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WILTSHIRE RHYMES.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

A SERIES OF

POEMS

IN THE

WILTSHIRE DIALECT

BY

EDWARD SLOW, WILTON.

EIGHTEENPENCE.

LONDON :

SIMPSON, MARSHALL & Co.

SALISBURY :

FREDERICK A. BLAKE, 39, MARKET PLACE.

1881.



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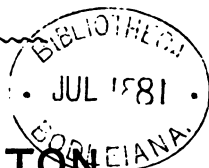
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TO THA WASE COUNTRY VOKE.

In zending out another leetle book a Wiltshire Rhymes, I veels as how I ought ta zaay a vew wirds to ee now. I be terriyable much obliged to ee ael vor tha kindness ya've aelways show'd in buyin on em up, wen thay da com out, which I da hope ya will thase un tha zeam. Voke that dwont belong ta ower wase country av offen zed ta I, "Ya dwont mane ta zaay that tha voke about you da tak like that are." I zaays, "Thay do ; an mmost ael tha leabouren voke in thease peart a Englin besides ; an if ya dwont believe it, jist spen a day wie I, an I'll teak ee wur you can hear em spake it in ther own nateral way. Tis tha lainguide," I zaays, "As girt King Offord used wen he burned tha panceakes down in Zummersetshire." An zo did ael tha girt voke, till thic ar chap vrim Normandy, caal'd Bill tha Konkerer, com an got auver tha Zaxon voke, an mead em use his new vaingled lainguide ; bit we poor wase country voke av stuck to tha wold tongue till now, haighthen undered an haighthy one. Tho much it da pain I ta vind that ower poor wold lainguide ater livin za long, is likely soon ta die out. Wat we Railways, Telegraphs, School Bouards, &c., &c., I'm aveard till soon becom a thing a tha pass.

Howzendever, I'll promise ee ta keep it alive as long as I'm yeable, be zending out a leetle book a verses now an then. Thase yer vew poems wich I now zens out, av never bin publised avore as I knaas on. 'Tha be mwostly rote on hincidents tha av com under me own eyes, an I da trust, wat ever be ther vaats, ya'll vind em, if not edyfyin, amusin enough ta wile away a vew dull hours of yer speer time.

I be yer umble zarvant,

THA AUTHOR.

Wilton, January, 1881.

" Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor."

—GRAY'S ELEGY.

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THE WILTSHIRE MOONRAKERS.



Down Vizes way zom years agoo,
When smuggalin wur nuthun new,
An people wurden nar bit shy,
Of who they did ther sperrits buy.
In a village liv'd a Publican,
Who kept an Inn, The Pelican.
Ael roun 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 raaly it wur nice an handy,
At tha Pelican ta get yer brandy.
Twer got as chep as twer in Vrance,
Tho a course twer done in iggerance.

One winter Crismas time about,
Thease lanlords 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 whack.
Bit praps tha sizevoke voun his trail,
An med a pop'd un inta jail.
Howsemdever I'll zen an zee,
Ta marrer wats become a he.
Zoo nex day at nite he off did start,
Two girt chaps wie a donkey cart.
Ta Bristil town tha took ther way,
An got there as twur gettin day ;
Tha smugglers house tha soon voun out,
An tould en wat they wur com about.
Ael rite, zays he, I've plenty bye,
Bit we mist keep a cuteish eye,
Var tha size voke thay be on the watch,

An two or dree av lately cotch.
Zoo tell yer measter thats the razin,
I coudden zen avore ta pleazin.
Zoo wen twur dark thase smuggler bwold,
Got dree tubs vrim a sacrit hould ;
An unobsarved he purty smart,
Zoon clap'd em in the donkey cart ;
An tha top a covered up we hay,
Then zent tha chaps an cart away ;
Ael droo the streets quite seaf an zoun,
Thay zoon jog'd out a Bristil town.
An vore tha vull moon ad arose,
To ther neative pleace wur drawin close ;
Wen to ther girt astonishment,
Thay met wie an awkurd accident.
In passin auver Cannings brudge,
Tha stubborn Donkey hooden budge ;
Tha chaps tha leather'd well his back,
Bit a diden keer var ther attack ;
Bit jib'd an bellered, shook his mean,
Then kick bouth shafts right off za clane.

