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WILTSHIRE MOONRAKER'S

EDITION OF

WEST COUNTRIE RHYMES.

BY

EDWARD SLOW.

SALISBURY:

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PREFACE.

I QUITE agree with the Author, who declared his most difficult and unthankful task was writing a Preface for his book; when written, few readers cared for it; generally contenting themselves with a desultory glance, or a skip over.

Be that as it may, I would like to embrace this opportunity of saying, that, as the whole Six Series of my Rustic Rhymes have been for some time out of print, and there being a desire on the part of a good many people for a reprint of my early effusions, I herewith venture to issue another volume, the full edition of which embraces all the most popular and humourous verses, together with some few pieces never before published.

Whatever little merit my various publications may possess, Reviewers and Philologists are agreed they are fair specimens of our good Old County Dialect, which, as my readers know, is rapidly disappearing, and will soon become an unknown patois to the future inhabitants of our County.

With reference to the picture of our County Legend, "The Wiltshire Moonrakers," given on the frontispiece; many have written me respecting the origin of the story. All I can tell them is: that my version is founded upon William Little's tale as published some fifty years ago, by John Yonge Ackerman, which is as follows:—"People zay as how thay gied tha neam a Moonrakers ta we Wiltshire voke: becaas, a passel a stupid bodies one night, tried ta reak tha shadder a tha moon out a tha brook, thinken it wur a cheese. Bit that's tha rong end a tha starry: tha chaps as wur doin this wur *Smugglers*, and they wur vishen up zim kegs a sperrits, an ony purtended ta reak out a cheese. Zoo tha Zizemin as axed em tha question had he's grin at em. Bit thay had a good laff at he when em got whoam tha stuff."

Another version of the story is as follows: "Two farm hands who had been imbibing rather freely at the Village Inn one night, were returning, 'rakes in hand,' to their homes: passing a pond near the village, they saw the full moon's disc reflected on the water. 'Zounds!' zays one, 'if zomebiddy hant bin an drapped a skim cheese in tha pond. Let's get un out, meat; hoot!' So the pair of them set to work with all their might and main, trying to land the supposed cheese. All at once a dark cloud obscured the moon, and the disc suddenly disappeared: the astonished yokels went and told in the village, 'that as they wur reaken a cheese out a tha pond as zomebiddy had a drapped in, tha devil comes up vrim below, drags un down, an had un var he's own zupper—jist ta spite em.'"

This is the story as told by *non natives* of our County, in order to exhibit Wiltshire people as fools and simpletons.

Just now, when Picture Post Cards are in the zenith of popularity, it may interest my readers to know the Wiltshire Moonraker's Card, has the honour of being the first Folk Lore Picture Post Card published.

The neat artistic badge "just issued," to adorn the hats of our Volunteers, is also symbolical of our County Story, viz:—"Two rakes, a Brandy cask, and the Moon."

Wilton, November, 1903.

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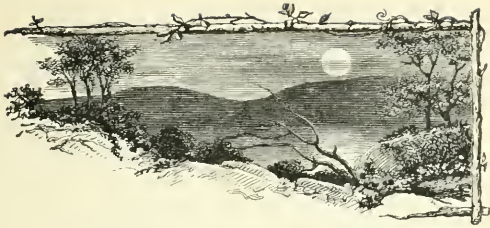
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THE WILTSHIRE MOONRAKERS.



THE WILTSHIRE MOONRAKERS.

Down Vizes way zom years, agoo,
When smuggal'n wur nuthen new,
An people wurden nar bit shy,
Of who they did ther sperrits buy.
In a village lived a Publican,
Who kept an Inn, Tha Pelican,
A man he wur, a man a merit
An his neam wur Ickey Perritt.
Ael round about tha country voke
Tha praise of thease yer landlard spoke ;
Var, wen any on 'em wur took bad,
They knaw'd wur sperrits could be had ;
An daly, it wur nice an handy,
At tha Pelican ta get yer brandy.
Twer zwold as chep as tis in Vrance,
Tho a coose, twer done in iggerance.

One winter, Crismis time about,
Thease landlords tubs ad ael run out.
Zays he, this yer's a purty goo,
Var mwore what ever shall I do ;

Thic smugglin Zam's a purty chap,
 Ta lave I here wieout a drap ;
 An wen a promised dree months back,
 A hooden vail ta bring me wack.
 Bit praps tha Zize voke voun his trail,
 An med a pop'd un inta jail,
 Howsemdever, I'll zen and zee,
 Ta marrer wats became a he.
 Zoo next day at nite he off did start,
 Two girt chaps wie a donkey cart.
 Ta Bristil town thay took ther way,
 An got there as twur gettin day ;
 Tha smugglers house tha zoon voun out,
 An tould'n wat they wur com about.
 Ael rite, zays he, I've plenty bye,
 Bit we mist keep a cuteish eye,
 Var tha Zize voke, thay be on tha watch,
 An two or dree have lately cotech.
 Zoo tell woold Ikey thats tha razin
 I cooden zen avore ta pleaz un.
 Zoo wen twur dark thase smuggler bwold,
 Got dree tubs vrim a zaerit hould ;
 An unobsarved he purty smart,
 Zoon clap'd em in tha donkey cart ;
 An tha top a cover'd up we hay,
 Then sent tha chaps an cart away ;
 Ael droo tha streets quite zeaf an zom,
 They zoon jog'd out a Bristil town.
 An vore tha vull moon ad arose,
 To ther neative pleace, wur draain close

Wen to ther girt astonishment,
 They met wie a awkurd accident,
 In passin auver Cannins Brudge,
 Tha stubborn donkey hooden budge ;
 Tha chaps thay leather'd well his back,
 Bit a diden keer var ther attack ;
 Bit jibb'd an beller'd, shook his mean
 Then kick'd bouth shafts right off za clane.
 Up went tha cart, tha tubs vill out,
 An in tha road zoon roll'd about ;
 An vore the chaps cood ardly look,
 Ael dree ad roll'd strait in tha brook.
 Well ! here's a purty goo zays one,
 Why Will, wat ever's to be done ?
 I'd like ta kill thic donkey quite,
 If thee wurst zays Tom, tid zar un rite.
 Doost knaa wot tha matter wur ?
 I thinks a got a vorester ;
 Var I nevir knaw'd un hack like this,
 Unless zummit wur much amiss.
 Look at un now he's in a scare,
 An gwain as hard as he can tare ;
 We bouth shafts danglin on tha groun,
 A wunt stop till he gets wom I'm bown.
 Zoo let un, I dwoant keer a snap,
 Var then thay'll gace thease yer mishap ;
 An zen zumbiddy on tha road,
 Ta help ess get wom seaf the load.
 Bit zounds, while thus we do delay,
 The tubs, begar, ull swim away ;

We mist get em out at any price,
 Tho tha water be as cwoold as ice.
 Dwoant stan geapin zo, var goodness zeak,
 Run to thic rick and vind a reak ;
 I thinks that I can reak em out,
 Var ther they be swimmin about.
 Two reaks wur got, an then thease two
 Did reak and splaish we much ado ;
 Bit nar a tub thay diden lan,
 Thay hooden zeem ta com ta han.
 Zays Tom, I'm tired a tha job
 An hooden a tuck un var ten bob ;
 I ad a mine ta let him goo,
 An zo I will if thee hoot too.
 Get out, girt stup, we mist get in,
 Tho we da got wet ta tha skin.
 Till never do ta let em be,
 Zo tuck thee pants up roun thee knee.
 Tha chaps then took tha water bwould,
 Tho thay wur shram'd ni we tha cwoold ;
 And jist as thay did heave one out,
 Ael at once a feller loud did shout—
 HEL'OH, me lads, wat up to there ?
 NIGHT POACHERS, ah, if teant I swear.
 Let goo, zays Will, I'm blow'd if tent,
 Vizes Excizemin on tha scent ;
 Push off tha tub var goodness zeak,
 Get out tha brook, teak hould a reak ;
 Reak at tha moon a shinin zee,
 An dwoant thee spake, I'll tackle he.

Under tha brudge, then out a zight,
Quickly tha tubs wur push'd aelright.

* * * * *

Tha Zizemen now ad rach'd tha please,
An Will he draa'd a ruful veace ;
We beant no poachers zur zed he,
Bit av ad a mishap as ya zee.
Comin vrim Vize we donkey cart,
On tha brudge tha donk mead zudden start ;
An jirk'd, an jib'd, then gied a kick,
An het bwouth shafts off purty quick.
Out went ower things wich as ya zees.
Lays ael about, an yer's a cheese ;
He roll'd rite on strait in thease brook,
An Tom's a reakun vor'un look !
Tha Zizeman swallered ael o't in,
And to zee Tom reakun, gun ta grin,
Girt vool, zays he, as true's I'm barn,
Why that's tha moon, thee beest reakun vor'n
An then a busted out agean,
An zed of ael that beat ael clean ;
To zee a crazy headed coon,
Reak at the shadder of tha moon.
Will wink'd at Tom, Tom wink'd at Will,
Ta zee how nice he'd took tha pill ;
Ah, zur, you med laff as longs ya please,
Bit we be zure it be a Cheese.
Zee, how he shows hissself za plain,
Com Tom, lets reak for he again.

Zoo slap an dash went on tha reakin,
 While Zizemin he var vun wur sheakin
 An off a went houlden his zide,
 Var longer there a cooden bide.
 We grinnin his eyes did auvervlow,
 Ta zee thay chaps a reakin zo ;
 An ta think that now he'd tould em so,
 Tha girt vools hooden ther frake vergo.
 Zoo up a got apon his hoss,
 An as tha brudge a went across,
 He zet up another harty grin,
 Wen a look'd an zeed em both get in ;
 An zed, girt vools, till sar em rite,
 If they da ketch ther deaths ta nite.
 Bit wen he ad got clane away,
 Tha tubs wur got wicout delay ;
 And hid away, quite zeaf and zoun,
 Var a dark nite, wen tha moon wur down.

* * * * *

Then at the Pelican thease chaps,
 Purty zoon wur tellin ther mishaps ;
 Bit ael ther troubles they vergot,
 Wen a beer ache om had a pot,
 An Ikey coose did pay em well
 Thease little stowry not ta tell ;
 Zo wen tha Zizemin next did com,
 Woold Ikey he a coose wur mum.

An in a glass did jine wie glee,
 Wen Zizemin twould tha tale ta he ;
 Bit he laff'd mwore wen zeaf one nite,
 Tha tubs wur brought wom snug an tite :
 An many a bumper went around,
 To think they'd beat tha Zizemin zound.

* * * * *

Bit he tha tale did zoon let out
 To ael tha countery roun about ;
 An to thease day, straingers da teeze,
 All Willsheer voke about tha Cheese.
 Bit tis thay as can avourd ta grin,
 To zee ow nice a wur took in.

* * * * *

Zoo, wen out thease County you da goo,
 An voke da poke ther vun at you ;
 An caal ee a girt Willsheer coon,
 As went a reakun var tha moon
 Jist menshin thease yer leetle stowry,
 And then bust out in ael yer glowry,
 That, yer cute Excisemen vrum tha town,
 Wur took in wie a Willsheer clown.

* * * * *

Zoo dwoant ee mine be'n call'd a Mooney,
 Twur he, ya zee, as wur tha Spooney.

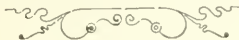




Photo : Frith & Co., Reigate.

JANNY BROWN IN LUNNEN.

Jan Brown a wur a leaberen man
An wirk'd var Varmer Ray,
Nar better chap ee'r vollied plough
Ar mead a rick a hay.

Zix voot a stood, wieout his boots
Za lusty an za stout,
A stronger or a smearer chap
There wurden roun about.

An he cood zow, ar dresh, ar mow,
Ar ear a zack a whate,
Ar veed tha pigs, ar milk tha cows,
Ar mend a fence, ar gate.

One day ; Jan Brown zed to hisself,
I'm nearly twenty-vive
An ant a bin ten mile vrom wom
Zunee I wur born'd alive.

I've yeard za much bout Lunnen town
 Vrim voke who av bin there,
 Be drat if I dwoant goo an zee
 When brass I've nuff to speare.

Zoo, every varden, he did seave
 A that ar precious stuff,
 An went athought his pipe, an glass,
 Var ta putt by anuff.

An wen vive pounds, a ad a seav'd
 A zed ta Farmer Ray,
 Ta Lunnen, I be gwain to goo
 Var a leetle hallerday.

Ta Lunnen aye! zed Varmer Ray
 Ta thich there dredvul pleace,
 Why man, thay'll zure ta take thee in
 If thay onny zee thee veace.

Now dwoant ee goo, zed Missus Ray,
 You'd better yer abide
 Var zartin zure ya will get lost
 Wieout you've got a guide.

Var Lunnen zich a wicked pleace
 Our Squire he da zay,
 An voke ull rob ee, right and lift
 In tha middle a tha day.

Odd dang em then, zed Janny Brown,
 If that's there leetle geam
 Thay'll vind thay've got a toughesh job
 Zure's Jan Brown is me neam.

Well; plaze theeself, zed Farmer Ray,
 Bit mind what we've a zed,
 Var if thee doosen zoon com back
 We'll gie thee up as dead.

Now Varmer Ray a diden like
 Ta speer good Janny Brown
 He gun to think, that praps a med,
 Stop up in Lunnan town.

Var Janny wur, tha handiest man
 As wirk'd apon tha varm,
 An if a never shood com back
 Tood be loosen his right yarm.

Zoo off thic nite, young Jan a went
 Ta wish his gal good bye,
 An when ta her, he twould his mind
 She gun ta pipe her eye.

Now Janny, Janny, dwoant ee goo,
 Now dwoant ee, leave yer Zally,
 Var I be zure, you'll loose yerself
 Up in zom Lunnan alley.

An then whatever shood I do,
 If ya wurden to come back
 We grief, I shood zoon pine away
 Thease lovin heart hood crack.

Lar Zally, dwoant ee be aveard
 I'll be seaf an zoun
 An mine, avore I do com back
 I'll buy yer weddin gown.

Now Zally White lik'd Jacky Brown
 Wie ael her might and main,
 An when a menshind bout tha gown,
 She hooden he restrain.

Aelthough when he cotch'd woold her hans,
 An zed tha last good bye
 Her leetle heart wur in her mouth,
 An she begun ta cry.

Zoo Janny he did claps her waist
 An kiss her rosy cheek,
 An wie a whopper, left an zed
 I'll be back avore a week.

Then he went wom, an pack'd his things
 Ael up za snug an tight
 An went ta bade, bit ardly slep
 Ael droo tha wary night.

Avore twur light, a tumbled out
 Zart in a dramy doze
 An grop'd about, var to vind out,
 His vine new suit a clothes.

An when he'd vound, an putt em on
 Za tidy, nate, an plaain,
 He started off we ael his might
 Ta ketch tha scurshin train.

An when tha stayshun he did rache,
 A paid his money down ;
 Then jumped into a girt long train
 As wur var Lunnan town.

Tha engine puff'd, tha whissle screem'd,
 Tha guard a zed ael right,
 An off went puffin billy then
 Blowin we ael his might.

Dang, what a naise zure he da meak
 A gappen zo var breath,
 Just like a poor woold work'd out hoss,
 Thats very nigh ta death.

Vaster, an vaster, on a went,
 Amang tha naise an steam,
 An Jan could hardly meak it out
 Twur zo much like a dream.

An bye an bye, tha train draa'd up,
 Maing Claphams busy zene,
 An Janny pok'd his noddle out
 Ta zee what it did mean.

Hoy! hoy! a zed, we might an main,
 Be this yer Lunnan town?
 Cos if it be, jist let I out,
 Var thats wur I be bown.

A skierce ad zed, what he wur zayin ;
 A rumblin train rush'd past,
 Another, an another, too
 Poor Janny stood agast.

Whatever do ael this yer mean,
 Our hero he did hast ;
 Dang, if I dwoant think tis tha day
 That is ta be tha last.

Mid naise an smoke, an vire, an steam,
 On went train atter train,
 Cram'd up we voke, za smeatly dress'd,
 A wonder'd were they wur gwain.

An while a wur a wonderen zo,
 His train wur got in fettle ;
 An off a went, we zudden jerk,
 Which drow'd un off tha zettle.

Well now, if that beant purty vine,
 My neam yeant Janny Brown,
 Thay hooden a keer'd if thay'd a het
 Tha brains out on me crown.

His yead a rub'd, his clothes a brush'd,
 An zet hisself aelright ;
 Var he could zee, as Lunnan town
 Wur purty nigh in zite.

An wonce agean, tha train draa'd up,
 Maing shouts a Waterloo ;
 An Jan got out, and ther a stuck,
 In a terryable stew.

Why what gurt vools, thease vellers be,
 Ta keep on we zich prattle,
 I spouse, thay'd try meak I believe
 That yer, thay vought thic battle.

I beant za green as I da look,
 Thic tale var I wunt do,
 Cos I'd a uncle that did fight
 At thic ar Waterloo.

An he twould I, as how tha please,
 Wur zummat like a common,
 Zo how cood this yer be the spot ;
 Be dang if teant ael gammon.

Then Janny Brown, a turn'd away
 Wie heart not auver plazin,
 Ta think that vore he'd left the train
 Thay shood begin a taazin.

Now humly busses thay wur there,
 An cabs too, be tha score ;
 Ower Janny steer'd var never he
 Had zeed zich things avore.

Thay hansims be zom purty things,
 I hooden arldy vind.
 Insteads a zitten up in vront
 Tha draver zits behind.

A cabmin then we eyes za keen,
 Beheld ower hero stan ;
 An baalen out, to un did say
 " Now then, jump up young man."

" Na, na," zed Jan, " I beant a gwain,
 A chap like I za pooer ;
 Asides, I caant meak out yer thing,
 A hant a got nar dooer."

We that a turn'd an waak'd away,
 Ael up towards the brudge ;
 A appeny ther, a must lug out,
 Which zomechow he did grudge.

Be dang if I can meak it out,
 Why thay shid charge I money ;
 I spoose thay teaks I var a baste,
 Da zeem za quare an vunny.

Ah well, it beant za verry much,
 Ar zoon I'd let em zee ;
 I spoose thay thinks it a good joke,
 Not var ta pass I vree.

Now zoon our hero vound hissel ;
 In the middle of tha Stran ;
 An up an down a waak'd about,
 Till he cood ardly stan.

Bim bye, a girt vine shop a zeed
 Wur atin things wur zould ;
 An in a went, an zat un down,
 Jist like a lion bwould.

An zoon in com'd a smeartish lass,
 A zmilen and a zingin ;
 An in a purty way she axed,
 What she shid plase ta bring un.

Let's zee, zed Jan, I thinks I'll av
 Vry'd haigs and zim beakin,
 An a leetle sooty dumplin too,
 As zoon as you can meaken.

Bit vust bring in zim brade an cheese,
 An pwint a worm brew'd beer,
 Var atter thic ar girt long ride,
 veels terryable leer.

Zoo, when we thase good things a did
 His craven unger stay,
 A caal'd agean the smilin lass,
 Ta know what twur ta pay.

Jist two an dree zir, if ya plase,
 She smilin like did say,
 An Jan a draa'd his leathern pouch,
 Tha money var ta pay.

Zaay he, I'm vrom tha country,
 An, I'll want a room ta sleep;
 Zoo ax yer fiather if he'll vind
 Me lodgins and me keep.

O eeee, says she, this is a house
 Wur lodgers, we teak in;
 And raste assur'd you zir shill vind
 It verry cheap and clean.

We that ower hero zat un down
 We his mind now at hase.
 An gap'd about on every thing
 Var ael o't zeemed to plase.

Out at tha winder he did look,
 The traffic did zaprize;
 An never did er turn his yead
 Till yeaken wur his eyes.

At las, quite wary of tha zites,
 A caal'd tha waiten maid
 To show un up into his room,
 Var he wur gwain ta bade.

An zoon a wur snug zettled down
 In a zound snorin sleep,
 An there a slept an snor'd away,
 Till day begun ta peep.

Then up a got, and down a gooes,
 Ta av his marnen veed,
 An out a went, in tha busy street
 Ta zee what wur to be zeed.

Now Janny, he had larn'd ta rade
 Down in tha village school,
 Zoo neames a streets, a took a note on
 Cos no one shood un vool.

Ta Charin Cross, a took his way
 An mainly he did stare,
 Ta zee za many statues vine
 Ael roun Trafalger Square.

How naterel thay ael da look,
 Jist tho thay wur alive ;
 Brave men ; your country putts ee yer
 Yer memry to zurvive.

An what a tall un thic ar is
 Ael up there in tha zun ;
 I warn, a got a veamous neam
 Var deeds, a av adone.

An zoo a av, begar, thats true,
 Var I've rade Nelson's story,
 Nar man as liv'd, did never add
 Mwore to our country's glory.

What meaks em put tha lions thayre?

I spoose ta awe tha voke,
 Bit thay bean a gwain ta writen I,
 If I be a country bloke.

Spoose, tis ta show woold Englins might
 Thay lions be putt thayre,
 Tache voreign voes, keep off their toes,
 An of their growls beware.

Tha vountins now begun ta play,
 An Jan begun ta stir,
 An zeein thay, a downurds went
 Ta veamous Wacemister.

Lore! Jamin ni! look here's a house!
 My cracky, here's a pile,
 Zich a pleace, I never thought there wur
 In ael ower leetle isle.

Tha verry towers be edged we goold,
 Lar, what thay mist a spent,
 What time too, mist av took ta build
 Thease house a Parleyment.

An look at thic ar whoppen clock;
 Stuck up in thic ar place,
 I shid think it be ten voot across
 His girt white shiny veace.

An while Jan wur, we measement struck,
 Tha quarter jacks did chime,
 An out went zich a boomin zound,
 As tould what wur tha time.

Well, what a clapper he've a got
 Zed Janny wie a smile,
 I raaly think that voke mist hear
 Un off at varty mile.

Then Janny did wind up his watch
 An zet un jist at ten,
 Zoo that a med in Lunnan town,
 Keep rite time we Big Ben.

An then a turn'd hissself about
 To zee tha hankshint Abbey,
 An in a went, bit diden stop
 It zeem'd za dark and shabby.

Tis zartinly, a veamous place,
 Bit tis, za black and hoary,
 Ya can skiercly rade what is put up
 Bout voke a hankshint glory.

Then to Zaint Jeames's Park a went
 Ta zee tha zodgers drill,
 An hear tha ban za sweetly play,
 An that his heart did vill.

Lar what a aisy life it sims
 Ta be a zodger bwould;
 Bit spoose it idden aelways zo,
 Tha glitterin yeant ael goold.

Var if it wur; I zoon hood list
 An be a zodger too,
 Bit tis them ar viten times as comes
 That meaks I zart a blue.

Wie open mouth an gapen eyes.
 A zeed tha Duke a York
 Stuck on his monnymment za high,
 One zide a thic vine park.

I spoose thay putt un up za high
 Ta zée what is gwain on,
 An tell it ta tha tother one
 What's stuck up auver yon.

Now twilen up tha steps, a vound
 It terryable hard,
 To raste a bit, a zat down on
 Tha statue to tha guards.

Of ael the monnymments I've zeed
 This is the baste begar ;
 Thay cooden done a better thing,
 Ta memerate thic war.

Poor chaps ! how nateril thay looks,
 Brings to me eyes a tear
 When I da think what thay went droo
 Out in thic ar Crimear.

Zoo when he'd rasted there a bit
 He went up Haymarket,
 An look'd about, bit as var hay
 A cooden zee a bit.

I spoose ta day yeant market day
 Zed rustic Janny Brown,
 Cos if it wur I'd stop an zee
 If it wur up ar down.

Veam'd Ragint Street, wie its vine shops,
 Did meak ower hero lagger ;
 A cooden zeam to meak em out,
 We meazement he did stagger.

Var neyer in his life avore
 Hood he tha tales believe
 What thay did zay bout Lunnen town,
 Bit now a did conceive.

What countrymin did ever zee ?
 Tha vust time zich a zite
 As thic there street, wieout a wur
 Struck we ameazement quite.

Ta zee tha crowds a vine drased voke,
 An carridges za gran,
 Ael day a passen up an down,
 The richest in tha lan.

Ael droo thic street Jan trudg'd along,
 An vur beyond tha top ;
 In Ragints Park a voun a sate,
 An tired down a zot.

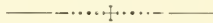
Enjay'd his bit a nammet too,
 As down ther he did raste ;
 Then to the gierdens he did goo
 Ta zee tha wild baste.

Lions an Tigers, Bears an Wolves,
 Hellyfints an Crockydiles,
 Lepperds an Monkeys, Voxes an Znakes,
 Vrim countries many miles.

Wie hundreds of tha veathery tribe
 An vishes vrim tha zay ;
 Mwoast every thing thats in tha wordle
 Did Janny zee thic day.

An when he'd zeed ael he cood zee
 Za tired cood ardly stan ;
 A com'd un out an took a bus
 As took un to the Stran.

Vagg'd out a zoon went hoff ta bade,
 Ta av tha pillars zolace ;
 Var on tha marn he'd plan'd ta goo
 An zee tha Christy Palace.



❧ PART II. ❧

Zo early did over hero rise,
 An quickly off did trudge
 All droo tha streets ta ketch tha train
 As gooes from Lunnen Brudge.

An here the voke wur thick as vlees,
 Tha Palace gwain ta zee,
 An by tha geates thay did cram up
 As thic as thay cood be.

Zoo Jan he squeezed amang tha raste,
 An haigteen pence paid down,
 Then jump'd into a train as wur
 Var Christy Palace bown.

Bit as a did undo his cwoat
 Ta putt away his ticket,
 He shouted out " I av bin rob'd
 A commin droo thic wicket."

If zumbiddy in thic ar crowd
 Hant stawl my zilver watch ;
 Hooden I a pummied em a bit
 If I'd a jist em cotch.

Well, well, I'm in a purty clit
 This yers a purty goo,
 Two poun ten, slap gone at wunce,
 Var he wur nearly new.

If I did knaa what I do now,
 Begar I'd never com ;
 Dang if ower measter wurden right,
 I ought ta bid down wom.

Now tha voke as zat beside our vren
 Did gie un their pity,
 Var thay cood zee as he wur one
 Vresh vrim tha country.

Bit pity zee, yeant no helpmeat,
 When mainly you'm distrest,
 Gie I tha voke who lends their aid ;
 That's thay as I likes best.

Bit now tha train begun to waig,
 Tha whissle loud did blow ;
 An Jan tha watch gied up as lost,
 Tho we anger he did glow.

Ael I da zaay, zed Janny Brown,
 About thic watch a mine,
 If ever I da ketch tha thief ;
 I warn I'll meaken whine.

Tha voke thay smil'd, as Jan his vist
 Brought down we ael his might,
 Showen on em, how he'd zarve tha thief
 If ow'n a had cotch zight.

Tha whissle then begun ta blow
 An zoon tha train draad in,
 An out ther got zich crowds a voke,
 No waakin in between.

An zoon, tha glittern Palace rose
 Like a enchanted house,
 Our Janny steer'd an hollied out
 My cracky ! O good crouse.

What martial man did ever zee,
 Tha vust time zich a zite,
 Wieout been struck we wonderment,
 When tha zun shines on it bright.

Tha gierdens too, be ael laid out
 Apon tha newest plan,
 An we tha vlowers, shrubs, an trees,
 Looks like a vairy lan.

Jan thought about his country wom
 An Squire's girt vine park ;
 Bit dang if this dwoant bate em ael
 Putts ael o't in tha dark.

You never ardly hood believe,
 What at thic pleace is voun ;
 Mwoast everything tha wordle da hold,
 Da vill up ael tha groun.

An then tha girt big steatly house,
 Putt up we iren an glass,
 In ael tha wordle, ther yeant a house ;
 As can thease yer zurpass.

An then tha things, there be inzide,
 Za splendid, skierce, an dear,
 Ta zee it ael ; you'd want ta stop
 In thic pleace quite a year.

Bit Jan did onny stop ta look
 At ael tha girt big things,
 As tha vountins, an tha himmegies ;
 Var's time went by on wings.

Bim bye, tha whoppen hargin out
 Zich a mighty zound did zend,
 It shook tha nerves a Janny Brown ;
 His hair stood on a end.

Var zich a hargin you cant vind,
 If droo tha wordle ya zerch,
 Why dang me buttons, if a beant,
 As bigs, a leetle Church.

An when tha hargin had a done
 Playen musick zo zublime ;
 A lot a voke got up ta zing,
 Var now twur konzart time.

An thay did zing, an play, za vine
 It car'd Jan's heart away,
 Tha zounds a never will varget ;
 A taaks o't ta thease day.

Tha evenim now wur draain on,
 Ower hero he cood zee ;
 Aelthough a adden got his watch
 Ta tell un currectly.

Zo we a zigh, an zad varewell,
 Did Janny leave tha pleace
 An back agean ta Lunnen town,
 His steps a did retrace.

An wonce agean, a vound hissself.
 At his lodgens in tha Stran,
 Wonce mwore, a wor'd out, went ta bade,
 An dram'd a vairy lan.

An when tha zun, zent his vust ray
 Into his leetle room,
 A bundled up, an hoff a went
 Ta zee Zaint Paul's girt Dome.

Droo Temple Bar a took his way ;
 Vleet Street his eyes did vill
 We meazement, at tha traffic thick
 Right up ta Ludgit hill.

Zaint Paul's girt Church, a zoon did spy,
 Zounds, what a mighty pleace,
 Za tall an gran, za hankshint too ;
 A noble eddyfeace.

An zich a lot a carvin wirk,
 Ael done be janius men ;
 An a Varger twould'n twur putt up
 Be a man caal'd Christy Wren.

 Eece, eece, zed Jan, zo twur begar,
 Vrom Willshere, he did com,
 I knaas tha pleace wur he wur barn'd ;
 Jist ten miles vrim my wom.

 An I da vind, there be a lot
 A men, a hankshint veam,
 Who vrom tha country, did com yer,
 An get a mighty neam.

 Bit I da think, if naybur Wren,
 Cood zee agean thase house ;
 He'd meak em scrape it nicely down.
 An get of that black douse.

 I hope tha Bishop, ar tha Queen,
 If thay tha owners be
 Ull zet ta wirk, an clane it up ;
 Zo's ael on it can zee.

 Past Newgate then, ower hero went,
 An zeed thic ugly jail,
 An of ael tha zites, a ad a zeed ;
 Thase mead his heart mwoast vail.

 Var tis za drary, an za black
 Tha outside is anuff,
 Wieout gwain in ta zee inside
 An hear the jailers gruff.

Be Pwost Office, then down Chepzide,
 He vollied on in line,
 An now, an then, jist cotch'd a glimpse,
 Of tha gran shops za vine.

Zich crowds a vok, gwain up an down.
 Da chok up ael tha way,
 An Janny cooden meak it out.
 Twur like a markit day.

I specks, says he, if cood bit know
 Theres a vair on purty nigh ;
 If I can vind out wur it be
 Zummat, I'll goo an buy.

Zoo to a pleecemin, straitte a went,
 An zed, I shood ee thank ;
 If you hood tell if that's a vair,
 A pwintin to tha bank.

Eece, that's a vair, tha pleecemin zed ;
 We a twinkle in his eye,
 An, if any speer caish you've got
 'Thay'll var ee putt it by.

Bit Janny he zoon zeed tha drift,
 He voun it wur tha bank ;
 An not a place var zich as he
 Bit, voke a wealth an rank.

King Willum Street, a did goo down,
 An auver Lumen Brudge,
 Var a nower watch'd woold fiather 'Tems ;
 Then on agean did trudge.

Then ael at wonce, a halted short,
 An down zim steps did goo
 To av a penny steam boat ride,
 To tha brudge at Waterloo.

An zich girt zites, did Janny zee,
 A zalien on thic stream,
 Zich zites he'd never thought ta zee,
 In vact zeem'd ael a dream.

Wonce mwore to Stran a took his way,
 Var he wur hungry main,
 An very zoon veasted and ved
 An wur ael right again.

Nex marnen, beean Zundy marn,
 Atter two proper meals,
 A went ta Vinsbury var to tend
 Ta Chaple at Moorviolds.

Aelthough it wurden Janny's creed,
 Ta worship in thic pleace,
 T'wur var tha zites, an musick gran,
 That he went there I gace.

An dally tis a splendid pleace,
 We ael tha paintins gran,
 Tha altar too, a yeant supass'd,
 At nar pleace in tha lan.

Da zeem ta vill ee up we awe,
 Yer heart ta good incline ;
 Ta hear tha splendid musick there ;
 Var do zim zo divine.

Of ael tha joys, upon thease earth,
 There's nuthin var ta beat
 Good musick in tha house a pray'r ;
 It aelways zims zo zweet.

An Janny he did leave thic pleace,
 We his mind vull a good,
 Vowen, he'd spen thic zabbath day,
 Jist as a Christian shood.

Bit, as a wur a comin out
 A chap took wold his yarm,
 An ax'd un var to come along
 We ee ta Highbury Barn.

Na, na, I shaant zed Janny Brown ;
 You'm a sharper chap I warn
 An I beant gwain along we you
 Na where ta zee a barn.

Var I da want ta zee, zed he
 What I hant zeed avore,
 An as var barns, why down a touam
 Can zee em be tha score.

Now while thic chap tried hard ta gain
 Tha vrenshep of our John,
 A pleccemin com'd, an collar'd he,
 An slipp'd tha hand bolts on.

An then did Janny Brown vind out,
 A wur a girt big thief ;
 'Ta think what narrer skeap he'd had
 Gied his heart much relief.

An very plazed ower hero wur,
 Ta think that he wur cotch'd ;
 Var zomhow Jan did zeem ta think,
 Twur he, as had his watch.

Var purty zartin zure it be,
 He'd zeed me veace avore ;
 Ar else a hooden took me yarm,
 When I lav'd tha chaple door.

Now in tha evemin, Janny went
 Ta Zaint Martin's in tha square,
 Bekaas it wurden vur vrim wom,
 An zoon a cood be there.

An atter zarvice wur a done,
 A quickly back did pop ;
 Var adden got bit one mwore day,
 In Lunnan var ta stop.

An hearly like, a went ta bade,
 That a mid hearly rise ;
 Nar till Zaint Clement's Clock struck zix
 Did a open wonce his eyes.

Ta Meusaeum, up at Bloomsburee,
 Nex marn a off did stride ;
 An there a look'd an gap'd about
 Wie open mouth za wide.

Var dazed un much, when he did zee,
 What thic pleace did contain,
 Tha history nigh ; of ael tha wordle,
 Ya can zee ther za plaain.

Girt monnyments a hankshint voke ;
 Ael zarts a hankshint money ;
 An bwones a hanimals hixtinct ;
 Neatives in vayshuns vunny.

Girt implements a warvare too,
 Thay used in days gone by,
 An tablets vrom tha Holy Land,
 Scriptor ta testify.

In girt glass keases down one room ;
 Tha Gipshun mummies be,
 Ael bandiged, za stiff an tite
 Ther feacin you can't zee.

Tood teak a week, ta tell ee ael
 Tha zites Jan Brown did zee ;
 Var tis za much, an main o't is
 Things a curiosity.

The libery a books, too there
 Wur voke mid zit an rade,
 Thousands a pounds, thay mist a cost
 When ael on em wur made.

Right plazed wur Jan we thic ther pleace,
 An now can unnerstau,
 When voke say's thic Meusaem be
 Tha pride a ower lan.

Bit now tha time wur runnin on,
 Vawer a clock an atter ;
 Tha last night too, an he mist goo,
 Ta zee zom vine theater.

Tha Delphi now, wur purty nigh,
 To his lodgins in tha Stran ;
 An when twur time a off did goo
 Ta thic ar pleace za gran.

An when a got up to tha dooer,
 Tha voke wur ael among ;
 Var twur thic play, as look za well
 An call'd tha " Colleen Bawn."

Zoo we a lot a squeezezen hard,
 An pushen Jan got in ;
 An down a zat in wonderment,
 At thic ar splendid zene.

An when tha curtain wur roll'd up,
 Tha ban struck up za gay ;
 An Jan we eyes vix'd on tha steage,
 Za hager watch'd thic play.

Var as I zed avore ; tha piece
 Wur caal'd " 'Tha Colleen Bawn "'
 An ower hero, tha exciting plot
 Quite well did unnerstan.

If thic ar beant a noble maid ;
 Apon me wurd an honner ;
 I mean, she in tha scarlit dress,
 Thay ael caals Ely Connor.

Thic vishermin, is what I caals,
 A proper veardless chap ;
 An var his pluck, dang if I dwoant
 Gie un a hearty clap.

I wonder wur thease play is true,
 Var meaks me heart quite yeak,
 Ta zee what zum on em went droo
 Var thic ar maiden's seak.

This Bouceycalts, a cleverish man,
 To write a play like thaze ;
 Dwoant wonder at ther cheers and elaps
 A do dezarve zich praise.

An thus did Jan express hissself
 At thic ar fectin zite,
 An onny wish'd a cood a stop'd
 'Ta zee't another night.

Bit then zed he, I thinks I've zeed
 Gran plazin zich a zite ;
 An I twould Measter how I hood
 Be back ta marrer night.

Zoo on the marn did Janny lave,
 Behind veam'd Lunnen town ;
 An got haafway, avore a thought
 About tha weddin gown.

Well, well, a zed, I caant goo wom,
 Wieout tha gown var Zally ;
 Ar else she'll zay me promises
 An actions, dwoant tally.

'Till meak her proper spiteful too,
 About thic zilver watch ;
 An wunt she vetch it up a bit,
 Ta think that I wur coteh.

Now zoon ower hero vound hissself,
 On his woold neative zoil
 An glad a wur ta rast a bit ;
 Atter they days a toil.

An Varmer Ray right glad wur he,
 Ta see good Janny Brown ;
 An hear tha things what he did tell
 Bout veamous Lunnen town.

An Janny, when a twould about,
 Tha stalin o his watch ;
 Tha jolly varmer laff'd aloud,
 Ta think a ad bin cotch.

Bit never mind ; a zed at last,
 Dwoant trouble bout un mwore,
 Another one I'll buy var thee
 As good as he avore.

An looky here, zed Mrs. Ray,
 I'll zen ta Lunnen town,
 An get a hansim piece a stuff
 Ta meak ee Zally's gown,

Zoo Janny Brown wonce mwore wur mead
 A proper happy man ;
 An two ar dree Zundays atterwirds
 Passin rade out ther banns.

An in a cottage snugly now,
 Thay bouth be zettled down ;
 An Jan da offen taak about
 His trip ta Lunnen town.

An he da vow that Lunnen is
 Tha pleace ta goo an zee ;
 When you've a got tha caish ta spear,
 An wants a hallerday.

Thic pleace is like a busy hive ;
 Work, gaiety, and strife ;
 An everybiddy ought ta goo
 Ta zee a bit a life.

Var a week or zo, tis jolly nice,
 Thic girt big town ta zee ;
 Bit var a biden pleace ; Jan zaays
 A country wom var he.





THA GIRT HARCHEOLOGY.

A main girt fuss ther wur las week,
In thase yer leetle town, min
Var here did meet a lot a voke,
Of girt hankshint renown, min.

Bit wat 'twar var, I hardly knows,
An dall'd, if I can zee ;
This much I knows, they caals therselves,
Tha girt Harcheology.

Vust day thay in Town Hall did meet,
As thick as any vlee ;
A viewin on all zart a things,
Of woold anticketies.

An ther ower Passin rade aloud,
While zome did nod an snore ;
A peaper, bout ower girt vine Church,
Which main o'm knaw'd avore.

An ater that, thay went ta dine,
 Down at tha Pembrook Yarms ;
 Which wur tha ony thing ta I,
 Tha zeemed ta av zum charms.

Ther thay did stuff an vill away,
 Unger an thirst ta quench ;
 Bit wat tha ad, I cudden tell,
 Vor 'twur put down in Vrench.

Then thay did spachefy an zay,
 Wat thay wur gwain to do ;
 An zom wur zartin zure that thay,
 Shid vine out zummit new.

Nex day in busses, brakes, an vans,
 Thay went off vor a spree ;
 An purty well thay manag'd it,
 Thase girt Harcheology.

Vor everywhere wur thay did goo,
 Nice veasts wur ael spread out ;
 Amang tha woold anticketies,
 Which thay wur come about.

We Wardour, they zeem'd nayshun plaz'd,
 As thay wak'd in an out ;
 Tha vine woold ruins stannin there,
 Wat Cromwell knock'd about.

Nex day thay off agean did goo,
 To Zalsbry an aroun ;
 Ta zee tha girt vine hankshint things,
 That ael about is voun.

An ael did look za jolly well,
 An plaz'd as thay could be ;
 Var skierce bit veasten ael tha time,
 Be thase Harcheology.

Bit as I zed avore, I dwoant,
 An even now caant zee ;
 Wat good thay dooes ta we poor voke,
 Thase girt Harcheology.

Ta zee woold ruins an woold things,
 Na doubt ta thay zeems gran ;
 Bit dang if I dwont think that thay,
 Cud, het on a better plan.

Za-poussin thay wur ael ta meet,
 'Ta renevate tha ruin ;
 Of poor vokes houssen that thay zees,
 Wat good ud thay be do-un.

Bit spoose var drownin' out thease hint,
 I mist apologie ;
 Bit I da hope thay'll ze ta it,
 Thase girt Harcheology.

* * * * *

Of this I spoose you've ad anuff,
 Zoo I'll draa it to a close ;
 If mwore about em you do want,
 Rade Bob Burn's Captin Grose !

THE COUNTRYMIN AND THE LAAYER'S CLERK.

A Wilsheer chap in Lunnen town,
As wur a wanderen up an down ;
Wie open mouth an gapin eyes,
At every thing wie girt zurprise ;
Strait voun hissself in Lincolns Inn,
Thic pleace, wur Laayer's lives zureen.
A looked about un every way
As up an down he there did stray ;
Var a cooden zeem to understan,
Wat tha houssen they wur var, za gran ;
Zays he, dang if I can meak out,
Wat tha voke that lives here's got about ;
Var if thase houssen thay da use,
Wat 'tis they var a livin dooes ;
It caa'nt be shops, else wat da hinder,
Thay vrim putten up ther things in winder.
Dang if I ant a good mind sure,
T'a goo an knock an one om's doer,
An ax, if they'll be plaz'd to tell,
A countrymin what they da zell.
Zo, at a laayers office slap,
Ower Willsheer man began ta rap ;
A voice then zoon baal'd out inzide,
Push arð tha dooer, an'll open wide.

Ower joskin done as he wur tould,
 An waak'd in like a Lion bwold ;
 An tha vust thing there, that took his eye,
 Wur two clerks, zot up, at desk, za high.
 Well BUMPKIN ! zays thay wooldest one,
 In zart a grinnin, sneerin tone,
 Bist cum a laayer var ta zee,
 If so, wat can 'ess do var thee ?
 Why, I'm cum zays he, ta know if ya will,
 Tell a countrymin wat you da zill ?
 Why BLOCKHEADS, vool ! if thee mist know,
 An tha clerks tha vill a laffin zo.
 O doo'ee zure, zed ower hero out,
 Well you've got a good trade I dwoant doubt.
 Wat meaks thee think zo, zays the clerk ?
 Who zeem'd quite struck wie thic remark ;
 Var why, zays he, cassen zee, girt vool,
 That thee, an thy me-at on tha stool ;
 Tho ya thinks ya be za mity deft,
 Be tha only TWO that there is left.
 Tha clerks look'd glum var thay wur beat,
 An ower hero zoon beat a retreat ;
 An as a wur gwain out tha dooer,
 He turn'd roun ta look at thay wunce mwore ;
 An zays, if I never larn'd me book,
 I beant sich a vool as I da look.
 Zo good bye, vine scribblers of the Laa.
 I'm yer umble zarvant, Janny Raa.

BILL BYLES AN THE MINISTER.

Bill Byles wur a witty chap,
An vull a vun wur he ;
Aelwys a lot ad got ta zaay,
An ready var a spree ;
Tho Billy wurden a scholard high,
A never ad much school,
Heet, still a knaa'd mmost everything,
His yead wur brimmin vull.

One Zundy he went out ta waak,
It wur in zummer prime.
Tha zun wur hot, so he sat down,
Ta wile away tha time ;
A adden bin ther very long
Vor a strainger he com'd bye
An Bill a knaa'd a Passin twur,
We's black ewoat and white tie.

Tha strainger he ax'd Bill ta tell
Tha way ta zieh a pleace ;
Var duty there he had ta do ;
Var his vren Passin Meaee ;
An much a thought tha road he'd took
Ooden zoon lead un there,
Zoo he ax'd Bill ta put un rite,
As he'd no time to spare.

“ O eece, be zure,” zed Billy Byles,
 “ Now measter, jist look here,
 Goo strait along apon thease pike,
 Ta rite nar lift dwoant steer ;
 An wen ya coms to dree cross roads
 A minister you’ll zee,
 Then you can tell wich way ta goo,
 If you da look at he.”

“ A minister,” zed strainger out,
 “ What ever is that are ?
 I never yeard of zich a thing,
 Of zich I beant aware ;
 Pray do explain, young man ta me
 Ta what ya do refer ;
 Var raaly ignerant I be of
 Thease *zo caal’d* minister.”

“ Why then I’ll tell ee,” zed Bill Byles,
 “ As you dwon’t zeem to know ;
 A minister’s a girt sign pwost,
 As tells ee how ta go ;
 Ther thay da stan a pwintin out
 Ta we poor wicked elves,
 ‘ *Tha road,*’ bit zeldum arn a thay
 Da goo thick road therzelves.”





ZONG.

THA COT ON ZALSBRÏ PLAAIN.

Me fiather is a shepherd bwold,
An lives on Zalsbry Plaain ;
Vrim marn till nite he tends his sheep,
In wind, an starm, and rain ;
Tho loanely be his humble lot,
He never do complain,
Var sweet contentment vills tha cot
Away on Zalsbry Plaain !

CHORUS :—

O tha lectle thatch roof cot,
Wur happiness da reign ;
Of ael plazin in tha wordle gie I
Tha cot on Zalsbry Plaain !

Me mother, dear, God bless her heart,
 Wat she've a done vor I
 Da meak me heart rise in me brist,
 An tears rin in me eye ;
 Var wen I left me happy wom
 Wat woe an bitter pain
 Did vill her up tha day I left
 Tha cot on Zalsbry Plaain !

O tha leetle thatch roof cot, &c.

A brawny zailor bwold I'm now,
 I've brav'd tha starmy sea,
 In a Man-a-war, ta zarve me Queen,
 Likewise me country ;
 An offen in tha zilent nite,
 Apon tha voamin main,
 Wat drames av com into me yead
 Of tha cot on Zalsbry Plaain !

