we, un' so that the lamb wo lose 'is temper wi we.

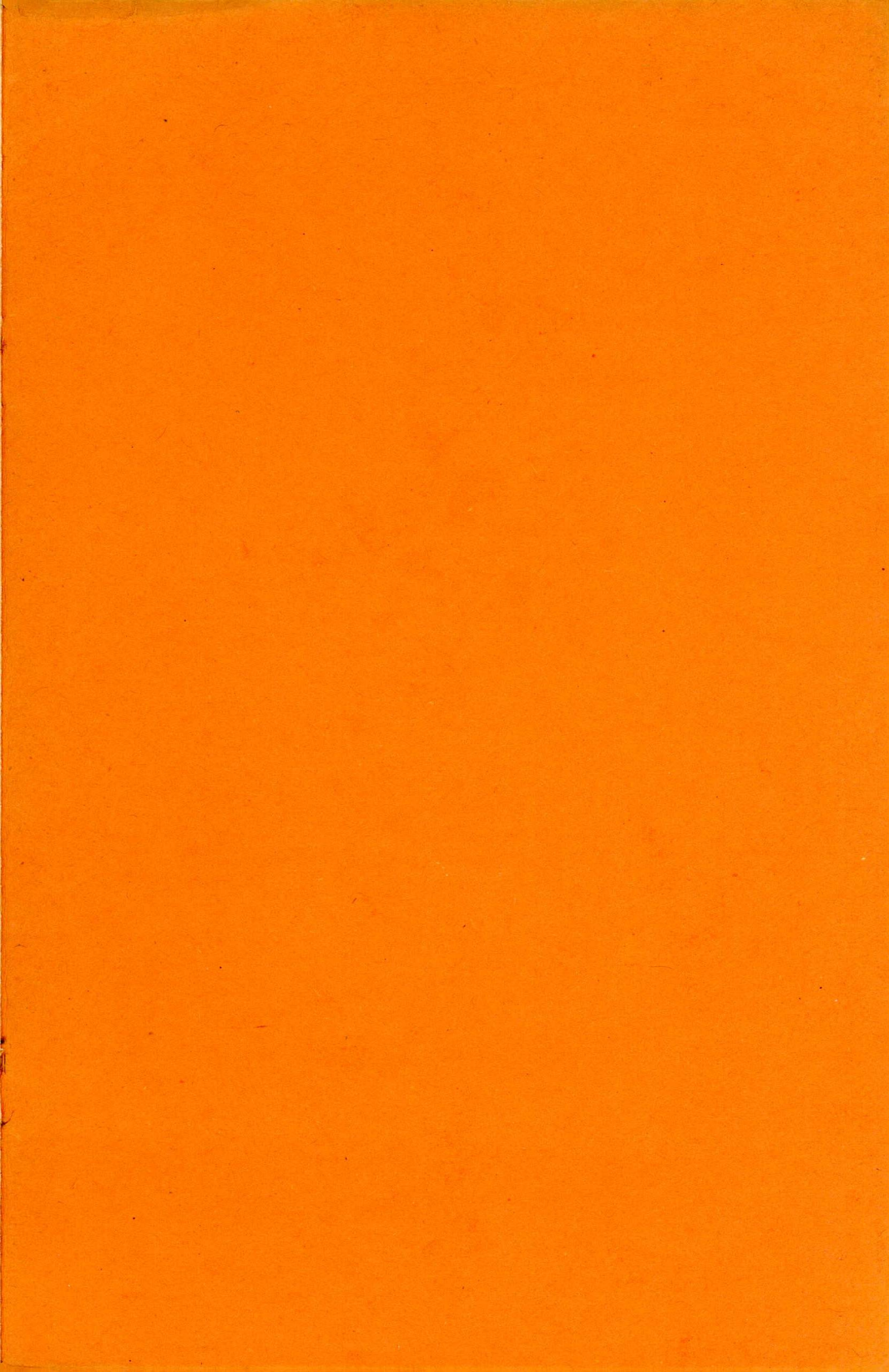
Cos this is the day when 'e ay arf gonner be upset wi we, an' nobody con stond up annunst 'im.'

POSTSCRIPT

From the President of the Black Country Society.

Dr. John M. Fletcher.

To stimulate interest in the local dialect is simply one aspect of the Society's work. As probably the largest local organisation in the country, we are concerned with every aspect of the Black Country, its past history, its present problems and its future potential. We have published many books, maps, medallions, and commemorative covers to help spread a greater appreciation of our area. We produce a quarterly magazine, *The Blackcountryman*, which is distributed to all members of the Society. With more support we could increase the scope of our work. May I appeal for your support? Details of subscriptions, publications, and general information can be obtained from: The Membership Secretary, 4 Stokes Avenue, Portobello, Wolverhampton, WV13 3JT. Tel: Willenhall 67352.





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