O tha leetle thatch roof cot, &c.

I've zailed aelroun tha wordle twice,
 I've bin in every clime,
 I've had zim crosses, an I've had
 Zim pleasures in me time ;
 Bit this I zays amang it ael,
 Tha pleasures and tha pain,
 Tha bright gem that wur uppermwoast
 Wur tha cot on Zalsbry Plaain !

O tha leetle thatch roof cot, &c.

Bit now me time is draaen on,
 An in a year or two
 I'll be discharged, an then I'll get
 A pinchin as me due ;
 To shipmeats then I'll bid varewell,
 Varewell to ocean's main ;
 Here's hoff ta get another berth
 In tha cot on Zalsbry Plaain.

O tha leetle thatch roof cot, &c.

An ah ! wat joy till be var I
 Ta greet me parients kine ;
 Ta rove about in they woold haunts
 I now can caal ta mine ;
 Ta veel I'm vree of ael tha wordle,
 Once mwore a Wiltshire swain ;
 Ta live, an die, an raste me bounes,
 Near tha cot on Zalsbry Plaain !

O tha leetle thatch roof cot,
 Wur happiness da reign ;
 Of ael plazin in tha wordle gie I
 Thic cot on Zalsbry Plaain !





THA
MYSTERIOUS
LAIG A MUTTON:

A TRUE STOWRY.

At Ditchempton tha tother nite,
A jolly pearty met ;
A vrens in town an vrens aroun,
How many I quite varget.

Tha worthy Lanlard of tha " Bell,"
As wur his regler rule,
Thic nite wur gwain ta gie a veast,
Ta ael his leetle school.

A invitations zent about,
Tha day an hour did vix ;
And strictly wishen ael on em,
Ta meet ther quite by zix.

Mwoast punctualy tha hour wur kept,
Be ael his vrens za kine ;
Var zeems a vact, wen gwain ta fe-ast,
Voke zeldom gets behine.

Zoo on thease nite thease jolly vrens,
 To tha " Bell Inn " did repair ;
 I av bin twould, an think it true,
 Every one on em wur there.

Tha clock het zix, tha clock het zeven,
 Nar zupper did appear ;
 Tha guests begun ta think it strainge,
 Begar, thay look'd main queer.

Var hungry thay begun ta get,
 Zom o'm wie unger shook ;
 Anything bit mirth shone on ther veace,
 Ael on em cross did look.

" Wur be tha Lanlard ? " zom did cry,
 " A hant bin zeed ta nite ;
 Come, goo an zee what he's about,
 Come, vetch un, naybour White."

Tha lanleady, a ooman good,
 As ere on earth wur vound ;
 Gun ta get vrightened at tha naise,
 That droo tha house did zound.

Poor ooman, she wur in a vix,
 Her husban wur away ;
 He'd laved tha house early thiek marn,
 An ad mistook tha day.

Var wen a went away, zays he,
 " Be zure incak things ael right ;
 I shall be back ta marrer marn,
 Zupper's ta marrer nite."

“ Now kine vrens ael, jist look an zee
 If yer tickets be ael right ; ”
 “ Jist zo,” zays thay, “ tis June tha fourth,
 An tis thease very nite.”

Thay zoon voun out tha girt mistakek,
 Var herein lay tha drift ;
 Tha caards wur printed June tha fourth,
 Tha host vix'd June tha fifth.

Tha caws wen spread amang thease vrens
 Diden plaze em very well ;
 Var hungry voke no one can plaze,
 It sims impossible.

Now zom did laff, an zom did joke,
 An shocken, zom did swear ;
 Var nevir in their lives had thay
 Bin zarved a like affair.

An lots begun ta lave tha house,
 An meak var wom again ;
 Var two ar dree miles thay ad come
 Ta veast thic nite in vain.

Bit a vew chums did there remain,
 Who diden live vur off ;
 Bent on a geam which thay there plan'd,
 Ta zatisfy ther wroth.

Var thase vew chums knaa'd purty well,
 Tha larder wur near bye ;
 An there prime jints a mate did hang,
 Thay'd got em in their eye

A girt big laig a mutton there,
 Weighun a dozen pound ;
 Thic nite wur missed, an noon cud tell
 Wur he wur to be vound.

Bit leat thic nite went down tha street,
 A pearty of dree ar vour ;
 One had a passel which he drow'd,
 In at a zartin door.

Tha voke inzide wur vrighten'd much,
 Be tha slammin a tha door ;
 Thay struck a lite an went ta zee,
 What twur upon ther floor.

“ O fiather, come,” a young maid cried,
 “ Look, zee, ow very kind ;
 A sheep's been here, jist look an zee,
 An left a laig behind.”

Her fiather laff'd, then zed “ ow kind,
 I wonder who thay be ;
 Var if I knaa'd, I'd thank em, zure,
 I hood most heartily.

However, zunce thease laig, za prime,
 Is drow'd inzide me door,
 Ta marrer we ull gie a veast
 Ta about a haaf a score.

“ Zo mine ta marrer marn,” zays he,
 “ As zoon as you'm awake ;
 Ower biggest platter putten on,
 An zen un off ta bake.”

Nex marn ta beaker Hockey then
 Wur zent thic laig za vine ;
 An wurd wur zent ta ael tha chums,
 At one a'clock to dine.

A note wur zent to Lanlard B,
 Ta tell un wen he came ;
 At a zartin pleace ta meet zim vrens,
 Bent on a leetle game.

Twur zummer time, an down tha mead,
 Voke caals tha Netherwell ;
 Tha steamin jint it wur laid out,
 An savoury main did smell.

Tha clock het one, an all wur come,
 An sated in a line ;
 An every eye did glissen much
 At thic laig a mutton vine.

Then Joey F. a took tha cheer,
 An atter grace wur zaid ;
 A gun ta carve tha mutton prime,
 Ache plate a well did lade.

“ Now ate away me jolly vrens,
 You'm welcom here to day ;
 Dwoont be aveard, ael on't is vree,
 Not a varden var ta pay.”

An never did tha knife an vork
 Zich girt big havoc meak
 Apon a jint in sich quick time,
 As that, an no mistake.

Var Joey carv'd an carv'd away,
 Till nought wur left bit hwone ;
 An everyone on em declared
 He had hisself well blown.

Tha cloth wur cleared, tha cheermin rose,
 An zays, " I thank ee all
 Var your girt kindness commin yer,
 An at za short a call.

" Tha vact is vrens, leatish las night
 A bang com'd to me door ;
 I went ta zee, an ther I zeed
 Thic laig upon me vloer.

" An zunce zom unknown vren a did
 Thic laig ta I conzine,
 I thought I cooden do no less
 Then ax ee ael ta dine."

Now Lanlard B., who sacritly
 Was hiden hind a tree,
 Peep'd out an zed, " I spoose ya eaals
 This yer a purty spree.

" Bit I tell ee this, vine gennelmen,
 You zoon shill rue tha day
 That you zat down ta dine vrim mate
 Ya knaa you stole away."

Tha compny feigned girt zuprise,
 An ache o'm did declare
 Ther innocence, apon ther oaths,
 Of ael thease strainge affair.

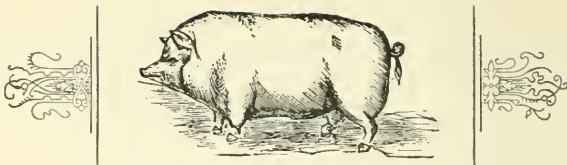
Then Joey F., zarcasticly,
 Zed, ael ad best atone ;
 Ta meak amens, a hood perpose,
 Lanlard shid av tha bwone.

This zo enraged tha worthy host,
 Vierce anger vill'd his veace,
 A shook his vist, and swore that they
 Shid ten times it repleace.

An ael thic day and ael thic week,
 Thease tale ael else did crown ;
 Var nuthun else ya cooden hear,
 Ael droo thease leetle town.

Bit time tha haler wore it off,
 Tho offen voke ull zay—
 Mine Landlard wen ya gie a veast,
 Dwoont ee mistake tha day.





THA GIRT VAT PIG.

Ower fiather's gwain ta kill tha pig,
When he comes wom ta-night ;
An lore tha thoughts on it da vill
I up we mad delight.

Tho we shill miss poor Toby much,
A grunten in his sty ;
Bit mother zays tha beakin's gone,
An we caant avord ta buy.

Zides, Toby now is vat, an vit,
He's purty nigh ten scoure ;
Two baigs a barleymeal he've had,
A mussen av no mwore.

Zoo ta Toby we mist zay varewell,
Of grub he've had his wack ;
Na mwore we'll car un extry bits,
Na mwore we'll scratch his back.

Ah 'tis a appy time a twoam
Wen we da kil a pig,
Var zich nice veasten I da av,
Wich meaks I grow za big.

Var I avs ael his pettitoes,
 An girt black puddens vine,
 Mother da meak, an vagots too,
 An chidlins much's I mine.

Mwoast every day, var two ar dree weeks
 Wie avs zich nice pig's vry ;
 Wich meaks I run about and zing—
 “ What a happy bwoy be I.”

On Zundys, too, mother da roast
 A nice girt bit a griskin,
 Which som da like mworn butcher's mate,
 Begar, an zo da I min.

An then we puts his vine vat zides
 Into a girt big zilt ;
 An well wie zalt we rubs em droo,
 Till inta brine da milt.

An there we lets em bide a bit,
 Till thay be well zoak'd droo ;
 Then out we teaks em, an da hang
 Em up tha chimley vlue.

Up thayre they bides a smoken nice,
 Till thame as browns a berry ;
 An lore ta zee em hangin there
 Meaks fiather zart a merry.

An when thame dry a piece we cuts,
 Var bwilen, ar var raishers ;
 An fiather cuts out bouth tha hams,
 A pair a regler slaishers.

An ther ache zide tha vire-pleace,
 Thay bouth da hang za brown,
 Zo's ta be ready var ta cook,
 When Jack an Poll comes down.

Var tho thay livs in Lunnan town,
 An can av butcher's mate;
 Heet they bouth vows as fiather's ham
 Ta thay's a bigger trate.

Zoo every Club ar Crismis time,
 A ham gooes inta pot;
 Var ower vamly reckens ten,
 A main girt unгры lot.

I warn thic bwone is polished off
 Avore thay gooes away;
 Which fiather's aelwys plazed to zee,
 Da meak his woold heart gay.

An mother she is aelwys plazed
 Ta zee ower appetite;
 "Tis purty zartin zure," she zaays,
 "Yer bellies be ael right."

Sparkle wie jay me eyes thay do,
 Ta zee a ham on teable;
 Var aelwys I da av ta ate
 As much as I be yeable.

Var mother she da zarve it out,
 Cos she can carve za quick;
 An well she knaas I likes it long,
 An nar bit nice how thick.

Let gennelvoke cry up their geam,
 Their vensin, veal, ar lam ;
 Bit var a nunch jist let I av
 A nice girt chunk a ham.

An this I zaays ta wirken vöke,
 If a meal ya wants a good un,
 Cook a ham, an lots a gierden stuff,
 An a nice girt figgy pooden.

An if that ar dwoant vill ee up,
 An try a bit yer buttons,
 I'm zarten zure that nuthen wunt,
 Ar else ya be girt gluttons.

Ta leabouren voke tis a girt thing
 Ta av a pig in stye ;
 Var he'll turn many a shillin in,
 Wen he is vat, bim bye.

An many a teasty bit he'll av,
 Ta putt apon his plate ;
 Var well we knaa he caant avourd
 Ta buy no butcher's mate.

I wish that every leabouren man
 Had a gierden nice an big,
 An a leetle stye, kept nice and clane,
 An many a girt vat pig.



BEEANS AN BEAKIN.

I tell ee what it is me bwoys,
You mid praise beef, an mutton,
An geam, an pawltry, an zich like
Ta I, teant woth a button.

Now var a veed jist let I have,
An dwoant ee be mistaken,
Tha vinest veast in ael the wordle,
Is one, a beeans an beakin.

When you'm at work apou the varm
A mawin, ar haymeakin,
Ther's nuthen that ull stan by ee,
Like a veed a beeans and beakin.

Till keep yer straingth up ael tha day,
An down ya wunt be braken,
If brekvist time ya avs zom vried
We a raisher of vat beakin.

Las planten time, the chaps ael laff'd,
An vun a I wur meaken ;
A caas, zix raiuks a beeans I zet,
Var to have long me beakin.

Begar, I'd grow em ael tha year,
In me lotment if I cood,
Var in thease wordle, to yeat ther beant
Nuthen, not haaf za good.

I've got a girt vat pig in sty,
 An twenty scoure I'll meaken;
 An proper veeds, we'll av bin bye,
 A nice broad beeans, an beakin.

Hache Zundy, when thame nice and vit,
 We veeds, on beeans and beakin,
 An a nice girt apple crowdy too,
 Main good me wife da meakin.

An she da offen laff at I,
 An hold her zides a sheaken,
 Ta zee how nice I do enjoy,
 Thic veed a beeans and beakin.

Dree gallins she da aelwys cook,
 Begar, teant one to many,
 Zides teaties, and girt cabbidges,
 Be drat if left, there's any.

Ther's my bwoy Tom, jist gone ten years
 An var his age, main crafty,
 Jist wunt er stow broad beeans away,
 Long we a piece a rafty.

Zix o'm he'll stick apoon his vork,
 An meak his mother haller,
 Ta zee un ael tha lot at wonce
 Putt in his mouth an swaller.

I zaays, lar mother dwoant ee vret,
 Nar zich a row be meakin,
 Trust he, ta tackle em aelright,
 Thay'll slippy down we beakin.

An tis zaprisin, pon me zong,
 What thic bwoy, will get droo
 Besides the beakin, an tha beeans,
 He ull ate a dumplin too.

Chip a tha woold block, praphs you'll say,
 An atter's dad is taken,
 Well never mind ; he'll meak a man
 If a sticks ta beeans and beakin.

I likes ta zee me children av,
 A plenty a grub ta ate ;
 An when tha beeans thay be about,
 Dwoant want no butcher's mate.

Insteads a veedin childern well,
 Ther's lots a voke I knows,
 Who starves ther bellies, var ther backs,
 Jist var ta av vine clothes.

Bit dang if ever I dooes that,
 Pinch me zelf, nar neet me bwoy,
 An if we caant avord broad cloth,
 We ull goo in carderoy.

Tis a downright zin, I'm zure it be,
 To pinch yer childerns belly,
 Jist var ta imitate rich voke,
 I wunt do it, I tell ee.

Wonce, when I wur in Lunnan town,
 Along we me cuzzin Joe,
 Thay wur gwain to have a beean veast,
 An axed I var ta go.

Dang it thinks I, now what a veed,
 I'm a gwain to av bim bye,
 I'll bet a crown that narn o'm there
 Ull tackle tha beens like I.

Zoo when tha day wur come we drove,
 Bout ten mile, vrim Lunnen town ;
 An at a girt vine Public House
 To dinner we ael zat down.

Mwoast every jint that you cood neam,
 Wur putt on top a teable ;
 Ther wur no stint, av what ya mi'nt,
 An much as you wur yeable.

Bit dang me buttons how I steer'd,
 At thic ar splendid veed,
 When nar a bit a beakin vat,
 Nar beean, wur to be zeed.

I zaays ta Joe, " this whacks I quite,"
 Zaays he, " whatever diss mean ?"
 " Why yers a beean veast, cassen zee,
 Wie out a single beean."

We that a busted out an grin'd,
 An zet tha tothers laffin,
 An zoo begar, ael droo the day
 I had ta beare ther chaffin.

Bit, I cood'n zee tha drift at ael,
 There grinnin an ther jokin,
 I thinks that I mwore rason had,
 Me vun at they be pokin.

Ta call a veast, a beean veast,
 An nar a beean in zight,
 I'm dang if jist dwoant puzzle I,
 Da raaly whack I quite.

What I shid caal a beean veast,
 If one I wur a meaken,
 Hood be a gallin every man,
 We pound a nice vat beakin.

Zides teaties, and nice cabbidges,
 An dumplins, one at least,
 Wie quart a yale, ar zider strong,
 Var to waish down the veast.

If I wur Queen a Englind,
 An laas I had tha meakin,
 I'd zee that every wirkin man
 Had plenty a beean an beakin.

Varmers shid graw em out in vield,
 An vat pigs vur nice beakin ;
 An then thay hooden grumble so,
 Nar bout bad times be quaken.

Zo you mid laff and chaff away,
 An vun at I be meakin ;
 I tell ee straight, ther's nuthen like
 A veed a beean an beakin.

Voke zaays I'll zoon get tired on't,
 Mid my yead never be yeakin
 Till I da gie up, gettin outside
 A platter a beean an beakin.

ZAMMY AN
ZUSAN A COORTIN.



*Zammy zittin on the Varm Yard Geat
waiten for Zusan ta come.
She appears.*

ZAMMY.

“ Well, Zusan, I be glad you’m com,
I thought you eooden lave yer wom,
But I be martil glad ta zee ee,
An hope ye’ll stop a nower we me,
Vor I av got a lot ta zay
About thic are zweet happy day.”

ZUSAN.

“ Well, Zam, ya know’d wen last we met
I zed I’d meet ee, vine ar wet ;
Y’ve aelways round I to me wurd,
An constent too, as any bird.”

ZAMMY.

“ Eece, zo I av, me Zusan dear,
An I ant got no caas ta veear,
Vor I be zure ya do like I,
Aelthough betimes ya zeems main shy ;

But let's get up apon tha nap,
 Then you can zet down in me lap,
 Zo put yer leetle yarm droo mine,
 I'll lead ee on za gran an vine.
 How nice tha craps do look ael roun,
 An zee tha carn is turnin brown ;
 Zoon harvust time agean ull com
 We jolly cheer an harvust wom.
 Well, here we be upon tha hill,
 An everything is nice an still,
 Zo let's zit down upon tha grass,
 Vor a pleasant nower we will pass,
 Zo put yer yarms around me weast,
 Oh, Zusan, I da like ee baste.
 An zummit I da want ta zay
 About our happy weddin day."

ZUSAN.

" Lor, Zammy, doon't ee tak sich stuff
 Ya nows I beant ni woold anuff ;
 I shoulde nevir think ta marry,
 A good deal longer I shall tarry."

ZAMMY.

" Not woold anuff, why raaly, Zusan,
 Tis no excuse you now be usen,
 Vor you tells I as how you be
 Next January twenty-dree.
 An I, ya know, be twenty-vive
 In August next if I'm alive ;
 An vor two years we've wak'd about
 An never once ave we vell out."

ZUSAN.

“ Well, mother zays I’m but a child,
 Specially wen she’s ar bit wild ;
 She zays ther’s lots a time vor I
 Ta think ov men-voke bye an bye ;
 Wen she wur young she nevir wak’d
 Nor heet ta any young men tak’d ;
 Tiil she wur turned ni thirty-two
 Tha men she diden lissen to.”

ZAMMY.

“ Well, we yer mother I doon’t hold,
 Vor I da think that’s mwoast to woold ;
 I doon’t dispute what she da zay,
 But zummit, praphs, stood in tha way ;
 Praphs Cupid’s darts thay diden pierce,
 Ar praphs young men wur raethur skierce ;
 But raaly Zue, twix you and I,
 Ya’ve know’d I long anuff ta try ;
 An I av tak’d ov this avore,
 Wen stannin at yer mother’s door ;
 Aelthough ya did hang down yer yead,
 Heet not a wurd you nevir zed ;
 An I thought zilence gied consent,
 Zo off ta get tha ring I went ;
 An I av got un in me pockit,
 An a leetle thing thay caals a lockit.”

ZUSAN.

“ Well, Zammy, that’s a purty thing.
 To goo away and buy a ring ;
 I zeems ta think you’m tellin lies,
 Var how com you ta know tha zize ;

ZAMMY.

" Ah Zusan, I be zure he'll vit,
 As zure as down yer I be zit,
 Vor one nite, we a bit a string,
 I mead a leetle slip-not zling,
 We that I did yer vinger ring,
 'Twur done as quick as any thing ;
 Ya diden know what I wur bout,
 Till now ya zee I've let it out."

ZUSAN.

" Do teak un out. an let me zee,
 How much vor'n, Zammy, did he gie ;
 He looks ta I a leetle woold,
 An is er, Zammy, mead a goold ?
 Praphs he wants shinin up a bit,
 Now let me zee if he da vit ;
 Just like a trivet he gooes on,
 An vits za nice, apon me zong ;
 I shooden thought we that ar string
 Ya cud midger I vor thase yer ring."

ZAMMY.

" I tould ee, Zusan, he hood doo,
 He's mead a goold an is quite new ;
 Ten zilver shillins I paid down,
 An the man zed, he wur woth a poun ;
 A bargin vine he zed I'd got
 Wen I did goo ta lave his shop."

ZUSAN.

“ Now let me zee thick are vine lockit,
 Yo zed you'd got un in yer pockit ;
 An is yer liteness in un zet
 Vor I ta wear around me neck ? ”

ZAMMY.

“ Eece, me liteness is in un, Zusan,
 An mine, I hope you'll nevir looze un,
 Cos 'tis a present vrom yer young man
 Wen you did gie away yer han ;
 An now, me Zusan, vix tha day
 Wen ta Church I shall lead ee away ;
 A appy chap I then shall be,
 An thease yer heart a will be vree.”

ZUSAN.

“ Well, Zammy, I da think you'm true,
 An dwoant think I shall ever rue
 If I da gie meself ta you,
 Cos, Zammy, I da like ee too ;
 An zo I now will be yer wife,
 Yours ever Zammy, ael droo life ;
 An if ya dwoant think 'tis ta quick,
 We'll be ax'd in church a Zundy week.”

ZAMMY.

“ Oh, Zusan, let me kiss thick cheek,
 Me dear, me dear, 'teant noon ta quick ;
 Ther's a empty cot apon tha hill,
 Another one agean tha mill,

An ta marrer you can goo and zee
 Wich o'm our leetle wom shall be ;
 Next week I off ta town ull goo,
 Ta buy our furniture ael new.
 A girt vat pig I got in stye,
 No meat we shaant want for ta buy,
 An teaty groun I've got a lot ;
 An hopes ta have a tidy crop ;
 Zo we thase things, if we contrive,
 We'll be tha happiest voke alive ;
 Vor za happy, Zusan, I da zeem,
 I hooden chenge plazin we tha Queen."

ZUSAN.

"Na mwore hood I, me Zammy dear,
 Vor nobiddy livin we doon't veer ;
 But zee, tha nite is comin on,
 Zo we ad better get along ;
 Be zure you buys tha things ael right,
 An meet I agean ta marrer nite ;
 An dwoant varget about tha banns,
 Var nuthin shill alter ower plans."





POLL'S WEDDIN.

'Twur in tha zunny month a May,
Wen birds da zweetly zing,
That Jackey Bell, of yonder dell,
Ta Church ower Poll did bring.
An nevir in me life av I
Enjayed mezelf za well
As wen ower Poll got married to
Young strappin Jackey Bell.

We ael got up at vover o'clock,
An bustled zo about,
Ta get things ready vor tha veast,
A proper gran turn out.
Lore ow we trim'd tha woold house up,
We evergreens an vlowers,
Girt lims we stuck agean tha door,
Ta form zim sheady bowers.

At breakfast time, lore, how we chaff'd
 Poor Poll about her man,
 Bit then she know'd twur ony jokes,
 Vor she coud understan.
 An fiather jok'd and zed "zappose
 Young Jackey shuden come,
 Why Poll, what ever hood ee do?
 What ever hood be done?"

An Poll laughed out an zed, "zappose
 Ta Church I hooden goo,
 Wad shud ee think a that, now zay,
 Whatever hood ee do?
 But lack a day, no veer a that,
 I shall be his ta day,
 Vor he da like I much ta well
 Ta think ta bide away."

An while we wur a chaffin so
 A rap com to tha door,
 An Poll rush'd up ta open un,
 Twur Jackey she wur sure.
 An twur, begar, an wat a zite,
 He claps hur roun tha wease,
 An gied hur kisses, sich a lot,
 Ael bout her rozy feace.

Lore, ow we laff'd an cried, vor joy,
 Ta zee thick iwo together;
 "God bless em bouth," zed Granny out,
 "Ther love may nothin zever."

An poor young Jan tha tears rin'd out
 His eyes vor very joy,
 Then poor woold Granfer hollerd out
 "God bless ee, maid an bwoy."

Zo now tha time wur gettin on,
 Tha maids thay went up stair,
 Ta put ther bran new dresses on,
 An trim an plat their hair.
 An Jackey he went long a I,
 Ta dress hisself za gran,
 Var I wur gwain, doont ee zee, to act
 As Jackey Bell's baste man.

Wen ael wur ready, out we went,
 Zix couples in tha train,
 An twur a nayshin purty zite,
 As I shant zee again ;
 Tha maids they wur done up in gowns,
 That shined jist like zilk,
 Tha chaps in black trowjers an cwoats,
 An weasecuts white as milk.

Ael down tha village street we went,
 Lar ow tha voke did stear,
 A underd voices did cry out
 "God bless ee, Polly dear ;"
 Tha men voke, too, they ad their zay
 As geanst tha church they stuck,
 As we went droo thay ael did zay
 "Mine keep yer sperrits up."

Tha Passin then begun ta rade
 Tha zarvice var tha weddin,
 An fiather gied poor Poll away,
 While mother tears wur sheddin.
 Wen Passin ax'd young Jan, if he
 Hood av Poll var a wife,
 In a loud voice, a zed a hood,
 An stick ta she droo life.

Then joyfully we lav'd tha Church,
 As appy as anything,
 An ael at once tha bells begun
 Za merrily ta ring ;
 An we march'd back like voke in steat,
 Among tha vok's hooray ;
 Zuch welcomes then thay gied thiek two,
 Their blessed wedding day.

Then down we zat ta dinner gran,
 Roun fiather's oaken teable,
 An everything wur thur ta ate,
 As much as you wur yeable.
 A junk a beef, a woppin ham,
 A nice girt laig a mutten,
 Puddens an tearts, ther wur anuff
 Ta zatisfy a glutton.

An ater that wur cleard away,
 Ael zarts a fruit we ad,
 Vigs, Apples, Nuts, an Oranges.
 An yale, ta meak ess glad.

An there we bid var dree long hours,
 An ael za jolly appy,
 Tha young uns thay did dance and zing,
 Tha woold uns blow'd their bacey.

Then mother did perpose a plan,
 An this wat she did zay—
 “ Now ael o’ee teak a walk down street,
 While I da clare away.”
 An straithe our things we bustled on,
 An march’d ael down tha street,
 An ael our vrens we did invite,
 At zix a’clock ta meet.

Zo at zix a’clock they ael did meet
 In uncle’s girt lang barn,
 Vor there we wur ta ave a ball,
 An keep un up till marn.
 An ower brass band, they did get up
 In a waggon tother end,
 An they did play zo nice an loud,
 Zich musiek out did zend.

A cask a cider an a beer
 We’d roll’d into tha barn,
 Which uncle ad zend down ta we,
 A present vrom the varm.
 Zo everything wur ready now
 An vrens they ael wur com,
 “ Lead off tha dance ” zed fiather then,
 An bang then went tha drum !

An in two rows ael down the barn,
 Tha men an maidens stood,
 To've zeed ess there, I'm zure it hood
 Av done yer heart much good.
 Vor Jan an Poll stood on tha top,
 An wen tha ban did zoun,
 They did lead off in purty style,
 Thic woold dance, vover ans roun.

Zo we did dance, an joke an zing,
 Vor hours thiek weddin nite,
 An raaly there ta zee ess ael,
 It wur a fectin zite.

Vor ael wur cheer an harminy,
 Amang ess, young an woold,
 Twur jist like one big vamily,
 Zich vrenship we did hold.

An I da hope wen I da wed,
 Ta keep me weddin zo,
 Vor I da think, then ael good voke
 Their kindness ought ta show ;
 Vor 'tis a time, a time a cheer
 We girt voke an we small,
 An wen I weds jist let I have
 A weddin like our Poll.



UNDER CARTER JOE

I wur a varmer's bwoy, me lads,
 Zoon after I wur barn,
An I a under carter wur
 At leetle Ugford varm,
An wen I grow'd a smeart young chap,
 A Zodger I did go,
An in tha regiment I did list
 Tha call'd I Carter Joe.

Tho' much it pain'd me fiather, kind
 Likewise me mother dear,
To zee ther darlin zon dress'd out
 A British Granidier.
But then I cheer'd their woold hearts up,
 An praised tha regiment zo,
They zoon ull meak a hofficer
 A under Carter Joe.

A well I caals ta mine tha day
 Wen from me wom I went,
Tha village gals did ael turn out
 Me heart thay near did rent.
But then I pluck'd up courage strong,
 And smudder'd ael me woe,
Good bye, me dears, zoon you'll zee back,
 Poor under Carter Joe.

We tha regiment then I went abroad
 Out to thiek are Crimear,
 To vite vor Queen and Countery,
 An those at wom za dear.
 There girt hardships I did goo droo
 In vront of Englan's foe,
 But pluck and courage vill'd tha heart
 Of under Carter Joe.

Dree battles I wur in out there,
 We courage nar bit cool,
 Wen I wur in tha thiek of vite
 Before Zebastapool.
 An ael droo that viten that I went,
 Mine, I doont wish ta crow,
 Bit dang if any yarm did com
 Ta under Carter Joe.

Zo wen thiek war wur auver,
 Var Englan we did zail,
 Lore, ow me poor woold heart did yearn
 Me neative lan ta hail.
 I never shall varget tha day,
 Var me heart da auverflow.
 When I da think ow voke did cheer
 Tha regiment of Poor Joe.

Then very zoon zim stripes I ad,
 A carpril I wur mead,
 Var ael om know'd that Carpril Joe
 Hood not his stripes degrade ;

An in good time I rose agean,
 An wurden nar bit slow,
 A Zargent then thay zoon did meak
 Poor under Carter Joe.

Then we dree stripes apön me yarm,
 A vine zword be me zide,
 I went ta zee me parents dear
 An ael woold vrens bezide ;
 Lore ow thay steer'd an steer'd agean,
 They grinnied at I zo.
 Noon om believed that I wur wonce
 Poor under Carter Joe.

Now one-and-twenty years I've zarv'd,
 A pinchin I've a got,
 An I da bide an live in hase,
 An appy is me lot.
 No keers av I, no trouble noon,
 No zarrer nar no woe,
 Vor appy days da glide along
 Wie under Carter Joe.

* * * * *

Now ael young men as leabourers be,
 That wirks in vield an barn,
 If you be not contented there,
 Goon list ta marrer marn.
 Keep steady an true, what ere you do,
 Ael evil chums vorego,
 An then a Zargent zoon you'll get,
 Like under Carter Joe.



GIPSYUN
AT
STOUNEHENGE.

One day ower Dick, an I, an Tom,
Wie Cousin Jean and Meary Ann,
An two ar dree mwore vrim up tha hill
Did het upon a goodish plan.

Vor we agreed we'd goo an zee
Tha girt big stounes out at Stounehenge,
An av a proper jolly spree,
An jay owerzelves wie ael ower vrens.

Zo ache o's wur to 'vite a vren,
To meak a purty lectle pearty,
An ael agreed ta pay za much,
Ta meak tha day zo nice and harty.

Zo wen ael o't wur zettled down,
 Away we zent ower Meary Ann,
 Ta ax woold Uncle if he'd lend
 His hosses an his girt spring van.

An Uncle wur za martil plazed,
 He zed he'd drave ess wur we mind,
 An hooden charge ess not a vig,
 Var his woold heart be true an kind.

Zo wen tha day wur drawin ni,
 There wur zich fussen mang the maids,
 A meaken zich girt pies an cakes,
 Ta want we wur nar bit avraid.

A girt big piece of beef they'd cook'd,
 An zich a woppin ham had bought,
 They wur abliged ta cut un droo,
 Ta get un in tha biggest pot.

An Tom, tha hostler, vrom tha "Boot,"
 Ad brought a cask of frothen beer,
 An one a leetle less than he,
 Sim stingo that ud meak ee queer.

Zo auver nite we put it ael
 In readiness ta com ta han,
 Vor Uncle zed he shood be here
 At nine o'clock wie hoss an van.

Nar bit a sleep we ad thic nite,
 A thinkin bout tha comin day,
 An vore tha zun we bundled up,
 Vor longer there we cooden lay.

Zo bye an bye we zoon did spy
 Woold Uncle comin on tha rouad,
 An by tha time tha clock struck ten,
 We ad got up mwoast ael ower louad.
 An we ad deck'd up Uncle's van,
 Wie vlowers and ribbons ael about,
 Then off we went wie hearts so lite,
 An mang tha people's cheers an shout.
 An we did ride along za vine,
 Apon tha rouad towards the Stounes,
 An ony stopp'd apon tha hills
 To raste a bit tha hosses bounes.
 An bye an bye, tha Stounes appeared,
 Jist like tha trunks a holler trees,
 Vor ta look at they a girt way off,
 Tis a nation curious zite ta zee.
 An wen we draa'd a lectle nier,
 Like giants they did zeein to stan,
 Var every sheap an varm they looks,
 A stanin on thick piece a lan.
 Zoo atter joggetten about
 Auver tha roads an auver mounds,
 By tha Stounes we hetched tha hosses out
 An let em run about tha downs.
 Come now, zed Uncle, lets a zee
 Wat ya av brought vor we to ate,
 Var I da veel mwoast mortal leer,
 An zo get out tha brade an mate.

Zo Fan did spread a girt big cloth
 Apon tha grass, an we zat down,
 An mead shart wirk of beef an ham,
 Vor appetites we ael ad voun.

An we did ate and drink za long,
 Till nothing skierce wur left bit bounes,
 Then up we got ta look about,
 An zee tha girt big hankshint Stounes.

An Fan an I, wie nub a chaak,
 Did meak a mark za big an white,
 Ta zee if we cud count em ael—
 Dang if cud count em twice alike.

Then Uncle zed as how thase Stounes
 Wur stuck up yer in midnight revel,
 Bit some da zay they must av bin
 Stuck up here by woold Nick, tha D—l.

An zom da think it wur tha sae
 Wur our leetle land da bide,
 An that thase Stounes wur drifted up
 Ta where they be we ocean's tide.

An zom da zay they wur put up
 Like martar, ael za slack and soft,
 An ardened wie tha han a time,
 An winds, an starms, an girt hard vrost.

But I da think as Uncle zed—
 They mist av com wie thick woold fellar,
 Vor zomehow, I da zeem ta think
 I yeard un, under one o'm bellar.

But, howsemdever, ther they stans,
 A nayshin hard and stubborn group,
 An even they girt Archeyoligist,
 I'm dang if they can meak em out.

Zo atter we ad gap'd about,
 An zeed ael that ther wur ta zee,
 Ache one did teak his peertener
 Ta av a leetle bit a spree.

Then cousin Tom begun a teun
 On a viddle stuck below his chin,
 An we begun ta jump about—
 Lore, how we mead woold Unele grin.

Tid mead ee laff, ad you bin there,
 Ta zee tha keapers we did cut;
 'Twur nuff ta meak a passin laff
 Ta zee ess in thie vine kick up.

An when wie wur mwoast tired out,
 We zat down in tha stounen ring,
 An Fan an I begun a teun,
 An ael het in, to help and zing.

An then Jem Smith, a artful chap,
 Did zing about a chap in Lunnen,
 Who did get rob'd of ael a had
 Up there, we voke za martil cunnin.

An 'twur a proper vunny zong,
 It nearly mead wie split ower zides,
 Ta hear tha things he did goo droo,
 Vor, girt fool, he belived ther lies.

Zo ache a we did zing a zong,
 An merrily did pass tha time,
 An uncle he did finish up
 Be zingin "Days a Woold Lang Syne."

At dark we put tha hosses in,
 An jogged along athirt tha plaain ;
 'Twur twelve a'clock avore we ael
 Ad got back to our woms again.

An jolly plazed wur every one,
 I do assure ee, my good vrens,
 An I do hope next hallerday
 We'll goo agean ta woold Stounehenge.





ZENDIN A VALENTINE. OR DOIN THE GRECIAN BEND.

Now zays I, to mezelf, one nite,
I got a mine, 'tis true,
I'd zen a ugly Valentine
To thick are stuck up Zue.

Vor zunce she went ta Lunnen Town,
Last Crismis, vor a week,
Ta zee hur airs an hur pride
'Tis nuff ta meak ee zick.

She ardly know'd I, she declared,
Wen tak ta hur I tried,
An zed she shudden waak we I,
I wur za countrified.

“ Spoose not, zays I, spoose ye've voun
A chap in Lunnen town,
That is a gwain ta be your beau.
Instead a poor Mike Chown.”

She toss'd hur yead, an zed, “ praphs zo,
I tell ee, we out joke,
Na mwore I do intend ta waak
We zieh a country bloke.”

“ I nevir wants ta zee ee mwore,
 Nar spake, ya may depend,”
 Then hoff she went, a tryin ta do
 Thick ugly Grecian bend.

You jist ought to av zeed hur then,
 Tha voke did look an laff,
 An ael tha chaps did gall hur zo
 We purty bits a chaff.

Vor she'd got on a bonnet wich
 They caals a gipsy kind,
 An a leetle jacket, strained za tite,
 We girt bow stuck behind.

Hur gown, he wur hatched up we strings
 Ta show hur vine rid skirt,
 An high heel'd boots she had got on,
 Ta keep her out tha dirt.

Well, dress'd like this, she went to Church,
 Lore how tha voke did stear,
 Squire's daaters she put in tha shead,
 They blinkeed much ta zee hur.

She wur arrayed out nayshun vine
 We lots a bows on end,
 An as she went along she tried
 To do tha Grecian bend.

A zort a wakin wur tha yead
 In vront is ael inclin'd,
 An ael yer waite is on yer toes,
 While you sticks out behind.

A voolish vaishun jist sprung up
 In Lunnen it is true,
 Var ael tha voke that ant a got
 Praphs nothin else ta do.

But vor a wench like thiek ar Zue
 Who went jist vor a week,
 Ta ape zich voolish whims an ways
 'Tis nuff ta meak ee zick.

I did think that she ad mwore zense,
 Avore she went away.
 But nevir mine, praphs zoon she'll rue
 Vor this another day.

However, zince St. Valentines
 Is purty ni at han,
 I'm dang if I doont zend hur one
 As ugly as I can.

Vor then it med bring down hur pride,
 An praphs hur ways she'll mend,
 If I da zend hur one that's tryin
 Ta do the Grecian bend.

Zo jist avore tha day I rote
 To couzin Jim, in town,
 Ta goo an buy a Valentine,
 An zeafly zen un down.

Structions I gied un what ta get,
 Purty straitte, ya may depend,
 It wur ta be a country gal
 A doin tha Grecian bend.

Nex day tha pwestman he did bring
 A letter ael var I,
 An mother cudden meak un out,
 She look'd at un purty sly.

Up stairs I rush'd we un to me room,
 An tha invelope did rend,
 An ther a girt flash gal wur tryin
 Ta do tha Grecian bend.

Zich a spictur nevir did I zee,
 In ael me life avore,
 Apon me zong twur jist like Zue,
 Jist like tha things she wore.

Lor, ow I grinn'd at thick ar zite,
 I deer tha house did rend,
 Ta zee thick are girt stup a tryin
 Ta do tha Grecian bend.

Well, beant I plaz'd, I'un zure ower Jim
 Ne'er could av voun a better,
 'Tis jist tha very one vor Zue,
 She shall av un in a letter.

Zo then I popp'd hoff inta town,
 Ta pwest thick Valentine,
 Bekaws she shudden know tha mark,
 Nar who twur zen un vine.

An then nex marnin I did hide
 Ta watch tha pwestman by,
 An out comes Zue, an she did zay,
 "Is there ar one vor I?"

An pwestman laff'd, an zed, "Eece Zue,
I think ther's one vor thee,"

An atter lookun ael om o'er,
Zed, "Ay, an yer he be."

Zue nearly snatch'd un vrom his han,
Then rin'd behind a tree,
Wur she cud open un, bekaws,
No biddy else shid zee.

But gess hur temper wen she zeed
Wat thiek letter did contain,
She vow'd, she cried, she roar'd za loud,
I thought she wur in pain.

Jist ooden I let em av it if
I know'd who did this zend,
Zich lyin things, ta zay I tries
Ta do tha Grecian bend.

I vow I will vind out who tis
Av zen tis yer ta I,
Zom good for nothin loppin stup,
Jist wunt I at un vly.

An ael thiek day she wur za mad,
She cried, she bellered zo,
I raaly think she ad a mine
Away herzelf ta drow.

Aelthough I liv'd nex door, I diden
Zee hur goo out ael day,
Zays I, I shaant goo in ta she,
I'd better bide away.

I auver yeard hur mother say,
 As she went out thick nite,
 Ower Zue iv ad a Valentine,
 An tis a parfict vrite.

Girt stup, I tould hur how tid be
 Wen vrim Lunnen she com'd down,
 If she did ape tha voolish ways
 Of thay there voke in town.

I warn till do hur lots a good,
 Vor now ya med depend,
 Na mwore you'll vind will she be tryin
 Ta do tha Grecian bend.

Na mwore she did, tis true, begar,
 Thic ugly vaishun try,
 She wak'd jist like she used ta do,
 An strait as you ar I.

Tha very bwoys, thay noticed hur,
 An zed, ya may depend,
 I'm blow'd if Zue ant left off tryin
 Ta do tha Grecian bend.

Thick Valentine, he done hur good,
 Tho much he did offend,
 Bit it tirely cur'd Zue a tryin
 Ta do tha Grecian bend.

But now she've long vorgot tha time
 Wen she wur Lunnen struck,
 An now she caals I hur dear Mike,
 An I caals she me duck.

We'm married now, an I avow,
 A happy life I spend,
 Tho zometimes in a joke I zay,
 "Zue, try the Grecian bend."

MORAL.

Now ael young lasses never try
 Zich voolish vaishuns vain,
 Vor if ya do, I'm zure no man
 Of zense you'll ever gain.

Vor pen on it, thers nothin like
 A plain modest attire,
 Vor ael young men of common zense
 Zimplicity admire.

Vor mead up Gals will never meak
 Good wives, ya may depend,
 Na mwore ull they that apes zich whims
 As that ar Grecian bend.





JEALOUSY: OR, LIZER AND JEAMES.

JEAMES.

“ Well, Lizer,” zeed ee, gettin auver style,
“ An zoo I thought I’d stop a while,
Vor I be gwain seam way a mile,
An, as I ant zeed ee zich a while,
Zappose we waks along together,
Up tha road, this here vine weather.”

LIZER.

“ Ya can goo on we yezelf, Jim Pain,
I shaant goo we ee, there, that’s plain ;
Ya be a good vor nothin chap,
An I doont keer var ee, not a rap ;
I once thought you wur true an zealous,
But I da vind you’ m awful jealous.”

JEAMES.

“ Now then, Lizer, dwoant tak za vast,
Ar else yer breath ull never last,
Dwoant use thic ar rid rag za vree,
An then I’ll tell ee, presently,
Wur you ant gied I caas to be
A leetle touch’d we jealousy.”

LIZER.

“ No, that I ant, now measter Jim,
 ‘Tis nothin bit yer nasty whim,
 You’d better goo wur you be gwain :
 I shaant wak out we you again :
 Wat did ee zay ta young Tom Chown ?
 Did’nee zay you’d het un down,
 An at un like a mastiff vly,
 If he did ony look at I ?
 An did’nee tell thick are young Tupper,
 That you ood het in tha gutter,
 If at any time, wen I went by,
 He wur ta nod or wink his eye ?
 Now Jeames, wat do ee zay to that,
 Beant ee, a purty jealous flat ? ”

JEAMES.

“ Now then, Lizer, wen you’ve a done
 Becallin I, we thick are tongue,
 Jist zee if you can caal ta mine
 How you went on at Crismis time ;
 Ya mine, wen we an nayburs all
 Wur vited up ta Varmer’s ball,
 Yer haviour on thick are occasion
 Wur anythin ta I but plazin ;
 Ya know, wen we zat down to zupper,
 You zat agean thick are young Tupper,
 An wen things you did want ta ate,
 Ta he ya anded up yer plate,
 An diden even notice I,
 As wur a zitten andy by.”

An doont ee mine, wen you did drink
 How you did turn ta he an wink ;
 An once he did rache vrim his pleace
 An put his yarm aroun yer weace ;
 Me veelins I cud árdly smudder
 Ta zee ee act zo, one ta todder ;
 It raaly, Lizer, wur ta bad,
 An very near it drove I mad."

LIZER.

" Why, wat a girt big stupid flat
 Ta teak notice a things like that,
 Ya knows young Tupper is me couzin,
 I've told, ee zo, times half a dozen ;
 An if a did zit down we I,
 Ya shudden be za martel shy ;
 As vor winkin, wen we did drink,
 Wat yarm in that now do ee think ?
 An about his yarm agean me weace,
 You wur mistaken there, I gace ;
 He ony put his yarm aroun
 Ta rache his vork that wur vill down."

JEAMES.

" That do explain but med I hast
 Why we Tom Chown ya wur za vast ?
 Dooce mine, ow you did romp an prance
 When thay got up to av a dance ?
 Ya diden ax I wunce thic nite
 To dance we you, now wur that rite ?
 But we thic chap ya swung about
 Till atter tothers ad gied out ;

An wen ya'd done, wat did ee do?
 Why hetch up yarms, an hoff did goo
 To wur the mizzletoe hid hang,
 An he kiss'd ee, vor I yeard un plain ;
 It vill'd I zo we violent pain,
 Me rage I ardly cood restrain ;
 Now then, wat do ee zay to this?
 I thinks ther's purty much amiss."

LIZER.

"I doon't keer, Jeames, wat you da zay,
 Vor I da gie ee up thease day ;
 Vor I can zee you beant a man,
 Ar else ya ood this unnerstan ;
 I tell'ee, Jeames, we out much sheam,
 That wat took pleace ya wur ta bleam ;
 Vor wen tha dancin did begin
 Why did'nee come an hand I in?
 Insteeds a that, you, like a ghost,
 Did stick agean tha kitchen pwost ;
 An I, insteeds a stannin there,
 Did goo an vind a piertener ;
 As vor kissen underneath tha bough
 He diden kiss but wonce, I vow,
 An every bidy, at Crismis time,
 Zich things as that dwoant nevir mine ;
 Then ael expects good vrens ta be
 We out zich fits of jealousy ;
 Bit as I zed avore, mine Jim,
 'Tis nothin but a nasty whim

Vor you ta act as you av done
 When twur nothin but a bit a fun ;
 An zince you've show'd yer sperrit zo
 You can goo an get another beau,
 Vor I've a done we ee, that's plain,
 An zays it vrim me heart, Jeames Pain."

JEAMES.

" O that's het Lizer, very well,
 Praphs you'll be good anuff ta tell,
 If you intends ta gie I back
 Me liteness an ael they nic nacks
 That I've geed ee vrim time ta time,
 Vor now I claims em ael as mine,
 An doont vorget thick leetle clock,
 An thick are last new linsey vrock."

LIZER.

" Eece, Jeames. ya'll av ta zend mine vust,
 An I'll zen yours, ya needen trust ;
 Bit as vor thick are vrock, ya know
 I've wor'd un out long time ago ;
 'Tis meanness, vor ta hast I vor'n,
 Wen ya knows ow long I've wor'n."

JEAMES.

" Wat av I got a yourn, then Lizer ?
 Ya aelways wur a leetle mizer ;
 As vor yer presents, I ant got any,
 Vor I nevir know'd he spend a penny ;
 'Tis true, yer liteness I've a got,
 But av ee, Lizer, jist vorgot
 Wen he wur took I paid ee vor'n
 As true as ever I be born ? "

LIZER.

“ O Jeames, dwoant tell I zich a stowry,
 In sich girt fibs ya zeems ta glowry ;
 Ya knows tha liteness I did buy,
 Aelthough ya gied it baek ta I ;
 An if ya did gie't back agean,
 Do ee think 'tis rite ta caal I mean ?
 Ah, Jeames, I plainly now can zee
 That you nar I wunt ne'er agree ;
 To marrer I'll zen back yer watch,
 There's good a vish as eer wur cotch.”

JEAMES.

“ I spoose ya've got one on yer hook,
 An wants but draaen vrim tha brook ;
 I spoose young Tupper, or young Chown,
 If cood bit know I'll bet a crown ;
 But never veer, ther's vish vor I,
 An I've a got one in me eye,
 Ther's Hangelineer, down tha lean,
 Ull stick ta I droo thiek an thean.
 She've got a heart that's kind an true,
 An she's nayshin goodish looken too.
 Ya needen look at I an steer,
 Vor I da mean it, nevir veer.”

LIZER.

“ O Jeames, why do'ee keep on teazin ?
 Wat ave I done ? now tell tha reazin ?
 Ya knows it beant no vaat a mine,
 Vor I da like ee ael tha time ;
 Wat av I done, ar zed amiss
 That you shid trate I jist like this ?

If twur ael done at varmer's pearty,
 Ya know I av explained it hearty ;
 You caant think that I be ta bleam,
 Var any wrong I diden dream ;
 Now Jeames, O Jeames, now do ee let
 I beg of you, ael this vorget
 Vor as true as ever I be here
 Thers na bidy I da love za dear ;
 Ya know how many vows I've made
 Ta stick ta you till I be dade,
 An Jeames, do try, vorget, vorgie,
 An curb thase vit a jealousy."

JEAMES.

"Yer tak now, Lizer, is mwore plazin.
 An in it thers a lot a reazin,
 Vor I da veel it now we sheam
 That mwostly, I have bin ta bleam ;
 We zich remarse me heart da burn,
 'Tis a good lessin I've a larn'd ;
 Ya may depen, me Lizer dear,
 Na mwore a this you'll nevir hear ;
 Vor twill ony vill I up we pain
 Ta hear it spoke about again ;
 An I've rezolved now to be vree
 Of that are hateful jealousy."

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"Come, Lizer, come, an we a kiss
 We will make up wats done amiss ;
 To day you've made a man a me,
 An cured a vit a jealousy."

LIZER.

“ O Jeames, O Jeames, I do vorgie
 Ael that you’ve zed amiss ta me ;
 Av ee ever read about Otheller
 An thick Iagger, a wicked veller ?
 Who mead his kind measter za jealous,
 He kill’d his wife, tha play da tell us ;
 An ael tha while za pure and vree,
 Wur murdered droo this jealousy.”

MORAL.

Let I entrate ee every one,
 Thase hateful feelin ever shun ;
 An doont ee, wie a slip a tongue,
 Wether in hearnest or in vun,
 Engender it to voe or vrend,
 Ya never knows wur it will end ;
 Vor ther be thay bwoth vur and wide
 Who droo it av com ta zuiszide,
 As you av zeed be thase yer stowry
 That I’ve tried ta bring avore ee,
 ’Tis oft a hatevul voolish whim,
 As Lizer tould her jealous Jim.
 Za kine vrens ael, who are ya be,
 Ael droo yer life I wish ee vree
 Of that ar dreadvul jealousy.





SMILIN JACK :

A TRUE STOWRY OF A MIDNIGHT
ADVENTER.

Thease stowry I be gwain to tell
Is zartin true, I mines un well,
It happened wen I wur a bwoy,
In pinnyfores an carderoy ;
Var broad cloth wurden wore much then
Be leetle bwoys, nar neet be men.
Well! in thease town ther lived a chap
Who kept a donkey an a trap,
Which he used in his hawkin trade,
An, be wich he lots a money made ;
Tha voke ael caal'd un Smilin Jack,
Becaus a ad a happy knack
Wen buyin ar zillen anything
Ta laff an whistle, joke, ar zing,
Voke zed it wur his artvul craff
Ta teak em in, then meak em laff,
Cos a vunny tale he'd always spin
Wen their good graces he hood win ;
Howzemdever, wur twur zo ar not
A proper good trade he'd a got,

Var twenty miles, he wur vound
 In every village, ael a round,
 At markits too, an country vairs,
 There he wur zeed, hawkin his wares.
 Anything amwoast he'd buy and zill,
 Zo's it did bring grist to his mill,
 An tho wie voke a bargin'd hard,
 They looked on un wie zom regard
 Aelthoug we wit, an joke, za vunny
 A wiggled them out a ther money.
 Now it come ta pass one Whitzuntide
 Jack, he wur ax'd var to perzide
 At a club veast, near Huminten,
 Cos auver there liv'd mwoast his kin.
 Good customers did there rezide,
 And twur his neative wom bezide,
 Zoo a zent ta zay a hood be thayre
 In weather vowl, ar weather fayre.
 Tha day arrived, an Smilin Jack
 Mounted upon his donkey's back,
 Ael rig'd in one of his best suits,
 Wie spurs a stickin vrum his boots,
 Went gallopin ael droo tha town,
 Like zom girt hero of renown,
 And many wur tha shouts and cheers,
 As he rode off, did greet his ears ;
 Var everybidy it wur plain
 Wanted ta knaa wur he wur gwain.
 Bit a thay, ower hero took no heed
 Bit galloped on his way we speed.

At tha girt hill caal'd Bishopstone,
 He there dismounted vrom his throne,
 An led his Neddy up tha steep,
 Vor'd got a heart, as cood veel deep,
 Tho' in zom things a wur abused,
 His vaithvul donk, he neer ill-used.
 Zom zed Ned ad a aiseyer life
 An knaa'd mwore kindness than Jack's wife.

Tha top zoon gained, donkey an he
 Did rache tha village speedily ;
 An as thay jog'd ael down tha street,
 Tha village voke turn'd out ta greet
 An welcom Jack we cheervul smile,
 Var adden bin ther zich a while.
 Tha bells thay rung, tha ban did play,
 Acos it wur tha club veast day.
 An clubmen ael drest in ther best
 Hasten'd ta sheak hands we ther guest.
 Then down along ta "Vox an Goose"
 He hies, ta zet his donkey loose,
 An ta refresh his parched inzide
 Atter thic lang an dusty ride.

Then atter church, tha veast is spread,
 An ower hero at tha teables yead
 Caals down a blessin on tha vood,
 Ta do ther souls an bodies good.
 Justice wur done, I need'n state
 Ta every man's well laden plate,
 Var ael who've dined at a country club
 Knaas purty well, how vrees tha grub,

Var thease poor men not every day
 Vrim a prime jint can cut away.
 As var tha drink, I cooden zay
 How many quarts wer stowed away
 Be ache, an every clubman there,
 Who drunk till's eyes begun to stare.
 Time vlew along, still at tha head,
 Ower hero, Jack, maintains tha lead.
 He cracks his jokes, swigs ael an grog,
 An issues vorth a droll prologue.
 Glass atter glass, da disappear,
 Tha teables groan we grog an beer.
 Boozin an smokin on thay go
 We yeeds a bobbin to an vro,
 An like a zombre vunerel pall
 Tha thiek smoke hangs aroun tha wall ;
 Zweethearts, an wives, an children young,
 Like sheep at vair be ael among,
 Nigh chokin we tha funes a baccy,
 Yet mang tha din zeeminly happy.
 A snatch of a zong, a chorus ar two
 Tha hours away like lightnin vlew.
 Jack, like a king, zits ael tha while
 An skierce thinks on, tha vive lang mile,
 Nar thie drary ride across tha plain
 Avore he can rache wom again.
 We drink an smoke, he neer is blind,
 A total blank da zeem his mind,
 He've lost ael power ta stan upright,
 Prostrate, an auvercom he's quite.

Tis nearly twelve, tha Host coms in
 An baals out mang tha naisy din,
 "Tha time is up, ya ael must go
 Ar I'll lose me license as ya know."
 Another zong, they ael did shout,
 We'll av, avore we do turn out.
 One vrim tha cheerman, thay did baal,
 An Jack tried to ablige ther caal.
 But he wur done, gone wur his pow'r,
 An up a got, nettled an zower.
 An blarin out this yer wunt do,
 I mist me journey now pursue.
 Here Ossler Tom, bring roun me ass,
 An Lanlard here, jist one mwore glass.
 He drained another, vill ta ground,
 Var he wur drunk, an that vull zound,
 His donk jist then appeared in zite,
 He mounts an wish em ael "goodnight,"
 Then gallop'd vast ael down tha street
 Like a scalded pig a did retreat.
 Tha toll geat swung back in a trice,
 Tha toll man baal'd out var tha price,
 But Jack vur up tha road wur gone,
 Tha geat man cooden vollie on,
 Bit swore that Jack another day
 Double tha toll hood av ta pay.
 Tha vaithvul donkey up tha hill
 Did trot away we right good will.
 Poor brute, he wur a honest ass,
 An well know'd his rider had a glass.

Ta Jack tha road appear'd ta waak,
 He sway'd like to a tender staak ;
 He'd lost the power his donk ta guide
 An tha usual track he missed wide.
 Aware of thease unusual route
 Ned o'er tha down an vields did scout,
 Way down ta water medders green,
 Where Jack got conscious of tha scene,
 Zoo gien he a sharp pull round
 He drow'd his rider to tha ground
 An be tha zide of a muddy ditch,
 Ower muddled hero he did pitch ;
 He scrabbled up, wen zummat new,
 A ghost-like varm appeared in view,
 It vlitted here, it vlitted there,
 'Then zeem'd ta vanish in tha air,
 Quite dazed, a now began ta think
 'That he mist be tha wuss var drink.
 A thunder storm, now gathered thick
 An in tha gloom appear'd woold Nick
 Wie harns, an hoofs, an hiss in tail,
 Tha zite o't mead un quake an quail.
 Eyes big as saacers, rid as vire,
 Wie awe their victim, did inspire,
 His claas held ard a two grain'd prong
 An a beckon'd Jack ta come along.
 Ower hero's hair stood bolt an end
 As he look'd at thick foul fiend,
 Wie vrite a vairly stood agast
 An tried ta run, bit's laigs stuck vast

Trimblin a stood like a broken reed
 Var zich a zite he'd never zeed.
 His poor woold ass he loud did bray,
 While Jack vill on his knees ta pray,
 An promisin what 'ee hood do
 In futer, if he'd let un goo.
 As var tha drink, dear zur, I mean
 Never ta touch tha stuff agean,
 Var tis me ony bane in life,
 An gets me inta endless strife
 Zides wurryin, me poor dear wife.

Tha thunder now begun ta roar,
 Lightnin tha clouds azunder tore,
 An big rain drops begun ta vall
 Vrim murky clouds, as black's a pall.
 Wis ever man in zich a plight
 As ower hero, on thick dreadvul night.
 Prayin ta heavin fervently
 Vrum thease enemy to zet un vree.
 Vull haaf a nower there a knelt,
 Till down amain tha starm did pelt,
 An as it wash'd his parched brow,
 New life zeem'd to poor Jack endow.
 Then up a got an peer'd around,
 Ole Nick had vanish'd under ground.
 Loudly Jack baal'd out vur his ass
 Who unconsarned ved on tha grass.
 At last Ned ansers to his beck,
 Jack cuddles un aroun tha neck.

Then mounts agean, hopen that he
 Vrim vurther mishap shood be vree.
 Droo mead a rach'd tha turnpike track,
 Thank God I'm seaf zaays Smilin Jack.
 Once mwore, zays he, I be aelright,
 As tha well know'd Park appear'd in zite.
 Then joggin ael down by tha wall
 Holden Ned's ears zo's not ta vall.
 Grazed be tha trees, an bramble scratches,
 A neer had rach'd tha vourteen hatches
 When ha, another trouble zore
 Did meet un, wuss than he avore.
 His donk on nearen tha long brudge
 Zuddently to tha stream did trudge,
 An vore his tention, Jack cood drame,
 He'd shook un off, right in the strame ;
 Then away did scamper quick as thought
 As tho ee hooden agean be caught,
 Nar did er slack his pace avore
 A stood in front his owner's door.

 Vloundern an splashen in tha wave,
 Jack struggled hard dear life ta save,
 He rach'd tha edge, vill on tha baink
 Cussin his donkey's purty praink.
 Coold an wet droo to tha skin,
 An veelin vaint an bad within,
 He tried to waak but vill to ground
 An pray'd that zoon a med be vound.

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His wife stopped up var un thiek night,
 Bit went ta bade dreamt ael was right,
 Thinkin he'd drain'd an extry cup
 An till nex day hooden turn up.
 Bit at marn, wen she undid tha door
 Tha loanly donkey stood avore,
 Wieout measter, bridle, or bit,
 Wurden she jist in a purty clit,
 "Wurs thy measter, woold vool," she zed,
 "Hast thee a left un, live ar dead?"
 Bit tha donkey shook his yead, an bray'd,
 Much as to say a idden slay'd.
 Betty, zoon rais'd a hue an cry,
 An naybours purty quick did hie.
 O dear! O dear! alack! alack!
 What is become a' Smilin Jack?
 Tha hunted here, tha hunted there,
 To Huminten zom did repair.
 Vrens an relayshins vill'd tha cot,
 Ael o'm lamentin poor Jack's lot,
 Var zure ta hear he'd broke his neck
 Mwoast every one o'm did expec.
 Poor Betty, she did heave a zigh,
 An purty zoon did pipe her eye.
 "An is er now var ever gone,
 An must I widder's weeds put on?
 Poor Jack, wat ever shill I do.
 Thee wurst a usbin kind, an true."
 An as her loss she did deplore
 She yeard zim shoutin at tha door,

Var up did drive woold Tommy Bawter
 Who'd vound our Jack down be tha water,
 Close ta tha brudge, at vourteen hatches,
 Ael cover'd o'er we blood an scratches.
 He'd brought un wom, snug in his trap,
 An baalin out cried, "rouse up Jack."
 Ower hero woke, then rushed in doors
 Amid tha people's laffin roars,
 He rolled ta bed an slep vull zound,
 An dram'd a wur in water drown'd.

It done un good, var zunce thiek day
 Vrim strong drink, he have kept away,
 Aelthough a offen gets a rub,
 Bout wen a din'd at Huminten club,
 An thiek are awful night za drear
 Wen woold Nick to un, did appear.



THA WOOLD GROVELY VOX.

Ther's a crafty woold vox, up in Grovely hood,
An as gray as a vox well can be,
An he's roamin about, vrim marnen till night,
An I'm dang if nooan o'm can ketch he.

CHORUS.

Var lightly a trips it, and merrily bounds,
An keers not var huntsmin, neet narn a ther hounds.

He knaas every thicket, he knaas every nook,
He da knaa every hole in the ground ;
The cunnen woold baiger, knaas jist wur to hide
When the huntsmin his harn da jist zound.

CHORUS.

Var lightly a trips it, an merrily bounds,
An keers not var huntsmin, neet narn a ther hounds.

Hache varmstead he da knaa, bouth zides a tha hood,
An nightly down there he da prowl,
An many a varmer, vust thing in tha marn,
Da miss a vat duck or a vowl.

CHORUS.

An away we his booty, right merry he bounds,
An keers not var varmers, nar huntsmin, nar hounds.

Two vine lots a hounds, var ten years an mwore
Av bin on tha woold baiger's track,
To a nice leetle dance he've a led em oftimes,
An defied the whole vield an ther pack.

CHORUS.

Var lightly a trips it, an merrily bounds,
An keers not var huntsmin, neet narn a ther hounds.

Bwold Vreemin, an Stovin, oft puzzled their brains,
 Var ta bring thease geam rascal ta bay,
 An tho' many times thay av press'd un zore,
 A did manidge ta bid em good-day.

CHORUS.

Var lightly a trips it an merrily bounds,
 An keers not var huntsmin, neet narn a ther hounds.

Ther's blunt keeper Hine, an his butty Bill Noyce,
 As droo hood every day thay da jog.

Da oft com across'n, bit tha woold baiger knaas
 They wont touch un wie gun nar wie dog.

CHORUS.

An vrom em he trips it, an merry he bounds,
 An dwoant keer var keepers, nar huntsmin nar hounds.

An tho he da rob em of many a bird,
 Vat phesant is a nice dainty snack,
 He da knaa be tha laa, he's zaered to ael,
 Zeave tha measter, tha huntsmin, an's paek.

CHORUS.

An vrom em he trips it, an merry he bounds,
 An dwoant keer var keepers, nar huntsmin, nar hounds.

Lard Radner declares he'll av un zom day,
 We a vair an a square spourtsmin kill,
 An tho he'ev kotch one, heet thease crafty woold vox,
 Up in Grovely's a wanderin still.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah var thease vox, who merrily bounds,
 An dwoant keer var huntsmin, neet narn a ther hounds.



CRISMIS BEEF.

At Crismis time, wen out ya be,
Zort on a leetle veasten spree,
Tha purtyest zite there is ta see

Is a piece a beef.

At who's zite ael yer zorrers vlee,

Ya veels relief.

Wats better, wen ya be zat down
To a oakun teable, ael aroun,
How yer inzides da ael reboun,

At tha zite of beef ;

Wen tha carver slivers off a poun

Ta wet yer teeth.

How nice ta zee tha gravy run
Za rid about the underdun,
An crips outzides, when brown thame done,

Wich zom da like.

Auver ar under I doont shun,

Nooan I dislike.

Gie a man beef, apon me zong,
I'll bet a crown he wunt goo wrong ;
Till meaken hale, harty and strong,

A man a mite.

His wirkun life it will perlong,

An zet un rite.

Vill a man up we beef za prime,
 He'll never think ta do a crime,
 Vor, pen apon it, half tha time
 Crime's caased droo want.
 Bit beef, thou chief of jints zublime,
 Ael evils daunt.

Eeee, spicey beef, I'll zing thy praise,
 Thy merits aelways I will raise,
 Vor wen I do but on thee gaze,
 I veels I cood
 Live off a thee droo ael me days,
 Thee beest za good.

Prime meat, wither in rib or roun,
 Thou'rt welcome in any way thou'rt voun,
 I wish I did we wealth aboun,
 I'd av mwore beef.
 Aeltho thy merits zom confoun,
 Thee beest tha chief.

Zom praise vensin, vrim doe or buck,
 An zom tha hine laig of a chuck,
 Zom chieken, goose, turkey, ar duck,
 Bit gie I beef,
 That meat'ull put into ee pluck.
 An drown yer grief.

Zom praises up ael zorts a geam,
 An vish, an zoup, we girt vine neam,
 Done up we butter, vat, an cream,
 Ael ta embelish.
 Apon me zong, ya'd think to zee em.
 Zich stuff did relish.

We poor we meat beant offen ved,
 We has cheese ar drippen we ower bread,
 Thout ther's zim sprats ar herrins red,
 In winter time.

At Club, ar Crismis, then we med
 Get bit a prime.

Wen I be out at any pearty
 Ta jay mezelf we others hearty,
 Of different jints, if there wur vorty
 Ta suit tha teeth,
 I'd zay, av what ya likes me hearty,
 I'll stick ta beef.

I zometimes laffs, wen I be out,
 Ta zee ow zom on em da pout,
 Turnin slim laigs an wings about
 Of that ar geam ;
 Zich dainties off me pleat I'd scout,
 Teant woth a neam.

Ther's Jounes, wen he is out we I,
 On every jint av got his eye,
 An a bit of ael o'm he'll try,
 Mutton, pork, or veal,
 An then next marnin out ull cry
 How bad I veel.

An ya needen wonder, apon me zong,
 Vor ta tha zistim must be wrong
 Ta bide a nibblin there za long
 Za many zarts ;
 An drinkin yale ar zider strong,
 Praphs two ar dree quarts.

Vor my own peart, I do zit down
 Jist auver rite tha beef, za brown,
 An carver, carves I of a roun
 Of vat an lean ;
 Then another zorren, about a poun
 An I've done clean.

Vor hungry men, wat use ta putt,
 A bird or hare vor they ta cut ?
 'Tis nothin vor ta vill um up,
 'Tis mwoast ael bwones ;
 Ther mouths da ony ope an shut
 Ta nibblin tunes.

Bit spicey beef, how zweet thy smell,
 How zoon thee doost unger dispel,
 No other jint can thee exeel,
 No better voun,
 I wish tha butchers ood thee zell
 Zixpence a poun.

On Zaturdy I then ood buy
 A piece ta roast, ar be-ak, ar vry
 Ar var a pudden ar a pie,
 Ar touad in hole.
 Jist ooden I live a bit, ooden I
 Veast an konzole.

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Zay wat you will, think wat ya med,
 I'll stick to it till I be dead,
 An ya must vall in we ael I've zed,
 Vor 'tis my belief,
 There's nothin better for a spread
 Than good roast beef.



THA GIRT BIG FIGGETTY POODEN.

Ah, wen I wur a girt hard bwoy,
We appetite nar mossel coy,
Tha baste thing out ta gie I joy,
Wur a girt big figgetty pooden.

Tha very neam ow'un zeem'd anuff
An ta smill un, ow did meak I puff,
An lor, ow I did vill an stuff,
When mother mead a pooden.

Hache birthday she wur sure ta meak,
A girt plum pooden, an a keak,
An ax a vew vrens to parteak,
Of her nice figgetty pooden.

Tho mother adden much ta spend
She mead un good ya may depend,
An purty quick ther wur a end,
A thick ar birthday pooden.

Na veer a any on't gotten stale,
 If I wur handy an wur hale,
 Me appetite hood never vail,
 As long as ther wur pooden.

Not that I wur a girt big glutton
 Like thic chap, as ate a laig a mutton,
 Tho me waiscut oft I did unbutton
 When twur a extry girt un.

When I wur in tha village choir,
 An a veast wur gied ess be tha Squire,
 Tha us'd ta com in ael a vire,
 An as black mwoast as me hat.

An twur rare vun to zee em smoke,
 Var in wine an brandy they did zoak,
 An pon me zong it wur no joke,
 Aten much a that ar pooden.

Var mezelf I'd zooner av em plain,
 Zo's you can cut an com again,
 Wieout tha dread a gien ee pain,
 Like tha there brandy poodens.

Wen in ta Zalsbry oft I went,
 Var measter on a errant zent,
 I warn, mwoast ael me brass wur spent,
 In buyin zim figgetty pooden.

I used ta knaa a leetle shop,
 In Brown Street, wur I off did pop,
 An well vill up me ungry crop,
 We nice sweet figgetty pooden.

Tha used ta beak em in a tin,
 An tha ooman she did offen grin,
 Ta zee ow zoon I did ate in
 Her nice hot figgetty pooden.

Times on times we vun she've cried,
 An wur ablidged ta hould her zide,
 Ta zee ow zoon away I'd hide,
 That ar dree penneth a pooden.

It done her good she did declare,
 Ta zee I ate me pooden there,
 An she aelways gied I mwourn me shear,
 Cos I wur vond a pooden.

Ah, oft I thinks apun tha time,
 When Crismis bells merry da chime,
 What a girt pooden, nice an prime,
 Mother did meak var we.

A used ta come in steamin hot,
 Nearly as big's a waishen pot.
 Wie vigs an currands zich a lot,
 In thiek ar Crismis pooden.

Lore, ow me young eyes glissen'd at un,
 An fiather he did zay, "Odd drat un,"
 I do believe while I wur chatten,
 Thiek bwoy ud ate thic pooden.

Dree sorrens on't I aelwys had,
 An fiather he did look like mad,
 Bit mother she wur aelwys glad,
 An zay "Lar let'n av his pooden."

A coose, I diden av much mate,
 Nar gierden stuff apon me plate,
 An pooden aelwys wur a trate,
 Specily thick one at Crismis.

Tho I own, I did av mworn me wack,
 Me lips var mwore did offen smaek,
 An me waisteut offen wur main slack,
 Wen tha pooden wur ael gone.

A contented bwoy I aelways wur,
 An diden cry an meak a stur,
 Wen he wur gone cos there wurnt mwore,
 Like a bwoy I knaas who did.

His mother once mead a girt pooden,
 Thinkin she'd gie her bwoy a dooin ;
 Atter aten till na mwore a cooden,
 Cry'd, cos a adden vinish'd un.

Wen I grow'd up a biggish bwoy,
 Wat thay calls a hobbledehoy,
 Tha chaps did try I to amoy
 Be caalin out " Figgetty pooden."

Bit there I diden use ta keer,
 Var ael ther chaff, an joke, an sneer,
 I diden stop it, never veer,
 Wen ther wur any pooden.

If ever I da av a wife,
 Ta live wie I ael droo thease life,
 I'll tell her, if she dwoant want strife,
 Ta meak I plenty a poodens.

Begar, I hooden mind betten a crown,
 That if a chap is mainly down,
 Nuthen ull cure un I'll be bown,
 Like a girt big figgetty pooden.

A zeems ta drave ael keer away,
 An meak yer heart veel light an gay,
 That you'll zeem merry ael tha day
 Atter aten figgetty pooden.

Zoo teak thease hint ael labourers wives
 If you da wish var happy lives,
 You'll av em zure, if you contrives
 Ta get lots a figgetty poodens.

If ya caant avoord much butcher's mate,
 Ta putt apon yer husbin's plate,
 Putt avore un then, what he can ate,
 A nice girt figgetty pooden.

His health an straingth it will zustain,
 An vlesh he's zartin zure to gain,
 An a unger never he'll complain,
 If ya gets un lots a pooden.

Meself, ael things I hood gie up,
 Even do wieout me pipe an cup,
 Var I cud dinner, tay, an zup.
 On a nice girt figgetty pooden.





OWER GIRT ZEPTEMBER VAIR.

Of ael naizes an zenes in tha country that are,
Ther's nuthen ta beat ower girt Zeptember vair ;
Var hussle, an bussle, an tussle, we man an wie be-ast,
It can vie wie any in tha country at least.
Now if ya da dout it, com an zee var yer-zelf,
An be here day avore, Zeptember tha twelth ;
When about dinner time ya zure will begin,
Ta hear indycashions of tha vorth comin din.
'Then on tha vair marn of tha clock about two,
Outsid a yer dwoor ye'll hear much ado ;
That is, if you'm sleepen in tha nayberhood too,
An beant zunk too deep in a girt snorin stew.
You'll turn, an you'll twis, an mutter what's this?
An agean try to zink in slumberin bliss ;
'Then praps var a nowar', you med get a snooze,
Ael depens, ta wither much naise you've been used.

But wither or not, agean about vour, you'll zedly deplore,
 That vor tha naize at yer door,
 Tha bussle an roar, ya raaly caant snore,
 An praps in a bore you'll turn oer an oer,
 Ta get a wink more.

But you'll vind tis useless, an that you'll convess, as ya
 jump up an dress in half drowsiness.

Wen dress'd, about vive.
 In tha street you arrive ;
 Which is ael alive,
 Like bees in a hive ;
 An mabby you'll contrive
 At tha vair to arrive ;
 If hardly ya strive,
 Mang tha bussle ta dive ;
 An goo in an out, like a rickety wheel,
 Ar like country chaps a dancen a reel.
 But wen wonce at the vair,
 Dang if you wunt declare :
 You wurd'nt aware,
 Twur zich an affair.
 An mainly you'll stare,
 To zee voke here an there,
 Run like mad everywhere,
 As tho in a scare,
 Be the steat of their hair,
 An ther eyes wen they stare ;
 Tis a terryable glare,
 Nuthun can we it compare.

Ta hear varmers a shoutin, an scoutin, an poutin,
 Especially fat ones, that have got tha gout in ;
 An shepperds a tearin, an swearin, an blarin,
 An dogs a prowlin, an howlin, an growlin ;
 At ther poor lectle vlock, ta get em in dock, avore zix
 o'clock,

Ar vore there's a block.

Jist hark at their slang,

In ther neative twaing ;

Well, I'm dang, if there the beant, ael amang.

Poor gentle sheep, var you I veels deep, as tho I cood
 weep,

'Ta zee ee zo huddled ael up in a heap,

That too wie out keep ;

An there to remain var howrs in yer pain,

I knaa you hood fain be away on tha plain,

We nuthen to restrain on tha grassy domain ;

Wie no hurry, or skurry, or strainge curs ta wurry.

* * * * *

Wat a rum zite is thease vair at its hite ;

Wat things ta ex-zite'ee, wat zouns ta a-vrite'ee ;

Wat feacin ya zee, zom beamin wie glee,

An on others ther be lines a adversety ;

An ael zems bent on, business intent on.

Tha gennelmin varmer here ya da meet,

In tha latest fayshun, nate an compleate ;

An tha woold fayshun yoman,

Who'd av ya ta know, man,

That he beant a show man ;

Be his plain zimple dress,
 Yer mine he'll himpress
 That he do possess
 Much strait foridness.
 Zee thay yander together,
 In ther laggins a leather
 Hearts lite as a veather,
 Discussen tha weather ;
 Tha sheep, an ther keep ;
 Tha carn, in tha barn ;
 Tha steat a tha crops,
 An tha price of new hops ;
 'Tha steat a tha nayshun,
 An tha leabourers' agitation.
 How thay roar an thay laff,
 At ache others chaff ;

'Then goo off an quaff zim mild haff-an-haff.

If thame com yer ta buy, wie wat a quick eye,
 Any vaat they'll descry, jist like a Poll Pry ;
 How tha sheep they'll veel, avore they'll deal,
 An ta tha zeller appeal, his price ta reveal,
 Zoo an zoo, he'll zay, now I want vor thay,
 Nooan better or chaper any money I'll [lay.
 There beant ta be voun in tha vair groun ta day.
 Bit tother ull zay nay, wie accuston'd dismay,

Zich a price I shaant pay,
 Zoo I wish ee good day,

An to another lot he'll be off like a shot,
 An tha zeam question agen he'll put to tha men
 Who stan roun tha pen.

An then he'll propoun,
 Can ee warrant em zoun?
 While tha men do expoun
 Ther qualities roun ;
 Nooan better ta be voun
 In tha vair, they'll be boun.
 At las he da buy,
 An hoff ull zoon hie,
 Tha deal ta ratify,
 Be whettin tha eye ;
 While to zom ragged drover
 A trifle's mead over,
 To take them to Andover ;
 Where they mid revel in clover,
 On the varm of Jan Glover.

* * * * *

Of shepperds what a harmy is here,
 An ow different zom on em appear ;
 Zom looks ta av lots a good cheer ;
 Zom looks main queer an zincere.
 Var a minet ta yan stall,
 Now jist gie a call ;
 An teak stock of the company all.
 Zee em doin a veed,
 Ah, they enjoy it indeed,
 Zich appeties wat can exceed ;
 An tha fare, zee it there.
 As much as tha table is yeable ta bear.
 A huge jint a zalt beef,
 Ya zee head an chief ;

Rare stuff, ta gie relief,
 Is a shepperds belief.
 An yon woppen girt ham,
 Wat huge slices they cram ;
 Zom voke it hood zicken,
 Bit they ate it wie out chicken.
 An smack ther lips at tha picken ;
 Tripe, an mince meat,
 Vaggots, an pigs' veet,
 An black puddens stale, on which to regale,
 An waish it ael down wie watery ale.

* * * * *

Now jist take a stride to the other zide, wat a difference
 wide.

Jist gie a glance at this Restaurance,
 As they caal em in Vrance.

If you incline, ya here may dine, of daintees vine,
 An waish em down wie sparklin wine.

* * * * *

'Tis twelve o'clock, an in vull swing is tha Auctioneer's
 ring

Round his box voke cram, as he baals out ta Zam,
 Ta bring in tha vust ram ;

Now gents, wieout any sham, or epigram,

What shall I zay, vor this beautiful ram ?

While the waitin man Zam, hans roun a dram,

Two guineas I hear, in a voice not very clear,

That man he must jeer, or else be in beer ;

He cant be zincere, to offer a price zo queer, vor a ram
 like this here :

Dree, Vower, Vive, well gents if ya strive,
 No doubt you'll contrive, at his vair price ta arrive :
 Zix is bid ; well, if ever I did ;
 Look at tha price, he's woth it drice, com be concise,
 an not za nice : wat a zaerifice.
 Zam ! to tha bidders roun pass another glass, thay
 require more brass ;
 Tha grog an wine da sparkle an shine, an goes down
 ache line,
 Zom decline, bit mmostly incline ;
 Another spurr, zeven I yer ;
 Then vrum a woold pate, coms out plump an straitte,
 Here, I'll gie ee haite, ta en tha debate.
 Dally knock un down, zays a countery clown,
 An the seller rewards un, wie a terryable vroun.
 Then ta nine, another gies tha sign,
 Whose eyes da sparkle an shine ;
 No doubt, effects of tha wine.
 Going ! going ! have ya done ? have ya done ?
 Then roun his quick eyes da run ;
 Have ya done, wonce again ?
 Mine I shill not long detain
 In pleadings vain ;
 He looks agen at tha men, who vlock roun tha pen,
 Up goes his hand ; a voice baals out ten ;
 An mang ael tha clammer, down goes tha hammer,
 An tha lam is zoon hurried out a tha pen,
 Ta meak room var another, jist like tha other, one hood
 think 'twas a brother.
 Then ael tha zeam bother is gone droo agen.

If ya've any regard var tha implement yard,
 Jist teak a glimpse, but be on yer gard ;
 Var straps an wheels are continually runnin
 An tha naise too is stunnin.
 Here be hoers, an mowers, an blowers,
 Draigs an jaigs, tha lan ta scarify, and poor vield mice
 to terrify.
 Mills an drills, elevators and cultevators,
 Dressers and pressers, barrers, an larrers, an things ta
 ketch sparrers ;
 Mill stounes an wet stounes.
 Rakers and graters, rapers an crapers,
 Lifters an zifters, machines for dippin and clippin,
 In fact ael things that are out, you zee's laid about,
 Ta cultivate lan, by team or by han ;
 An lots too stan in girt deman,
 But raaly var what use I dwoant understan ;
 Every vair their's zure to be implements newer,
 All tha pertickulars of which, you can get vrim vren
 Brewer.*
 To tha hoss vair advance, an jist gie a glance,
 Bit wie girt viligance, var thay rear an thay prance, as
 though touched wie a lance,
 Especially thay, vrim Erin ar Vrance ;
 Any zart a steed, you med zee yer indeed,
 Any zart a breed, ta jog, ar var speed ;
 Bit if ya one need, you mist teak girt heed,
 An main caushious prozeed, if ya hood zuceeed.
 Var thease dealers, be zich consalers, an knowin veelers,
 An I've yeard tha Peelers, zay zom on em be girt
 stalers ;

* A local Machinist.

Now jist zee ow ther busines is done,
 Jist look at thic poor woold Dun,
 Who's wirk vor ever zeems done,
 Wat a scare to get un ta run,
 How a tries his owner ta shun,
 As much as a dog do a gun.
 Then look at yon spritely mare,
 Brissillen with martial air,
 How she gallops wie speed droo tha vair.
 While her owner da swear an declare
 Zich a gooer never was there ;
 Bit if you ud have her, teak care,
 Var she medden turn out quite square ;
 Zo I'd advise ee, look well, and beware,
 Wen ya purchase a hoss at a vair.

* * * * *

'Tis past mid-day, an they who da stray
 Ta every pleace upon tha highway,
 Begin ther wares to display ;
 Zee yonder Quack begins his clack,
 Like a maniac he spouts till he's black ;
 Zays he, mines tha tack,
 If ya've pains in tha back,
 Ar any wur else, I'll cure tha attack ;
 Why do ee remain za long in yer pain,
 Wen I stoutly maintain
 That if you obtain my medicenes plain,
 Good health you'll regain, yes ! an retain,
 An never agean complain ;

Dwont think ta meak wills,
 Bit teak my pills, and be rid of yer ills,
 Eece an 'tis zaprisan, wieout disguisin,
 Ow many putts vaith in thease Quacks advisin,
 Ta thease Quack nex door,
 Another vellar da roar.
 If ya'm troubled wie a carn,
 As true as I'm barn,

Ar a bunyon, or wart, drap two draps on tha part,
 An if it dwoant hase impart wieout a paing ar a smart,
 I'll ate yon hoss an cart ;
 On its merrits I wunt dwell,
 Var 'tis knaw'd now too well,
 Nuthen can it exzell,
 It hacks like a spell,
Here ! zixpince a bottle I zell.

* * * * *

Chep Jack begins now to prate,
 On his voot bouard a state,
 An a crowd a da zoon captivate ;
 I zay ! I zay ! I zay !
 Good voke jist look this way,
 Ya zee I'm cum yer ta day,
 Vor I caant stay away ;
 Now behold my extensive display,
 Wich I means ta gie ee ta-day,
 That is, var a leetle outlay ;
 Goods ael new, ya zee on view,
 Vrum Brummagem an Lunnen too ;

Zo at wonce wieout ado,
 Wot vust shill I offer you ;
 Ah ! here's a tay-pot, tha ony one I've got,
 Ther beant another in stock,
 Tha last of a splendid lot ;
 Ya zee he's zilver pure,
 Of that ya med be zure,
 An ya caant one like un procure.
 In a zilver smith's shop, I'll be boun,
 Var less than a poun,
 That is, like thease pure an zoun ;
 Yer ! I shaant zay a poun or a half,
 Ah ! you med laff an think it chaff ;
 Yer ! *nine, eight, zeven, zix* ;
 Yer ! as true as I'm alive, an in a bit of a fix,
 You shell av un var vive,
 Ya wunt ; very well, I'll putt un by.
 Yer ! wonce mwoar a gooes var vour,
 Yer ! hang me, as I'm out on tha spree,
 Ya shill av un vor dree ;
 Yer ! two an eleven, two an nine,
 Last time, now mine,
 Well, as I'm com ta thase town,
 Ta get a little renown ;
 Tho I know I'm done brown,
 Zounds, here a gooes var half a crown ;
 An a knocks un down to a countery clown,
 Wie a giggle between a laff an a vrown.
 Then his store, he agean do explore,
 An brings out wie a roar,
 One more, jist like the one before.

Now Ballard zingers begin,
 Ther charmin verses ta zing,
 In anything bit a clear ring ;
 Here's well-known Bob an Bet,
 Well match'd in ther scramy duet ;
 Anuff ta gie ee tha vret,
 Tha zouns you'll never varget.
 Anyow, ther vaices da charm,
 Tha rustic bwoys of tha varm,
 Who vlock roun em, likes bees in a swarm ;
 An hager ther penny thay pay,
 Var tha newest zongs a tha day.

* * * * *

Here ya ar, as long as thers any,
 Vor tha price of one penny ;
 Tha newest zongs out, an what they're about ;
 Here's "Tha zoldier's joy,"
 An "The varmer's bwoy ;"
 "A zailer bwold var me,"
 "In a cottage be tha sea ;"
 "Comin droo tha rye,"
 Wie "Tha spider an tha fly ;"
 "Belly Maloone,"
 "Come, lave I aloone ;"
 "Me lads a warrior bwold,"
 "Zilver dreads amang tha gwold,"
 "Alice Gray," wie "Nellie Ray ;"
 "Wilt thou be mine,"
 "Tha good Rhine wine ;"

" Auver tha waater,"
 Wie " Tha ratcatchers' daater ;"
 " Out in tha snow,"
 " Bit not var Joe ;"
 " Here stans a pwest,"
 " Bill Scroggin's ghost ;"
 " Cheer bwoys cheer,"
 " Vor wie likes a drap a good beer ;"
 " Brite zunny days," an many mwore lays,
 Too numerous ta menshyn,
 Ta attract yer attenshin ;
 An on again, they strike up tha strains,
 While tha shepperd's swains,
 Join in tha refrains.
 Recrutin Zargeants now,
 Wie martial brow ;
 An pleazin bow,
 To tha zons of tha plough ;
 Declare an avow,
 That how, thay mist allow ;
 A zoldiers life, wie tha drum an fife ;
 An scarlit couat, is one on which to doat ;
 Com, jine tha line,
 Be a zodger vine,
 An cut a shine ;
 Ya'll nevir repent,
 Ya did conzent ;
 Ta teak tha shillin,
 Com, ar ya willin ;

An many a swain he elevates.
 An captivates, be wat he states.

* * * * *

'Tis vower a'clock, an ther's a lull,
 Things be gotten dull ;
 Vor wom again,
 Is gone tha main,
 Be road ar train ;
 A few remain,
 To teak a drain ;
 Var till next year
 Thay wunt meet again.





THE
PARISH COUNCIL
BILL.

A DISCUSSION TWIX TOM
AND PHIL,
TWO LEABUREN MEN.

TOM.

Hast yeard tha news? me woold vren Phil
Bout thease yer Parish Council Bill?
Wich Parleyment atter zim jaa,
Av manag'd var ta pass ta laa
An Dezember nex, if we'm alive
We'll be as busy as bees in hive,
Var then tha lections will teak pleece,
An I'm a candidate I gace.

PHIL.

I wish thee luck, bit look'ee, Tom,
Wurs tha money comin vrom?
Var girt expinse its gwain ta be,
An wat good'lit do ta zich as we;

Tha laayers an tha printin voke
 No dout'ull do a tarblish stroke,
 Var in startin, there'll be zim keepers,
 An village Councils vill tha peapers.
 Bit var any good to a poor chap,
 I dwoant think till be woth a snap,
 An as I zed avore, vren Tom,
 Wurs tha money a comin vrom ?

TOM.

Tha money vriend dwoant bodder I,
 Get on tha Council I shill try,
 An, if elected, thay shill know,
 I'm good as mwoast tho rekon'd low ;
 Let tha girt uns try, do wat thay can
 Var to keep out a leaburen man,
 I'll bet thee Phil a vive poun note,
 Tha main on em, var I ull vote ;
 Dwoant want ta braig, bit bless the zawl,
 I mid be put on top tha pawl.

PHIL.

I dwoant dout that, bit harky vren
 Wat beest gwain ta do var wirken men
 Wen on thease Council thee diss get,
 Zoos that we shaant ower choice regret.
 Cos we'll expec a lot vrim thee,
 One of ower own zelves, doosen zee.

TOM.

Wen I gets on vust thing I'll do,
 Is zee ache man gets a cottage new.

Wie yacre a groun, an mabby mwore,
 Ael o't cloas to his cottage dooer,
 A well built shed, var ta keep cows,
 A well drain'd sty var pigs an zows,
 We pawltry a every zart,
 A leetle nag, a nice spring cart,
 Ta haak his things, in village roun,
 Ar teak em ta tha market town.
 Ramshackle cots, wur ever vound,
 Shall be clared vrom off tha ground,
 A village hall we'll build down street
 Var concerts, an var voke to meet.
 Waish house, an baths, an ael that are,
 Ower wives ta waish an hiren there,
 A aten house wur things'll be zould,
 We nice girt vires, wen weathers cwoold,
 A zoup kitchen, zoup nex ta nuthin,
 Bout a penny var a proper stuffin.
 An one zide thease hall a libery,
 Peapers, an books, ael ta be vree,
 A billyeard bouard, an bagatelle teable,
 Var young chaps, as to play be yeable,
 Draats, an chess, an nine pinny metal,
 Skittlin, wen tha weathers in fettle,
 Voot ball, an cricket, in Squire's ground,
 Expense a coose, be Council vound.
 On village green, a music stan
 Ta be put up var ower ban,
 Who twice a week in zummer prime,
 Shill play ta liven up tha time ;

Ower young uns merry meak the zene.
 Be dancin on tha village green.
 Hache Zaturday, haaf hollerday
 Tha voke shill av, thout stoppin pay,
 An coose ael o't I needen state
 To be paid var, out of a rate.

PHIL.

I wish it true, bit dang it Tom,
 Wurs tha money a comin' vrom ?

TOM.

Cass'n get it Phil, in thy dull pate.
 Tha cost mist com out of a rate.
 Squire, tha mwoast 'll av ta pay
 Varmers, an Passen, help defray,
 Tha tradesvoke too, a peart must bear,
 Shopkeepers too, ael pay a shear,
 Bit thee an I, hard wirkin men,
 Beant gwain to pay, thee medst depen ;
 Zoo raste theezelf contented mate,
 Zuch chaps as we, wunt pay nar rate.
 'Zides ther's tha parish charities
 Ull pay var lots o't doosen zee.
 Then nice wide paths bouth zides tha street
 Of assfelt, gravel ar concrete ;
 An down tha road, a girt big main
 In which the houssen, ael shill drain.
 A good zupply a water pure,
 Hache house 'll ave, thee midst be zure.

A rezorvoy, on top a nap,
 In every cot a water tap.
 Ower streets be lighted up at night
 Wie gas, ar wie tha lectric light.
 Zo's we can zee ower way about
 If leatish zomtimes we be out.
 We Wirkhouse we shill do away,
 An gie woold voke a weekly pay ;
 As var tha zick, tha leam an blind,
 A house of refuge we shill vind.
 An ael tha leazy drunken drones
 They shill be putt ta crack tha stounes
 And mend tha road, and vlush tha drain,
 Zoo that theirzelves, thay shill maintain.
 An if against it thay da rail,
 Purty quick we'll pop em off ta jail ;
 I warn that ar'll bring em round,
 An a leazy chap, ther wunt be vound.
 Eece, Phil, whats wrong shill be zet right,
 An ower Village, be a model quite.

PHIL.

Nice picter thee hast painted, Tom,
 Bit, wurs tha money comin vrom ?
 'Tis very well var thee ta state
 Till ael be paid, out of a rate
 Ta be mainly putt apou tha Squire,
 Bit, can he voord ta av em higher ?
 Why now he's blig'd ta live away,
 Becaas a caant expenses pay.

An varmers be nearly ruined now,
 Var land dwoant pay that's under plough ;
 Lots o'm now is very nigh gone mad
 Wie prices low, and zazons bad.
 An Passen now, da vow his tythe
 Beant anuff ta keep'n alive,
 An pupils now he's blig'd ta tache,
 Ar else a cooden bide an prache.
 Tha shopvoke too, what vew is here,
 Zays times wur nevir mwore zevere ;
 Tha poor voke cant pay em no caish,
 An lots on'em ull go ta smaish.
 Tha carbinder, and blacksmith too,
 Zich bad times nevir did goo droo,
 Aelthough main hard thay bouth da wirk,
 Ta pay em vor't, lots o'm da shirk.
 Teant only here ; in every village
 Trade is bad, lan out a tillage,
 Zo diss think, we things in zich a state,
 Ower voke can stan a heavier rate.
 Very well ta zaay it wunt be much,
 But nooan o'm will thic zaayin glutch,
 Var zunce we've ad a school bouard here
 Thee's know tiv cost ess purty dear ;
 Var wen a stearted, zom o'm zed
 Tood'n be about tuppence a head,
 Jist look an zee what we've vound,
 Ta-day 'tis haight-pince in tha pound,
 An wen thease Council do commence.
 Thee't vind it will be girt expense,

An twill be years an years ta come,
Vore any good we'll get, mind, Tom.

TOM.

Ah Phil, dwoant thee get in a clit,
A coose we'll av ta wait a bit,
Tha wordle wurnt mead in a day,
An coose, we'll av ta veel ower way ;
Bit bless thee zawl, we very zoon
Shill bring things nicely inta tune.
Tha girt uns zoon ull larn ta gree,
An help ta meak ael harminy ;
An tho at vust thay'll kick a bit,
It teant no use, thay must zsubmit,
Thay'll vind no use ta meak a vuss,
Hoppersition ony meaks bad wuss,
An zoon thee't zee, Parish Councils Bill
A blessin to ower people, Phil.

PHIL.

I hope I shall, bit dang me yead
Twunt be avore bouath oance be dade,
Var as I zed, da wack I Tom,
Wur ael tha money's comin vrom.
Zoo I tell thee vren, shaant wurrit I,
Who var a Councilmin da try,
Tho vote var thee, a coose I shawl.
An hope thee't get on top tha pawl.

WOAK APPLE DAY.

A quaint custom, annually kept by the Wishford folks, in order to maintain their rights to the dead and snap wood in Groveley Forest.



Be tha bains a tha ripplin Wiley,
Zix mile vrum Zals-bur-ee,
Stans a purty leetle village
As ever you did zee.

An 'tis yer be zelebrated
Tha twenty-ninth a May,
A girt big hankshint custom,
Caal'd girt Woak Apple Day.

Bevore tha zun, on thic ar marn,
Ar lark, av skim'd tha sky,
Tha village voke be ael astir,
Shouten ther well know'd cry.

'Tis Groveley ; an ael Groveley ;
Com nayburs, lets away,
An keep tha hankshint custom up,
Var 'tis Woak Apple Day.

Be zix a'clock, a motley crowd
 Av met at Townsend tree,
 Bouth woold, an young, var ta keep up
 Thease glad vestivity.

We axe, an hook, away thay goo,
 Ta copse at Groveley,
 Ta cut tha woaken boughs out vrom
 Tha merry greenhood tree.

'Tis Groveley; an ael Groveley;
 Tha burden a ther zong,
 As ther girt boughs za merrily
 Ache o'm da car along.

An up agean ache cottage doer,
 Tha woaken bough is tied,
 We vlaigs an streamers gay an bright,
 An mottoes too bezide.

'Tis Groveley; an ael Groveley;
 Thame shouten ael tha day,
 Ta keep thic hankshint custom up,
 On girt Woak Apple Day.

At one o'clock, thay ael zit down,
 Ta ave a jolly veed,
 An 'tis a zite ta cheer yer heart.
 As in country cre wur zeed.

Var ael da zeem zich harminy,
 A gay an happy zene,
 We tha ban a playin merrily
 Apon tha village green.

An woold an young, tha rich an poor.

Join in tha merry dance ;

'Tis good ta zee tha upper voke

Thease pledjures countynance.

Tha Lord a Groveley, he is there,

An is main plaz'd ta zee,

Tha village voke, enjoy therzelves,

Thase glad vestivity.

He do respect tha peoples rights,

Nar wish em var ta barter,

Ther priviliges in Groveley hood,

Bestow'd on em be Charter.

'Tis Groveley ; an ael Groveley ;

A which thay be za proud,

An caas a do respect ther rights

They cheer un long an loud.

An may em never buse tha right.

They've got in Groveley hood ;

Var 'tis a girt boon to tha poor,

Granted ta do em good.

* * * *

An zoo let's cheer, Lord Pembroke long,

Likewise tha Girt woak tree ;

An ael tha Wishford voke who've got

Thease rights in Groveley.

'Tis Groveley ; an ael Groveley ;

Tha burden a ther Charter,

An never med thease village voke

Ther hankshint rights ere barter.

MILLY. AN THA SQUIRE.

Tha Squire, a went out var a ride
One evenin in tha month a May,
Tha hills an dales wur vull a pride,
Tha birds did zing on every spray.

Aloane, he jog'd on droo tha hood
A whistlin we tha joyous birds,
Till ael at wonce, a quiet stood,
He yeard a lass zing lovin wirds.

An there beneath a girt woak tree,
Tha vairest maid as ere wur zeed,
Wur zingin love zongs artlessly,
Tha listnin Squire, she did not heed.

She zung, come Robin leave thy wirk,
An to thy Milly quick now come,
Why dwost behind, ta night zo lurk?
I waits var you ta teak I wom.

An tho her's wur a zimple lay,
Her voice it wur rich melody,
Tha Squire's heart she car'd away,
A list'ned to her rapturously.

Then he draa'd nier to tha maid
An in zoft tones he to her zed,
"My lovely lass, dwoant be avraid,"
While blushin Milly hung her yeard.

“ I’ve yeard yer zong, me lassie sweet,
 An ah, it charms me to thease place.
 Bit now yer beauteous feace I meet
 I hood die var your vond embrace.

“ O happy swain, who claims yer hand,
 Nooan happier in tha wordle than he.
 Zay lassie, what wilt thou command?
 Let me but gie a kiss to thee.”

Then Milly blush’d, an blush’d again,
 An to tha Squire she did zay
 “ My love is won, yer wish is vain,
 Zoo kind Zur now, goo on yer way.”

“ Know you not lass,” then he did zay,
 “ Riches, an splendor, I command
 An I cood meak ee rich an gay,
 Tha happiest bride in ael tha land.”

“ An za ya med, but I know well,
 A Peasant lass yeant fit for you,
 An Robin zee, comes up tha dell,
 Zo, you had best bid me adieu.”

Tha Squire, he vound, it wur no good
 Zoo off he trotted on his mare,
 An left tha maiden in tha hood
 To enjoy her Robin’s greetins there.

Tho Milly wur a beauteous lass,
 Tho paltry wealth she med command,
 Her Robin’s love none cood zurpass,
 An zo ta he, she gied her hand.

THA DEAIRY MAID WUR FALSE.

Ah! I did love ower deairy maid,
I lov'd her mwore than life,
An I had well mead up me mind,
Ta av she var a wife.

Lore ow her purty rozy cheeks
Did charm me lovin eyes,
She wur a hangel in me zite
A downrite precious prize.

Ta zee her, when she milk'd tha cows
Out in tha medders green ;
I look'd on she we zich delight
As tho she wur a Queen.

Var like tha daisy at her veet
Za modest an za neat,
An like tha dew apon tha grass,
Her lips thay wur za sweet.

Eece many times, when in tha mead,
As ta wirk I did repair,
I'd zoftly slip behind tha cows
An slyly kiss her there.

An she did kiss I, eece she did,
An zed she lik'd I zo,
That aelwys she hood be me love,
Nar av nar nother beau.

An happy I wur in her love,
 As out we oft did waak,
 Ah, happy days wur thay ta I,
 Var zich love she did taak.

Var two years, I did cwourt her sweet
 Var she wur ael me pride,
 An then one nite I ax'd her strait
 If she hood be me bride.

She hung her yead, an zed she hood
 Av nar husban bit I,
 An zoo I then, gun to prepare
 Tha weddin knot ta tie.

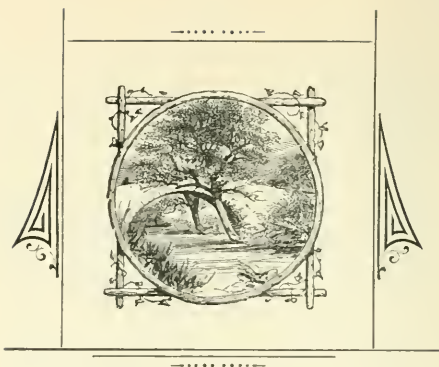
Bit guess me anger, one vine marn
 I yeard she'd rin'd away,
 An lave'd I too, wieout a wird,
 Ta cheer up my dismay.

A chap vrim Lunnen, had bin down
 An vill in love we she,
 An offer'd her ael zarts a things
 If she hood cut we he.

An she pack'd up thick very night,
 An we'un cut away,
 An never av I yeard a she
 Not zunce thic blessed day.

* * * * *

Zoo here I be, left ael aloane
 An var her I mid zigh ;
 Bit I'll take keer nar nuther gal
 Shill ever capture I.



PERSEVERANCE.
OR JOE'S BLACKBIRD.

Ower Joe, he cotch'd a blackbird,
 Las year in hearly spring ;
An zo a zed, heem dang if he,
 Ood'n larn un how ta zing,

A took his hook away a went,
 Down mead ta withy bead ;
To cut zim twigs ta meak a keage,
 Which purty zoon wur mead.

An then a putt thie blackbird in,
 An wen a com'd at nite ;
A putt a girt cloth auver un,
 Ta keep away tha lite.

An then his vlute a did rache down
 Var Joe tha vlute cud play ;
An cloas up gean thie blackbird's keage,
 Var hours a blow'd away.

He tried that ar, mwoast every nite,
 Var two months I be zure ;
 Till fiather dreatened un at las,
 The naise he cudden dure.

Joe took un in the out-house then,
 An kep on wie his vlute ;
 Zays he, he's zure ta zing byne bye,
 As zweet as any lute.

Zich payshins that ower Joe did teak,
 Ta larn thic bird ta zing ;
 Hood beat the payshins of woold Job,
 Ar imvost anything.

Bit bye and bye, wen spring agean,
 Wonce mwore did creap aroun ;
 Joe's blackbird he begun to meak,
 A zart a chirpin zoun.

Zays Joe, ya zee Ive voun at las,
 That he av got a tongue ;
 An I'll be boun avore dree months.
 Ull beat ael as ever zung.

An zoo a did, vor vore dree months,
 Vrim that a did begin ;
 Ta pipe za nice an clear an loud,
 Which mead Joe wink and grin.

An he hood himitate Joe's vlute,
 As well's a man or bwoy ;
 An ael tha birds tha wur aroun,
 The rascal hood decoy.

Ov ael tha birds I ever yeard,
 He beat em every one ;
 Var ael zarts a naises he cud meak ;
 Wie his girt sacey tongue.

Tha voke, that did goo by Joe's cot,
 Wondered at wat they yeard ;
 Thay never could believe zich zouns
 Com'd vrim a leetle bird.

Zom offered un mwoast anything.
 If he hood zill tha bird ;
 Bit Joe he vows he'll nevir peart,
 An till now av kept his wurd.

* * * * *

MORAL.

Zoo now ya zees be Joey's bird,
 What payshins it ull do ;
 Then wen ya zets yerzef a job,
 Keep on, till you gets droo.



OWER GOOD WOLD PASSIN.

O, ad I jist tha power ta rite,
Like Bob Burns, vor a zingle nite,
I hood zit down, we ael me mite,
 An praize ower good wold Passin.

Vor zirch tha counetry ael aroun,
A better one ther caant be voun,
That in good works da zo aboun,
 As ower good wold Passin.

He is a good un, every ninch,
Vrum nuthun good he'll never vlinch,
An'll never zee wie poor voke pinch,
 Will ower good wold Passin.

When zickness hunts tha poor man's cot,
An empty runs his shelf an pot,
Who is it cheers his lowly lot?
 Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who, when he's on a bade a pain,
Do we good things his straingth zustain,
An offen droo tha nite remain?
 Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who, wen tha han a death comes down,
An zens zich gloom on ael aroun,
Who is it trys tha grief ta droun?
 Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who helps tha widder in hur grief,
 Who in pity ant got no belief,
 Bit in gien out stanchill relief?

Why our good wold Passin.

Who's always vull a readiness,
 Ta teak tha children vatherless,
 An zee em brought ta usevulness?

Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who gets tha maids wie rozy feazin,
 Out in tha wordle tha best a plazin,
 Who ther deeds is alwys prazin?

Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who ta that girt house aft ull goo,
 Var aid ta help his good wirk droo,
 'tis mwore than his means ull do?

Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who, wie tha Squire aft ull plead,
 Tha kease of zom poor bwoy in need,
 That vor'un he med intercede?

Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who, wen Varmers an ther men vaals out,
 Tha leabourers' cause gets up an spout,
 An bring agean zweet pace about?

Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who, when tha Winter's cwold an sharp,
 Zens out we coals his hoss an cart,
 To tha wold voke zo's thay shaant smart?

Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who, wen merry Crissmiss comes aroun,
 At every poor man's cot is voun,
 Gien every head, prime beef a poun,

Why, ower good wold Passin.

No poor man never he'll refuse,
 Tho he dwoant vaal in wie his views ;
 Ar if ta meetin house a gooes,

Dwoant matter ta ower wold Passin.

A, zirch tha Country ael about,
 A better man ya wunt vind out,
 Zo his praise vor ever I ull shout,

Cos he's a downrite good wold Passin.



POOR DICK.

*In memory of R——T——, who died at Wilton,
in his fifteenth year.*

Poor Dick is dade an gone away,
Up to his wom on high ;
An lore zeems ard, wen we da think,
That one za young shid die.

An jist as he had lave'd tha school,
An wur bown to a trade ;
'Ta think that 'tis all auver now,
That in tha grave he's laid.

Var Dick a wur as merry a bwoy,
As liv'd in thease yer pleace ;
Zich sparklin glee did vill his eyes,
Zich smiles did lite his feace.

At school, or wom, at wirk or play,
In any youthful geam ;
Poor Dick a wur a vaverite,
An aelways wur tha zeam.

At Chireh amang tha Choir bwoys,
He wur a model quite ;
Of wat a bwoy did ought ta be,
Dress'd in a zurplis white.

An nar a bwoy amang tha lot,
 Cud zing za nice as he ;
 His voice wur like a zilver bell,
 That zouns za pleasantly.

The nayburs that did live cloas by,
 His wom upon tha hill ;
 Ael zed that Dick's zweet cheerful voice,
 Wie joy ther hearts did vill.

Aye, on this earth there did'n live,
 A nicer bwoy than Dick ;
 Nuthin did zeem ta put un out,
 No, not wen he wur zick.

Vor wen upon a bade a pain,
 Poor Dick wur laid za ill,
 Zich good things did vill up his mind,
 Zich joy his eyes did vill.

A zed a had no wish ta liv,
 Therevore tha need'n zigh ;
 He know'd there wur a wom var he,
 Up var above tha sky.

An zo Poor Dick, wieout a tear,
 Did breathe his last on earth ;
 A smile play'd on his cold clay lips,
 A smile of heavenly birth.

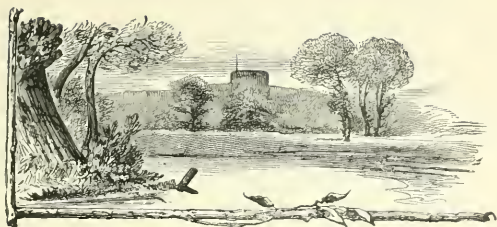
I never shall vorget tha zeene,
 Wen Dick wur buried low ;
 Zich loud laments, zich bitter zighs,
 Zich tears in streams did vlow.

Underds there stood aroun his greave,
An wen a hymn thay zung ;
Thay wur abliged ta turn thur yeads,
Becaws ther hearts wur rung.

Tha Choir bwoys in zurplis white,
Wie trimblin voices thick ;
Thay skierce cud zing, var zarrer keen,
Ah thinkin on Poor Dick.

Zo there he lays, one zide tha church,
In a leetle narrer cell ;
Bit glorious truth, we know that now
His soul in heaven da dwell.





GRAMFER SHAANT GOO INTA WIRKHOUSE.

Nunno! a shaant goo inta Wirkhouse
While I've a crowst a bread,
An can manage var ta keep
A roof auver me yead.

As long as I have got me health,
An straingth ta yarn a shillin,
An tha parish voke ull low a bit,
Ta keep un I be willin.

An if tha wunt, I'd zooner pinch
Than zee un goo up there,
Aelthough 'tis baddish times anuff,
An nuthen I've ta speare.

Var poor woold man he's haughty two,
His hair's as white as snow,
An totterin is his gait an step,
A da sheak an trimble zo.

Mworn zixty years a shepperdin
 A wur apon tha plaain,
 As bwoy, an man, a tenden sheep
 I wind an starm and rain.

An many be tha zites he've zeed,
 An many be tha tales,
 What happen'd when a wur a bwoy,
 Amang thease hills an vales.

When I, a chile, how many times
 He've took I on his knee,
 An twould I bout girt Wellington,
 An his veamous victory.

An tears thay hood rin out his eyes,
 As thic tale he went droo,
 Var his ony bwoy : my Fiather brave,
 Wur killed at Waterloo.

Eece, an well he caals ta mine tha day
 When tha steage coach did rattle
 We lightenin speed ael droo thease vale
 We news of thic girt battle.

How, when a stopped a leetle while
 At tha public on tha green,
 Tha village voke ael vlock'd aroun
 To hear tha news za keen.

And when twur know'd that Wellington,
 Had konkerd Bonnypart,
 What cheers went up, za long, an loud,
 Vrim every English heart.

Var droo tha country Bonny's neam
 Had caas'd voke girt alarm,
 An down right thankvull wur em now
 A cooden do no yarm.

An long tha thankvull cheers went up,
 An drink went vreely round,
 We jay, becaas tha English voke
 Had beat the Vrenchmin zound.

Nevir avore, an nevir zunce,
 Av ther bin zich adoo,
 Ael droo tha lan, as when tha news
 Did com bout Waterloo.

Var twur a glorious vite, da zaay,
 Woold zawljers, brave an hoary,
 Who's livin now ta tell about
 Thic ar veam'd day a glory.

Bit when tha vlush a victory
 Had passed away again,
 What mwournen did goo droo tha lan
 Var thousands that wur slain.

An when tha news rach'd Gramfer's cot
 That Fiather he wur kill'd,
 What tears wur shed, what anguish keen
 Mother an Gramfer vill'd.

Bit nevir mind me lass, zaays he,
 A Fiather now I'll be,
 Thy mate, my zon, died viten vur
 His king and countery.

Tha widder an tha vatherless

A took into his cot,

An well a keer'd var bouath a we,

Till I ta manhood got.

An shill I then, now he is woold,

Not yeable var ta wirk,

Ze un goo hoff ta Wirkhouse,

An me bounden duty shirk.

Nunno, a shaant goo inta Wirkhouse,

Bit com an sheare me cot,

Tho' main scauty be me means,

A shill have haf I got.

Var poor woold man he's helpless quite

An veeble as a ehile,

His wants be vew, his heart's content,

Var ael he've got a smile.

An shood er live a vew mwore years,

I'll do my baste ta cheer

An brighten up his days a bit,

As long as he be here.

In zummer, wen tha days be warm,

In archet he shill perch,

Under tha girt elm tree an watch

Tha voke goo inta Church.

An when tha evenins thay be vine,

I'll vill his heart wie jay,

An teak un out amang tha zenes,

A rambled, wen a bwoy.

I'll draa un out on top tha hill,
 In Squire's dree-wheel'd cheer,
 Zo's he can look aroun wonee mwore
 On zenes that be za dear.

An wen tha gloomy winter comes,
 An vrost an snow be here,
 He shill zit warm an cozy like,
 In his girt big yarm cheer.

An while tha log is burnin bright,
 Agean he shall goo droo,
 His oft twould tale a Wellinton
 An tha vite at Waterloo.

Zoo a shaant goo inta Wirkhouse,
 While I've a crowst a bread,
 An can manage var ta keep
 A roof auver me yead.



POOR TOM.

Lissen awhile, kine gentle voke,
Vor zure, tis time zombiddy spoke
Bout poor woold Tom, who's well-know'd veace,
Is zo vamilliar roun ower pleace.

Come an behold his tiny cot ;
Zee vor yerselves his lowly lot ;
Yer hearts I'm zure'll veel distress
Wen you da zee ziele wretchedness.

One room above and one below,
No vurniture var empty show ;
A vew woold chattels, wor'd an plain,
Is ael Tom's cottage do contain.

An here apon tha ewold damp bricks,
Jenny, his wife, var long days zix
Out of the zeven, at her tub,
Da wash and iren, rub and scrub.

Poor crater, wat a life be hers,
Her haggard look, 'ull bring ee tears ;
Heet tis zeldom she complains,
Tho her frame is racked wie pains.

Var sweet contentment vills her heart,
An well she carries out her peart,
An thinks much wuss be other's lots,
Who, wanderen, av no humble cots.

An every night ta heaven her prayer
Gooes up wie thanks var humble vare ;
But who that knows her ease shill deer
Ta say that ample is her sheare.

Tis a paaltry zum that she da yearn,
 An tha parish officers be stern ;
 Herself she hardly can zustain,
 An the parish must poor Tom maintain
 Poor Tom, the butt of ael tha bwoys,
 Who jeer un wie ther shouts an naise,
 Wich offen brings un pains an yeakes,
 Tho in good peart he ael o'it teakes.

Two shillings an two loaves a bread
 He gets, so he's not auver ved,
 Tho zomtimes praphs he avs a chance,
 Thease little lowances to enhance.

A smaal job praphs vaals in his way,
 Ta bring un in zim extry pay ;
 Bit this tha parish mussen know,
 Or they meaken ael on it vorego.

Poor Tom av zeed zim bitter strife,
 Ael droo out his wary life ;
 Var ever trated as a drudge,
 Heet his woold heart neer velt a grudge.

A poor woold wor'd out man he's now,
 We deep lines furrowed on his brow ;
 Dree score and ten he long av past,
 His health and straingth is vailen vast.

* * * * *

Ye wealthy, I appeal ta you,
 Wen by thease tiny cot you goo,
 Jist gie a caal, and then you'll see
 If thay dwoant desERVE your charity.



A TEMPERANCE
DIALOGUE
BY
JOE AND TOM,
TWO WILTSHIRE
LEABOURERS.

JOE.

“ Good grayshus, Tummas, ow de do,
Why, hoo’d a thought a zeein you?
Voke thinks you’m in a voreign clime.
As ya hant bin zeed, ver zich a time.
In Austilyer, or Americky,
We zurely thought ya now hoo’d be ;
Bit raaly Tom, ya looks main well,
An bissen teo, a girt big swell.
Wie that vine clothes an thie goold chain
Ya beant a leabourer now, that’s plain ;
Ya’ve ad a wind vall I allow,
Ya zurely now dwoant vollie plough.”

TOM.

“ *Well!* you med steer a I, vren Joe,
Za different to zom time ago,
Bit let me gie ee ta unnerstan
I hant a zeed nar voreign lan ;

Tis zartin true, var zom time now,
 That I've a gied up vollien plough,
 Bit I've ad nar wind vall as ya think,
 Bit this is het, I've gied up *drink*."

JOE.

"What! Tom Whissler turn'd teetotaler,
 What ever nex will my ears hear ;
 Var of ael I've know'd in my time past,
 Ta turn, I thought thee'st be tha last.
 What! Tom Whissler, tha merry chap,
 As var nuthen diden keer a rap,
 Who every night down at tha "Bear,"
 Wur tha jolliest veller there ;
 Who cood joke, an smoke, an drink beer,
 An zing a zong za nice an clear.
 An in winter, gean tha vire warm
 Wie ael tha chaps apou tha varn.
 Coold'st crack a joke an tell a tale,
 We any on'em in thease vale.
 Who at dice an cards a reglar ard'un.
 A dapster, too, at cork an varden ;
 Who wur look'd to, be ael tha bwoys,
 Ta zettle up any leetle noise.
 Who's very look, ar nod wur laa,
 Ta quickly stop ther clammerin jaa ;
 Eece, an carry off we thee mwore beer,
 Than any oance, wieout bein queer.
 Why, I never dram'd thee'st com ta this.
 Unless thee'st jined tha Methodis,

Who var varty years an mwore, I think,
Av bin runnin down a drap a drink."

TOM.

"Eece, an honner to em, good vren Joe,
That thay at drink av struck a blow ;
Tis right anuff wat you've a zed,
Bout me young days, wat a life I led,
When you thought I a jolly veller,
Becaws I wur a leetle meller ;
Wen I wur on a drinken bout,
An cud carry twice as much about ;
A dale a yarm it done, I know it,
Ony, begar, I'd never show it ;
Nuthin bit drink, I then did crave,
Ta drink, vren Joe, I wur a slave ;
But now I've done, I tell ee plain,
An tha stuff I'll nevir touch again ;
An if, vren Joe, you'm in tha mine,
I'll tell ee how twer I did zine."

JOE.

"Well, as I've a leetle time ta speer,
I raaly, Tom, shid like ta hear,
Var zeems ta I za martal queer,
That thee shid'st gie up drinken beer.
I wur gwain to 'ax thee, I declare,
Ta goo we I down to tha "Bear,"
Becaws I thought thee kine woold heart
Var vrenship seak hood stan a quart.
Howzemdever, lets tha stawry hear,
How twer thee'st turn'd teetotaler."

TOM.

"Wen zix years agoo I lav'd thase please
 I diden know where ta turn me veace.
 Me clothes an boots wur martal bad,
 An dree an zix, wur ael I had.
 An as I trudg'd along tha road,
 At me heart ther led a heavy load ;
 Var I raaly diden zeem ta know,
 Which way ta steer, ar wur ta go.
 Zoo on I plodded, wor'd an wary,
 Var miles apon tha highway drary,
 Till at a Pub apon tha way,
 Tired out, I wur abliged ta stay,
 An there me money zoon did shrink
 Tha time I'd paid var lodge an drink.
 Tho var any job me hands wur willin,
 I vound mezelf wieout a shillin,
 Zoo I resolved at tha nex town,
 Com what hood, I'd zettle down.
 Vull thirty miles it wur quite,
 Avore I rach'd a town thic night,
 An then I voun that I'd a com
 Nearly a underd miles vrim wom.
 Zoo wen twer light nex marnin I,
 Ael bout thick town var wirk did try,
 An nearly gied up in despear,
 Till I vill in we a gierdener,
 Who ax'd if I cud dig an plant.
 As a chap var that he wur in want,

Zoo I took tha job, wie out delay,
 Var dree months, at haaf-a-crown a day.
 Tha time had nearly slipp'd away,
 When Measter com's ta I one day,
 An zaays, 'young man yer quarter's gone,
 Bit if ya like ya can stop on,
 An if var twelve month's you'll agree,
 Steeds a haf-a-crown, I'll gie ee dree.'
 'O, thank ee, Zur,' I zoon replies,
 While tears a joy rin'd out me eyes,
 'Ya zartinly be very kine,
 Ta lave ee I hant got no mine.'
 Bit, ah, vren Joe, I'm vex'd ta zaay,
 It done no good to rise me pay,
 Var every night wen wirk wur done,
 To Public house I hoff did run ;
 Companion toppers zoon I vound,
 Notorious drinkers ael around,
 Smokin an boozen every night,
 Wur me whole an zole delight,
 Till turn out time, then wom did slink,
 An roll ta bade zoak'd out we drink ;
 Me wirk I zoon begun ta glect,
 An to be zack'd I did expect,
 Zoo I should, bit tha rason why,
 Measter got drunk as well as I,
 An zo at I a cudden sneer,
 Wen a zeed I wur tha wust var beer.
 Well, things went on vrim bad ta wuss,
 Var nuthen I diden keer a cuss ;

Drinkin an spendin wie ael me might,
 Ruinen me zawl an body quite ;
 Till dree year agoo, las Crismis Eve,
 Zummat happ'd, thee hardly hoot believe,
 Wich I shaant varget, ah ! never vear.
 If I da live a underd year.
 A young chap who I caal'd me chum,
 Who a drap a drink zoon auver com,
 Perposed that he an I shid spen
 Crismis Eve in gwain ta zee a vren.
 Var a adden zeed un zich a while,
 An twurden vur, about zix mile ;
 ' We'll av a hoss an trap,' zays he,
 ' Zo's we can teak it haiseley.'
 ' O eece, I'm one wie thee,' zays I.
 ' An on my gwain thee med'st rely.'
 Zo wen ower wirk wur done thic day.
 Hoff bouath oance went, we sperits gay,
 Well laden wie a drop a prime,
 Cos, doosen zee, twur Crismis time ;
 An purty well we did carouse,
 Avore we got to his vren's house,
 Which wur a Public on tha green,
 Tha neam on it tha " King an Queen."
 Bout haite a'clock we did arrive,
 An tha house wie voke wur ael alive,
 Var tha Host wur one who did believe,
 In bein jolly on Crismis Eve ;
 An zo to keep tha sazon up,
 Customers wur vited inta zup,

An no mistake, grub ther wur plenty,
 Ta zatisfy tha haight an twenty,
 Wich wur tha number that zat down,
 Besides my chum an I vrim town.
 An na mistake var a nower quite,
 Ache oance did ate wie ael his mite,
 An atter that we did carouse,
 As cheermain zed var good'th house.
 Var when tha cloth wur clar'd away,
 Ache one var his own drink mist pay.
 Gallons a beer wur zoon brought in,
 Then bottles a brandy, rum, an gin.
 An merrily on, tha time did jog,
 As we zat there and drunk ower grog;
 Ache zung his zong, ache crack'd his joke,
 Tha room wur vill'd we naise and smoke.
 Then quarts a strong gin hot wur brew'd,
 Till half the company wur screw'd.
 Tha drink went down, zom vill asleep,
 Zom manag'd out tha door ta creep.
 Like lunatics we ael wur dazed,
 Zom zilly, zullen, an amazed;
 When Landlard he out loud did shout,
 'Tis twelve a'clock, ya must turn out.
 Zo good chaps ael, wieout delay,
 Quietly I trust ya'll goo away.'
 Well, up I gets ta vind me vriend,
 Who wur asleep tha tother end.
 'Come Jack,' zays I, 'come stir about,
 Tis twelve a'clock, we must turn out.'

Wie that I haul'd un to his veet,
 An got un out into tha street.
 Wur trap an pony bouth wur ready,
 An hoff we went not auver steady.
 Var Jack a zeem'd mwore dade'n alive,
 Zoo I took hold tha rains ta drive.
 ' Let goo,' zays he, ' diss think I'm tite,
 Thee mine thee zelf, I be ael rite.'
 Then wie tha whip, tha pony he
 Did lash away, a zeem'd ta vlee.
 ' Var God seek, do pull up,' zays I,
 ' Thee't drave ess up tha baink bim bye.'
 Bit no a diden, nar hooden heed,
 Bit, Jehu like, kept up tha speed.
 There wur no moon, we had no lamp,
 Tha road, dark as a dismal swamp.
 An vore we had got skierce a mile,
 Me blood wur up an like ta bwile.
 Var I felt zure that zom mishap,
 Hood auverteak ess in thic trap,
 ' Var heav'ns seek do let I drave,
 If thee to-night our necks oot save';
 Bit, no; mwore stubborn than a pig,
 Declared a did enjoy tha jig,
 An grunted out, in mumblin taak,
 ' If I like'd I cood get out an waak.
 Bit, no, I cudden lave me mate,
 Aloane a draven in thic state
 An zo I let un av his way,
 Tho I rue it till thease very day;

Var bout a mile vrim tha town,
 As a steep hill, we wur rattlin down,
 Like lightenin, along dash'd we,
 Tha leetle Pony zeem'd ta vlee ;
 Bit skierely we had got haf way,
 Var his volly, he had dear ta pay ;
 Var ael at once tha Pony stumbled,
 An out bouth on 'ees quick, wur tumbled.
 A hair breadth eskeap, I met no harm,
 Seave a bruis'd nose, an broken yarm :
 An to mezelf when I'd a com,
 I zet ta work ta help me chum.
 Var there he wur, jist wur a vill,
 Stretch'd out apon thic road quite still,
 Wie his veace downurds in tha mud,
 Ael covered up wie dirt and blood ;
 Var he'd a pitch'd rite on he's yead,
 An there a lay like one that's dead.
 I lissened hard ta hear un breathe,
 Bit, ah ! his buzzom ceased ta heave ;
 Eece, gone vur ever, wur his breath,
 An there a led in the jaaws a death.

* * * * * *

Ah, Joe ! ya never can zurmise,
 My veelins at his glassy eyes,
 Of thic young man, who zuddenly
 Wur hurried to eternity.
 It nearly drove I to despear
 Ta zee his bleeden body there.

Jist picter to yerzef, vriend Joe,
 My steat of mind, my bitter woe,
 Ta be in zich a awful plight,
 An in tha middle of tha night.
 Ah! twur a terriyable warnin,
 Ta I on thic ar Crismis marnin.

* * * * *

Then at tha inquest wich took place,
 I wur rated zoundly, thee midst gace,
 Var tha Coroner a diden shrink
 Ta tell I that it wur droo drink;
 ‘Young man,’ zed he, ‘a hinstance zad,
 Of thease yer drinkin bouts, you’ve had,
 Teake my advice, an vrim this day,
 Never touch that as leads astray.’
 An vrom tha day a thic mishap,
 Vren Joe, I’ve never teast a drap.”

JOE.

“Well, raaly, Tummas, I mist zay,
 Twur nuff ta vill ee wie dismay,
 An meak ee shun a drap a drink,
 When on yer vrens feate you da think;
 Bit, I raaly cant think, I shid stint
 Acos a thic there accident.
 Not ony that, very well ya know,
 Ther’s thousands in thease wordle, Joe,
 That in moderation avs a drap,
 An never av ad no mishap.
 Bezides, diss know, a leetle cup
 A nice wom brew’d ull cheer ee up,

An ael auver zeems ta do ee good
 When you be in a dullish mood.
 An a leetle drap a grog thee'st know
 Da zet yer woold heart in a glow."

TOM.

" O eece, vren Joe, 'tis very true.
 Of moderate drinkers ther's a vew,
 Who ne'er av bin tha wuss var drink,
 Aelthough thay mid bin on tha brink ;
 Bit this, me vren, ya must confess,
 If ther's no drink ther's no excess.
 Var zom, wen wonce thay teast tha stuff,
 Dwoant nevir know when thay've anuff ;
 An this ya know var zartin zure,
 Teetotalers aelways be zecure ;
 Var if vrom it thay do abstain,
 Thay cant get drunk, thats purty plain,
 Bit yer moderate drinker's nevir zure,
 Bit what zom day it med allure,
 An he mid teak mwore than he meant,
 Aelthough it mid be gainst his bent.
 Ah ! tis a temptin dangerous snare,
 An vrom its wiles, vren Joe, teak care."

JOE.

" That's true what you've a zed, I think,
 Voke cant get drunk if thay dwoant drink,
 Bit then, ya zee, tis nayshun ard,
 A drap a lotion to discard ;
 Specially when coms on tha cheap,
 Who ever cood teetotaller keep.

Besides, how nice a nower da pass,
 Wie a vren in avin a social glass ;
 Tis very well var voke that's wake,
 Who offen has a drunken frake,
 An spens their money at tha Pub,
 While wife an vamily wants var grub,
 An bout ael day da idle lurk,
 A boozen, steeds a doin wirk,
 Bit then, diss know, I beant like thay,
 I ony spens vourpence a day."

TOM.

" Vourpence a day, if that's ael, Joe,
 Tis two an vower a week, diss know,
 An if ya reckons var a year,
 Ta zix pounds it'll com main near,
 An, doosen think it purty dear,
 Ta pay out, var a drap a beer ;
 An wats a got ta show var it,
 Nuthen at ael, thee must admit.
 Now if that money thee didst save,
 A lot a comferts thee cud'st have,
 Thee zoon cud'st buy a watch an chain,
 An if tha Landlard did complain,
 An at thee turn up his rid nose,
 Com out in a new zuit a clothes,
 Woold chums at vust thee't zure ta fend,
 Bit, thay'll like thee better in tha end,
 Zoo never mind, a bit their chaff,
 Tis thee as can avoord ta laff ;
 Var zunce I turn'd teetotaler,
 Wich is gettin on var vower year,

I've seaved a tidy bit a chink,
 Wich hood a gone in that ar drink ;
 Not ony that, zince Measter died,
 Tha Missus do in I confide,
 An now I'm manager, ya zee,
 An tha business carries on var she.
 Who knows bit what, zom day, she med,
 Ax I, if I'm inclined ta wed ;
 Var, bless thee heart, tha winnemen voke,
 Zart a lanes to a teetotal bloke."

JOE.

" Well, raaly 'Tummas, I mist own.
 Zom waity razons you've a shown,
 Why I shid gie up drinken beer
 A seave me money, year be year,
 I plainly zee dwoant do much good,
 An gie it up, got mint I hood."

TOM.

" Com on then, Joe, meak up thee mine,
 Com down ta Coffee shop an zine,
 An ther we'll ave a jolly tay,
 An var it ael thee vren'll pay ;
 I'm zartin zure thee't neer regret,
 Bit bless tha day we bouth oance met."

JOE.

" Eece, zo I will, an now yer gooes,
 Ta zign tha pledge, an keep vrim booze,
 Good bye, me drinken vrens, good bye,
 Shaant wet wie you nar nother eye.
 Good bye, woold Landlard of tha " Bear,"
 I hant got no mwore caish to spare,
 Zo dwont ee tempt me, high nar low,
 I tell ee straight, no mwore var Joe."

THE COURTSHIP
OF
MISTER CLAY
AN
WIDDER RAY.



Tom Clay he wur a publican,
An no dout, a girt zinner,
An he vill in love we Widder Ray,
An mead up his mine ta win her.
An strainge to zay thase Widder Ray,
Vor vive years had we stood,
Many attempts ta meak her drow
Away her widderhood.
Vor wen her lovers poured ther love,
A them she took no heed,
Bit twold em strait she never hood
Drow off her widder's weed.
Becaus her leat good man he left
Her means anuff vore life,
An mead her promise vore he died,
Ta be no other's wife.

“Vor why,” zed he. “becaus ya know,
 Wen men ther love provess,
 Vor you me dear they’ll ony want,
 Yer money ta pozess.

Zo zingle keep me own dear spouze,
 Vor you med live in haze,
 Not ony that if you keep zo,
 Ya can do as ya plaze.”

Zo vrim that day thase widder vair,
 Her lovers kept at bay,
 Till now her han wur wonce mwore zought,
 Be ower vren Tom Clay.

Tom kep a Inn, tha Lion Rid,
 Ael in tha very street,
 Wur Widder Ray wur zettled down,
 Who oft he used ta meet.

Tom had a pony chaise which he,
 Let to tha voke about,
 An Widder Ray she oft did hire,
 An Tom’s man drove her out.

An offen wen his pony chaise,
 Stood by tha Widder’s door,
 Tom wished he wur his man hiszelf,
 Zo’s he his love cud pour.

Bit one vine day this Widder Ray,
 A note ta Tom zent down,
 Ta zen at wonce his pony chaise,
 Ta teak her inta town.

Tom's man was ill in bade thick day,

Therefore he cooden go,

Zays he, "I hood ablige, a couse,

Bit who ta zen dwoant know."

"A happy thought," zays he, "at las,

I be a lucky elf,

Here, sister Ann, you mine tha house,

I'll drave her in mezelf."

Zo Tom he rigged hiszelf aelout,

In his very baste attire,

An a choice vlower putt in his ewoat,

Var tha Widder to admire.

Wieout delay, then Mister Clay,

Drove off like won in steat,

An zoon tha pony chaise an he,

Stood vore tha Widder's geat.

"Good marnin, mam," zays Mister Clay,

"Good morn," zaid Widder Ray,

"My hostler, mam, is very ill,

Unvit ta drave ta day.

An as yer note expressed a wish,

Ta goo at once ta town,

In order not ta disapoint,

I will mezelf drave down."

Tha widder wie a pleazin smile,

Zaid, "'Tis very kind of you,

'Tis urgent that I should be there,

Zom business I've to do."

Then Widder Ray she took her seat,
 An Tom arranged tha rug,
 Zo that she med ride ael tha way,
 Zo cozy like an snug.

An off they went ael down tha street,
 Thase two good voke tagether,
 An Hinglish like tha zoon begun,
 A takin bout tha weather.

Tom's ears wur charm'd we her sweet vaice,
 His heart wie love did glow,
 Bit ow ta bring tha zubject up,
 Heem dang if he did know.

Tho he ta draain well wur used,
 In bottled yale or stout,
 Bit, ah, he voun twur different,
 To draa a leady out.

An vor zom time upon tha road,
 Tha zilence skierce wur broke,
 Vor Tom wur studden in his mine,
 Wen at last tha Widder spoke.

" I think this month the sweetest time,
 Of any in the year,
 Although it always brings to me,
 Full many a mournful tear.

For in September I remember,
 My poor dear husban died,
 And she let a tear drop fall,
 And gently she sighed.

An tho' 'tis pleasant now to look,
 On things so green and gay,
 Fast turning into hues of gold,
 But soon to fade away.

Yes, everything in life so fair,
 We know one day it must,
 Like the green leaf, wither away,
 And turn to clay or dust."

Ah! ah! thought Tom wein hiszelf,
 O anything I'd gie,
 If Widder Ray ud turn ta *Clay*,
 Ee'ce while alive she be.

"A ee'ce," zed Tom, "tha valling leaf,
 No doubt da gie ee pain,
 Bit tho thay vull an zoon decay,
 Thay'll zoon bust out again.

Ta mwourn vor dear departed things,
 Is well praphs vor a sazoon,
 Bit ver one's life ta dwell on zich,
 I dwoant think there's much rason.

Specially voke skierce in ther prime,
 Who med a lost those dear,
 Atter a while shid reckinzile,
 An brite agean appear."

Tom chuckled much wein hiszelf,
 Wat he hood gie ta know,
 Tha Widder's mine, heet still he guessed,
 Wen she answered un, "Just so."

'Tis very plain she teaks tha hint
 Well, that is a beginnin,
 I zee, I mussen goo ta vast,
 If her I hood be winnin.

No mwore wur zed apun thic head,
 Var zoon they rach'd tha town.
 An Tom, avore tha County Bank.
 Did zet tha Widder down.

Then ta tha Plough he quick drove back,
 Ta zee his woold vren Able,
 Likewise revesh hiszelf, an putt
 His pony in tha steable.

"Hel-oh, me vren!" outspoke tha Host,
 "What brings ee in ta day?
 Wur't you I zeed drave by jist now,
 Along wie Widder Ray."

"Why ee'ee," zays Tom, "if you must knaa,
 My hostler's very queer,
 An zo I wur obliged ya zee,
 Ta drave tha leady here."

"Ah! ah! I zee," zed Able out,
 "A pleazant job, by jove,
 I dear zay Tom, ya looks on it,
 As a leabour of pure love.

I zays ta Caraline jist now,
 Wen we zeed you drave past,
 'Why, zurly Tom hant nevir won,
 Tha Widder's han at last.'

Now look here Tom, I knaa quite well,
 Tha Widder you adore,
 Bit bere in mine she av bin zought,
 Be nearly half a score.

Bit that's no razin why *your* love
 She medden entertain,
 Ael I can zay, I wich ee luck,
 An hope her han ya'll gain.

Bit Widders, Tom, av deep, deep hearts,
 Vor a man ta undermine,
 Jist zee ow long it did teak I,
 Ta win me Caraline.

Ver wen I used ta pawer me love,
 She got za awfully down,
 An used ta zi an cry "O dear,
 My poor departed Brown."

That zoon wore off, and now she is,
 Tha happiest wife in town,
 An nevir a wurd da she bring up,
 Bout her departed Brown.

Teak my advice, me trusty vren,
 If you want Widder Ray,
 Wi tell her zo out bwold an strait,
 An not an hour delay.

Vor widders, Tom, I dwoant keer how,
 Hi ar low ther station,
 In love matters caant abeer,
 Much equivercation.

Zo wen nex you av a chance,
 Dwoant be dum like a dunce,
 Bit pluck up courage an begin,
 Ta pawer it out at wonce.

Coose, praphs a fusal on tha spur,
 Wi very like it may be,
 Bit Tom, remember that vaint heart,
 Nevir won vair leady.

Zo nevir mine dwoant let that dant,
 Bit tha attack renew,
 An I'll lay a guinea in tha en,
 She'll gie her hand ta you.

Zo mine thase night ya'll av a chance,
 As you drave wom again,
 Thervore meak up yer mine at wonce,
 Ax her tha question plain."

Then to tha house thase chums repaired,
 Ta greet good Missus Able,
 An ther she wur like ael good wives,
 Layin out tha dinner table.

" Well Tom, my bwoy, I wish ee joy,
 Var as I unnerstan,
 It is quite true that you at las,
 Av won tha Widder's han.

I zays to Able, that I did,
 Jist now wen you went bye ;
 I'm zartin zure it is ael rite
 Ya bouth did look za shy."

“ Not heet, my dear,” zed Able out,
 “ Tom ant a won hur yet,
 Bit that he do avore dree months
 Any money I’ll bet.”

“ Zo I shid think,” zays she quite blunt,
 “ Vor wat ooman cud wiestan,
 Zich a hansim man as Tom,
 If he pressed vor her han.

’Tis true that others vain av tried,
 Ta urge on her ther views,
 Bit wat be they compar’d ta Tom,
 Wi, regular dumpty screws.

’Tis lucky too vor Widder Ray
 That ael on em she danted,
 Vor ’tis quite plain tha mwoast on em,
 Ony her money wanted.

Bit Tom we know’s too generous,
 Ta want her vor her money,
 Aelthough a vortune’s well anuff,
 An makes things a leetle zunny.”

“ Wi, raaly, mam, ya vlatteer me,”
 At last zed Mister Clay,
 “ I dwoant think I be worthy o,
 Half tha good things ya zay.

I dwoant wish tha Widder vor her goold,
 Bit can a man be human,
 Not to admire above ael else,
 Zo good an vair a ooman.”

An thus tha converzation run'd,
 As they ael zat at dinner,
 Tha Ables' bouth instructin Tom,
 Ow he med ably win her.

"Wen do ya start ver wom," zays they,
 Zed Tom, "I skiercely know,
 Tha leady zed she hood caal yer,
 Wen she's prepared ta go."

"O! if she do," zays Missus A.,
 "Bit com inzide ower latch,
 I'm bless'd if, Tom, avore she goes,
 If I dwoant meak tha match."

Zoon atter vour then, at tha door,
 There stood tha Widder Ray,
 She rang tha bell, an ax'd tha maid,
 "Ta goo an tell Tom Clay."

Then Missus A. she quick run out,
 Ta greet tha Widder there,
 An implored her that she would,
 Wak in an teak a chair.

Now Widder Ray, until that day,
 Had ne'er bin to Tha Plough,
 An nevir a wird to Missus A.,
 Had spoken until now.

An as they zat together there,
 Waiten var tha pony chaise,
 Missus Able she began ta prate,
 Zo ably Tom's praize.

Thus she begun, "wat a nice man,
 Now is'nt Mister Clay,
 Zo generous, young, an hansim too,
 An aelways zeems zo gay.

Even gentlemin as coms ta dine,
 I offen hear em zay,
 'Wot a noble, jolly chap,
 Is that young fellow, Clay.'

Yes, an offen in tha hunten vield,
 He times av bin mistook,
 By his bearin dignified,
 Vor zom noble Duke."

"Well, certainly," said Widder Ray,
 "I really must allow,
 He seems a little different,
 To what most men are now."

Wie that the conversation closed,
 Ver tha pony chaise came by,
 An off she went with Mister Clay,
 Whose heart wie hope beat hi.

Zaid Widder Ray to Mister Clay,
 "I would a favour ask,
 is that you will drive me quick,
 If not too great a task.

A wretched fellow of a man
 Since I've been in tha town,
 Has been dogging me about,
 And following up and down.

He tries to press himself on me,
 I may as well now state,
 But I the fellow and his love,
 Most detestably hate."

"Indeed," zays Tom, wie much zurprise,
 "He zurely mam shill zee,
 If he attempts to voller you,
 That I his voe will be."

Tom urged his steed an on he went,
 As vast as he cud go,
 An twold tha Widder that she now.
 Was clear a her dread voe.

Bit guess his roth wen at her geat,
 Tha very veller stood,
 Zays Tom, "I'd like to tan his hide,
 Tid raaly do me good."

Tha Widder nearly swoon'd away,
 Ta zee tha veller stand,
 Bit Tom jump'd out an to un went,
 His business to demand.

Tha veller wie a hideous scowl
 Zed, "wat is that to you?
 Tha leady is a vren a mine,
 An I wants a interview."

"'Tis valse," zays Tom, "now look thee here,
 If thee dwoant goo away,
 I'll tan thy hide true's I'm alive,
 Ar my neam beant Tom Clay."

“Be hoff,” zays he, “an neer let I.
 Zet eyes on thee again,
 Zure my neams Clay, thee rue tha day,
 I dwoant promise, mine, in vain.”

Tha veller turn'd and left tha pleece,
 His fream ael auver shook,
 An as a went, he glanced at Tom,
 A mwoast unearthly look.

Then Mister Clay sought Widder Ray,
 Who in tha house had vled,
 “Madam,” says he, “I raaly think,
 That veller's lost his yead.”

Zays he, “zim mischief he med do.
 A courze, I'm no director,
 Bit raaly man I gins ta think,
 You require a protector.

Ta nite he med be here agean,
 An his strange vrake begin,
 If you'll accept my aid tis yours,
 Wen I've putt the pony in.”

“'Tis very kind of you,” said she.
 “For I really dread tha man,
 And as you say, he really may,
 Another visit plan.”

That nite at haight before tha geat,
 Stood Mister Thomas Clay,
 An as he hoped, zoon voun hiszelf,
 Aloane wie Widder Ray.

“ Good evenin, mam, you zee I am,
 Com up as you requested,
 An much I trust, that crazy chap,
 Has not again molested.”

“ Not he,” said she, “ for much I think,
 Your presence frightened him,
 I trust ’tis so, and hope twill cure,
 His very silly whim.”

“ Ah ! madam dear,” zaid Mister Clay,
 “ ’Tis a curious thing, by jove,
 Wat power a ooman has on man,
 Wen he’s desperately in love.

Ee’ce anything, nay everything,
 Mwoast zurely he’ll do,
 Wen he got love, heart burnin love,
 Zuch as I got vor you.”

“ O, Mister Clay,” said Widder Ray,
 “ What are you saying now ?
 Really Sir, such importunateness,
 I never can allow.”

“ Madam ’ zed Tom, “ jist list a while,
 Wile I ta you da spake,
 Ver I declare, and if need be sware,
 Mine is no zilly frake.

I love you mam, ee'ce mam I do,
 Mwore than ael on this earth,
 Tho I adore, let me implore,
 Dwoant think it of small worth.

Ya av my heart, gie I yer han,
 An dwoant ee say me nay,
 Ver if ya do, zoon, zoon ull toll
 Tha bell ver poor Tom Clay."

Bit while poor Tom apou his knees,
 His ardent love did pour,
 He jump'd uprite, wie sheer avrite
 Be a loud rap at tha door.

An Widder Ray she swoon'd away,
 An cried, "'tis he! 'tis he!"
 An Tom a swore, "if twur tha bore,
 His death he zure hood be."

Then to tha door he rush'd wie speed,
 Demandin who was there,
 "It's I! it's I! zed a crazy vaice,
 "Com ta zee me leady vair."

"Hang me," zays Tom, and zo it be,
 By thic squeamish beller,"
 An quick a opened wide tha door,
 An gaz'd apou tha veller.

"Now look thee here," outspoke Tom Clay,
 "Thee hast bin yer avore,"
 Then straithe his back begun to whack,
 Wile mainly he did roar.

“ A purty lout ta dog about,
 Another good man’s wife,
 Com swear to I, thee’t let her be,
 If thee hoost av thee life.”

“ Marey,” cried he “ marey var I,”
 He piteously did whine,
 “ Ver I daclare I diden knaa,
 Tha leady she wur thine.

Ee’ce, ee’ce, I’ll promise anything,
 If thou hoot let me go,
 Ver now she’s thine, I’ll drown mezelf,
 In tha pond that’s down below.”

Tom loosened un an hoff a went,
 As vast as he eud limp,
 Zays Tom, “ I think that medicine,
 U’ll cure tha crazy imp.”

Poor Widder Ray zat as won dade,
 Tha shock did so avrite her,
 Bit when Tom Clay com back agean,
 She got a leetle briter.

Zays Tom, “ I think that veller ne’er
 U’ll visit yer again,
 Var tha tannen he’ve a ad ta nite,
 Wunt be received in vain.”

“ An now dear man,” zays Tom once mwore,
 “ Now that the coast is clear,
 O med I hope won day ta av,
 That wat I prize sa dear.”

Tha Widder she hung down her head,
Then heavily she sighed,

“ O Mister Clay I must say nay,
Vor when my husdand died,—

He wished me to keep single, yes,
As long as I did live,

Therefore, you see, it cannot be,
My hand I dare not give.”

“ O Missus Ray,” said Mister Clay,
“ Long years, it be now vive,
Zince your good usbin, Mister Ray.
Was here on earth alive.

An you av wore those widder’s weeds,
Ael droo that dreary time,
And zay you must until tha las
An you not in yer prime.

O Missus Ray, now will it pray,
Do your leat usbin good,
If you yer days mane to live out,
Ael in dull widderhood.

Your veelins much I do admire,
Ver shows I very clearly,
That yer late usbin in his day,
Ya loved mwoast zincerely.

Then if yer wedded lives wur bliss,
Tha time ya liv’d tagether,
Zay, madam zay, mite we not av,
Zim mwore zich blissvull weather.

You've zed ya do respect me, mam,
 Mwore then ael men bezide,
 Then wi, mam, wi, shid you refuse,
 Ta become agean a bride.

I swear be ael that's good and true,
 If you will bit konzent,
 I never will gie you a caws,
 Ta zay ya did repent."

"O Mister Clay," zaid Widder Ray,
 While tears her eyes did vill,
 "Such love sincere, to me seems dear,
 And so I think I will!

But this I say, dear Mister Clay,
 If you are to be mine,
 It's on condition that you will,
 Give up tha Public line."

"Me love," zays Tom, "now you zays ee'ee,
 Anything ya med deman,
 Ya knaw it's true, anything I'll do,
 Ta win yer heart an han."

zweet bliss, a nower like this,"
 Zaid Mister Thomas Clay,
 As he quite vree did press tha han
 Of tha buxom Widder Ray.

"Wen shill it be, me love," zed he,
 "That happy, happy day,
 That day, I mean, me lovely queen,
 Wen you'll be Missus Clay?"

She took Tom's han, an as tha clock,
 Tha hour a twelve did strike,
 "My dear," zaid she, "I leave you vree,
 Ta fix it when you like."

Tom Clay that nite, wie heart za lite,
 Lay on his downy bed,
 Bit ver sweet joy about his love.
 Ael sleep away had vled.

An on tha marn wie zister Ann,
 He taked tha matter auver,
 Zays he, "ya zee ya now be vree
 Ta marry Harry Mauver.

Tha business now I shill gie you,
 Ver we've no lack a wealth,
 Nothun ta dant, ael we da want,
 Is long life an good health."

An then Tom Clay wieout delay,
 Tha happy day did vix,
 An on that day there went away,
 A pearty countin zix.

Twur zister Ann an her young man,
 Tom Clay an Widder Bay,
 An bouath tha Ables vrim tha Plough,
 Ta gie tha bride away.

An by tha train they went ta town,
 An to a zartin square.
 Wur Mister Clay soon mead a bride
 Of tha buxom Widder vair.

An at a tip top gran hotel,
 Thay ael zat down ta table,
 An purty well tha jokes went on,
 Tween Mister and Missus Able.

An zoon came noon an hoff they went,
 Tha usbin an his bride,
 Ta spen tha happy honeymoon,
 At Brighton's vaim'd zay zide.

And there they lived like turtle doves,
 Enjoyin every pleasure,
 An Tom declared, "his bride she wur,
 A raaly parfict treasure."

Bit O! won nite, his much ador'd,
 As in her bade she lay,
 Had a strange drame in wich she thought
 She zeed her leat spouze "Ray."

"O Missus Clay! wonce Missus Ray!
 I caant raste in me bed,
 Till I've a had a wurd we you,'
 An this is what he zed.—

"Ya promised I avore I died,
 That you ud zingle keep,
 Bit ah! I vind ya've chang'd yer mind,
 An now in wedlock sleep.

O Missus Clay! O Missus Clay!
 Although it be no crime,
 I didn think ya'd turn ta *Clay*
 Za long avore yer time.

I beant com now ta blow ee up
 Vor you wer kine to I,
 Bit do zeem very ard ta zee,
 Another man there lie.

Then malice I wont bear ta you,
 Wen underneath my lid,
 I ony hope your new spouze will,
 Adore ee as I did.

Varewell, varewell, I mist away,
 Inta my cell za deep,
 Think not of me, vor now you'm vree
 An zo can goo to sleep."

Now Missus Clay a this strange drame,
 Did not let out a wurd,
 Becaws ya know Clay ud veel it zo,
 An think it quite absurd.

Zo wen tha honeymoon wur up,
 Ver wom thay did repair,
 An ael tha village voke turn'd out,
 Ta welcome thic ar pair.

"Hurray! Hurray! ver Mister Clay,
 An hurray ver his bride!"
 Zed leetle bwoys wie ael thur naise,
 As they ran by ther zide.

An Tom nex day gied ael a trate,
 A good roast beef and beer,
 An long and loud tha village voke,
 Tom an his bride did cheer.

MORAL.

Now wealthy usbins wen ya laves,
A young buxom wife behine,
Dwont bind her down we any vows,
Bit let her plaize her mine.

Ver as ya zees, thase Widder Ray,
Refused ael lovers strong,
An did zay "nay," ta ael a they,
Till tha right un com'd along.





THA
GIRT BIG WHEEL.

Hast bin ta Lunnan leatly, Bill?
If not: begar do goo;
Tha vinest zite in ael tha wordle,
Up there, thay've got on view.
Out at a place caal'd Earls Cwort,
Jist handy to tha stayshun,
Thay av vix'd up a girt high Wheel,
Tha biggest in crayashun.
Za much taak there wur ael about,
Thease wunnervul Girt Wheel;
Ta goo an zee un swingin there,
Main hager I did veel.

Zoo Whitzuntide, my Zue an I
 Jist went up var tha day,
 An to thic Exhibition gran,
 At wonce we took ower way.

“Lar, massy on ess”! she did bawl,
 When thic Wheel come in zite;
 “However did em get un up
 Zich a terryable hite”?

An when we draa’d up cloaser like,
 Main dizzy mead ess veel;
 We open mouths, a gapin at
 Thic ar girt mity Wheel.

Var zich a Wheel wur never zeed
 In Lunnen’s girt big town’d;
 Var twenty miles voke can zee
 He’s shiny rim goo round.

Dree under’d veet tha hite ow’n be,
 Zix veet tha exle droo;
 We vorty girt vine carridges
 Hung on, to get into.

Nine under’d ton tha waight ow’n be,
 Ael mead a iren an steel;
 An vix’d za strong, tha roughest wind
 Caant meak’n sheak nar reel.

Two haight hoss pow’r steam engines,
 Draves chains to meak’n swing;
 An roun a gooes quite aisy like,
 An steedy as anything.

We crowds a voke zit in tha cars,
 A hollien an a zingin,
 Lore, tis a zite ta look at em
 In mid hayer a swingin.

“ Shills av a ride,” zays Zue to I?
 “ O eece me dear, I’m willin ” ;
 Zoo out I draas me puss an paid,
 Var ache on ess a shillin.

We vollies on behine tha crowd
 How they did drunge an squeeze,
 Ta get into tha swingin cars
 Twur like a swarm a bees.

Bim bye a empty one com roun,
 An into un we shot,
 An on a nice vice aisy sate
 My Zue and I zoon quot.

Then very zoon a bell did ring,
 An roun did goo tha Wheel ;
 Lore, how tha men an bwoys did shout,
 Tha women shriek an squeal.

Var proper vunny mead ess ael,
 As we zat in thic car,
 Ta vind owerzelves a lavin earth,
 An mountin up za var.

A larkish chap, zit nex ta we,
 Zed, when we rach’d tha top,
 P’raphs up there, ael tha atternoon,
 We med av var ta stop.

An when a zed, a week agoo,
 Tha Wheel a did get stuck,
 Zue trimbled mwoast, vrim yead ta voot,
 We terror she wur struck.

Begar, I thought she'd vainted off
 She wur za vull a vright,
 An vore we'd ardly get haaf way
 Her veace wur dadely white.

T'wur lucky that I had a got
 A leetle drap a brandy,
 Ye nevir knows, whats gwain ta hap,
 Da aelways come in handy.

Zoo I draas out tha leetle vlask,
 An put un to her lips ;
 An lore how zoon it brought her to,
 Atter two harty zips.

I puts me yarm aroun her weast,
 Ta hold her nice an tight ;
 Zoo's when we rach'd tha top she shud'n
 Goo off in sterrieks quite.

Tha voke as wur inzide tha ear,
 Steer'd mainly at we two,
 It zart a tiekel'd em ta zee,
 How cloas I stuck ta Zue.

Howzemever, when we rach'd tha top,
 She zeem'd ael rite agean ;
 An vrim tha winders did look down
 Apon thie splendid zene.

An what a zite it wur begar,
 Ower wondern eyes did greet ;
 Ta zee tha mity Zity vast,
 A layen at ower veet.

Parleymint House at Wacemister,
 Look'd bit a leetle spec ;
 Tha Tems, like to a zilver dread,
 In tha bright zun's reflec.

Ya jist cood zee Zaint Paul's girt dome,
 Mang tha smoke a loomin ;
 An Big Ben's voice wur like a zoun,
 Vrim tha dade a boomin.

Tha Monnymints cood skiercely zee,
 Jist here an there a taal un ;
 An trains along their iren track,
 Look'd jist like snakes a crawlen.

An girt wide streets za narrer look'd,
 Parks, like a patch a green ;
 Girt buildins too, ael zeem'd za small,
 Lots on'em skierce wur zeen.

As var tha voke, thay look'd like mites,
 A hurryen to an vro ;
 Busses an Cabs, thay craawl'd about,
 Like vrogs an twoads below.

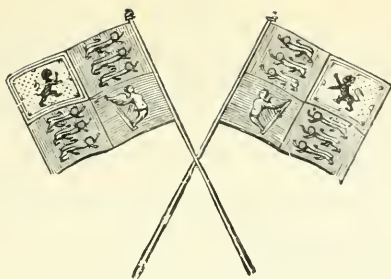
Var vorty mile you cood zee,
 Tha sky a wur za clear ;
 On zich a zene, as that agean,
 Ower eyes ull nevir steer.

We meazemint Zue an I wur struck,
 At tha vine view aroun ;
 But wurden zorry when we velt
 Owerzelves a comen down.

An martil glad bouth on ess wur,
 Ta zeafly touch tha groun ;
 Aelthough we hooden a miss'd tha chaance,
 A gwain up, var a poun.

Tho't vust we trimbled at tha thought,
 An quare begun ta veel ;
 Droo life we shant varget ower trip,
 Up in tha Girt Big Wheel.





JANNY RAA ON THA CHARTER ZELEBRATION.

Zeptember 9th, 1885.

Lore ! wurdén there a start las week,
In thease yer leetle town ;
Dang if tha voke an pleace did'n zeem,
Agean turn'd upzide down.

Var zich a start there hadden bin,
Zunce Pembroke come a age ;
An no misteak tha people ael
In't hearty like did geage.

Var one an ael, bouth girt an small,
Jin'd in tha jollification,
Ta zelebrate the grantin o'
A bran new Carperation.

Twurdén becaas tha woold'n wur dade
Tha voke did zo rejoice,
It wur becaas in thease ta come
Hache one shid av a voice.

Var dree long years ower people had
 Bin tryin hard together,
 Tho' many a draaback they did have,
 Thay stuck to it like leather.

Var ael that time, thease Charter scheme,
 Zart a hung upon a dread ;
 Tha knowin ones ael prophesied
 Tood be knock'd on tha yead.

At las, ael dout wur zet a raste,
 Tha Queen zent down ta zay
 A Charter shood be granted we,
 That too, wieout delay.

Tha Mayor then a quick did hold
 A meetin in Town Hall,
 An strong committees zoon wur choos'd
 Ta get up a vestival.

Zubscriptions too wur promised vree,
 An zoon anuff wur vound ;
 Var rich an poor did gie their aid,
 Vrim zixpence to a pound.

An zoo tha time wur vixed ta be
 Tha ninth day of Zeptember,
 An I'll warn, tha children ael,
 Thic ar day will remember.

At vower a'clock on thic ar marn,
 Wur busslen zigns a life ;
 Tha Young Chaps ban a marchen out,
 Ta zound a drum an fife.

An boomin cannins wur let off
 Avore tha clock het vive,
 Be zix, begar, mwoast every street,
 Like bees, wur ael alive.

A decoratin up their house
 Wie vlaigs an vlowers gay,
 An zome long wreaths did stretch across
 Right auver tha roadway.

Devices gran, an motters vine,
 Met ee in every quarter ;
 An here an there wur painted up,
 Zuccess ta ower New Charter.

An nayshin purty ael did look
 Be mid-day, I assure ee,
 Wich wur tha time vix'd ta begin,
 Thease glad vestivity.

Then Marshall Carse, on his white hoss,
 Like a Ginril at review,
 Wur riden here, an riden there,
 Tell'un voke wur ta goo.

Var a gran percession wur ta be
 Of ael tha clubs in town,
 Ta march in raink, ael droo hache street,
 Like men a girt renown.

Precisely at tha hour vixed,
 Tha ban begun ta play ;
 Var ael wur in good order now,
 An vit ta march away.

In vront a banner ther wur ear'd,
 On wich wur painted new,
 Tha neames a Kings who Charters gied,
 Haight under'd year agoo.

Vrim Hin tha vust to Victorier,
 Twelve Charters you cud zee,
 At different times, be Royal Voke,
 Had bin granted ta we.

Ael on em mwoast, in perved steat,
 In Town Hall as ya know,
 An ony two mwore plazin can,
 Zieh hankshint Charters show.

Then com tha Wilton band a brass,
 A blowin long an loud,
 An well, poor chaps, thay kep it up,
 Wie martial ardour proud.

Then com tha Wavers' hankshint club,
 Tha wooldest of tha lot;
 An nex, tha Good Zamaritans,
 Who had a donkey got.

An on un "Gargy Bindun" zat,
 Look'un as proud's a king,
 'Till tha Neddy lifted up behind,
 An Gargy off did vling.

Up went a jolly hearty laff
 Vrim thic ar merry crowd,
 To zee thic zaccy leetle moke
 Dethrone a king za proud.

Bit Gargy diden zeem ta keer,
 Jist gied his pants a rub,
 Then did remount, an off a went,
 Ta lead tha Donkey club.

Tha Wilton branch a tha Willsheer club,
 Nex in percession keam,
 An "Janny Passens" weav'd tha vlaig
 A Estcourt's noble feam.

Oddfellers nex, wie zaish an star,
 Vine banner too, unfurld,
 Ta represent tha biggest club
 There is in ael tha wordle.

An then tha merry Voresters
 In Robbin Hood attire,
 Wie leetle Jan, an Scarlet Will,
 An woold Tuck, tha Vriar.

An then tha two girt Vire Brigades,
 Wie engines in good trim,
 An poor woold "Zam," wie Waater cart,
 Looken za laink an slim.

An ael tha Schools brought up tha rare,
 Led wie tha fife an drum,
 An long an loud tha young uns cheer'd.
 Till nearly auvercome.

Wen ael wur jist a gwain ta start,
 Tha Mayor did appear,
 An wen tha voke kotch zite a he,
 Thay zet up zich a cheer.

Var as a stood be Town Hall Dooer,
 Ta wish ess ael good-bye,
 It raaly wur a feelin zite,
 An mead me heave a zigh.

Var, a hankshint Institutions, I
 Aelwys av girt respect,
 An wen thay be abolished,
 Me heart da raaly fect.

Bit as thease wordle jogs along,
 Minopliees mist be broke,
 An laas, they mist be alter'd zo's
 Ta zuit tha wirkin voke.

Zoo wen we'd wish'd tha Mayor good-bye,
 An cheer'd un long an loud,
 Off went thease girt percession gran,
 Jist like a harmy proud.

Droo every street thay took ther way,
 Bans playin, an bells ringin,
 An voke a shoutin longan loud,
 An bwoys an maidens zingin.

An wen tha town wur done, ael march'd
 Ta reakereashin ground,
 An there varm'd up in a girt ring,
 Twur a zite ta look around.

An atter we had gied dree cheers
 Var Queen, an Carperation,
 We ael broke up var ta parteak
 Of a nice girt colleration.

An in a girt lang tent cloas bye,
 Tha nuncheon wur laid out,
 Girt jints a beef, an piles a brade,
 An barrels a yale, an stout.

At two a'clock, wich wur tha time
 Var haaf tha voke ta veed,
 In thay did come, vive under'd strong,
 Zich a zite ya never zeed.

Ta zee em there za jolly like,
 Hache one be cheervul veace,
 Stan auveright ther well-vill'd plate,
 An heartily zing ther grace.

An then ta zee tha knives an varks,
 Za merrily at wirk,
 I'm dang if there wur one on em,
 Who did thic ar job shirk.

Had you bin there I'm zure yer heart,
 Much sympathy hood veel,
 Ta zee ower toilen leabern voke,
 Enjoyin thic ar meal.

I ony wish I wur a king,
 An had things me own way,
 I'm drat if poor voke shudden have
 Zich a tuck out every day.

Zoo atter thease had had ther vill—
 Wich diden teak em long—
 In come tha tother haaf, an they
 Wur quite vive under'd strong.

An like tha totherem, thay had
 As much as thay cood ate,
 An no mistake thay jay'd it much,
 Ta zee ther empty plate.

Zoo wen tha big uns had ael done,
 Wich wur be vower a'clock,
 Underd's a childern roun tha tent,
 Mwoast hagerly did vlock.

Var a good tay thay wur ta av,
 Brade, butter, an plum keak,
 An heartily tha young uns too,
 Of ael o't did parteak.

Dozens of willin helpers kind,
 Did wait upon em there,
 Zo's hache on em, bouth big an small,
 Shid av ther proper sheare.

Zoo wen tha veedin wur ael done,
 An voke well primed we-in ;
 Ta reakereashin groun thay gooes,
 Tha spourts va ta begin.

An here tha voke wur thick as hops :
 Tha zene jist like a vair ;
 Ael zarts a pastimes wur gwain on,
 An musements everywhere.

A Punch an Judy show ther wur,
 Wich plazed tha young uns mainly ;
 Tha woold uns too zeem'd tickled much,
 If I mist tell ee plainly.

Racen var bwoys, an maidens too,
 Jumpin in girt zack baigs,
 An battledore an shuttlecark,
 An racen we dree laigs.

An then com on a tug a war,
 Across tha Wiley river,
 An lore! tha zitement that it caas'd,
 Did make tha people quiver.

Haight Oddfellers, haight Voresters,
 Girt chaps, lusty an strong,
 Stood on hache baink a holden tight,
 A rope za thick an long.

An atter thay had midger'd out
 Hache zide ther proper laingth,
 At bugle zound thay did let in,
 An pull wie ael ther straingth.

Bit skierce two minutes had gone by,
 Tha rope begun ta bivver,
 An Voresters, head auver heels,
 Went vloundern in tha river.

Tha people roared wie laffin then,
 Ta zee em tumble in,
 Var thay girt stups, steeds lettin goo,
 Got wet droo ta tha skin.

As long's I live I shaan't varget,
 Thic ar girt tug a war,
 Var I back'd up tha Voresters,
 An drippence lost, begar.

Then ael at wonce a bell did ring,
 An eyes wur turned ta zee ;
 A konzart now wur ta begin
 A Nigger minstrelsy.

Ten wooly-headed chaps ther wur,
 Wie feacin black as ink,
 Wie eyes za rid an mouth za wide,
 Vrim Mericky I think.

An on a girt high hooden steage,
 Bout vive veet vrim tha groun,
 Thay took ther sates, an then tha voke
 Be underd's vlock'd aroun.

Ael zarts a insterments thay'd got,
 Besides a gran pianner.
 A awverture, thay zoon het up,
 Begar, twur woth a tanner.

An thay did play, an dance, an zing,
 Hache one a leetle ditty,
 While Bounes an Tamberine did crack
 Ther vunny jokes za witty.

Ta zee tha keapers zom o'm cut
 As up ther thay did zit,
 It raaly tickled zo tha voke
 Zom o'm wur like ta split.

Bounes zung a zong, an twur about
 'Tha grantin o' tha Charter,
 Wich mainly did amuse tha voke
 Cheers com vrim every quarter.

Zoo, wen tha Niggers had a done
 Ther entertainment droll,
 A rush wur mead across tha groun
 Tawards tha Gracy pole.

An ther a chap caal'd "Jumbeler,"
 His jacket did unbutton ;
 Var he wur gwain ta clim tha pole,
 Ta get a laig a mutton.

Zoo up a got, we pluck za fess,
 Ta try an rache tha top,
 Bit vore a had got many veet,
 Down he come, zich a vlop.

Undaanted, up agean he gooes,
 Wie zich determined veace,
 Bit zoon wur bliged ta gie it up,
 A wur dab'd zo we greace.

A chap neam'd Vincent then come up,
 An took tha job in hand,
 An well his clothes a' auver rub'd,
 Wie zawdust an we zand.

An var a' nower nearly, he
 Did try we ael his might,
 Ta rache thic laig, a hangen there,
 Bit cooden do it quite.

At las ! be persyverance hard,
 An pluck an courage bwold,
 Begar, a got up high enough
 Tha end on en ta hold.

Tha crowd thay cheer'd an cried hold hard,
 Wich zeem'd ta gie un pow'r,
 Then we his knife a cut zom string
 An loos'd a baig o vlow'r.

Zoon, like a millard down a come,
 His yead an veace ael white,
 An roun his wrist, hetch'd on we string
 He'd got tha laig za tight.

An zich a cheer, tha people gied,
 Wen thay zeed he'd a got un,
 An purty quick a scarper'd off
 We thic girt laig a mutton.

Zoo now twur gettin on ta dark
 An luminations grand,
 A gas, an Chinese lanterns
 Wur lit on every hand.

An virewirks, we hiss'n naise,
 Girt rockets, zich a hite,
 An wheels, an squibs, an crackers loud,
 Tha voke twur nuff ta vrite.

An vire baloons, za big an roun,
 Wur lit up in tha sky,
 An like a spee amang tha clouds
 Wur zoon lost ta neak'd eye.

An atter thease gran virewirks,
 Tha band begun ta play ;
 An wou'd an young, an girt an small,
 Begun ta dancee away.

An zich a taingled mass a voke,
 A bobbin here an ther,
 Beat everything I ever zeed,
 At Whitzuntide ar Vair.

Var everybidly I cood zee,
 On pleasure wur intent ;
 Ta zee how thay did romp about,
 In jayous merriment.

An vast an vurious did goo on,
 Thease merry lively zene,
 Till ten on em tha clock het out,
 Then ael zung out, the Queen.

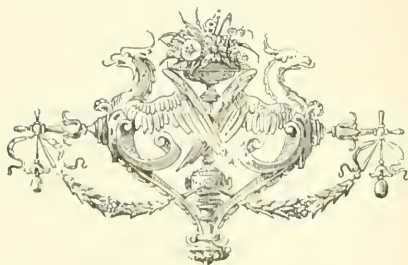
An loud an hearty cheers wur gied,
 Var tha woold Carperation ;
 Likewise var tha Committee who
 Got up tha jollification.

An var tha house a Pemberook
 Dree cheers wur gied bezide,
 Caas var tha people's good we knaa
 Ther hearts be open wide.

Thus closed thease memerable day,
 Tha girt big Zelebration ;
 On tha grantin of a Charter var
 A lected Carperation.

May theese Charter be var ower weal,
It's power lets rightly use ;
An show tha wordle theese privileges
We never will abuse.

May heav'n bless, an prasper ael,
In theese yer Hankshint Town,
Zoo like our vore fiathers, "it's neam,"
Untarnish'd, we'll hand down.





GRAMFER'S CRISMIS.

Eece ! Crismis in me gramfer's time,
Wur a proper zart a randy,
Var he invited ael tha voke
As liv'd aroun un, handy,
Uncles, an aunts, an cuzzens too,
Nevvys an nieces vair,
A did invite em every one
Ta teast his Crismis vare.

Twur ael tha taak var many a day,
Wur gramfer's Crismis pearty ;
Amang the people who went up,
Ta greet the woold man hearty.

Var ael wur equal in his eyes
When zated at his bouard,
An narn o'm never hood er slight,
Tho much, thay cooden avoord.

A proper good woold zart wur he,
 An lov'd be rich an poor,
 I warn, nar ungrny man eer went,
 Away vrim gramfer's door.

On Crismis Eve, tha woold varm house
 Wur trimmed up high an low,
 Wie evergreens an hollies bright,
 An boughs a mizzletoe.

An vrim tha kitchen, ael the things
 Wur clared out var a ball ;
 An ony cheers an stools wur left,
 Var sates aroun tha wall.

A blazin vire wur mead up,
 Apon tha kitchen dogs ;
 An granfer's varm men did bring in,
 Tha girt big Crismis logs.

At haight a clock tha Mummers come,
 Ten a tha village chaps,
 Dressed up as zowljers, bright an gay,
 We girt tall peapern caps.

An hooden zwoords mwoast ad a got :
 One we a blunderbuss ;
 An Fiather Crismis car'd a staff :
 Man Jack, tha money puss.

An thay did act a girt long piece,
 An a battle tend ta vite ;
 An run hache other droo tha hearts,
 Wich mead the maids turn white.

Bit tha chap as acted doctor,
 Zoon rais'd em vrim the ground,
 An quick, we a drap a brandy,
 Very zoon did bring em round.

An atter every man o'm there,
 Had bin wounded in tha vray ;
 Thay ael begun ta zing za nice,
 Tha ditties a tha day.

Then Fiather Crismis mead a spache,
 A wishen ael good cheer ;
 Likewise a merry Crismis tide,
 An happy bright new year.

An atter that, thay ate an drunk,
 As much as thay wur willin ;
 Then out comes grammer, an she gies
 Ta every man a shillin.

An leetle Jack we's money baig,
 Went roun tha company ;
 An lots a pennies wur drow'd in,
 Var's own zelf, dwoant ee zee.

At midnight then did come tha Waits,
 Ower village music pearty ;
 An thay het up ther praises sweet,
 A Crismis carols hearty.

Two viddles, an a double bease,
 Two brassen things ta blow ;
 We maids ta zing the hayre high,
 An men ta zing down low.

An thay did play an zing za sweet,
 Round gramfer's kitchen vire ;
 While grammer quarts a gin hot brew'd,
 A wick thay diden tire.

Zides that, a goolden guinea bright,
 Woold gramfer ne'er vargot.
 Ta gie ta em, avore they went,
 Ta sheare amang tha lot.

On Crismis marn, then down ta chirch,
 Tha varm house pearty went,
 Ta thank God var thease blessed day,
 Tha heavenly Beabe wur zent.

An lore ! ta hear tha zingin bright,
 Girt tears a joy did bring,
 Down gramfer's an down grammer's cheeks,
 Praizen tha New born King.

Var thay wur times, when good chirch voke,
 Ther praises zung together ;
 Tha choir wur bit ta lead em on,
 Noo zarplices ta zever.

Ah ecce, thame zounds I hant vargot,
 Still in me ears da ring,
 This well know'd tune, "While Shepperds Watch"
 An "Hark the Angels zing."

Then ael tha company atter chirch,
 Ta gramfer's did repair ;
 Ta zit down in his speacious hall,
 An enjoy his Crismis vare.

Varty ar fifty voke there wur,
 Countin tha young an woold ;
 A twur a zite, thic vestive bouard,
 Var a body to behold.

Var at tha top, a piece a beef
 Bout vive an thirty poun ;
 Zides hams an two girt turkeys vat,
 Done up za nice an brown.

An vlow'ry teaties beak'd an bwil'd,
 Pasmets an carrits too ;
 Cabbidge an smaish'd per turmets white,
 In piles ther wur ta view.

Figgetty poodens roun an plump,
 As bigs a waishen pot ;
 Mince pies an tearts a every zart,
 Lore ! wurden there a lot.

An yale an zider, in quart mugs,
 Wur putted here an there.
 Var hache ta help therzelves wen dry,
 An waish down the wholzum vare.

An lore ! ta zee how hearty like,
 Hache let in we his might,
 Ta tackle gramfer's Crismis cheer,
 Var mworn a nower quite.

Wen everyone had had ther vill,
 Tha cloth wur clar'd away, . .
 An roun ael zat be vire za bright,
 Za happy like an gay.

Then out comes grammer's wom mead wine,
 Sparklin, an bright's a cherry ;
 Wich in harnen cups wur handed roun :
 Rare stuff ta meak ee merry.

An trays a nice ripe oranges,
 We apples russet brown ;
 An hazzel nuts an walnuts too,
 Wich last vall wur shook down.

An gramfer he drunk'd ael ower healths,
 A wur glad ta zee ess there,
 An hoped a shood as long as heav'n
 His life wur plaz'd ta spare.

An then tha men voke every one,
 We feazin rid an happy,
 Went out in kitchen var ta av
 A leetle bit a baccy.

We young uns, an tha coortin voke,
 Went out ta av a run,
 In archit ar in gramfer's vields,
 Var a leetle bit a vun.

An if twur vrosty weather, we,
 Down pond did meak a slide ;
 An jine han's on tha glassen vloer,
 An nice along did glide.

Ar if tha snow wur thic on groun,
 We ael zet up snow ballin ;
 An twur rare vun ta hear tha maids,
 A screechen an a squallen.

An wen twur dark, back to tha varin,
 We purty zoon did hie ;
 Ta tittyvate ourzelves a bit,
 Var tha girt ball bime by.

At haight a clock tha dance begun,
 Out in tha kitchen wide ;
 Tha musickers, they wur perch'd up,
 On a teable tother zide.

There wur viddler Joe, an carnet Jack,
 An Steve wie his pum, pum,
 An Zammy we tha double bease,
 An Jim ta beat tha drum.

Vull twenty couple did stan up,
 In tha vust country dance ;
 Led off be gramfer an his deam,
 Lore ! how we ael did prance.

Vull haaf a nower we kep on,
 Gwain up an down the middle,
 Till nearly ael tha ban gied out,
 Cept Joe, wie leaden viddle.

Bit he kep on a screapen zo,
 Till ower laigs begun ta yeak ;
 An grammer then she did baal out,
 " Do'ee stop var goodness seak."

Then gramfer he did zing a zong,
 Bout days, A woold lang syne ;
 An in chorus, everybidly there,
 Mwoast heartily did jine.

An grammer, too, we wirk'd her up,
 Ta zing a leetle ditty ;
 An var a lass a zeventy two,
 Her voice wur strong an purty.

A geam a varvits then we had,
 Ael zit down in a row ;
 An they as lost had to be kiss'd,
 Under tha mizzletoe.

Zoo, we dancin an wie zingin too,
 Away tha hours did vlee,
 An wen twur twelve, tha ban struck up,
 Roger de Coverley.

An haech pair dane'd ael down tha line
 Wie feazin ael aglow,
 Tha young men kiss'd their pierdeners
 Under tha mizzletoe.

Tha woold uns too, then vollied zuit
 An kiss'd aech other too,
 Thay wurden gwain ta be done out
 A what thay used ta do.

Var gramfer kiss'd tha maidens sweet,
 An grammer kiss'd tha bwoys,
 Lar, what a fectin zite it wur
 Amang tha vun an naise,

At one a clock, tha ban begun
 Ta play " God seave tha King,"
 An fifty voices purty zoon,
 Mead thie woold roof tree ring.

Then com varewells, an sheakin hans,
 Tho ael wur louth ta peart ;
 An as thay went thay loud did cheer,
 Gramfer, we ael their heart.

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An thus did gramfer every year,
 Ax vrens ta dine an zup ;
 An med I live ta do the zeam,
 An keep woold Crismis up.



WOOLD
TROTTER'S ZAAAYINS,
HIS LIKES AND DISLIKES.

If there's one thing, meaks I bwile ta zee,
Tis voke vull a necessity,
Apein tha arrystocrazy.

I caant abeare a man who shams,
Nar neet he, who is full a crams,
Nar curs, as tries ta look like lams.

Nar he wie zich a modest veace,
As thinks ael pleasures out a pleave,
An zaays they'll bring on ee disgreace.

Who zits on Zundys in his pew,
An scarnvully da look at you,
Cos ya beant of tha chosen vew.

Who groans an meaks a girt long prayer,
At metin house when he is thayre,
An praphs nex marnen, cuss an sware.

I do detess a meak believe,
A slyly grinnin in his sleeve,
An scripter quote while he da thieve.

Who, praphs, if he da keep a shop,
Tha scales vrim gwain down he'll stop,
An on his wares a varden pop.

Ar if he be a deairyman,
Ull skim new milk as ard's a can,
An water well tha milkin pan.

Nar he as gooes a deal ta meak,
 And vind tha ziller rather weak,
 Then meak'n half tha vallie teak.

I caant abeare tha man who chates.
 An under counter keeps shart waites,
 Nar he, as things adulterates.

Begar, I'd like ta tan tha skin,
 Of he who teakes tha people in,
 Ta I, ther yeant a bigger zin.

I likes a man, honest and true,
 Who thease yer life, ull battle droo,
 An help a down-trod brother too.

Tis nice to zee a poor man rise,
 If varmer vrens a dwoant dispise,
 Nar car is yead up in tha skies.

Var raaly painvul tis a zee,
 A poor man who's got up tha tree,
 Look down on voke disdainvully.

Who keeps his pockets tightly shut,
 Geanst poor relayshins who he'll cut,
 An pass em by wie lordly strut.

Tis nuff ta vill ee wie dismay,
 Ta meet zich fellers any day,
 Plaig on zich stuck ups, I day zay.

Var zich like pride I vairly hates,
 Me temper much it hirritates,
 Ta zee zich empty headed pates.

Nar da I like ta zee a chap,
 Spendin hache evenin at tha tap,
 In skiddlein ar penny nap.

I caant abide tha imperdence,
 A hobbledehoys as got no sense,
 Who gies ee naat bit inzerlence.

Ta zee em strut, ael cuffs an collar,
 Who's pockets, praphs, dwoant hold a dollar,
 An var clothes'll keep ther bellies holler.

Ta zee em rig'd out every night,
 In tha newest vayshin quite,
 Poor Tailers, they look on we spite.

Zich mity swells, zom on em be,
 In kid gloves and vlash jewelry,
 Hap'ny zegars a puffin vree.

Ar vlertin we zom vorred lass,
 Who like his zelf is vull a brass,
 An thus his evemius he da pass.

Yong maids beware a zich a chap,
 If zich, on you his eyes da clap,
 Pen on it, he beant woth a rap.

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Zoo ael o'ee lissen to woold Trotter,
 Let truth, and justice, be yer motter,
 An heav'n convound tha evil plotter.



ROBERD AN STEAVEN :

A MUSICAL CONFLAB ATWEEN TWO VARMERS.

STEAVEN.

“ Good evemin, Roberd, ow de do ? ”

ROBERD.

“ Tarblish, Steaven, an ow be you ? ”

STEAVEN.

“ Why, purty well in health, I thank’ee,
Bit trouble’s nuff ta drave me cranky.
What wie tha bad times we’ve a got,
An every thing a gwain ta pot,
We wife an daaters ael tha day,
Dooin nuthen bit pianner play,
Goo we ael, shall, to tha bad,
Var ael on em be music mad.”

ROBERD.

" Well, raaly, Steaven, I'm main zorry,
 Bit man alive, dwoant let that worry,
 Var I'm a music man ya know,
 An 'tis tha girtest jay below,
 Me zon an daaters too, da play,
 An avs a practis every day.
 Bit coose, we dwoant ower duties shirk,
 Var music, till we've finished work."

STEAVEN.

" Ah, Roberd, tis very well var you
 Ta taak a this jist as ya do,
 Bit narn a mine wunt do no wirk,
 Thay'd zooner ael day idle lurk ;
 An tha plaain truth, I need'n smother,
 Thame couraged in it be ther mother.
 Here, every marn when I've bin round
 Tha varm, ta zee tha men on ground,
 When to me breakvist I comes in,
 Ther's thic pianner's naisy din,
 Thumpin away wie ael ther might,
 Vust thing in marn, till last at night ;
 An then if jist a wurd I zay,
 Tis a new piece thay got ta play,
 Var zom conzart ar a penny radin,
 That is tha seuse thame aelwys pladin.
 What good be zich var varmers' wives,
 Ony ta tarment out ther lives.

Why, narn can cook a laig a mutton,
 Neet on a garment, zow a button ;
 An as var waishen out a shirt,
 Tha thoughts on't do their veelins hurt,
 An tell ee, that ther hans wurnt made
 Var zich like wirk as do degrade.
 Plaig on zich empty pride I zaay,
 Thay'll zurely rue var it zom day.
 Ther's thay strappen wenches Nan and Meary,
 Who I da keep ta wirk tha deairy.
 Turns in an dooes tha household work,
 Wich wife an daaters ael da shirk,
 An dwoant think it nar bit disgrace,
 Aelthoug ta do it, beant ther plect ;
 An coose, they mist av extry pay,
 Var clanen an cooken every day ;
 Wirk which me own voke ought ta do,
 Steeds pianner bangin ael day droo.
 I tell ee, Roberd, tis too bad,
 An very near da drave I mad ;
 This music is a cussed plaig,
 An ta poverty ael oance ull draig."

ROBERD.

" Well, Steaven, tis a trial zore.
 An much yer troubles I deplore ;
 Bit teant tha vaat a music quite,
 Ya zee, ya diden manidge right.
 Now lissen, var a minue ar zo,
 Tha truth on it I zoon ull show ;

Var nabiddy in thease countery,
 Is vonder a music than I be,
 An many a nower when a bwoy,
 Larnin tha viddle I'd employ ;
 Var as ya knaa I'm a tarblish han,
 An music well da unnerstan.
 Zoo when I look'd out var a wife,
 Ta be me help-mate ael droo life,
 Tha matter I did well look droo,
 An ehush'd one as lik'd music too ;
 An zoo I zaays, look here, me dear,
 Music, like you, I loves zincere,
 Bit mind, we mussen duties shirk,
 Nar play, when to be done, ther's wirk ;
 An coose, we bouth da gree together,
 An our wedded lives bin lovely weather,
 Var wen ower wirk is done hache day,
 Tagether, wife an I da play ;
 Ar if dull moments shood zet in,
 Out comes pianner an violin,
 An atter haaf a nower's play,
 Our dullness is ael drove away.
 Tis wunnervul how music soothes,
 An cure ee if ya got tha blues ;
 It makes yer woold heart leap an curdle,
 Hood'n gie it up, yar ael tha wordle.
 Then ther's me daaters, an me zon,
 Da zing, an play, when work is done.
 Bit ud never think, duties ta shirk
 Var music, vore thay'd done ther wirk.

An then on Zundys atter Chirch,
 If droo thay country you da zearch,
 Ya hooden vind a vamily,
 That's happier than owers be ;
 Praizen Heav'n var thease blessed day,
 In hymns, an anthems we da play.
 Eece, ower house on Zundys, Steaven,
 We tries ta meak a leetle Heaven ;
 Var as ya knaa tha scripter zaays,
 In our vuter wom, till be ael praise."

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Zoo I'd advise hache man an wife
 If children bless ther married life,
 Ta let em larn zom insterment,
 If thay da wish, an tis ther bent,
 In years ta come till cheer ther life,
 An thay'll better beare thease wordle's strife ;
 Var pen on it, music is zent,
 Ta meak ess happy an content,
 Help vit ess var thic wom on high,
 Wur, as I zed, all's harminy."





GOOD VRIDY LAS.

Good Vridy las, as ever wur,
I wander'd to tha hood ;
Tha joyous spring birds var ta hear,
An sniff tha air za good.

Droo Ugvird vale, I took me way,
An out in broad Ox drove,
Wur many times when young an gay,
I rambled wie me love.

Athirt tha cloas cropt'd down I went,
An zat down be tha pond ;
A blissvul nower there I spent,
Gazin on things za vond.

Woold Vriars Pake ; there on me lift,
In vront, tha thymy down
Behine ; tha copse of hazzel trees
Wur nuts da grow za brown.

What thoughts da come across I here,
A long, long, years agoo,
Wen a bwoy, as now, I did delight
Thease zenes ta wander droo.

Var every hallerdy amwoast,
 We merry bwoys wur voun,
 We bat an ball, ower rounders play
 Apon thease open down.

Agean I jogged on auver hill,
 An cross tha Barvird track,
 Then down ta Chilvinch bottom, still,
 Cloas to tha narrer rack.

It wur a glorious atternoon,
 An hot, var hearly spring,
 Jist like a day in balmy June,
 Zoo gay wur everything.

Tha bumble bees, begun ta buzz,
 Tha knats ta sting an bite,
 An out amang yan bloomin vuzz,
 Butterflies vliited bright.

Rabbits, an hares, vrim copse, za shy,
 Wur skippin vree an wild,
 An patridges, who's screechin cry
 Is know'd be every child.

Vrum vield, an down, tha lark went up
 Ta welcome in tha spring,
 Tha merry blackbird, an tha drush,
 Did meak tha woodland ring,
 An vrim a low branch of yon woak
 Tha timid nightengale
 Had jist begun ta tune his voice
 An trill his artless tale.

An here between tha moss an thyme,
 Wild violets wur a blowin,
 An primroses, in ael their prime,
 Wie cowzlips jist a showin.

Mid zich an unzurpassin zene,
 As this in thease sweet dell,
 Me heart delights, an here I cood
 Var ever zeem ta dwell.

Then up a well wor'd track I stroll'd,
 Towards a beech hard bye,
 Apon who's trunk, there is carv'd out,
 Zim letters dear ta I.

Here, mwore an thirty years agone,
 Wie a zweet modest lass,
 Thic tree ower neames I carv'd apon,
 Love's idle nower ta pass.

An here ta day, they letters still,
 Be showin out za plain ;
 Ah ! what girt thoughts me heart da vill
 As I zees em again.

Var cars me back ta youthvul days,
 When I, za gay an vree,
 Did taak a love, an breathe sweet zighs,
 Under thease woold beech tree.

Jist twenty zummers had I zeed,
 Thic ne'er vargotten day,
 Tha time a my apprenticeship
 Had nearly pass'd away.

An vull a hope, me heart beat high,

Var a zuccessvul life,

An com what hood, I'd bwoldly try,

Ta veace thease wordles strife.

An zunce thic day, what zenes I've zeed,

What trials I've a bore,

What crosses, an what ups and downs,

An many draabacks zore.

Teant mine ta bwoast, teant mine ta braig,

A honner ar a wealth,

Bit a crowst, I've never wanted var,

An God av gied I health.

An atter ael thease thirty years,

Strivin ta do me best,

In gratitude I drap a tear,

Var zure I have bin blest.

Tho well I knaw, I have vill shart

A what I ought ta done,

Heet hard I've striv'd ta do me peart,

Tho tis a humble one.



HOSSLER JOE.

Las week, in zemetery vull low,
We buried poor woold Hossler Joe,
An many a varvent tear wur shed,
As in tha grave, we zeed un led ;
Var poor woold man, his wur a life,
As wurden vree vrim toil an strife.
An manvully a did his peart,
Var'd got a honest cheervul heart.

Ah ! he is gone, an nevir mwore,
Shill's zee un gean, tha steable dooer,
Stript to his shirt, a rubbin down
His hosses wie a hissen zoun ;
Poor things how they zeem'd to rejoice,
An whicker at Joe's well know'd voice ;
Var to em he wur aelways kind,
An vore hisself, he hood em mind.

His smilen veace, wur know'd za wide,
Var miles aroun tha country zide,
Perch'd high apon his measter's Brake,
How many a pearty he did take,
Ta zee tha zites that bout is voun,
Ael handy to thease leetle town ;
Ar a gipsy pearty to tha hood,
Joe mist drave em, if a cood.

Ar when tha weddin bells rung out,
An carridges did vlee about ;

He, sated on his well know'd perch,
 Mist aelways drave tha Bride ta church,
 His smilin veace, beamin wie joy,
 Tho zometimes nuff twur ta annoy,
 We shoes an rice villin tha air,
 As he drave'd off tha wedded pair.

Eece, never mwore, at Whitsun club,
 Will he be zarvin out tha grub,
 At teable, aelways head an chief
 A carvin out tha piece a beef ;
 Nar handin roun tha voamin beer,
 An wishen ael tha comp'ny cheer,
 Nar warblein, his well know'd zong,
 Var wich thay cheer'd un loud an long.

'Tis auver now, an nevir mwoore
 Shill's see un gean, tha hostel dooer,
 Nar zee his smile, nar list his chaff,
 Nar join his loud, an merry laugh ;
 Nar on his box drave droo tha street
 Var's journeys now be ael complete
 Zoo med ess ael, as on we go,
 Our duty do, like Hossler Joe.





JACK'S POLL—A SEA SONG.

Jack's Poll, she jilted he, zo he mead off ta sea,
A hurried down, ta Pourtsmouth town,
An jin'd tha Royal Nea-vy.

Breave, lusty, stout, an strong, he diden tarry long,
Var a jolly tar, in man a war,
A zoon wur zent off ta sea.

REFRAIN AND CHORUS:—

An ael day he did zing,
I'm happy as a king,
Zunce I com away ta sea,
Vrim Poll who jilted me;
Var a jolly tar in a man a war,
Is a happy life by-gar.

Wen Poll yeard he wur gone, diden she teak on,
She heaved a zigh, began ta cry,
Dear Jack com baek ta I.

Bit eries wur ael in vain, var Jack wur on tha main,
Gay an zerene, zarvin his Queen,
Likewise his dear countery.

An ael day he did zing, &c.

We Union Jack unvirld, a zail'd aroun tha wirld,
 Wie gallant heart, a did his part,
 An helped his comrades vree ;

A vaverite quick a grew, we ael tha good ships crew,
 Zoon his neam wur rais'd ta feam,
 In thic good ship on tha sea.

An ael day he did zing, &c.

Vive year had pass'd away, an orders com one day,
 Ta zail var whoam, across tha voam,
 Back to tha woold counetry.

Zoon they cast anker down, in vront a Pourts-
 mouth town,

Jack took his pay, an a hallerday,
 Woold vrens ta goo an zee.

An ael day he did zing, &c.

His puss well lin'd we goold, a hied ta zenes a woold,
 A zweet heart voun, good girl all roun,
 Who a zailer lov'd dearly.

An one day they did meet, Jack's valse Poll in tha
 street,

Who cried alack, come back dear Jack,
 An a vaithvul lass I'll be.

Bit Jack to her did zing,
 Ya zee this sweet young thing,
 Who tha leetle wife shall be,
 Of Jack jist come vrum sea,
 To this jolly tar, vrim a man a war,
 A guiding star she'll be by-gar.



HAYMEAKIN ZONG.

When Midzummer is draain nigh,
An grass in mead an vield is high ;
Up we tha zun away da go,
Tha mawers var ta lay it low :
Wie gleamin sythe thay ael tha day,
Da whet, an swet, an mow away ;
While wives da vollie on behind,
An sheak tha swaths out to tha wind.

CHORUS.

Var haymeakin in zummer prime,
Is a joyvul happy time.

Them strappen chaps, Jim, Jack, an Joe,
Be rare good fellers var ta mow ;
Auver a yeaker in a day,
Thay'll cut, an caal it purty play ;
An zomtimes thay ull av a bout,
Ta zee who vust on em gies out ;
Bit Joe's tha baste man a tha dree,
Ther's narn ta come up zides we he.

Var haymeakin, &c.

Down mead, it be a purty zite,
 When tha weather's warm and bright ;
 Ta hear tha glad haymeakin voke,
 Za merry like we zong an joke ;
 Ta zee tha childern jump an play,
 An rompse amang tha new mown hay ;
 An coortin couples be tha brook,
 Wanderen to zom sheady nook.

Var haymeakin, &c.

Measter an Missus oft comes out,
 Ta help an turn tha hay about ;
 Ther strappen zon, an daaters gay,
 Likes ta vrolic we tha hay ;
 Var plazes em ta zee tha cut,
 An smill tha scent as sweets a nut ;
 An oft, ull zend var extry beer,
 Tha leaberen people var ta cheer.

Var haymeakin, &c.

At nunchin time, vrom tha hot zun,
 Ta yander willer tree thay run,
 Which by tha river's baink da spread ;
 Like a girt tent up auver yead,
 An here tha zimple vare gooes down,
 A braden cheese, an yale za brown,
 Which every man, ooman an bwoy,
 Hearty an happy do enjoy.

Var haymeakin, &c.

An when tha grass is ael cut down,
 An zun an wind av dried it brown,
 Hosses an waiggins purty quick,
 Haals it away up ta tha rick ;
 An when tis zeafly inta stack,
 Beans an Beakin is tha tack ;
 Girt poodens too, baccy an beer,
 An close tha day we jolly cheer.

Var haymeakin in zummer prime,
 Is a joyvul happy tine.





THA HARD WINTER A NINETY ONE.

Noo! noo! I never shaant varget
While thease yer life da run,
Thease yer terryable winter hard,
A haighteen nintey one.

Tho many times I've yeard woold voke,
Likewise me fiather zay,
What girt terryable winters thay
Did ave in his young day.

An leetle did I think that zoon
We wur ta av a teast,
Of they woold vayshin winter's cwoold,
Well, not za hard at least.

Var now 'tis auver zeven weeks
Jack Vrost av rul'd tha land,
Tight in his grip we be bound up,
Like to a iren band.

Tha vrozen snow apun tha roads
 Is slippery as glass,
 We girt high snow drifts here an there,
 Ther's skierely room ta pass.

Hosses an waggons caant goo out,
 Stuck vast is every wheel,
 An mail carts be deep snowed up,
 Ael business zeems stood still.

On every hedge, an bush, an tree,
 Snow hangs like blossoms white,
 An fields an downs is covered up
 Vive ar zix inches quite.

Rivers an ponds be ael vrozen up
 As hard anwoast as glass,
 An crowds a voke da slide an skate
 Away tha time ta pass.

School childern run an play about
 Apun its slippery vloer,
 An down thay come we many a bump,
 Which meaks em laff an roar.

An coortin couples dance about
 Ael up and down tha stream,
 An many a tumble zom da get
 'Ta hear how they da scream.

Girt daiglets hangs down vrim tha eaves
 Of ower thach'd roof eot,
 Wur snug inzide tha woold voke zays
 How happy be their lot.

Var roun tha coal bright vire thay
 Be cuddled up tagether,
 An thinkin bout poor craaters who
 Mist veace this wintry weather.

Tha winders too, is dim we rime,
 Like veathers graven there,
 Outside tha howlin winds da blow
 Mwoore snow starms in tha air.

An down da come in whirrlin vlakes,
 Wich mainly plaze tha bwoys,
 An off thay gooes a snowballin,
 We shout an merry noise.

An in tha village street thay mwould
 A girt big man a snow,
 Wie numbed hands da beat ther brist
 An vinger nails da blow.

Ower shepherd he mwoast anxious is,
 This terryable weather,
 Var oft in snow drifts he da vind
 His vlock huddled tagether.

Var days an nights zom av bin miss'd,
 Buried in snow bainks deep,
 An's vaithvul dog a scowers roun
 Ta vind tha vamished sheep.

An he, auver tha vrozen snow,
 In every drift ull prowl,
 An when at last a lights on em,
 Zets up a piteous howl.

Then every han upon tha varm,
 Led be thic vaithvul scout,
 Wie speades ull hasten to tha spot,
 An dig tha poor things out.

Poor leetle birds da shrimp about,
 Wie many a ruffl'd veather,
 An underds on em lays about,
 Starv'd be this Artic weather.

Team Robbin Ridbrist, he da hop
 Inzide yer open door,
 An pityvul looks in yer veace,
 Yer pity to implore.

Blackbirds an Drushes too come up,
 Expectant var a sheare,
 An hard begar mist be thic heart
 As wunt a vew crumbs speer.

Jist watch em, gean tha hood house there,
 Behine thic rotten bouard,
 A zearchen out the slumbern snails
 Wur zaeritly thay houard.

We what delight ther picked bill
 Thay drust into ther cell,
 An then on zom zelected stoune,
 In pieces daish tha shell.

Var hedge-row berries be ael gone,
 Not ones left on a spray,
 An dillegintly they mist zarch,
 Var grub, as comes hache day.

Pity that wanton man ere shood
 Thease zongsters lives cut short,
 An in their wake steat shoot em down,
 An caal it manly spourt.

It oft, av pained me heart ta zee
 On Crismis hallerday,
 Girt louten chaps goo off wie guns
 An dozens on em slay.

If I wur Queen I'd meak a laa,
 I hood, apon me wurd,
 An he shid pay a smeartish vine
 As kill'd a zingin bird.

Rabbits an hares vrim yonder copse,
 In vain tha snow da scratch,
 An unger meaks em bwould ta come
 Right in our gierden patch.

Tha bark ael off tha hazzel trees
 Thay've knaa'd till they be bare,
 An auver snow, in vlocks thay go,
 In zearch a daily vare.

Poor things they be za skinny got,
 Thame nuthen skierce bit bounes,
 Var swedes an turnets be vroze up,
 As hard amwoast as stounes.

Tis bad var man, tis bad var beast,
 Zich a winter as this here,
 Bit mwoastly var poor cottage voke,
 As vinds on't mwoast zevere.

Var extry grub and clothes they want,
Specily when thame got woold,
An cheervul vires, in dry snug cots,
Out of tha bitter cwoold.

An zoo I trust ya rich voke wunt
Varget ta len a hand,
While this distressvul weather lasts,
An Jack Vrost rules tha land.





HARVUST WOM SONG.

Tune—"Auld Lang Syne."

Good harvust chaps as handy lives,
Ta thase yer leetle town ;
Com stir yezelves about ta keep ;
Thease day a girt renown ;
Var 'tis tha day of ael tha year,
When men an measters vree ;
Tagether shall enjoy therzelves,
In perfect unity.

CHORUS :—

Let love an vrenship on thease day,
Ael evils auvercom ;
An wie good cheer, a beef an beer,
We'll keep our harvust wom.

Com wives an daaters that av help'd
 Ta get tha harvust in ;
 Com putt yer bran new dresses on,
 Ta liven up tha zene.
 Com Moll, an Doll, an Poll, an Zue,
 Com Vanny an Marier ;
 An every one that wirks about,
 Var Hirl ar var Squire.

Let love an vrenship on thease day, &c.

To church we vust of ael ull goo,
 In a girt raink za gran ;
 A marchin jist like zodgers bwold,
 Ta tha tune of ower brass ban ;
 An there ower thanks we will pour out,
 Ta He who lives on hi ;
 Var ael tha goods things he da zen,
 Ower mouths ta zatisfy.

Let love an vrenship on thease day, &c.

Ta measter's house then back we'll goo,
 Wie shearpended appetite ;
 An zoon at girt big spiey jints,
 Let in wie ael ower mite ;
 An ater that we'll smoke an zing,
 An measter's healths we'll drink ;
 While young uns thay shill dance away,
 Till ther eyes begin ta blink.

Let love an vrenship on thease day,
 Ael evils auvercom ;
 An wie good eheer, a beef an beer,
 We'll keep our harvust wom.

A LESSIN IN A BROOK.



Vlow on, vlow on, ah leetle brook.

Zo joyously an vree,
vull a leetle babblins gay,
Zweet rill a purity.

Vlow on, vlow on, ah leetle stream,

Ael down thy windin bed,
I likes ta hear thy music zweet,
Wie zoarin larks oeryead.

Var charms lays in thy ripplin wave,

Ta I tis zweet ta hear,
Var ah da zeem ta cheer me heart
An drave away me keer.

Var as I stan upon thy baink,

Zart, wretched an vorelarn,
Ya zeems ta zay, dwoant brood oer ills,
Thay'll vlee ta marrer marn.

Zo leetle brook, in thee I vind

A lessin ta zuit I,
Tho stounes an weeds bezet yer bed,
Ya goes on merrily.

An tho these ills bezet me heart

An vull un now wie pain,
Zweet leetle brook I'll think a thee,
An never mwore complain.

A SHEPHERD BWOY'S MAY ZONG.

Hail to ee, merry month a May
Hail to yer vlow'ry garlans gay ;
Hail to sweet birds on every spray,
Zingin droo out tha live long day.

Vor we yer birth I lave tha hills,
An bring me vlock ta vlowin rills ;
Babblin droo tha grassy mead,
Wur me gentle sheep shill veed.

An here ael day, be tha ewoold brook,
I zit in some snug sheady nook,
Watchin my young playvull lams,
Vrolickin bezide ther dams.

An in tha evenin wie me love,
I rove zweet in tha willer grove,
An tell ta her me heart's von tale,
While loudly trills tha nightingale.

Dearly I love tha open downs,
When cowslips zweet its buzzom crowns,
Bit mwore I like the medders gay,
In tha merry month a May.





BLONDIN AT WILTON PARK.

Bank Holiday, August 4th, 1873.

Once mwore ya zee, yer vren Jan Brown,
Tha rustic rhymer of yon town ;
Is gwain ta tell ee wat he did zee,
At Wilton Park, Bank Hallerdy.
Tha us'd ta keep Crownashun day.
Bit now we that they've done away ;
An keeps Bank Hallerdy in place,
An which ya know is much the base ;
Var on a Monday tha da com,
An voke ver two days can lave wom ;
An goo an zee ther vrens away,
Which tha cooden do wen twur one day
Well, thick hallerdy in August last,
Beat everything as wur gone past ;
Zich a day wur never zeed avore,
An spoose ther never will no mwore.
Tha Voresters zich lucky elves,
Had got tha day ael to therzelves ;

An they mead up ther minds outrite,
 They hood get up a tidy zite.
 An zummit that should tract tha voke,
 An wich they did wiout a joke ;
 Var we a man nean'd Blondin thay,
 Did gree ta com here on thick day ;
 Ta wak upon a rope za high,
 That he hood nearly touch the sky.
 A hundred poun they gree'd to gie un,
 Ver they wur zure tha voke u'd zee un.
 Zo bout a month avore tha day,
 They zent bouth near an vur away ;
 Girt bills an spickers zieh a lot,
 Wur stuck about in every spot.
 Var miles an miles, an miles aroun.
 Thease bills in every pleace wur voun ;
 Go wur ya med in every pleace,
 Blondin did steer ee in tha veace ;
 Twur ael the tak an ael the zay,
 Bout Blondin on Bank Hallerdy.
 An ael that zeem'd on peoples mine,
 Wur, hope tha weather ood be vine.
 At las tha day it did arrive,
 An zoon tha streets wur all alive ;
 Wie vans and brakes an waggon louads,
 That did chock up tha very roads.
 At ten a'clock ael down tha street,
 Ya cooden zee tha people's veet ;
 Twur like a mass, of hats an bonnets,
 Zo thick they wur depen upon it.

An outside tha Park upon tha green,
 My cracky wurden there a zeen ;
 Tak about a countery vair,
 It no ways cood wie that compare.
 Var booths and stalls a stannin here,
 Wie voke a ballin ginger beer ;
 An rows of carriages an hosses,
 Ael down ta were tha road it crosses.
 An at tha geat ta zee tha crowd,
 A shouten an a bawlin loud ;
 To be let quick inta tha Park,
 Ar else tha hooden be their till dark.

* * * * *

I stood an gap'd a thay awhile,
 As thay went droo tha turnun stile ;
 An rally zich a crow'd as that,
 Beat ael I'd zeed in Lunnen pat.
 Vrom twelve until tha clock het vover,
 They went as vast as they cud pauer ;
 Var twenty thousand voke thick day,
 Into thick Park did vine ther way.
 An there upon tha springy green,
 Wur a ne'er to be vergotten zene ;
 Voke wakin dress'd in every way,
 In every color. bright an gay ;
 In every sheap, in every vashun,
 That you cud vine out in the nayshun.
 Tak about vine Rotten Row,
 It wack'd it ael ta vits I knaw ;

Ta zee ow yer, thay cut tha dash,
 Dress'd out in ther vine things za flash;
 Of every cut an style thie day,
 Wur thur shawls an gowns so gay;
 An bonnets, too, of every hue,
 Trim'd we rid, or green, or blue;
 Not like tha wur zom time agoo,
 Ver now ael ot's altered new.
 Insteeds a wearin a tidy gown,
 That in one piece a will rach roun;
 Thay wears a kine a skirt in place,
 An then a thing hatch roun the waste;
 Ael notch'd an vring'd an pucker'd out,
 Which roun tha skirt da hang about;
 Wie bows an strings an other gear,
 Ta keep in pleace their pannier.
 Wether in zilks or zatins vine,
 Ar muslin ar bombazine;
 Ar if tis bit a linsy vrock,
 Tha wearer do tha vashun mock.
 An ther hats did zo attract attention,
 I dwoant kwow hardly how ta menshun
 Tha diffent sheaps and styles there,
 Wich they did ear on top their hair.
 Wie velvet, ribbon, tule, an leace,
 An bows an ends aroun ther feace;
 An veathers, too, stuck up za high,
 Vrim every bird that wings tha sky.
 An lor ta zee zom on ems hair,
 Like girt bee pots a hanging there;

Wich tha da call in Vrance *chignon*,
 Tha hair vrom thay, that's dade an gone.
 However wimmen voke da like
 Ta wear zich things da whack I quite ;
 Avore zich things as that I'd try,
 I thinks I'd zooner lay an die.
 Mwoast aelways I shid drame a they,
 An that me hair wur turnin grey ;
 However any thing thay'll do,
 If 'tis tha vashun an tha goo.
 Zom's feace ya cooden zee at ael,
 Wur hidded up we vail or vall ;
 Ya cooden zee a bit ther veatures,
 Skierce tell if they wur wimmen creatures.
 Zich things as that why do em wear,
 Ta cover up ther veaces vair ;
 I raaly dwoant think 'tis disgrace,
 Var wimmen voke to show ther veace.
 'Tis very well of a winter's nite,
 When snow da blow, an vrost da bite ;
 To wear a vail or a thic vall,
 Then I doont bleam em not at all.
 Bit on a day like this so bright,
 I do think that tis pride outrite ;
 Ar else they must be ugly ones,
 An men vokes eyes da try an shun.
 Bit lar, tha needun be za shy,
 Var they'll be vast enough bine bye.
 Tha boots, too, that zom on em wore,
 I never zeed zich boots avore ;

However they did stan uprite,
 It raaly did whack I outrite.
 Wie out a joke, upon me zong,
 Tha heels wur ni' two inches long ;
 Wie zoles as thin amwoast as peaper,
 An vine tops za limp an teaper.
 An vancy bits ael stich'd in pleaces,
 An tied about we vine rid leaces.
 Wen will em leave thease things za vain,
 An dress like I, za nate and plain.
 Bit there, cos no good I can zee it,
 Tha trades voke gets thur livin we it.
 Well, ther tha bid wakin about,
 Till dree a'clock tha bell het out ;
 Then every eye wur turn'd to zee,
 Thease Blondin act za cleverly.
 An there down gean the river's zide,
 Wur two girt poles za high an wide ;
 Apeart a ndered veet well ni,
 An zixty-two nearly wur hi.
 An there up auver these girt hite,
 A girt strong rope wur strain'd za tite ;
 It zeemed ta vill ee up we dread,
 Var there a look'd jist like a thread.
 Zo bout a minute ater dree,
 Ael eyes wur turn'd Blondin ta zee ;
 An out he very zoon did pop,
 An in a twink wur on tha top.
 Vrom tha crowd below out went a cheer,
 Whose like I ne'er before did hear ;

Jist didem hollie out an shout,
 When Blondin he did vust show out.
 An he kept bowin to tha crowd,
 When they did shout at he so loud.
 Then wie a girt long slender pole,
 He started var a leetle stroll ;
 Ael down tha leetle narrer rope,
 Along he measterly did grope.
 An wen a got unto tha end,
 Tha voke tha air did nearly rend :
 An he jist var a bit a vun,
 Rite back agean did nearly run.
 Zo quick his nimble laigs did go,
 Thay kept time to the band below ;
 An then to ael tha vokes zaprize,
 He tied a bandage roun his eyes.
 An ael his yead an haf his back,
 He put into a girt thick zaek :
 An wonce agean took pole in han,
 An tried upon tha rope ta stan.
 Purtendin two ar dree times ta slip,
 Bit that wur ael a bit a flip ;
 Var on a went as blinds a bat,
 An steady, as a mouse or cat.
 An zome did cry, " Zure, zure, he'll vall,
 Var he cant zee a glimpse at all ; "
 Zom look'd zo white tho they wur dade,
 To zee he blinded wak thick thread.
 In breathless zilence ael look on,
 To zee thick blind man goo along ;

An when a rach'd tha tother end,
 Voke zich a cheer out loud did zend.
 "Well done, well done," all o'm did cry,
 To thiek are man twix earth an sky.
 Blindvolded still, he did run back,
 An took vrim off his yead tha sack.
 A chap then run up in a crack.
 And jump'd apon thease Blondin's back ;
 An he did jolt un to an vro,
 As tho he ood un auver drow.
 Bit a diden tumble nor relax,
 Bit stuck as tite as cobbler's wax ;
 And wen a got about haf way,
 Thease chap he hollered out, "Hooray ;"
 An then took off his beaver hat,
 An weaved un out, as ther a zat.
 Tha voke did shout agean, "Bravo,"
 When thiek are chap did holler zo ;
 Then back he car'd the chap ael rite,
 And chang'd his togs var zom za tite.
 An on his rope again did goo,
 Zome mwore pervormance to goo droo ;
 An wen he got about haf way,
 He look'd about un every way ;
 An vore the voke eud look aroun.
 Upon tha rope a wur laid down.
 Well, he laid there like one that's dade,
 'Then ael at once stood on his hade ;
 An as tha voke did cheer an clap,
 He on his hade, his veet did rap.

An then a stood straite up agean,
 An tumbled then rite auver clane ;
 Then he went back an got a chair,
 An balanc'd un jist to a hair ;
 Upon two laigs all vair an square,
 As tho a wur a vixed there.
 Then down a zat to av a raste,
 An gape a bit about tha place ;
 Bit diden bide there very long,
 But got an stood upon tha rong.
 I never should have thought he deer,
 To stan like that upon a cheer.
 He raaly is of men a bwold un,
 An mist be linked in wie tha Woold un.
 A pankeak then he nex did vry,
 In a pan upon his rope za hi.
 He'd got a range ael mead a iron,
 And a grate ta put into the viren ;
 A pleat, a spoon, a leetle can,
 Wie knife, an vork, an vryin pan.
 An quick a did meak up a vire,
 An zoon tha smoke it did aspire ;
 Then we zum vlower, haig, an vat,
 He mixed it ael into a pat.
 An out a poured it in a pan,
 An then ta vrizz it zoon began ;
 An then, when under he wur done,
 Ta zee un turn un, twur zich vun ;
 I ne'er zee zich in ael me life,
 He wur as andy as a wife.

Zo wen the keak ee wur done brown,
 He to tha voke did chuck un down ;
 Wich mead a rush amang tha rabble,
 Who atter thiek ther keak did scrabble.
 Then he pack'd up an baek did goo,
 His vamous ride var to go droo.
 An on his two wheel'd hobby hoss,
 Jist like a joek, he got across ;
 An off a went wie out delay,
 An diden stop once ael tha way.
 Then backurds he did run a bit,
 While he zo vern on un did zit ;
 However he keeps zo uprite,
 It raaly do whaek I outrite.
 He zeams as seaf ther, I'll be boun,
 As you or I do on tha groun.
 And as ver riden hobby hoss,
 I raaly did once get across ;
 And purty quick I did come down,
 An got up we a sheaky crown.
 However he upon thiek thread,
 Cood ride, wieout movin his yead ;
 I never can nar shall meak out,
 Unless he's link'd in wie Woold Clout.
 Var lots declares that thiek woold Niek,
 Must av larn'd un thease yer trick.
 Bit lor, I dwoant knaw wat ta zay,
 Var voke does strainge things now a-day ;
 It zeems na mwore trouble to he,
 Than ower wirk ta arn a wie.

We know he is stiffish buck,
 An mist av got a lot a pluck ;
 He is a strappen chap we know,
 To zee that vine limbs he can show ;
 An must av ad a lot a tryun,
 To do thease things there's no denyin.
 However, ael I've tould to you,
 He zertainly on thick rope did do ;
 He diden meet wie no mishap,
 Which mead tha voke so cheer an clap.
 A diden worry up yer heart,
 Var everything he done za smart :
 An convidence ya ad in he,
 As zoon as ever you did zee.
 How he upon thick rope did stan,
 As aisy as a did on lan.
 Twur woth tha money wieout doubt,
 Var every thing he well car'd out.
 An wen he'd done down he did com.
 An voke begun ta start for wom ;
 Bit mwoast on em about did stay,
 To hear that band zo nicely play,
 An zom did wak about tha green,
 A viewun on the splendid zene ;
 An zom did shoot wie archery,
 As they us'd in tha woolden day.
 An zom did dance, and zom did zing,
 An zom jine in a kissen ring ;
 An maidens thay, mead party naise.
 A runnin roun atter the bwoys.

An then to zee em kiss em zo,
 An nar a bit a shyness show ;
 Zieh bouldness ought never to be,
 In a girt lighten'd countery.
 I'll bet a crown yer vren Jan Brown,
 'Neer kiss'd a maid a kneelen down ;
 He dwoant believe in that are stuff,
 Var tis za brazen an za rough ;
 Ta tare an race about like this,
 An jist to get a leetle kiss.
 I tell ee plain, an wie out joke,
 I hooden kiss, zome a tha voke ;
 Bit this much I'll convess ta you,
 Of gals there wur a tidy vew ;
 That raaly I shid like ta kiss,
 That is, if thay thought no amiss.
 An coose, if no bidy wur lookun,
 Nor noticin jist wen I took un ;
 A kiss zeems aelways baste ta I,
 Wen you da ketch un on tha sly.
 Bit there, thay diden zeem ta veear,
 An var vokes lookin diden keer.

* * * * *

Well, there thay kiss'd and danced away,
 Till nine o'clock thiek blessed day ;
 An then wen twur got nearly dark,
 Tha band did play em out tha park.
 An every one wur ael agreed,
 Twur tha best zite that, thay ever zeed.
 Auver twenty thousand voke they zay,
 Into thie park did goo thie day.

THE WOOLD SCHOOLMEASTER.

Jist auverite tha village church
Ower leetle school da stand,
An in tha yard da play about,
A merry jovil band ;
An to an vro, an roun thay go,
Ael link'd in band an hand.

An when tha sharp shrill bell rings out,
At nine a'clock ache day,
Tha aged measter laves his cot
An zlowly bends his way,
An at tha porch greets wie a smile
Tha merry childern gay.

An dear thay love ta zee his form,
Enter tha leetle school ;
An in quick time ache scholard there
Is sated on his stool,
Wie play an laffin put azide,
Vor well thay know his rule.

Wie reverence thay ael kneel down
Apon tha oaken vloer,
While tha good man in earnest voice,
Tha marnin pray'r da pour ;
An oft his zolemn words da touch
Ther young hearts' leetle core.

Tha joyous marnin hymn thay zing
 Wie cheerful heart an voice.
 Upwards ta heaven their praizes gooes
 Before tha Lord tha Christ ;
 To hear tha childern's hearty strain,
 Makes his woold heart rejoice.
 Tha daily task then thay begin,
 Ta rade, an zum, an write,
 Geography an history, too,
 An verses to recite ;
 Instructin wieout weariness,
 Their minds vrim marn till nite.
 An thus his work, vrim day to day,
 Ta train thease leetle ban,
 Ta vit their leetle childish minds
 For culter inta man,
 An upwards lade their wordly thoughts
 Tawards a better lan.
 An oft tha good man zees his work,
 It av bin bless'd, indeed ;
 Var many a scholar'd he av taught,
 In life, a zees zucceed ;
 An hagerly apon dull minds,
 Examples he will plead.
 Vrim year ta year droo out his life,
 Instructin on a goes,
 An well tha zeeds a larnin he
 In every chile a zows ;
 God grant un pace an hope a heav'n,
 When life draas to a close.

WHY DWOANT EM TOLL THA BELL?

Las winter, on a drary day,
I watch'd a vunerai train
Pass ael up ower village street,
In wind, an storm, an rain.

Tha shop voke put ther shutters up,
Ta show ther girt respect,
Var tha deceased wur well beloved
Be ache, an every zect.

An church an chaple voke jined in
Tha melancholy train,
An zighs wur haved an tears did run
Down zou's cheeck as tha rain.

An tho it wur vunerai train,
Ther wurnt no vunerai knell;
An oft I yeard tha voke remark,
“ Why dwoant em toll tha bell? ”

An wen thay rach'd tha churchyard geats,
Nor Passin did appear;
Bit tha woold Zexton hobbled out
Ta meet this vunerai bier.

An mang tha storm he led em roun
Towards a new mead cell;
An many times agean I yeard,
“ Why dwoant em toll tha bell? ”

Bezide tha grave tha coffin stood
 Apon tha churchyard bier ;
 An roun tha mourners gather'd cloas,
 Conzolin wirds ta hear.

A Wesleyan brother then rade out
 Tha zarvice var tha dead ;
 An every biddy's heart wur touched
 We tha zolemn wirds a zed.

Bit as I gazed on thic ar zene,
 Me heart wie grief did swell ;
 Those wirds I year'd, did pres me zore,
 " Why dwoant em toll tha bell ? "

Why dwoant em toll tha bell, I thought,
 Var a brother gone ta rest,
 Who liv'd a christian life below,
 An now have jined tha blest.

Why should tha zons a Englin's church,
 Thease leetle rite refuse
 Ta thay as wish a burial by
 A minister thay choose.

T'a tha lifeless clay dwoant sigerfy
 Wither tha bell da toll ;
 Bit ah ! remines tha livin ones
 Of tha passen ov a zoul.

* * * * *

To Englin's clergy I appeal,
 Hold not tha passen bell,
 Bit wen a christian's laid to rest,
 T'oll vor'n a vunerel knell.



THA LEABOURER'S ZUNDY MARNIN.

Eece, Zundy marn in zummer prime
Ta tha leabourer is a appy time,
It is tha day that he likes baste,
Var he can zit un down an raste,
An think apun tha things above,
An meditate on heaven's love.
Then wen tha zun is risin high
Up in tha girt big cloudless sky,
On Zundy marnin out a gooes
Ta let tha cows an hosses loose,
An teak em ta tha vlowry mead,
Wur thay ael day in pace can veed.
Zee ow tha poor things pranks about,
Var well thay knaas thay be let out,
An be their looks thay zeems ta zay—
“ No wirk is there var we ta day ; ”
An man is thankvul unto heaven
That there is mead one day in zeven
That animals as well as he
Can raste vrim toil and be vree.

Tha good man then meaks vast tha geat,
 An on its bars a takes a zeat,
 An wie a innerd joy pervound,
 Smilin, looks out on ael around :
 He zees tha curlin smoke arise
 Vrim his cottage chinley ta tha skies,
 Wur busy wife we cheervul zmile
 Da blow ta meak tha kiddle bwile.
 He hears tha rooks a caain, high
 Up in tha elems stannin by,
 Mingled wie tha sheep bells zouns
 Away vrim off tha upland downs,
 An larks a whirrlin too on high
 Their marnin carols to tha sky,
 Tha blackbird sweet and merry drush
 Zingin away in yander bush,
 An tha cuckoo's well know'd cry
 In tha big archet handy bye,
 Wie tha peweets wailin scream,
 An mwournens vutter in tha stream,
 Wur speckled trout, we watchvul eye,
 Springs up ta ketch tha heedles vly,
 An merry milk bwoy on his way
 Ta deairy, hums a zacerd lay.
 An every thing zeems thankin heaven
 Var thease one blessed day in zeven.
 An now he hears tha woold church bell
 Tinklin zlowly in tha dell,
 An its woold vamiliar chime
 Tells un that tis breakfist time ;

Then zlowly back he da retreat,
 An leetle childern run ta meet
 Ther dad we many a plazin smile,
 Which da tha good man's heart beguile ;
 Tha youngest on his back a takes,
 Then to his cot his way he makes.

To tha leabourer how zweet it is
 That he can greet one day as his ;
 Var ah, wat pledure he da veel,
 Wen zated at tha marnin meal.
 Ta zee his childern in their place.
 An hear em zing aloud tha grace ;
 Zo different to a wirken day,
 Wen he must needs be vur away
 Early an late at weary toil,
 Ta cultivate tha rugged zoil ;
 Vrom Mondy marn till Zaturday,
 No chaance he has ta tak ta thay.
 Zo now a meakes good use a time,
 An rades an taks till church bells chime ;
 An off tha good man then da go,
 Wie his dree childern in a row,
 Away down ta tha village church,
 An greets tha zexton in tha porch,
 Var tis his fiather, aged man,
 That teaks tha childern be tha han,
 An leads em roun tha church yard green,
 Ta where a leetle mound is zeen,
 Covered we vlowers in vull blow,
 Tha grave of his dear wife below ;

Tha woold man draps a fervent tear,
 An zays " me leetle childern dear,
 Here lies yer granny, kine woold heart,
 Who here on earth did well her peart.
 Now teak a rose me childern dree,
 Emblems var you ta think on she.
 Var ye be vlowers now on earth,
 An vull a joy, an health, an mirth ;
 Bit woold age ull com, you'll vade away,
 An like yer granny, zoo you'll lay."

Thus nearly every Zundy mornin
 Tha woold man gie'd tha childern warnen,
 Wen thay did goo tha church yard round,
 'Ta zee ther granny's leetle mound.

An now tha woold church bells have done,
 Tha mornin zarvice is begun ;
 Tha congregation, modestly,
 Rades an responds inwoast reverently ;
 An choir, up in tha gallery,
 Da play an zing inwoast heartily ;
 Ael zarts a insterments are there.
 We childern's voices high in air,
 An earnestly, wie zolemn face,
 Men in white smocks a zingen bass.
 O you who lives in polished towns,
 Who be za used ta viner zouns,
 Dwoant ee look down we cool disdain,
 Upon thease choristers za plaain ;
 Var tho ther med be zom discord,
 Heaven doth ther yarest praise regard.

Tha passon in his desk da rade,
 An tha psalms a David lade
 He prays an praches yarestly,
 An taks of Heaven joyously ;
 Wur ael that zarve tha Lord arright
 Will shine we lustre sparklin bright ;
 Wur ael is happiness provound,
 An purity da reign around ;
 Wur every biddys vree vrim stain,
 An pure equality da reign ;
 Wur toil an hardship cease ta be,
 An tha poor leabourer is vree ;
 Wur ael is pace, an love, an joy,
 An praises do tha tongue employ ;
 Wur tha Lamb zits on tha throne,
 Who var poor zinner's do atone ;
 An we wat a holy smile He
 Is sated in girt Majesty ;
 Ther He da zit an bid ess com
 Ta his eternal blessed wom.
 An thus tha good man do appeal,
 An many a zilent tear ull steal
 Ael down tha leabourer's burly veace,
 Ta know var he that there is greace ;
 An tears like thase be prayers breave'd
 Var thay as cannot words conceive ;
 Tho zometimes shed wie zorroin moan,
 Thay zure be witnessed vrim tha throne.
 An meekly now ael bow the yeard,
 While tha last benediction's zaid.

Tha marnin zarvice now is o'er,
 Wie zolemn step a laves tha door ;
 Wie childern, seeks agean his cot,
 An thinks how happy is his lot ;
 While busy wife da quick prepare
 Tha Sabbath meal of humble fare ;
 A piece of bwiled beakon hot,
 An vegetables vrim gierden plot ;
 An zuety dumplins, roun an plump,
 Which meaks tha hager childern jump.
 Ta tha leabourer tis indeed a treat
 That he zich vare as this can greet ;
 Var on wirken days out in tha viel,
 On brade an cheese he makes his meal.
 An who shall say these voke be zidders
 Ta zit down to cook'd Zundy dinners.

* * * * *

An now, wie zolemu up turned veace,
 Tha childern zing aloud their greace ;
 Ax var a blessin on tha vood,
 Ta da their zouls and bodies good.
 An in quick time, a never year,
 Tha good things provided disappear ;
 Thay once agean gies thanks ta heaven,
 Var ael tha marcies God hath given.
 An sweet contentment vills their cot,
 Thay'm happy, an thay murmer not.
 Ay! much above tha wordle's scornmen
 Is tha leabourer's cot on Zundy marnin.



THA WOOLD ZEXTON.

Close ta ower leetle village church,
Under a girt big yew ;
Who's spredden yarms da shelter greaves,
Of sleepers not a vew.

Ther stans ower Zexton's leetle cot,
Ael auver ivy green ;
Wie honeyzuckles roun tha pourch,
An roses in between.

An in thease pourch in zummer time,
Wen it is balmy weather,
Tha poor woold man da zit an think,
Var hours an hours together.

One day, we wary heart I zat,
 Apon a tomb stoune woold;
 A geazin on the zilent dade,
 Vast crumblen inta mwould.

An as I zat, za quiet like,
 In ruminatin mood,
 Vootsteps did rouse my pensive ears,
 An he avore I stood.

His peal thin cheeks wur vurrow'd deep,
 His look wur zad an greave,
 His eyes wur rid, an bleer'd, an wake,
 An long zighs he did heave.

His vlowin hair vill down his^rpoll,
 White as the driven snow;
 An like a patriarch of woold,
 Did look his revern'd brow.

Wie totterin step a rach'd tha stoune,
 An zat down be me zide,
 An girt tear drops vills down his cheek,
 Wich oft a tried ta hide.

A stopped a minet ta regain
 His vast short vlecten breath;
 Then said "Young man, ya zeems ta dwell
 Apon thease scenes a death."

Var haughty years, in yander cot,
 I've liv'd a bwoy an man,
 An fifty years ta marrer marn,
 My zextonship began.

My fiather he var vorty years,
 Tha office did hold too ;
 A moulderren slab da mark his greave,
 Under yon spredden yew.

Eece, many be tha scenes I've zeed,
 Many stouries I cood tell,
 Of tha underds I av zeed
 Laid in ther narrer cell.

I've zeed tha ag'd an statly tree,
 Many times laid in tha tomb,
 An oft I've zeed tha tender bud
 Cut down avore did bloom.

D'ye zee yan grave jist newly mead ?
 A rose bud zweet lays there ;
 Heet she yeant there, ony her clay,
 Her zoul's wie hangels vair.

Ower Vicar's ony chile she wur,
 Born wen a lost he's wife,
 An she grow'd up a lovely maid,
 His girttest joy in life.

Sweet, generous chile, me tongue caant tell,
 Haaf tha good that she done ;
 If ever an hangel wur on earth,
 I'm zure that she wur one.

Vain, silly pride she never knaw'd,
 Na bigotry nar sham,
 Aelways tha zeam ta rich an poor
 An gentle as a lamb.

Ower village voke tells of her deeds,
 Wie tears an sorrowen heart,
 Vor her kind look an gentle voice,
 Jay aelways cood impart.

Her beauty an her innocence
 Won ower young Squire's heart,
 An she wur gwain ta be his bride,
 Wen death their loves cut shart.

Skierce haughteen zummers had she zeed,
 Wen com'd tha vatal blow,
 Wich vill'd tha country roun var miles
 Wie zarrer an wie woe.

An skierce a month had pass'd away,
 Tha Vicar too a died,
 His daater's death had broke his heart,
 His loss a cooden bide.

Thease zenes a woe, cut deep tha hearts
 Of village voke aroun,
 Thay wept, lamented, an bewail'd,
 Grief did ther zouls zurroun.

An young an woold still mworns tha loss,
 Of Vicar an his chile ;
 Wie a zarrer well ni of despair,
 Wich thay caant reckineile.

Bit ah, young man, aelthough we miss
 Ther well know'd feacin here,
 Quite zure we be ther zouls da reign,
 Up bove yan starry sphere.

How vast is time, how short thease life,
 Tis bit a leetle span ;
 Tha helpless chile, then joyous youth,
 An then tha zober man.

Along we goo droo life's rough path,
 Ache on ess his own way ;
 Time vleys along, an every hour
 Brings on ower latter day.

A eece, I too, who's bwony hans
 Av dug vull many a cell ;
 Not long till be, before for I
 Thay'll toll tha passin bell.

Me journeys end is cloas at han,
 Me life it is at stake ;
 Bit shill die in pace, an trust,
 I shill in glory wake."

* * * * *

Tha zummer's zun wur zinkin vast,
 Beyond tha stretchen plain,
 I bid varewell an promised he
 I zoon hood caal again.

Bit wen again I bent me way
 Towards his cottage door,
 I met a villager, who zed,
 " He died tha day avore."

His mortal frame now rastes in pace,
 Be his vore-fiathers laid ;
 A leetle stoune da mark tha spot,
 Under tha yew trees shade.



THA SNOW.

Tha snow, tha snow, is vallen,
An my good deam, she be callen,
“ Be quick, good man, hie out a tha starm,
An eom to yer snug leetle cottage, za warm.”

Tha snow, tha snow, ael droo tha snow,
Away to his wirk tha poor man mist go ;
Bit, ah, wen at nite a greets his snug cot,
An smills his hot zupper, his keers be vargot.

When tha snow lays deep and vrost da bite,
An tha vields an downs be covered quite,
Tha leabourer sturdy, up in the vield barn,
Be-leabours ael day tha russet brown earn.

Tha vrost an tha snow tho cheerless they zeems,
Tha zweets that thay avs ther roughness redeems ;
Var where will ee vine a cozier zite
Than a leabourer's cot on a ewould winter's nite.

ADDRESS TO A MIZER.

Poor misryyable skinny wretch,
Jist like a wirm, thee'se crawl and stretch,
Of a skilinton thee beest a sketch,
 Woold skin an bwone ;
Wat'ever doost think thee oots vetch ?
 Ya leazy drone.

Bout thee bist creapen, yer an there,
Wie look a pityvull dispair,
As tho thee wurst vill'd vull a keer ;
 Thy artvull plan ;
Ta baig vrim thay thee'se know caant speer,
 Jist wur thee can.

How many voke thee hast took in,
Wie tha valse tales thee doost spin,
An thic picked veace za thin ;
 An ael tha while
In thy hypocrisy da grin
 A wicked smile.

How many a penny thee hast took,
Wie thick ar vile an haggerd look,
Vrim thousands who have thee mistook
 Var wat thee beant ;
Eece, many a pocket thee hast shook
 Of poor, well meant.

Every day thee bist zom where zeen,
 Craalin about in rags za mean,
 Eyes peepin everywhere za keen,
 Wie dirt thee'se stink ;
 Anasty smill, raink and unclean.
 Voke vrim thee shrink.

Vrim house ta house thee'se baig ael day,
 An pityvully thee doost pray
 Var grub, thy stunnick's seak ta stay,
 Bit goold's thy aim ;
 Ael tho ta nuthen thee'se zay nay,
 Money's thy game.

Then when thy baig is vull, at nite,
 Thee doost limp wom, vull a delight,
 An wie tha aid of thy rushlite,
 Thy pockets drain ;
 An like a vile unearthly sprite,
 Thee'se count tha gain.

An wen it turns out a zuccess,
 Thy veelins thee doost well express ;
 Delighten in thy artvulness,
 Wie devilish grin ;
 Thy unrighteous wirk thee ther doost bless,
 Thou man a zin.

Tha vittles then, thee doost turn out,
 An turn tha stale an vresh about,
 An wat dwoant zuit thee, thee doost scout,
 And drow away ;
 On dainty bits then doost blow out,
 Unger ta stay.

Zeafly then thee, doost bar thy door,
 An thy money chest explore,
 To add agean a leetle mwore ;

 An droo tha nite

Thee'se zit an count it oer an oer

 Till marnin's lite.

Then vastened wie stout lock and key,
 Hides it wur no biddy shill zee,
 Under tha vloor za zacritly,

 Eece, ther it lays,

That which is ael tha wordle ta thee,

 Ael droo thy days.

Poor vool, ta live in zich a steat,

In thic ar hut za desilate,

Wur na one can communicate

 Ta thee a wurd ;

Thy death thee doost accelerate

 Thou vool absurd.

Bit I zapoose thee doost veel zure

Thy wealth an thee be ael zecure ;

And miseries thee caanst endure

 Ta muck up goold ;

Dwoant tha thought, thy mine once lure ?

 Thee bist gettin woold.

Tha grave, I spoose thee doosen veer,

Nar ta vailen nater, len a ear ;

Tho thee hast had a long career,

 Thee doosen heed ;

Nar hoot thee zee thy end is near,

 Comin we speed.

Ah wretched man, wur is thy mind ?
 Thee mist be zummit wuss than blind ;
 Var zure zim day zom o'm ull vind
 Thy hidden goold ;
 An ael ull goo like as tha wind
 When thee bist mwould.
 Vor zure disease ull lay thee low,
 An thee oot groan wie pain an woe,
 Aloane, var nooan will of it know,
 Ta com ta thee ;
 Ah misry then, thee't undergo,
 Wen death thee'se zee.
 A thy vollie then, wen tis ta late,
 Thee oot begin ta meditate,
 An bitterly thee't rue thy vate,
 As thee diss lie
 Aloane, wie none ta help thy state,
 Ar zee thee die.
 Ecce, there aloane in death thee't lie,
 Till voke da miss thee, bye an bye,
 An veel thy abzense do imply—
 Ther's zummit wrong ;
 An to thy wretched hut thay'll hie,
 An roun un drong.
 An open they ull bust tha door,
 An thy wretched hut explore,
 An vine thee laid upon tha vloor,
 Ael stiff an dead ;
 Bit thy zad end noon will deplore,
 No tear thay'll shed.

A crowner's quest thay'll hold on thee,
 Tha caas a death trace out an zee,
 An ael tha jury will agree,
 An will decree—
 "He did die droo sheer misery ;"
 An zo till be.

An quick, thay ull putt thee out a zite,
 An Passin rade tha las zad rite ;
 Bit nar bit a pity thee't excite,
 No vrens ta mwourn,
 Not one a kine wird will recite,
 Thy life they'll scorn.

And wat da then of thee remain,
 Thy goods and all thy hoarded gain,
 Men of tha laa ull soon obtain,
 An they will zay—
 "Vool, to av lived a life za vain,
 Where's now his stay ?"

* * * * * * *

How zom voke tries to hoard up wealth,
 Eece, een ta zacrificin health,
 How worship thay tha dazmlin pelf,
 Nar stops ta think ;
 Woold death is creapen on be stealth,
 Thame on tha brink.

* * * * * * *

Then let a gen'rous heart be mine,
If wealth an riches on I shine,
Zo's to tha poor I med consign
 Wat God av given ;
Then shall I wen in life's decline
 Have hope a heaven.



CHARMIN LASSES.

Charmin lasses, will ee goo ?

Will ee goo ? will ee goo ?

Charmin lasses, will ee goo

A gipsyen ta Grovely ?

'Tis vlowry June, an ael tha woods

Zo gaily now be draste ;

An leetle birds on every bough

Be zingin out ther baste.

Charmin lasses, will ee goo ?

Come, we'll wander droo tha glades,

An pick wild roses there,

Along we honeyzuckles zweet,

Twinin mmost everywhere.

Charmin lasses, will ee goo ?

An ael down tha mossy rides

We will rove za merry,

And peep amang tha wavy ferns

Var tha zweet straaberry.

Charmin lasses, will ee goo ?

An underneath tha spreaden beech,

In yarmless vun an glee,

We will dance, and zing ower zongs

We vaices heartily.

Charmin lasses, will ee goo ?

Until tha zun zinks in tha wace
We'll dance an zing away,
Then wom ache swain shill lade tha lass,
Tha lass a loves zo gay.

Charmin lasses, will ee goo?

Charmin lasses, come along,
Come along, come along;
Charmin lasses, come along,
A gipsyen ta Grovely!



COORTIN THA BLACKSMITH'S DAATER.

Twur on a Zundy aternoon,
In tha merry month a May,
Ater marnin church hoff I did goo
Ta Woodvird village gay.

Ael up tha girt lang avenue
I trudged along wie speed,
An down Camp hill, and droo tha path.
Ael by tha vlow'ry mead.

Tha birds wur twittern to an vro.
Up in tha elem's high,
An vrum tha copse offen I yeard
Tha cuckoo's welcom cry.

Apon tha brudge across tha stream
I zat a bit ta raste,
When zoon com'd bye a purty maid
Whose zweet look charm'd me braste.

Var zich a veace I nevir zeed,
Za lovely and za vair ;
Zich rosey cheeks, zich light blue eyes,
Zich shiny vlaxen hair.

Lore ! what a veelen sazed me heart,
Wie zich a lovin fleam ;
Oh I will spe-ak unto her now,
An know what be her neam.

Zays I "zweet lass, ull ee goo we I
 Var a waak along thease brook?
 Var maiden, dear, me heart is charm'd
 Wie that ar smilen look."

She smiled agean, an then we waak'd
 Ael by tha river's zide;
 A thousand charms vill'd up me heart,
 Var she I cood a died.

Zaays I, "zweet maid, O tell I true,
 O tell I be thease waater,
 If you be she, bout who I've yeard,
 Tha village blacksmith's daater?"

"Well, yes," she zays, "you have guess'd right,
 I am tha blacksmith's daater;
 Me fiather's cot between them trees,
 Jist tother zide tha waater.

An ther in happiness I dwell
 Along wie parents kine;
 No keers have I, me jays be zweet,
 True happiness be mine.

Ower squire's daater lives in steat,
 In yander mansion gran;
 Bit she's noo happier than I,
 Tha happiest in tha lan."

"Now zich a noble mind is thine,
 Me lovely village maid,
 An if I tells ee I love you,
 Dwoant ee me love upbraid."

Bit we a blush apon her brow,
 She zed, " I know ee not,
 Bit if yer love var me's zincere
 Wie ee, I'll shear me lot."

Zim purty vlowers then I pull'd,
 A growin zide tha river ;
 " Teak thease " I zed, " as a true pledge
 That I'll prove vaithvul ever."

Var hours ael aloone we waak'd,
 An taak'd of nought bit love,
 Until tha zun zunk in tha wace,
 An stars shone out above.

I rung her han, I kissed her brow,
 Tha tear stood in her eye ;
 " Good bye, me dear, till Zundy next,"
 " Good bye," zays she, " good bye !"

Bit atter, oft ta Woodvird gay,
 I rambled be tha waater,
 Wie thic dear maid who won me heart,
 Tha village blacksmith's daater.

An neer will I varget tha day
 Wen by tha brudge I zought her ;
 She's now me bride, an ael me pride,
 Tha village blacksmith's daater !

FAITHFUL DOLLY.

Ower Jack a vill in love wie Doll,
Las Crismis, up at varmer's ball,
Complate his heart she did enthrall,
A zed she wur his life, his all.

Zo he zat down an rote a letter,
An tell'd her ever zunce he met her
His heart wur bound in a girt fetter,
An every hour wur lovin her better.

Dear Doll, a then went on ta zay,
Will ee accept me love, I pray?
If zo, lets knaa thease very day,
An dwoant vor goodness zeak delay?

Be zure dwoant keep I in zuspence,
Nor trate I wie indifference;
Var O me love burns zo intense,
Dear Doll, quick, grant a converence.

Zoo Doll rote back, wieout delay,
An to our love-ziek Jack did zay—
Me love has bin won var many a day
Be a zailor lad, var, var away.

An I pledg'd me wurd, true I'd be
Ta me young zailor now on tha sea;
Therefore, Jonny dear, you zurely can zee
Ta love, or ta meet you, I cannot agree.

To love-ziek Jack it wur a girt blow
Ta vind that a must tha lass vorego;
Bit like a true man, a vargot his woe,
An elsewhere a coortin zoon did go.

VARMER WUR TOOK IN.

A smeartish young damsel com'd to ower town,
Draste up in tha highest of vayshun ;
A charmer she look'd, a charmer she zeem'd,
An liv'd like a leady a stayshun ;
She quite won the hearts of ael tha young chaps
As liv'd roun var many a mile ;
What a beauty, zed thay, did ee ever zee zich
Perfection, and in zich vine style ?

A dashen young craater in truth she now wur,
An her neam it wur Ethelinder ;
As a leady a raink she pass'd in tha town,
Kept by her papa out in Inder ;
An many wur thay who zought her zo gay,
Charm'd by her good looks an zweet smile,
An many a heart she nearly did brake,
Vor ta ael she gied a denial.

Bit at last com'd a day, a lover turned up,
A lucky man, one Varmen Wright ; ..
Lore ow tha young chaps did swear an did stare,
Ta zee em wak out every nite ;
A varmer he wur, who own'd a girt varm,
An wur zed ta be rollin in goold ;
This wur tha young man Ethelinder had trap'd,
Aelthough a wur vorty years woold.

Ther coortin went on vor two or dree months,
 It wur ael tha tak a tha town ;
 Everybidy a axin wen tha weddin hood be,
 Var thay zed he'd bought her tha gown ;
 Bit zoon ael at once come a terrable blow,
 Ethelinder, she wurnt to be vound ;
 An poor Varmer Wright wur in a girt plight,
 For he'd lent her a underd pound.

The townsvoke did laff, the varmer he swore,
 An zed she wur a reglar zell ;
 Bit wat could er do? he'd lent her tha goold,
 An she wur gone, wur noone om cud tell ;
 A vaithless young ooman, decaitvul, tho vair,
 A good lesson I larned by thee ;
 Tho dear tha instruction da zeem ta me now,
 Me vollie I ever shall zee.

* * * * *

MORAL.

Now a lesson in this, young chaps you med zee,
 Dwoant ee, never be carried away
 Be a leady a vayshun, watever her charms,
 Var live ta repent it ya may ;
 If ya want a wife, zeek one who is nate,
 In yer own stayshun, lovin, an true ;
 Dwoant let tha outzide win auver yer heart,
 At tha day ya zurely ull rue.

THA CHILDERN'S TRATE.

Wen tha earn is ard an brown,
An heavy ears is hangin down,
In vields near to our leetle town ;
Then tha children in ache street
Runs about wie feacin zweet,
Zoon, zoon, we'll av our joyous treat.

An var days an weeks avore, .
Nuthun bit tha trate in store,
Gooes about vrim door ta door ;
An wen, as is, tha custom'd rule
Ta neam tha day at Zundy school,
Ache leetle heart wie joy is vull.

How thay long then var that day,
Wen ael tha vale keeps hallerday,
An every young heart will be gay ;
Ta tha school wie feacin brite,
Var once thay gooes wie glad delight,
An in a girt long train unite.

Marchen to tha ban's loud notes,
Vlags an banners gaily vloats,
An rough be ther leetle droats,
Cheerin, shoutin, long an loud,
Thay da march ael droo tha crowd,
Like a leetle army proud.

An in tha park apon tha green,
 Wat a plazin, temptin zene
 Greets ther leetle eyes za keen ;
 Long rows of stools an teables there,
 Bearin loads of wholesim vare,
 Anuff var ael an lots ta spare.

Wie wat appetites thay do parteaik
 Of tha bounteous tay an keake,
 An many a leetle heart da queak.
 Tha noble vamily everywhere,
 Waits on tha childern wie such care,
 Nuthun is ever wantin there.

Wen every one av had ther vill,
 Up gooes a cheer, za clare an shrill,
 Wie a joyous, hearty will,
 Ta noble Pembroke's vamily,
 Ache one jines in mwoast heartily,
 Var this, tha childern's annual tea.

Then spourts of every kine teak please,
 Tha zack jumpin, tha speedy race,
 An blindman's buff, wie masked veace.
 An many a leetle urchin tries,
 Wie hager veace an longin eyes,
 Ta carry wom zom leetle prize.

Then to tha village ban's loud strains,
 Tha chaps an maidens in long trains,
 Tha merry dance till night maintains.
 An 'tis a joyous zite ta zee
 Tha noble ones join in tha glee,
 At this tha childern's annual tea.

Long may tha zons a Pembroke's line,
This leetle vestive treat conzine,
Var tha young uns will tha boon enshrine;
An in atter life ull off repeat
Bout tha joyous pleadures zweet,
Wen a chile at tha annual treat.



THA SQUIRE'S CRISMIS GREETIN.

Bring in, bring in, tha yule logs bwoys,
Ta pile apon tha vire ;
Vor now I'll keep tha vestive time
As did of woold, me zire ;
Bring in, bring in, tha holly bright,
Likewise tha mizzletoe,
An gaily trim tha woold house up,
Tha baste way that ya know.

Come stir yerzelves me zarvants ael,
Prepare var thease glad time ;
An let your hearts be merry now,
Like as tha bells da chime ;
Var Crismis coms bit wonce a year,
I'll gie ta vren or voe,
Me fiather did wen I wur young,
Zom vorty years ago.

An mine prepare tha joyous veast
Of tha primest in tha land ;
Mwoast bountiful tha bouard zupply,
Ya know tis my command ;
An zee tha poor thay beant vargot,
Gie vrim my plenteous store ;
Var tis a custom I'll keep up
As me fiathers did a yore.

Away down to tha village quick,
 My zon an datter hie ;
 An tell me tenantry I shall
 Expect em up bim bye ;
 An then vind out tha village Waits,
 An bid em com ta zup,
 Var I inten right merrily,
 Ta keep woold Crismis up.

* * * * * *

Now ael is done, tha faste's begun,
 An come is every guest ;
 Tha woold house is deck'd up za gay,
 Wie holly brightly drest ;
 Tha bouard is spread we mighty jints,
 An girt big poodens vine ;
 Wie everything tha heart can wish,
 Brown yale an sparklin wine.
 Aten an drinken, laffen an jokein,
 Tha time za glides away ;
 Tha woold vokes nod, tha youngens shout,
 Tha wine it meaks em gay ;
 An vrim tha beam da hang tha bough,
 A mizzletoe za green ;
 An many a smack is yeard beneath.
 An many a laff between.
 At night tha merry dance begins,
 Tha Squire lades tha way ;
 An woold an young well voot it out,
 Till marnen brings tha day ;

Tha Waits aroun tha teable zings
Their ditties loud an long ;
An tha jolly Squire warbles out,
Vull many a ancient zong.

An thus, een thus, is Crismis spent,
In tha Squire's ancient hall ;
No vain distinction's ever zeed,
At thic merry vestival ;
Var zoo it wur in his fiather's time,
Tha happy days a yore ;
An thus tis every year tha zeam,
An may't be evermore.



TIA PRENTICE'S ADVENTER.

Not long agoo, in a leetle town,
her liv'd a youth nean'd Harry Brown ;
A smart young chap as ere wur zeen,
Tho in zom spects wur raather green ;
In spite a this, I mist maintain,
A wur possessed a skill an brain.
Music an draain he lik'd well,
In thease he mwoast bwoys did excel ;
Tha viddle, too, a nice cood play,
An scraped apon un haaf tha day ;
Ar we a brush, ar pencil he
Cood draa things very purtyly ;
Var thease he ad a teast, tis plain,
Bit a notion vill'd his brain—
Zom day a girt man he hood be,
An zoar above his pedigree.

Bit zoon, alas, tha day com'd round,
An Harry to a trade wur bound ;
To a carpender var zeven years,
Tha thought it vill'd his eyes we tears ;
An offen in a woeful mood,
On his misvortunes he hood brood,
Ta be a chopper an sheaver a wood,
Our hero vowed a nevir hood ;
Why shooden I av a hockypation
Accordin to my inclination,

Var a girt hartist I be made,
 An nevir will I larn thease trade.
 He mead a vow he'd rin vrim whoam ;
 An droo tha countery he hood roam ;
 As zoon as ere tha chaance comes roun,
 Missin thay'll vind young Harry Brown.
 Now Harry's sire a rum woold blade,
 As ever wirk'd at any trade,
 Zich chastizemints apon his zon,
 Did lavish we a bitter tongue ;
 In hot wirds ud try his zon persuade
 To think a nuthun bit his trade ;
 He swore he'd smaish his violin,
 If he kept up thic horrid din ;
 An if a took his brush to paint,
 Tha woold man he wur like ta vaint ;
 An in high wrath, a did declare—
 A shudden paint ar viddle there.
 Nuthun wur right that Harry did,
 An oft tha house a wur vorbid ;
 An zoo this ere continal strife,
 Did meak un wary of his life.
 Tha mother she a kiue woold zoul
 Did try her wretched zon konzole ;
 Var offen wen tha fither wild
 Hood strike her dear, bit wayward child,
 Var marey loud she hood implore,
 An promises meak be tha scoure—
 That Harry shooden fend again,
 Bit vrim his bwoyish vaats abstain.

Jist haighteen years ther course had sped
 Apon ower hero's youthful yead,
 An matters wur about tha zeam,
 Young Harry's mind glowin var feam ;
 Aelways disheartened wie his trade,
 He, bit leetle progress ever made,
 Var ta loftier things a did aspire,
 Of which his mind hood never tire.

At shop one day, rapt up in gloom,
 Wie thoughtvul mind a paced tha room,
 His measter he had gone away,
 And left his prentice var tha day,
 Aloane ta do zim ardish wirk,
 That idle bout a shooden lurk :
 Bit skiercly he is back did turn,
 Wen Harry's quick eye did discern
 A picter, which he'd long begun,
 " Ah now," zayz he, " I'll get it done.
 An here I'll nail it ta tha wall,
 Jist ta be zeed by one an all ;
 I'll vinish it wieout delay,
 An thease very nite I'll cut away,
 A appertunity I ave, tis plain,
 Wich I med never get again ;"
 A zet about tha plazin job,
 Aelthough his heart did beat and drob,
 Thinkin tha measter med return,
 An his purty wirk discern ;
 But nuthin diden intervere,
 Var ael thic day tha cwoast wur cleer,

An zoo a vinish'd un at last,
An bove his binch a nail'd un vast.

It wur a draain of hiszelf,
In tha hact a lavin as be stealth,
An underneath he'd rited down,
"This is yer prentice, ' Harry Brown ;'
Good bye, Gaffer, an shop meats too,
When you zees this I'm vur vrim you.
My runnin off you'll never rue,
Ya needun therevore meak adoo ;
Varewell, var I be zick an wary
A vollieun a trade za drary."
Zoo wen twur dark a left tha plice,
Wie ael his tools pack'd in a keace,
An to his fiather's cot a stole
An hided em in tha dark coal hole.
Nice ael wis plan'd, an ael zeem'd rite,
An his young heart a did beat light,
He chuckled much, " yeant it a lark
Ta keep em ael zoo in tha dark ;
Thay lectle thinks wat I'm about,
Bit ta marrer thay'll vind it out."

Now one thing mwore he'd got ta do,
It wur ta bid his Gal adieu ;
Zoo sacritly a left tha house
An craped along jist like a mouse,
An ther bezide her cottage gate
Waiten, there stood his vaithvul Kate ;

Wie open yarms she did resave
 Her Harry, who hood ne'er desave,
 An zich zweet tales a love wur twould,
 An vows wur mead, zich vows za bwould—
 That zoon thay hood zure meet again,
 Tho pearten now thay mist zustain ;
 "Thervore, me Kate, keep true ta I,
 Var my wife you shill be bim bye."
 Wie a kiss, a tore hiszelf away,
 "Good bye, good bye," a yeard her zay ;
 His heart wur zad, thought bright his hope,
 As droo tha dark lean he did grope.
 Then zoftly crapen down tha street,
 No light a zeed, no zound a veet,
 Till out tha church clock did het one,
 Ower hero mead a steart ta run ;
 An zoon a rach'd his fiather's door
 An stole in, as he'd oft bevore.
 Tha woold voke ad long gone ta bade,
 And wur as quiet as tha dade ;
 Ther drames no doubt ad well begun,
 Zoo diden hear ther wayward zon.
 "No bade," zays he, "var I ta nite,"
 Then took a match to strike a lite ;
 Now var a crust a braden cheese,
 Tha last, dear fiather if ya pleeze :
 An wen a that a ad partook,
 Around tha house a gied a look,
 Ta zee wat things a ther cood vind.
 Var nuthin a hood leave behind :

" Ther's my girt cwoat," he is up stair,
 Tha thought it vill'd un we despair ;
 If I goes up, a naise I'll make,
 An praphs the woold man will awake ;
 Bit I mist try, till never doo,
 Ta lave un here, he's nearly new ;
 Tha stair dooer then a opened wide,
 An up tha steps zofty did glide ;
 He reach'd un, wisper'd, I've a got un,
 Bit miss'd his step, vill to tha bottom.

Tha woold man woke, rush'd to tha stair,
 An baalin out a cried " who's there ;
 Tis robbers, wife, rache down me gun,
 I'll vire if thay attempt ta run ;"
 Bit she wur vrited near ta death,
 An cooden var sometime vetch breath ;
 At las zays she " caal Harry out,
 An goo an zee wat tis about ; ?"
 " Harry ! wake up " tha woold man bawls,
 Bit nar anser, to his loud caals ;
 He zarch'd his room, grop'd aroun tha wall,
 A villan, he's tha caas of ael.
 He struck a light, then went below,
 Wie roage his veace an eyes did glow ;
 An swore he'd let the rascal know,
 If he did get un once in tow.

To consciousness, Harry restored,
 " Oh dear," zays he, " how I be bored ;"

Then lookun up in wild despair,
 A zeed his fiather on the stair ;
 Droo tha back door he mead a rush,
 Down gierden, then behine a bush.
 Tha woold man vollied wie a light,
 Graspen a stick wie ael his might ;
 Poor Harry zeed tha fiather wild,
 An knaw'd we reage he ne'er did bwile ;
 Zoo a bolted vrim his hiden pleace,
 An down tha gierden path did race ;
 A river deep rush'd on below,
 An droo he in his clothes mist go ;
 A stood agean the steppen stoune,
 Then baal'd out in a woevul tone ;
 An in a nick, in he did dash
 Thic ar girt stone, ah ! twur a craish !
 An vore the fiather well cud zee,
 He'd darted to another tree.

The woold man yeard tha dismal splaish,
 An thought twur Harry mead tha craish ;
 A then zet up a piteous zound—
 “ O dear ! O dear ! a will be drown'd ;
 Wife ! wife ! get up,” zoon did rezound,
 “ Var our poor bwoy a will be drown'd ;
 I zeed un jump vrim off tha stoune,
 An in tha waater yeard un groan ;
 O dear ! O dear ! wat shill I do ?
 Thease nite var ever I shill rue ;
 Misrible wretched man be I,”
 While his poor wife did zob an cry.

Tha naise zoon weaked tha naybours all,
 Who vrim ther winders loud did baal—
 “ Why, wats the matter, Naybour Brown ?
 Begar you'll wake up ael tha town ; ”
 “ O do ee look shearp and come down,
 Ar my poor Harry zure ull drown.
 An zoon tha street wur ael alive
 We naybours who did quick arrive ;
 “ Wat shill ess do ? ” zed one ta tother,
 Var ael lik'd Harry as a brother ;
 “ Unhook tha boat,” zays one or two,
 “ An let ess zee wat we can do ;
 He med be got out, perhaps, alive,
 If purty quick we ael da strive ; ”
 Off ta tha boat-house zom o'm vlew,
 Zoon he wur man'd be a brave crew ;
 “ Stop ! stop ! ” zays one, “ lar wat a plague,
 We'm gwain off thout a zingle draig ; ”
 Zoon one wur vound shov'd in tha boat,
 An down tha strame thay gun ta vloat ;
 Thay row'd an pull'd, an drag'd away,
 Ael droo thie nite, till break a day ;
 Thay every nook an tree zought round,
 Bit neet nar body cood be vound ;
 Thay went rite to tha vourteen hatches,
 Covered we sweat, an mud, an scratches ;
 Undaanted, up tha strame again
 Thay row'd, an drag'd, but twur in vain ;
 An wen about ta gie it oer,
 A chap thay zeed standid on shore ;

A mainly thay hung thur yeads down,
 Ta zee stan there, young Harry Brown !
 " Well I be blow'd," zed ael tha dree,
 If this yer baint a purty spree ;
 Ta zee tha trouble we av took
 In draigen var thee in thease brook.
 Bit Harry he begun ta laff,
 An riled em mainly be his chaff ;
 " I tell ee wur I've bin," he zed,
 " An ad a stunnin cozy bed ;
 Wen you wur gettin out the boat,
 I droo tha shrubs an trees did grope,
 An craped as quiet as a mouse,
 Up gierden an droo fiather's house,
 Then mead me way ta Bulbrudge varm
 An slept up in a hay rick warm,
 An yer I be, zee, zeaf an zound,
 Not as you thought, ta vind I drown'd."

Now zom om grin'd, an zom did swear,
 An zed it wur a run affair,
 Ta draig a river ael tha night,
 In vain ta wear out straingth and might ;
 " Look, eers a trim, zee eers a plight,
 If ad bin drown'd, tid zor'd un right ;
 Var every biddy now ull laff,
 An we shill av ta beare ther chaff ;

Smeart pay var ael tha pains we've took,
 In draggen var thee in thease brook."

Ower hero voun twur gettin hot,
 Zoo off he purty quick did trot,
 Var they all vow'd wie one konzent
 They'd gie un a ducken, vore a went.

Bit zoon woold Brown a did appear,
 An gied ache a bob ta buy em beer,
 Wich zeemed ta slack a bit ther wroth,
 An one by one they all slunk off.

* * * * *

Now wen ya visit thease yer town,
 Ya mussen menshun Harry Brown,
 Ar thease boatmen's anger soon'll rise,
 Zoo doont ee vex em, tidden wise,
 Thay'll neer varget tha night, I'm bound
 They drag'd var one they thought wur drown'd.

MORAL.

To prentice bwoys jist let me zay.
 Dwoant never plan ta rin away ;
 Bit vaithvully zarve out yer time,
 If you hood clim, then you can elime ;
 You'll av vree course then to perzue,
 Wat ere yer mines mid lade ee too ;
 Bere up yer trials wieout dismay,
 Like dark clouds thay'll zoon pass away.



GROVELY BARN.

How I da like on a zummer's marn,
An wen tha zun is nice and warm,
Ta zit down by woold Grovely Barn,
An raste a bit ;

An look about on everything,
An hear tha birds za zweetly zing,
Vor pleadure ta me heart da bring.
As I da zit.

Var brings ta I tha woolden day,
Wen offen I av come thease way
Wie my dear girl, vair an gay,
But now she's gone ;

Ah ! now she's gone, an laved I here
To shed vor she tha zilent tear ;
Her mem'ry I da hold mwoast dear
Wen I'm alone.

Vor offen we inzide the hood
Av wak'd about in zolitude,
Wen we wur in our lovin mood,
Ah ! happy time !

Wen we did wander yarm in yarm,
An pick the roses vrom the thorn,
An vlowers that za thiek da swarm
In zummer prime.

An wen tha nuts wur gettin brown
 On leetle bushes on tha down,
 We ower crooks we'd sheak em down,
 An av zich vun ;

A scramblin zo up in tha tree,
 Wen a good cluster we cood zee,
 Ah ! happy days wur thay ta we,
 Now ael o'ts done.

An yon is thick ar girt beech tree
 Wur many times we've had our tea,
 An zat us down and had zich glee,
 My gal an I ;

How offen vrom his limbs we've zwung,
 An oft the merry dance begun,
 Wen our work wur ael a done—
 An putted by.

An wen tha evenin did come roun,
 Be some girt tree we'd zit ess down,
 An roun hur weace me yarms I vlung,
 As we zat there,

An yeard tha nightingale, za vine,
 Pour out hur zong in ael hur prime—
 Wie love it did vill up our mine,
 We coortin pair.

Ecce, zarrer to me heart it brings,
 Wen I da think of ael thase things,
 Vor gies me young heart bitter stings
 To think on she ;

Ah, she that I za well did like,
 That wur ta be me wedded wife ;
 O, wat ta I is thease yer life,
 Bit misery ?

Ah Meary, canst thou zee I here
 A shedden out tha zilent tear,
 Vor thee who I did love za dear ?
 Now ael's dispair ;

Bit ever till thease life da lest,
 I'll hold thy mem'ry in my breast,
 Now thou beest gone away ta rest
 In Heaven za vair.

An still though thou art pass'd away,
 In thease woold woods I'll offen stray,
 An think apon tha appy days
 That we spent here ;

An wen thease wordle vrowns an scarns,
 A passin droo thease life a starns,
 I'll come an zit be these woold barns,
 An drap a tear.



A FIATHER'S REBUKE TO A LEAZY ZON

A sheam ya leazy, loppin villin,
Mischief thee aelways bist vilvillin,
But dooin good thee't never willin,
Ya idle chap.
Thee never hoot be woth a shillin,
No not a rap.

Wat ever doost thee think ta do
Thase stormy wordle to get droo,
If thee dwoant now ta wirk zet to,
As hard as I.
Thee belly thee mist pinch an screw,
An beggar die.

Here thee doost bide, loppin about,
We thee elbers stickin out,
Jist like one of tha trampin lout,
Ar gipsy kine.
Wi doosen goo? we can do athout,
Tha likes a thine.

A purty conscience thee hast got
Ta bide about like any zot,
An wen thee's know ow ards me lot
A leabourer poor.
Tho we character we'out a blot,
Var zartin zure.

Why doosen now at wonce decide?
 Aelwys I dwoant want thee ta chide;
 I wish thee var thee good, bezide
 If thee's bide here,
 Thee nevir oot av bit a pride;
 Voke will thee jeer.

Tha wirkhouse steers thee in tha feace,
 Ther thee hoot av ta vine a pleace,
 Which thee's know'll be a girt disgreace,
 Bit thy faat quite.
 No biddy'll pity there thy kease,
 An zor thee right.

Meak up thee mine ta marrer marn,
 Vor's true as ever I be barn,
 My will thee purty quick shill larn;
 Cos if thee's mean
 Ta trate I we contemp an scarn,
 Thee shat goo clean.

Nar nother day I'll keep thee here,
 If thee doosen gean ta persever,
 Zo now thee's know me purpose clear,
 Then zet about
 An vix thy futer life's career,
 Ar else turn out.





THE CARTER'S WINTER ZONG.

Tha leaves be turnin yaller,
Cwold winds begin ta blow,
An zoon Jan vrost u'll com along
An bring ess ice an snow.
But let un com, we dwoant dislike
Ta zee his feace at ael,
Vor droo tha nites of winter cwold
We keeps high vestival.

CHORUS.

Vor roun tha blazin kitchen vire
We drink an smoke away,
We tell ower tales, an zing ower zongs,
An kiss tha maidens gay.
At nite, ow nice ta lay in bade
An hear tha storm outzide,
Au shrug yer showders at tha zound,
An wish ya there cud bide.
But offen we outzide mist be
Apon tha wintry road,
But then we knows wat jay twill be
Wen we gets wom our load.
Vor roun the blazin kitchen vire, &c.

Ta get up of a winter's marn
 An zee snaw on tha groun,
 It raaly is a purty zite
 Ta zee it ael aroun,
 Ta zee tha girt big flakes za white
 Za thick up in tha air,
 Ta vind tha ponds ael vrozen up
 An everything za bare.

Vor roun tha blazen kitchen vire, &c.

Then in tha barn, zich times as thease,
 We likes ta dresh ael day,
 Vor warm an jolly we da get
 Jist zo twur zummer gay.
 Let winter be as sharp as t'will,
 Right jolly chaps be we;
 Vor glad delight we avs at nite,
 Za merry an za vree.

Vor roun tha blazin kitchen vire
 We drink an smoke away,
 We zing ower zongs, an kiss tha maids,
 We jolly carters gay.



DRESHEN OUT THA CARN.

Tha steamers comin ta marrer marn
Ta dresh out measters ricks a carn,
Za mine ya be ael up ta varm
At zix a clock, ta clare tha barn.

CHORUS.

Vor then we shall za busy be,
We'll wirk an zing right merrily,
We'll zing gee ho, wen she da blow,
An roun the vlowin yale shall go.

At zix a clock we ael appear
We rite good will tha barn ta clear,
Ta len a han, out coms tha Squire,
While Zam da lite tha engine vire.
Vor then we ael za busy be, &c.

Now Jim da get on top a rick
Ta clare away tha thatch za thick,
An then we draas the sheen one zide,
An on da clap tha strap za wide.
Vor then we ael za busy be, &c.

Tha steam da hiss, roun she da go,
And Zam tha whistle loud da blow,
"Ael rite," he cries, "steams up za tite,
Zo dresh away we ael yer mite."

Vor then we ael za busy be, &c.

Jim hans tha sheaves vrim off a rick,
 We heavy ears za vine an thick,
 An Tom da put em in tha druin,
 Which roun da goo we naisy hum.
 Vor then we ael za busy be, &c.

Tha straw vlees out on sheakystair,
 Tha chaff is blow'd out we the air,
 But tha clane carn coms rattlin down
 In girt zack baigs za ard and brown.
 Vor then we ael za busy be, &c.

Thus merrily we ael tha day
 Da wirk we rite good will away,
 While swiftly roun tha sheen da goo
 Until tha rick we av dresh'd droo.
 Vor then we ael za busy be, &c.

Then we da haul away ta barn
 Tha heavy zacks a goolden carn,
 That done, we avs a good kiek up
 And drains off many a vlowin cup.
 Vor then we ael za merry be
 Zich jolly chaps, hardy an vree,
 We zing heigh ho, and loud da cheer,
 God bless tha jolly leabourer.



DIGGIN TE'A-TEES.

Wen October along da draa,
Wen tha long nites be gettin raa,
Wen rooks in aternoon da caa,
An jack vrost jist begins ta knaa,
Then fiather zays, "tis now quite time
Ta dig ower te'a-tees up za prime."

Zo in tha marn we baig an prong,
Wen it is lite, we jogs along,
Dree jolly chaps, ardy and strong,
To te'a-tee groun away we drong ;
While mother, she bides in tha cot
Ta get, an bring ess breakfast hot.

Fiather an I, an Jack, an Will,
Zoon at tha rinks da show ower skill,
An zet ta wirk we rite good will,
To zee ow many baigs we'll vill,
Ar else who vust ull dig a lug,
Vore mother, she da bring tha grub.

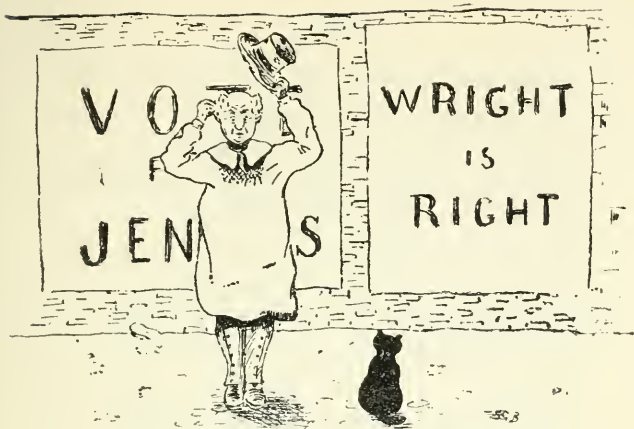
Jack is be-ast man, we zoon da zee,
Ta use tha prong, ther's narn like he ;
He'll dig vive rinks ta ower dree,
An leave behin un nar te'a-tee ;
A zack, in no time he ull vill,
An turn an laff at I an Will.

A diggin te'a-tees ael thay ad
 Rite merrily we wirk away,
 While ache his utnwoast do display,
 Which Jack da zay is purty play.
 Fifteen or zixteen zacks we dig,
 Zides leetle uns vit vor tha pig.

Then wen we've done, a vire we make
 An scrawl tha ham up we tha rake.
 Then we zets down ta av a bake,
 On roasted te'a-tees do partake ;
 Zometimes a bit a butter we
 Da av if mother she dwoant zee.

Tis nice, wen diggin time comes round,
 Ta turn em out thick vrom tha ground ;
 Tis nice ta dig em, when thame zound,
 Wen vine an thick thay do abound.
 Tis poor vokes staff tha winter droo,
 Thout em, what hood poor leabourers do ?





THE PUZZLED VOTER.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HUSBAN AN WIFE.

Husban just come in frim Work.

WIFE.

“Why Bob! who’s think bin yer ta-day?”

HUSBAN.

“Well, raly Polly, I ca’ant zay.”

WIFE.

“Why Squire Jenkins an he’s daater,
As da live down at Blackwater.”

HUSBAN.

“Well, and what do em want a we?
Teant oft poor voke thay comes ta zee.”

WIFE.

“Thats true Bob; I’ll tell ee presently,
What var thay come ta visit we.
Doo’st know? a Lections purty near,
An thay da want yer vote, me dear.
Thay ax’d if you wur Red ar Blue,
Be drat if I did know, thats true,

Pollyticks, thay diden trouble you,
 Ya diden keer var Red nar Blue.
 At that tha Squire rais'd his peepers
 An zays: 'what! dwoant er rade tha peapers,
 Ta zee whats done in Parleyment,
 Be gennelmen who there be zent?'
 O eeee, I zays: 'Bob rades tha news,
 Bit twixt em, there yeant much ta choose.
 He zays, bouth zides in pollyticks
 Cars on a lot a artvul tricks,
 Bouath on ems tar'd we tha seam brush,
 An ta wirkin voke beant woth a rush.
 Zoo raly, I caant tell ee, Squire,
 Which on em Bob da mwostly mire.'''

HUSBAN.

"Well Poll, tis right what you've a zed,
 I beant a Blue, nar meet a Red,
 Becos, as vur as I can zee,
 Narn on em beant no good ta we.
 'Tis job ta tell which o'm vrim tother,
 Thay'm bout as bad as one another;
 Thay bouath da promise this an that,
 But tis a lot a bosh, thats pat,
 Var when thay gets in Parleyment,
 Their mines on other things be bent,
 An thay vargets when thame up there,
 Ael there nice promises za vair.
 As var meakin laas, var we poor voke,
 Till ael goo off in empty smoke."

WIFE.

" Well Bob, Squire zays tha Blues be right,
 An var we poor da aelways fight,
 Zoo I twould'n straita if that wur true
 I'd zee my Bob shood vote var Blue.
 Madam a zays, ' tis zartin vacts ;
 Jist rade yerself tha many acts
 That they've a pass'd var ael tha poor,
 An blessins brought ta every door.'
 Thease gran woold Englin he did zay,
 Wur neer in zich a prosperous way,
 You, as a wirkin man's good wife,
 Wur never better off in yer life.
 Brade is chep, an groceries too,
 Var ael this you must thank tha Blue ;
 Agean, jist look and zee, he zays
 Tha good thay've done in many ways,
 If yer husban ony looks ta zee,
 What benefits thay've done var he.
 If be accident, a now gets hurt,
 An meets wie mishap at his wirk,
 His employer he'll have ta pay
 His wages, long as he's away.
 Yeant that, yer grievances redressin ?
 An to ache wirkin man a blessin ? "

* * * * *

Coose Bob, I cooden well deny
 Ael that tha Squire zed ta I.
 " Zoo then I ax'd un bout thase war,
 An what ower voke wur vi'tin var ?

A zed, bout twenty yer agoo,
 We tha Boers we had a fillyloo,
 An at a place caal'd Juber Hill
 A regiment nearly thay did kill ;
 Gladstin, who wur in power then,
 Insteeds a zendin out mwore men
 Vargeed em, and ever zunce thie day,
 Thay've bused our voke in every way,
 And swear'd that every Britisher,
 Thay'd zoon drave out a Afrieker ;
 An coose we had ta let em know
 Jan Bull a hood'nt be trated so.

* * * * *

O well I zed, if that be true
 I'll zee my Bob shill vote var Blue.

* * * * *

Zoo in a book he mead a note,
 As Robert Spencer, Blue, hood vote."

HUSBAN.

" Well Poll, ya shooden twould un that,
 I dwoant knaa now what to be at,
 Var's I wur comin wom ta-night,
 Who shid I zee bit Captin Wright,
 A passen in he's hoss and trap ;
 A zays, ' Well Bob, you'm jist tha chap,
 As P'm a draven out ta zee,
 I wants a leetle chat we ee ;
 P'm putten up var Parleyment,
 An hopes as how ya will konzent,
 Ta vote var I on pollen day,
 An that you will, me vren, now zay.

We Reds, be ael vor wirkin men,
 An'll do well vor em you may depen,
 An nuthen shill thase course prevent,
 When we da get in Parleyment.
 Zee, what tha peartys done var you!
 An their good Acts, jist rim em droo!
 We Reds, tha corn laas did repeal,
 An now, poor men can av a meal
 A braden mate, ar braden cheese,
 When vore their bellies thay mist squeeze,
 An barley bannicks live apon.
 That's zartin true upon me zong,
 Tha Reds bin wirkin ael their life
 Var tha poor leabourer and he's wife. '

* * * * *

If thats zoo Captin out I zed,
 Be drat if I dwoant vote var Red.
 An then I menshind bout tha war,
 An what ower voke wur vi'tin var?
 I zays, tha Boers be a rum lot,
 An zars em right jist what they've got.
 Var's I da rade tha truth on't wur.
 Thay dreaten'd we in Africker,
 If we diden gree wieout delay!
 Purty quick thay'd drave ess in tha sae,
 I hopes if I da vote var you,
 Zich bwoastin you'll meak em rue,
 An never trust to em agen,
 To rule auver any Englishmen."

WIFE.

“ An what did Captin zay ta that?
 I'm glad ya putt it to un pat,
 Cos Squire zed tha Lib'rils zure
 Nearly ael zided we tha Boer.”

HUSBAN.

“ O no a zays, tha Boers agen
 Ull never rule o'er Englishmen,
 Their geam is up, thay mist zit down
 In pace under tha British crown.
 Although tha Reds be geanst tha Blues,
 We mwoastly holds imperial views ;
 An now tha Boers be konker'd quite,
 We Reds ull zoon meak things ael right.
 If this be zo ; then Captin Wright,
 I promise ee my vote thease night :
 An vaithvul stiek ta what I've zed,
 On pollen day be voten Red.

* * * *

Then in he's book he mead a note
 As Robert Spenser. Red, hood vote.”

WIFE.

“ Well Bob, we'm in a purty stew !
 I promis'd Squire ya shoud vote Blue ;
 He's zich a nice man, an young Miss
 Avore she went gied Beab a kiss ;
 An zed she purty zoon did mean,
 Ta come an zee ess ael agean.

Var my zeak Bob, I hopes as you,
 On pollen day ull vote var Blue ;
 An if you'll ony promise this,
 I'll gie ee zich a lovin kiss ;
 An praps Miss Jinkins she med too,
 No knowen what she medden do.
 Now zay you will ; now there's a dear ;
 Bout Captin Wright ya need'n vear.

HUSBAN.

“ Why Poll ya do get auver I,
 Var what ya ax, who can deny ;
 Thay eyes a yourn, da pierce I droo,
 Anything amwoast thay'll meak I do.
 Bit dang it, what ull Captin zay ?
 If I votes Blue on pollen day.”

WIFE.

Why he wunt knaa, ya zilly elf,
 Unless ya tell's un zo yerzef ;
 Tha votens done in sacrit now,
 No one ull vind it out, I vow.”

HUSBAN.

“ Ael right me dear, anuffs bin zed,
 I'm tired out, an longs var bed ;
 When there, praps I med drame a bit
 How to get out a thase yer clit.

* * * * *

Pollen day. Husban just returned.

WIFE.

“ Well now dear Bob, now tell I true,
 Did'ee ar didn'ee vote var Blue

Come zay, an zet me mine at rest,
 I'll keep it sacrit in me breast.
 No biddys about, and nooan'll hear.
 Now do ee tell I, there's a dear."

HUSBAN.

" Well Poll, I do believe ya'd draa
 A sacrit out a ower Jack Daa.
 Well then, jist hear how I did vote,
 An mine on it teak proper note :
 Twix Reds and Blues, tid beat tha Devil!
 Ta vind who's right ; I mead em level :
 At bouath o'ms neam, I put a cross,
 An zoo var I, thame Hoss, and Hoss,
 As we da zay in skiddle alley,
 When tha scorin it da tally.
 Zoo if Squire he da eaal on we,
 Tell un I mead a cross war he.
 An if Captin should tha subject neam,
 I'll zay, I zard un jist tha seam."

WIFE.

" Well Bob, ya bin an done it now,
 A purty artvul triek I vow :
 Var goodness seak dwoant let it out,
 Ar vine neam we shood av about ;
 Var zartin zure, you an yer wife,
 Hood be twitted we't ael our life.
 I hopes till be a underd year
 Vore nother Lection, we avs here."



MEAKEN OUT THA ZENSUS PEAPER.

HUSBAN TO WIFE.

“ What’s thic blue peaper there : top a teable ? ”

WIFE.

“ A puzzler, Jarge : explain un I beant yeable ;
Woold Vowler brought un in here tother day.
An zed nex Monday, he’d be vetch’d away.
When ax’d about it, he cut zich a keaper,
Drat tha ooman ; tis tha Zensus Peaper.
Zensus, I zays : What, do em want ta rob
Poor voke a what leetle there’s in their nob
A zart a grin’d, an zed twerden no joke ;
King Edderd wants tha number of he’s voke.
I zays, nuthen we hant yeard about it ;
A zays, rade tha peaper if ya dout it.
An then a axed if arn a we cood write,
O eece, I zays, we can. Then thats ael right ;

Structions be printed on tha peaper plain,
 Zoo mine he's ready gean I eaals again,
 Var time da vlee, main ot I got ta do,
 An mist be Monday night tha job get droo.
 Right droo thease Parish a Langvird Steeple,
 I've got to get tha number a tha people.

* * * * *

Ael right, I zays, Jarge ull sure ta do it,
 When he've rade tha peaper, an zees droo it."

HUSBAN.

" Well, han tha peaper here, get pen an ink,
 Let's vill un up, whiles on it I da think ;
 Var Monday marn I med be in a clit,
 An goo ta wirk vargetten ael about it ;
 Var if teant done, gean Vowler he coms round,
 I zees that thay can vine ess quite a pound.
 Zoo stop the childern's prattle now a bit,
 An roun tha kitchen teable ael o'ee zit.

* * * * *

Vust line : is var my neam ; well, that's Jarge Brown,
 Ael da know that, as lives in thease here town ;
 Next : Head of a vanly ; a coose I be,
 Ant I got a wife, an me childern dree ?
 Tha next is M, or F, ooman ar man,
 A leetle question I dwoant unnerstan ;
 I aelwys thought a husban wur a man,
 A wife a ooman, diden you, me Nan ?
 Cos it da zeem ta I mwoast martil quare,
 To ax a zilly question like that are.

Next item, Age: well that I zoon ull do,
 Vust a August las, I wur thirty two.
 Then as to my perfession. ar me wirk,
 A question too, I beant agwain ta shirk.
 Fi'ather wur a Carter, an I'm a Carter too,
 Var Varmer Vincin, as lives down Bell Vue.
 Ta be a varmer's man yeant no disgrease:
 Zom starchier voke av got a wusser please.
 Wur wur I barn: why voke da knaa Jarge Brown,
 Wur barn'd an bred in thease yer leetle town;
 An wur I av a lived ael droo me life,
 Christen'd, convirm'd, and married to a wife.
 As to condition, dumb, zilly, ar blind,
 Thank God, me zite is good, an zoos me mind;
 Aelthough me wife zometimes caals I ninny.
 An I she, at which boath oance da grinny;
 I'm zoun in lim, nar beant gone off me hook,
 Nar neet praps zich a vol as I da look;
 Tho zometimes I'll own, when things gets out a rut,
 A chap's clin'd ta think, a mist be off he's nut.

* * * *

Well now, I've vnish'd up thease yer vust line,
 An what's put down is true, I'll swear, an zign.

* * * *

Now Missus, you comes nex; What's yer rite neam?
 Anser vair an square, ya needen be a sheam."

WIFE.

"Why, Jarge! ya knows tis Frances Annie,
 Tho zometimes I'm caaled Nan, an zometimes
 [Fanny."

HUSBAN.

“ Frances Annie. Well, I’ve putt that down,
 Male or female : well that tha lot da crown,
 Ael as ever I did hear, ar ever zee ;
 As tho a She cood be putt down as He.
 Well, now yer age : now Nancy, tell it true,
 When we wur married, you wur twenty-two ;
 That’s zix year agoo, if you remember,
 Come tha twenty-haighth a nex Zeptember.
 Zoo I’ll putt it down here, ael vair and straight,
 That Frances Annie Brown is twenty-haight.”

WIFE.

“ Now that’s a fib, var zartin, Jargy Brown,
 Zoo dwoant get putten zich a cracker down ;
 I know, when we wur wed, I zed ta you,
 I thought me age wur ard on twenty-two ;
 Bit sister Zal, who’s years woolder then I,
 Zays she’s bit twenty-zeven nex July.
 Zoo if that’s het, as true as I’m alive,
 Las birthday I wur ony twenty-vive ;
 Zoo putt that down, and dwoant bodder no mwore,
 About my age, var that be right I’m zure.”

HUSBAN.

“ Now look here, Nan, I’ll draa tha line an vix,
 Yer age las birthday as jist tweny zix ;
 I’m zure twunt never do var you to try,
 An pass as zeven year younger than I.
 Var tood be notie’d quick, an I’ll be bound,
 Var written fibs thay’d vine ess thie thar pound ;

As I zees be raden thay've power ta do.
 If we da write down here what idden true.

* * * *

Now, Naney, wur wur ee barn : zay me dear,
 Ya av twould I, twur no where handy here ;
 What County wur't, Village, ar tha Town ?
 Cos it da zay it mist be ael putt down."

WIFE.

" Why shood em know, Jarge ! what dicklus stuff :
 Putt down Lunnan, thats plenty near anuff.
 Zackly tha pleace : I cooden mine it now,
 Bit twur zome peart a Lunnan, that I vow.
 Var that's wur mother liv'd when I come down,
 An took a pleace near thease yer leetle town,
 As parlour maid, up there at Winecom Grove,
 And were we I ya know ya vill in love."

HUSBAN.

" Eece, I'll put that down, till do main stunnen,
 An let em zee me wife come vrim Lunnan ;
 Tho I be clined ta think 'tis ony fancy,
 Var yer taak beant like a cockney, Nancy.
 As ta condition, ya beant blind, nar diff,
 Nar dumb I swear ; not when we avs a miff.

* * * * * *

Zoo that da vinish up tha second line,
 An ael I've put is true ; I swear an zign.

Well, now about the childern, let me zee :
 Two strappen'bwoys, a beaby maid, that's dree :

Ther's Jack an Jim, now what's tha Beab ta be?
 She hant bin neam'd ar christen'd heet ya zee.
 We must put zummat, spoose we zay Fanny,
 Ar atter you me dear, an neam her Annie."

WIFE.

"Begar, no Jarge : that shaant never be ;
 One neam's anuff in one vamily.
 If she's neam'd Annie, till be auver town,
 Which o'm de mane ; woold Nance, ar young Nance
 [Brown ;
 Ower nayburs too, tid mainly bother,
 To tell which vrim thie, ar thease vrim tother.
 We'll av it Haignes, ar else Dorothy ;
 Tha last is a sweet purty name, ya zee."

HUSBAN.

"Eece, an thay'd caal her Doll ael droo her life ;
 No, no, we mussen av that ar me wife.
 Now, what about Lizer, we caant beat that."

WIFE.

"Why, then thay'd call her Lize, ya zee girt vlat."

HUSBAN.

"Well, I spoose thay hood, now, what do ee zay ?
 Var ta av her neam'd and christen'd May."

WIFE.

Well I shood like that ; look sharp, put it down,
 'Thay wunt be yeable ta nickneam "May Brown,"
 Her age, zix weeks ony las Zadderdy ;
 Zoo mine tis zettled : Beaby's neam is May."

HUSBAN.

“ Ael right, I very zoon ull putt that down,
 May, the daater a Jarge an Annie Brown.

* * * * *

“ Well, now I’ve vinish’d up; an every line
 Is zartiu true; zoo here Jarge Brown I’ll zign.”

WIFE.

“ Jist stop a minit, let I look it droo;
 Why tha bwoys age, ya av lave’d out that’s true.”

HUSBAN.

“ An zoo I av; Well, Jack a will be vive
 In August nex, if then he be alive;
 Zoo, I mist putt un vawer, dwoant ee zee;
 An leetle Jimmy he is hard on dree,
 Zoo I mist ony putt two year var he.
 Nuthen’s tha matter we narn o’ms noddle,
 Main cute thay wur vore thay cood toddle.
 Ther zites be good, thame zound in wind an lim,
 ‘Two strappen youngsters be our Jack and Jim.”

* * * * *

“ Zoo now I think that’s ael ther is ta do,
 Bit praps you, Nan agean, had baste look droo.”

WIFE.

“ Eece Jarge I will; well, purty rite da zeam,
 Zoo now I thinks as you can zign yer neam.”

HUSBAN.

“ Gie me tha pen, an in me baste roun han,
 I’ll zign Jarge Brown in girt bwould letters gran;
 An let Vowler zee I be a schollard,
 Aelthough tha plough I ael me life av voller’d;
 Zoo when a cauls, a need’nt rant nar keaper,
 Nar zay as ow we spwil’d tha Zensus Peaper.”



NOTICE TO QUIT.

A DIALOGUE ON THE LEABOUR QUESTION,
BY JARGE AND FRED: TWO VARM LEABOURERS.

FRED.

“ Well, Jarge, how be you this marnen ? ”
Teant true I hopes, you’ve had warnen
Var to clare out yer leetle cot,
An to gie up yer te’atie plot ?
Cos eecesterdy, I did hear zay,
Ya’d shurley av ta goo away ;
If zoo, I be main zorry var ee,
Var to ee mist be, zart a wurry.”

JARGE.

“ Eece, Naybour Fred, tis zartin true,
Vrim here I zoon ull have ta goo :
Notice, come be pwoast this marnen,
Gie nu I a vartnight’s warnen :
Var to clare ont me leetle cot,
An gie up too, me gierden plot.
Tis wanteed var anodder man,
An I mist shift jist wur I can.”

FRED.

" Well, dally Jarge, thats nayshun hard,
 Varmer vor you got no regard ;
 You, who av wirk'd apon his lan
 Var vorty year, I unnerstan :
 An in thic cot wur bred an barn,
 An yer fiather too avore, I larn ;
 Ther mist be zummat much amiss
 Vor he ta zarve ee jist like this.
 An dwoant ee know what tis about,
 That he shood waant to turn ee out,
 At zich a leetle notice, too ;
 Why, Jarge : whatever will ee do ? "

JARGE.

" Tha vact on't is vren, dwoant ee zee,
 My two big bwoys is leavin he ;
 Ther time wur up at Micklemis,
 An varmer zays it comes ta this :
 If thay da lave, I mist goo too ;
 An zoo whatever can ess do ?
 Girt strappen ehaps my zons now be,
 An got a bit a larnin, zee,
 An thay twould measter purty plain
 Thay wurden gwain ta gree again.
 Thay'd had anuff a varm wirk now,
 An longer hooden vollie plough.
 It zeems a zed, if that be zoo,
 Yer fiather he ull av ta goo ;
 Var I mist av a man wie bwoys,
 An ael on em be my employees ;

Ya'd baste consider what you'm doin,
 Var on yer parents twill bring ruin
 If you intends to goo away,
 An longer on my varm wunt stay ;
 At once thay'll av ta lave ther cot,
 An gie up, too, tha te'atie plot."

FRED.

" A, Jarge : I can zee droo it now,
 A zart a ticklish job I vow ;
 No dout, upzets yerself an wife,
 Especially at your time a life :
 Var spoose ya ha'nt a got much heart
 Vrim yer own neative pleace to peart ?
 Tho coose, me vren, it stans to rason,
 Varmer wants chaps ta gree tha sazon.
 Ar lan mid zoon get out a tillage,
 Var want a leabour in tha village ;
 Ya zee, you've got to suffer now,
 Cos your bwoys wunt stick to tha plough,
 As ael ther fiathers av avore,
 An ther hard lots in payshins bore :
 It sins varm wirk, bwoys be scornen ;
 Now they've got a bit a larnin.
 Girt pity this yer eddication,
 Shood caas zich sturbince in tha nayshen ;
 Our village bwoys wunt zettle down,
 Ael longs ta get ta zom girt town,
 Thinken ta yarn a bit mwore money ;
 Bit there, thay'll vind teant ael honey.

Vrim marn till nite thay'll av ta wirk,
 Noo gadden bout, an duties shirk ;
 Lots o'm ull miss when thay be thayre
 Ther wholesome grub and pure vresh hayer,
 An wish therzelves back wom agean,
 Unless ta stiek it thay da mean.
 Bit what da your bwoys mean ta do ?
 I hope their leavin thay wunt rue."

JARGE.

"Ta stop em Fred, main hard I've tried,
 Their mother too, she zob'd an cried ;
 A thinkin bout their gwain away,
 Bit teant no good, narn o'm ull stay.
 Thay zays, thame off to Luunen town,
 An up there gwain ta zettle down,
 As Porters on zome Railway
 Startin at vawer bob a day.
 Car'line I'm zure ull brake her heart,
 When the time comes var we ta peart.
 Ony las night as ever wur,
 We baig'd em ta stop anodder year.
 Bit no, thay'd promis'd young Tom Chown
 Who've got em plazin up in town,
 An av zent passes vor their vare.
 On Monday nex thay hood be there.
 It sims he've got em logins too
 An zoo ya zee what can ess doo ?
 We needen vret ther gwain away—
 Tha zays : nor think thay'll rue tha day,

An if varmer, da turn ess out,
 Zummat ull turn up thay dwoant dout.
 An if it dwoant thay'll zoon come down
 An teak ess back ta Lunnen town.
 Bit coose, at ower time a life,
 Dwoant want ta goo, nar neet me wife."

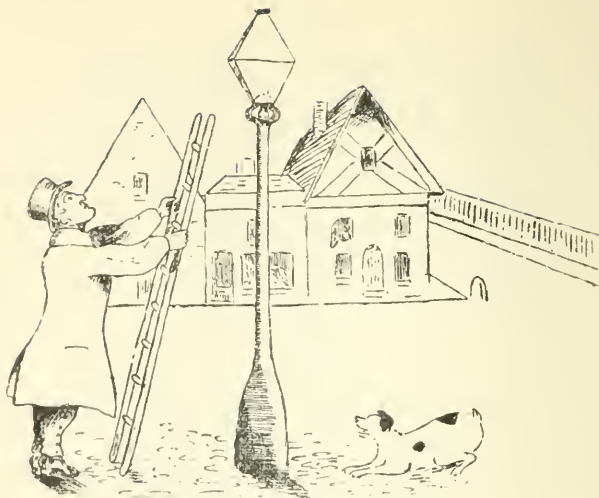
FRED.

" I be main zorry Jarge var you,
 Bit as ya zays, what can ee do.
 Yer zons be up strappen young men,
 An'll turn out well ya may depen,
 Bouath on em be purty steady
 An var any work be ready.
 An'll get on well I can bit think.
 Thay've never bused therzelves we drink,
 An mabby, bim bye will come down,
 Like gennelmen vrim Lunnen town.
 Look at Tom Chown ; when he went off,
 His village chums did laff and scoff,
 Declarin zoon a hood be down
 Wie a zickener a Lunnen town,
 Bit thay wur wrong, a stuck ta wirk,
 An diden drink, nar duties shirk ;
 An now he's like a gennelman
 In a pleace a trust Lunnerstan.
 Did ee notice un at Whitzuntide
 How ael he's voke wur vull a pride,
 Ta zee their Tom draste out za smart ?
 An many a maid ad yeaken heart

When a zed tha last good bye ta thay,
 Tha marnen as a went away.
 Ower voke wunt zoon varget Tom Chown,
 Las time a com vrim Lunnen town.
 Zee, what Percyverance it ull do
 If you sticks hard, honest an true ;
 An I dwoant dout bit what yer bwoys
 In yer woold years ull bring ee joys."

JARGE.

" I'm much ablig'd, an thank ee, Fred,
 Var tha kind wirds, you av a zed ;
 Doant dout bit what me bwoys ull do,
 Var bouath on em be just an true :
 I've brought em up as baste I cood,
 Evils to shun, an hold whats good,
 Thay aelways wur good bwoys an happy,
 Ant bused therzelves we drink nar baccy.
 An that bouath on em will turn out
 A credit to ess I dwoant dout,
 Tho coose we veels, tis ardish lot
 Ta av ta lave ower leetle cot ;
 Tha thoughts on't vills ower eyes wie tears,
 Atter biden there za many years.
 Tis a trial zoar, bit never mind,
 Another whoam tha Lord ull vind,
 Med er, gie ess straingth ta bere ower lot,
 When we da lave ower leetle cot."



TIT VAR TAT:
OR
THA LAMPLIGHTER AN THA BANDSMEN.

Tom Light, he wur a Lamplighter,
In ower leetle town;
Wur nearly ael he's life he'd bin
A runnen up an down.
He wur a leetle dapper man,
His age, jist vifty two;
Vond of he's glass, likewise he's pipe.
An merry compny too.
Th zee un of a winter's night,
Dart swiftly to an vro;
We he's ladder on his showder,
An vlammin torch aglow.

It wur a zite, var like a sprite,
 Ar zom imp ar ghost ;
 He'd up he's ladder run ta light
 Ache lamp on wall ar pwost.
 Twur in tha days, when lamps wur lit
 We cotton wick an oil ;
 An not ta be compared we thase
 Var now, teant haaf tha toil.
 Caas now ya zee, tha Lamplighters
 Does weout ladders quite,
 Thay cars a rod, an turns a tap,
 Then zets tha gas alight.
 Their ups an downs, beant nuthen like,
 As in them days thay were,
 Var now a ladders ony used,
 Var clanen ar repair.

* * * * *

Ower hero, 'Tom, var thirty years,
 Tha town lamps had lighteed,
 An bwoasted oft, in ael that time,
 A never had bin vrighteed.
 Till one dark night, bout Crismis time,
 Atter a heavy snow ;
 He on he's rounds, zuddenly met
 We a terryable blow.
 Zummat had struck un in tha yead,
 Bit what a didden know,
 Bit he we ladder, torch, an ael,
 Went sprawlen in tha snow.

An there he led, till consciousness
 Return'd to un agean ;
 Then look'd aroun ta zee who twur,
 Bit thay had bolteed clean.

Pitch dark it wur ; nar be he's torch
 Cood he a voot print vind ;
 Ael wur as quiet as tha dade,
 Seave tha keen whistlin wind.

Poor Tom wis in a zorry plight,
 Tha blow, it mead'n stagger ;
 A swore a oath what he hood do,
 When a cotch'd tha baiger.

That day, Tom had bin drinken,
 We his vren Zammy Chubb,
 An caas twur Crismis time ache had
 Vive gooes a Rum an Shrub.

A plodded whoam as baste a cood,
 His wife wur vull a vright,
 When she cotch'd zite tha Lamplighter,
 Looken za ghastly white.

"Why man alive!" zays she ta Tom,
 "Whatever is tha matter?"
 Zays Tom, "I thinks *Woold Nick*, jist now,
 Try'd hard me yead ta batter."

Var's I come whoam, droo Buncom Lean,
 I met we zieh a blow ;
 Which like a rabbit knock'd me down
 Among tha ice an snow.

An as nar martil man wur bout,
 Ar I'd bin on un quick ;
 Thay mist a vanish'd unnergroun,
 Var zartin : twur *Woold Nick*.

Tha good wife laff'd, an thought Tom's brain
 Must zurely be affected ;
 An heet, she thought it very strainge
 No martil wur detected.

If twur zomebiddy who'd a got
 A grudge ageanst poor Tom :
 How wurt that a diden zee
 Which way tha blow come vrom ?

She know'd her usbin when in drink,
 Aelways wur za meller ;
 Especilly when a com'd across,
 Another jovial feller.

He own'd that Zammy Chubb an he,
 Thic night had bin together ;
 An two'r dree extry draps had had,
 Cos it wur ewoold weather.

Ael night poor Tom was very queer,
 An giddy in he's yead ;
 Zoo in tha marn, he's wife zet off
 Ta zee woold Doctor Stead.

Tha good man smil'd when she twould he,
 About her usbin's plight ;
 Zoo he perscribed a draat, an pills,
 That zoon hood put un right.

Tom took tha draat, likewise tha pills,
 Which aised un purty quick ;
 Bit still swore he wur zet apon,
 Be nooan less then *Woold Nick*.

Var as a zed : “ to ael tha voke
 About here I’ve bin civil ;
 Zoo who hood drane ta zar me zo,
 If twerden thic *Woold Devil*?

* * * * *

Zoon atter, at he’s vaverit Pub,
 A caal’d ta av he’s beer ;
 Tha Lanlard zays : “ Why, Mister Light,
 I hear you’ve bin main queer.”

“ Eece, zoo I have,” zays Tom ; “ bit now
 I’m veelin purty right ;
 Tha vact on’t wur, tha *Devil* he
 Zet at me tother night.”

“ Ya mines thic day we had tha snow ?
 Well, commin vrim me round,
 Thy sly woold baiger come behine
 An vell’d me ta tha ground.

An there I led, like one who’s dade,
 We not a zawl about ;
 Nor meet a vootprint on tha snow,
 Zoo twur he, ther’s no doubt.”

The Lanlard luff’d, an zed “ now Tom,
 If you’ll a saerit keep,
 I’ll tell ee bout a lectle plot
 A’ll bet ee in a heap.”

Tom promis'd un apon he's oath,
 Be that a hood be bound,
 Ta keep tha sacrit tight as wex,
 An not let out a zound.

“Tha vact o't is then, tother night,
 When snow wur vallen down,
 Ower Banchaps who had bin ta play
 At zom veast out a town ;

Wur commin whoam, be Buncom lean,
 An zeed you commin, zee,
 One on em zays, ‘yers woold Tom Light,
 Lets av a bit a spree.’

A lot a snowballs thay mead up,
 Za ard an big an round ;
 Nar wonce thought a tha atterclaps,
 Ael be'n in drink vull zound.

Zoo in tha woold cart shed thay hod,
 An when ya did goo bye,
 Ache on em, a girt big snowball
 At you thay did let vly.

It seems thay knock'd ee sprawlin,
 An when on groun ya lay,
 Thay repented o their volly,
 An cuss'd their vowl play.

Bit when in time ya did come to,
 An stan on groun agean,
 Ael o'm zed, thay wur za thankvul,
 As yarm thay diden mean.

Twur a nasty shabby business,
 Playen on ee zich a trick ;
 An ael on em too, yer townsmen,
 Zoo dwoant ee bleam "*Woold Nick.*"

Now mine what I've a twould ee,
 Dwoant let thase saerit out,
 You'll come up zides we em zom day,
 There idden tha least doubt."

* * * * *

Poor Tom wur struck we meazemint,
 At what tha Lanlard zed ;
 Var a nevir dram'd twur snowballs
 As knoek'd un off he's yead.

He own'd he'd had a drap a drink,
 Cos it wur za chilly,
 Bit twurden nuff ta stagger un,
 A werden drunk nar zilly.

He roll'd he's eyes, he shook his vist,
 He drow'd he's yarms about ;
 An swore a oath, he'd meak em rue,
 Avore tha week wur out.

Zo he voun out that Zadderdy,
 The Band wur gwain to play,
 To a Club veast at Humbledon,
 About dree mile away.

An well a know'd ta get there thay,
 Mist goo droo Buncom lean,
 An tood be ard on midnight,
 Vore thay return'd agean.

Well prim'd thay be, var zartin sure,
 Var ael o'm lik'd their beer ;
 Zays Tom, " I'll bet I'll stagger em,
 An meak em quake var vear."

Zoo Zadderdy, when he had done,
 A douten of he's lamps,
 At tha dark shed in Buncom lean,
 A waiteed var tha scamps.

A girt sheeps skin a had got on,
 Auver a girt white clout,
 A Devil's mask cover'd he's veace,
 We harns a sticken out.

An in one han he held he's torch,
 In tother a girt prong.
 Wie light ta zet tha torch ablaze,
 Zoo as thay come along.

He yeard tha woold Church clock het twelve,
 As he peep'd out tha shed ;
 Bit not a zoun a vootsteps heet,
 Twur quiet as tha dead.

Anodder wait, then as tha chimes
 Clang'd out tha haaf atter,
 Down vur end of tha lean he yeard
 Tha returnen Bandsmen's chatter.

On, on thay com'd, a jovial crew,
 Zom staiggeren to an vro,
 Shouten, zingin, an zom tryen
 Their insterments ta blow.

Twur plaain, that mwoast on em wur tight,
 Be their unsteady tread ;
 Thay leetle thought a that which wur
 Awaiten em ahead.

Pitch dark it wur, there wur no moon,
 An lamps wur ael put out,
 Tha leetle town wur wrapp'd in gloom,
 No zawl there wur about.

Then as thay near'd the vatevul shed,
 In road, Tom took he's stan,
 An we uplifted vlamín torch,
 Waiteed tha comen Ban.

Tha vust ta zee, a halteed shart,
 A eooden waig no varder ;
 Bit like a madman beller'd out,
 O cracky, murder ! murder !!

Tha girt trumboon, vill vrim he's hans,
 His hair stood bolt upright :
 He's laigs shook like a aspen leaf,
 As he look'd at tha zight.

Tha tothers zoon come amblin on,
 Ael o'm we drink wur daz'd,
 Thay zeed tha apperition stan,
 An we sheer vright wur maz'd.

It be tha Devil ar he's ghost,
 Tha leetle Drummer zed ;
 Zoon on ce come and hold me tight
 Else I shall zoon be dead.

He vlung tha drum apun tha groun,
 Behine un tried ta hide,
 An wish'd ther'd bin a hawl in un,
 Var to a crope inzide.

Zom vew on em, vill on their knees,
 An loud begun ta pray ;
 Tha zoberer ones, bolted an drow'd
 Their insterments away.

Tom hiss'd, then bellerd like a bull,
 An we he's dree grain'd prong,
 Beckon'd tha vrighteed musickers,
 We he ta goo along.

“ Dear Devil ; do ee let ess goo,”
 Zays the lader o tha Ban,
 “ We'll promise never to do yarm,
 To ooman, child, ar man.

We owns we ael av zidders bin,
 An unkinde to our wives ;
 Bit nevir agean ; nar neet get drunk,
 If you'll speer ower lives.”

Tom thought that now, he'd had revenge,
 Appearin as *Woold Nick*,
 He better zoon meak hiszelf skierce,
 Vore thay voun out tha trick.

He weav'd tha torch, then put un out,
 An we a awvul groan,
 Took to he's heels like lightenen ;
 An lav'd tha Ban aloane.

Tha skin an clout a zoon drow'd off,
 Tha harn'd mask vrim he's yead ;
 Ael unperceived a rach'd he's cot,
 An zoon wur snug in bade.

As var tha Ban, when thay'd regain'd
 Their veet an zenses quite ;
 To their girt jay, thay voun *Woold Nick*
 Had vanish'd out a zite.

Ael mead var whoam as vast they cood,
 Thic vatevul Zundy marn ;
 An their zad vright, an wretched plight,
 Thay wunt varget I warn.

Ache swore a sacrit shood be kep,
 Not one should tell he's wife ;
 Var if twur know'd, a laffen stock
 Thay hood be ael droo life.

Twur years avore thay voun it out,
 Thay even now da dout it :
 Aelthough Tom an tha Ianlard too,
 Have twould em ael about it.

MORAL.

Now good vrens, if ya plays a joke,
Ar trick, on vren ar voe,
Ya mussen be zaprised zom day,
If they da zar ee zo.

If you caant stummick zich like things,
Tho, tended var a geam,
You adden better practis em,
Less you can glitch tha seam.





THA OTTER HUNT.

Tis haigt a'clock, a bright May marn,
An down tha vlow'ry mead ;
A crowd a voke, we yelpin hounds,
Be Nadders bainks is zeed.

Var marnen pray'r ; church bell da toll,
Tha dooer is aupen wide ;
Bit ony two'r dree totterin voke
Is zeed ta goo inzide.

Var tis tha annal Otter Hunt,
An za vine tha weather,
Spourtsmin, vrim town, an thay aroun
Be hurryen tagether.

Maing crazy-bets, and cuckoo vlowers,
 An, maing dewy grasses ;
 Come spourtsmin in ther jackets green,
 Along we gaiter'd lasses.

Tha Cuckoo's ever welcome note,
 Za mellar vills tha grove ;
 An vrim yan copse, a Nightingale,
 Za sweetly trills he's love.

Tha zun shines vrim a cloudless sky,
 Zoft winds waffs gentle gales ;
 Tha hounds begin ta snuff tha scent,
 Their yelpen vills tha vales.

Tha Maaster blows he's zilver barn ;
 Hounds, knaa tha welcome call,
 An headlong in tha zilvery stream,
 Tha laders rush asprawl.

Ael up an down, tha streamlet thay :
 We hager eyes da look,
 Thay poke their leetle noses in
 Ta every leetle nook.

Tha brillent Kingvisher's loud wail.
 Vloats on tha marnen air,
 As maingst the willer roots, the hounds
 Disturbs his pacevul lair.

An to an vro, on hache baink go,
 Thase merry huntin voke ;
 We poles, ta leap tha ditches wide,
 An inta shallers poke.

On, on, thay go, we skip an jump
 O'er hedges, ditches, stiles.
 Weout ado; tha lasses too;
 Beamín we artless smiles.

Tha vlooded mead, nooan o'm da mine,
 Nar muddied; nar wet veet,
 Zich leetle things, thay trate we scorn,
 When Otter Hounds da meet.

Now to tha withy bade thame come;
 Ael hearts goo pit a pat,
 A bwoy da swear: a Otters there,
 Zome zed, praps twur a rat.

A village yokel, looken on,
 Bawls out, "lar bless me zawl:
 If I did'n zee a vurry thing
 Rin into thie girt hawl."

An leetle Lucy, vows she zeed,
 A Otter near tha drawin;
 Zoo huntsman puts tha hounds ta wirk
 A yelpen an a pawen.

He's hiden in tha trunk var zure.
 Tha hager spourtsmin cry;
 If zoo; we zoon ull have un out,
 Ar knaa tha razon why.

Jack: bring tha leetle spanniel here;
 He'll zoon the trunk azend;
 Now spourtsmin ael, look purty sharp.
 He'll bolt out tother end.

The leetle spanniel did bow wow,
 Ta scare poor leetle Otter,
 An Jack, zoon at tha tother end,
 Zings out, begar I've got her.

We zitemint ael, turn'd var ta zee :
 Ther's no mistake in that,
 There wur tho : var Jack in he's yarms,
 Held vast a *Tabby Cat*.

A roar a laffen then went up,
 Vrim thay as rin'd ta zee ;
 Poor puss wur vreed ; an zoon wur perch'd,
 Up in a willer tree.

“ Well! well”! zays ael tha spourtin voke ;
 “ Dear me,” zays leetle Lucy,
 “ How coold I zoo mistaken be,
 Not ta know a pussy.”

Her brother, he mist teak tha blame,
 Cos he hadden taught her ;
 To discern a *Tabby Cat*
 Vrim a river Otter.

Ael laff'd, but nooan look'd merrier,
 Then tha good woold Maaster,
 Who wur za glad ; Puss hadden met,
 We any cruel disaster.

Tha hounds look'd on, we tearvul eyes,
 Ael on em convounded ;
 Ta zee thic cat rin up tha tree,
 Thay look'd up astounded.

On topmwoast branch, we gleamin eyes ;
 Puss watch'd tha dreaded voe,
 Yelpen an racin vuriously,
 Aroun tha tree below.

Var Otter vlesh an blood thay wur
 Ael crazy to get at,
 An velt disgusted when thay voun :
 Twur nuthen bit a cat.

The day wore on ; no luck at ael,
 Thay cooden vine ther quarry ;
 Zoo hungry back ta kennels went,
 Tha hounds, looken main zorry.

Tha spurten men, an lasses too :
 No vurder keer'd ta roam,
 Zoo gather'd up ther skirts an staves,
 An zoon mead tracks vor whoam.

An thus did end, thie Otter Hunt,
 In merrie month a May,
 When Tom the drowners *Tabby Cat*
 Led ael tha vield astray.

* * * * *

Now spurten voke, when next ya hunt
 Tha Nadders windin water ;
 Look up yer Nateril Histery,
 Ta tell ee Cat vrim Otter.

GLOSSARY

. OF .

WILTSHIRE DIALECT WORDS

SPOKEN IN THE

NEIGHBOURHOOD OF SALISBURY.



Compiled by E. SLOW,

Author of the Wiltshire Rhymes and Tales.



SALISBURY:

R. R. EDWARDS, CASTLE STREET,

79,146.

INTRODUCTION.

The most prominent features of the Wiltshire Dialect (as indeed it is in all the counties comprising the ancient kingdom of Wessex) is the substitution of the letter Z for S, V for F, and often Y for H, thus: “*Zam* for Sam, *Varmer* for Farmer and *Yead* for Head, &c.” For instance (Zi Gabblet wur draven a drove a pigs ta Zalsbury market one Tuesday, an a strainger ax’d un who tha leetle pigs belonged to? “Why thicky thar woold zow,” zays Zi, yes; but I mean who’s the owner? “Why Varmer Zimkins” zays Zi. “How much do you expect to get for them in the market” zays strainger? “Well, as things da goo in tha pig line” zays Zi, “I spes thay’ll vetch haight ar nine shillins a *yead*.”

To those not resident in this immediate neighbourhood some of these words will no doubt appear foreign and misgivings may arise as to their being genuine dialect, but every word here set down I have heard from the mouths of our labouring folk, not be it observed, by those residing in, or near to, our country towns where the good old patois is fast disappearing; but by the old fashioned peasantry dwelling in remote villages and hamlets scattered here and there over our Wiltshire downs, and who rarely come in contact with the “Arrys and Arriets” from town with their jaw breaking jargon.

In my many long rambles, I have purposely engaged in conversation with the Shepherd on the down, the Ploughman in the field, the Woodman and Keeper in the copse, and the General Labourer about the farm, in order to glean from their own mouths words in their purest simplicity. On these occasions I invariably used the broadest vernacular I am capable of, so that it never once entered their minds, or had they the remotest suspicion (A chiel was amangst them taken notes). I have had the great pleasure of hearing from their own lips most of the Dialect Tales already published.

I make no pretence whatever to give the etymology of the words contained in this Glossary, that happily has now been accomplished by abler pens than mine. *

The pronunciation is a somewhat difficult matter, different localities have different pronunciations. Take the word Home, pronounced *Wom*, *Whoam* and *Wimm*. For instance (Bob zays "I'd got a good mine to goo *Wom*, Zunday," "Why, whats want ta goo *Wimm* var," zays Jarge? "Why, hassen yeard, Jarge," zays Dan? "Why Bob there, 's gwain ta be *caal'd Whoam* on Zunday, an I specs he wants to goo an yer if Passen rades it out aelright.")

Cold is also pronounced *Cwoold* or *Cawuld*. Pudding, *Pudden* or *Pooden*, &c.

Philologists and writers of County Dialects are one and all lamenting the decadence of the language of our forefathers as a speech. But it is gratifying to know that the English Dialect Society has done a grand and noble work in preserving for all time our various County Dialects in their inimitable publications. I trust my humble efforts have in some measure assisted this preservation.

The Author of the Wiltshire Rhymes and Tales.

Wilton, 1908.

* See the English Dialect Society's Publications.

Brow or Brash, brittle
 Burrow, a rabbit's hole
 Billis, bellows
 Bibbity-bobbin, jumping up and
 down

Blades, waggon shafts
 Blooins, blossoms
 Blab, to tell secrets
 Blood-alley, the law marble
 Blackbob, a cockroach
 Black pooden, pudding made of
 pig's blood

Blackymoor, a Negro
 Bloody-warriors, the dark wall-
 flower

Blare, to bellow
 Blurt, to speak bluntly
 Bobbish, pretty well in health
 Bouarden, made of board
 Boreshores, hurdle stakes
 Brise, to press
 Browbeat, to bully
 Bran-new, quite new
 Bruckly, brittle
 Bread-an-cheese, mallow seeds
 Breacers, braces
 Bramstickle, a stickleback
 minnow

Brack, an opening
 Brudge, the bridge
 Butty, a mate
 Bust, to burst
 Busters, large ones
 Burlin, removing knots from
 cloth or felt

Bunch-a-vives, the fist
 Bumbailec, the sheriff's officer
 Bundle-off, go off
 Bwytle, a large mallet
 Bwoy, boy
 Bwoold, bold
 Bwile, to boil
 Bwony, bony
 Bynd-bye, later on

C.

Cabbidge, cabbage
 Caddle, confusion
 Caddlin, meddling

Cass'n, can you not
 Cackle, small talk
 Caig-maig, inferior meat
 Carr, to carry
 Carriage, a drain
 Cantankerous, quarrelsome
 Caavy, a childish fellow
 Caal'd whoam, publishing the
 banns

Caakin, to cry like a hen
 Carn, corn
 Cestificat, certificate
 Chimley, chimney
 Chidlins, pigs inwards
 Chop, to barter
 Charrin, household work
 Chuck, to throw
 Chayers, chairs
 Childern, children
 Chile, child
 Charm, confusion
 Chimps, potato shoots
 Chern, to churn
 Chaak, chalk
 Chap, a young man
 Cham, to chew
 Chilleampton, Chillhampton
 Clause, clean
 Clod-hopper, a clumsy fellow
 Clacker, the tongue
 Clap, to put in
 Clump, a knot of trees
 Clakkers, pattens
 Clodpole, an awkward fellow
 Claps, to clasp
 Clim, to climb
 Clout, a blow
 Clapknife, a pocket knife
 Cluster-a-vive, the fist
 Clumps, awkward feet
 Clit, confused
 Claa, to claw
 Comical, queer, curious
 Coom-hidder, call to a horse
 Cocksure, certain
 Conk, the nose
 Contrapshun, a contrivance
 Coos'n, could'st not
 Cooden, could not

Draa-sheave, a wheelwright's
draw knife

Drove, a sheep-way

Dry, thirsty

Dumbledore, the humble bee

Dutter, to confuse

Duckstone, a game with stones

Dumpy, short and thick

Durns, doorposts

Dunner, done for

Duffer, not up to much

Dunno, don't know

Dunch-nettle, the stingless
variety

Dwoant, dont

E.

Eave, to sweat

Eece, yes

Elem, made of elm

Eltrot, the wild parsnip

Elements, the atmosphere

Empt, to pour off

Emmet, the Ant

Er, he

Evett, the newt

Exe, the axle

Etyeant, it's not

F.

Fantaig, fluster

Fellers, fellows

Fess, proud

Feace, face

Feller, a contemptible person

Fettle, in condition

Fiather or Feyther, father

Figgetty pooden, plum pudding

Fingers and thumbs, furze
flowers

Flump, to fall heavily

Flush, well stocked with cash

Flick, to flare

Flopperty, untidy

Flobberchops, an expletive

Fleck, the fat of a pig

Fluke, liver disease in sheep

Flabber-gaster, idle talk

Fowsty, mouldy

Foxy, cunning

Fooiced, forced

Forrad, forward

Frizzle, to perspire freely

Froar, frozen

Fractious, quarrelsome

Frowten, to frighten

Fuddle, a drinking bout

Funky, timorous

Fur, far

Furder, farther

G.

Gallerd, frightened

Gally-baiger, a scarecrow

Gally, to frighten

Gawney, a simpleton

Gaffer, master

Gally-vantin, about on pleasure

Gamel, a stretcher

Gammon, to befool

Gaapin, staring rudely

Gawky, an ungainly person

Gad, a heavy stick

Gadden about, idling about

Gearden, the garden

Geat, gate

Gee-wug, call to a horse

Gie, to give

Girt or Gurt, great, big

Girt-stup, great fool

Giggin, romping

Gillyflowers, stocks

Glutch, to swallow

Glutcher, the throat

Gnaing, to mock

Gna-pwost, a simpleton

Goggles, spectacles

Gore, an exclamation

Gob, much talk

Goolden-chain, the laburnum
flowers

Goo, go

Goosgog, the gooseberry

Goodnow, an exclamation

Goosygander, a children's game

Goge, an exclamation at some-
thing repugnant

Gramfer, grandfather

Grammer, grandmother

Jan-chider, the nettle creeper
 Jibbets, small pieces
 Jiffey, in a moment
 Jiggery-pokery, unfair dealing
 Jist-a-about, out-and-out
 Jiggetty, fidgety
 Jist, just
 Jimmy, a sheep's head
 Jine, join
 Jint, joint
 Jonnick, fair in dealing
 Joggetten, riding slowly
 Jod, the letter J
 Jut'un, touch or nudge him
 Junk, a solid piece
 Joggett, to trot gently

K.

Kaig, keg
 Kekker, the windpipe
 Keer, care
 Keep, growing crops for cattle
 Keapers, boys tricks
 Kivver, the cover
 Kiddle, the kettle
 Kiddle-a-fish, a muddle
 Kit, the entire quantity
 Knap, a short steep road
 Kotch, to catch
 Koomb, grease from an axle box

L.

Lack-a daisical, indifference
 Latter-lanmas, unpunctual
 Laa, law
 Lawks-a-massy, an exclamation
 Laiggens, gaiters
 Lavences, leavings
 Lardy-keake, cake made of lard
 Lew, sheltered
 Lerripen, a beating
 Leer, hungry
 Leazin, gleaning corn
 Lettle, little
 Ladies an-gennelmin, the wild
 arum
 Ladies-vingers, the wild
 calceolaria
 Lenth, loan of a thing

Lether, to flog
 Lets, let us
 Limbers, cart shafts
 Linse-pin, an axle pin
 Litsom, lightsom
 Lissen, list to
 Lief, rather
 Libbets, fragments
 Longful, long, tedious
 Loggerheads, disagreement
 Lovenidolds, the wild pansy
 Loozeed, lost
 Loanesom, lonely
 Looby, dull headed
 Lout, a lazy fellow
 Loll, to lop
 Lollopers, idle fellows
 Lwoad, load
 Louath, loth
 Lug, a rod of land
 Lunperin, stumbling
 Lush, drink
 Lunnan, London
 Lumpy, heavy
 Lynch, a hillside bank

M.

Maggotty, frisky, playful
 Maggotten, meddling
 Main, very, great
 Maig, a peg
 Mabby, possibly
 Marnen, morning
 Mander, to crow over
 Marly, streaked with fat and lean
 Massy-on-ess, mercy on us
 Martil, very
 Mealy-mouthed, soft speech
 Mear, the mare
 Med, might
 Metheglin, weak mead
 Med'n, might not
 Measter, master
 Min, remember, bear in mind
 Mickle, much
 Miff, offence
 Millard, the miller
 Mixen, the dung heap
 Mid, may

Pigberries, hawthorn berries
 Pipperry, hot tempered
 Pithole, the grave
 Plim, to swell
 Plaze, to please
 Plock, a block
 Plazen, places
 Pook, a hay cock
 Popplestoan, a pebble
 Prise, to lever
 Priamble, a long story
 Pus, purse
 Pummy, to pound
 Putt, a dung cart
 Putlug, bar used in building
 Purty, pretty
 Pudbaiger, the water spider
 Pussyvan, in a temper
 Pussy, a hare
 Pussycats, hazel tree pollen
 Pucker, perplexity
 Pwint, a pint
 Pwost, post

Q.

Quarr, a quarry
 Quare, ill tempered
 Quat, to sit
 Quiddle, to make a fuss
 Quine, coin
 Quirk, to grunt
 Quod, jail

R.

Rack, a narrow path
 Raa, raw
 Ragmuffin, a rascal
 Raingle, a quarrel
 Rafty, fat, rancid
 Ramey, cold and foggy
 Ramshackle, tumble down
 Ramp, a curve
 Raink, offensive
 Randy, a merry making
 Rades, to read
 Rammel-cheese, cheese made of
 raw milk before skimming
 Raste, rest
 Rawncy, boney
 Refters, rafters

Reaves, rails of a waggon
 Reed, straw reserved for
 thatching
 Revel, village club feast
 Rhaan, to eat voraciously
 Rid, red
 Riphook, hook for reaping
 Rig, to climb about
 Rowts, ruts
 Rozzin, resin
 Ropey, thick drink
 Rungs, ladder rungs
 Rusty, restive
 Rumpus, a row
 Rubble, rubbish
 Ruddle, red ochre
 Rummage, to hunt up
 Rubbidge, rubbish
 Runish, queer

S.

Saace, impudence
 Sack, dismissal
 Sarr, to serve
 Sawney, a thick head
 Sard, served
 Samel, Samuel
 Sawl, soul
 Sauf, as if
 Seran, food
 Serunge, to squeeze
 Serunch, to crunch
 Seraig, inferior
 Seruff, back of the neck
 Serump, hard baked
 Scroopedee, to make a grinding
 noise
 Scroff, fragments of chips
 Scroop, scraped
 Scauf, the trig stick of a waggon
 Screechety, creaking
 Seramb, to scramble
 Serouge, to press
 Seuff, to drag with the feet
 Scamper, to run away
 Scrubby, inferior, or ill shaped
 Shat, wilt
 Shram'd, benumbed
 Sharps, shafts of a trap

Twilley hole, an opening made
in hurdles

Twunt, it wont

Twould, told

Twig, to look

Twoadsmate, fungus

T'year, this year

U.

Uglymug, ill-looking

Ull-lockee, look d'ye see

Underds, hundreds

Un, he

Unempty, to empty

Unthaw, to thaw

Up-a-long, up street

Up-top-on-un, on the top of it

Upsides, to be even with

V.

Varmint, an imprecation

Varmin, vermin

Valee, value

Varden, a farthing

Vamp, walking

Vawer, four

Vast, fast

Vall, fall

Vallens, snow-fall

Vallers, fallows

Var, far

Veace, face

Vier, fire

Vind, to find

Vinny, blue, mouldy

Vield, field

Vize, Devizes town

Vive, five

Vire-lock, a musket

Vire-dogs, bars to burn wood
logs on

Villy, fellow of a wheel

Virs, firs

Vlea, flea

Vlitch, a side of bacon

Vlitters, rags, tatters

Vlail, a threshing tool

Vlonkers, sparks of fire

Vlinters, all to pieces

Vlee, to fly

Vlint, flint

Vlint-hearted, hard-hearted

Vlamin, showy

Vlocks, flocks

Vloor, floor

Vlop, flop

Vlutter, in a hurry

Vore-spur, fore leg of a pig

Voke, folk

Vortin, fortune

Vollie, to follow

Vor't, for it

Vore-eyed, looking ahead

Voreright's, overrights, opposite

Vool, fool

Volshores, hurdle stakes

Vrim, from

Vriz, froze

Vur, far

Vurder, farther

Vuzz, furze

Vuzzen, made of furze

Vuzzhacker, the whinchat

Vust, first

W.

Wagwants, nodding grasses

Wace, west

Waant, a mole

Waaste, sty on the eye

Wag, to stir

Wallop, to flog

Warn'd, I warn

Waastern, western

Warr, beware

Werden, was not

Whay, call to a horse to stop

Wheedle, to get round

Whicker, to neigh

Whinnick, to cry like a horse

Whopper, a big one

Whipwiles, meanwhiles

White-livered, pale looking

Whipper-snapper, a little up-
start

Whate, wheat

Wink or Winch, handle of a
grindstone

Winder, window

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