Up went tha cart, tha tubs vill out,
An in tha road zoon roll'd about ;
An vore tha chaps coud ardly look,
Ael dree ad roll'd straite in tha brook.
Well here's a purty goo zays one ?
Why Will, wat ever's to be done ?
I'd like ta kill thick donkey quite,
If thee wurst, zays Tom, tid zar un rite ;
Doost knaa wat tha matter wur,
I thinks a got a vorester ;
Var I nevir knawd un hack like this,
Unless zummit wur much amiss.
Look at un now, he's in a scare,
An gwaing as ard 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 doont keer a snap,
Var then they'll gace thease yer mishap ;
An zen zumbiddy on tha road,
Ta help ess get wom seaf tha load.
Bit zounds while thus we do delay,

Tha tubs begar ull zwim away ;
Wie mist get em out at any price,
Tho tha water be as cauld as ice.
Doont stan gapin zo, var goodness seak,
Run to thick rick an vin'd a rake ;
I thinks that I can reak em out,
Var there tha be swimmin about.
Two reaks wur got, an then thase two
Did reak an splash wie much ado ;
Bit nar a tub tha diden lan,
Tha hoodun zeem ta com ta han.
Zays Tom, I'm tired of the job,
An hoodun a took un var ten bob ;
I ad a mine ta let em goo,
An so I will if thee oot to.
Get out, girt stup, wie mist get in,
Tho we da get wet to tha skin.
Till nevir do ta let em be,
Zo tuck thee pants up roun thee knee.
Tha chaps then took tha water bwould,
Tho they wur shram'd ni wie tha cwould ;

An jist as thay did heave one out,
Ael at once a feller loud did shout—
HEL'OH, me lads, wat ave ee 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 seak,
Get out tha brook, teak hould a reak ;
Reak at the moon a shinnin zee,
An doont thee spake, I'll tackle he.
Tha zizemin now ad reach'd tha pleast,
An Will he draa'd a rueful veace ;
Wie beant no poachers zur zed he,
Bit iv ad a mishap as ya zee.
Comin vrim Vize wie 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 in a nick.
Out went ower things wich as you zees,
Lays ael about, an yer's a cheese ;
He roll'd rite on straite in thease brook,

An Tom's a reakun vor'un look.
Tha Zizemin swallowed ael o't in,
An ta zee Tom reakun gun ta grin ;
Girt vool, zays he, as true as I'm barn,
Why thats the moon, thee beest reakun vor'un.
An than a busted out a gean,
An zed ov ael, that beat ael clean ;
To zee a crazy headed coon,
Reak ver tha shadder of the moon.
Will wink'd at Tom, Tom wink'd at Will,
Ta zee ow nice he'd took tha pill ;
Aa, Zur, you med laff as long's ya please,
Bit wie be sure it be a cheese.
Zee ow a show's hisself za plain,
Com, Tom, lets reak vor he again.
Zo slap an dash went on the reakun,
While Zizesmin he var vun wur sheakin ;
An off a went houlden his zide,
Var longer ther a coudden bide.
Wee grinnin his eyes did auvervlow,
Ta zee thay chaps a reakun zo ;

An ta think that now he'd tould em so,
Tha girt vools hooden ther freak vergo.
Zoo up a got apon his hoss,
An as the brudge a went across ;
He zet up another harty grin,
Wen a look'd an zeed em bouth get in ;
An zed girt vools till zar em rite,
If thay da ketch ther deaths ta nite.
Bit wen he ad got clean away,
Tha tubs wur got wieout 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 tellen ther mishaps ;
Bit ael ther troubles they vergot,
Wen they'd emptyied ni tha landlords pot.
An wen he a course did pay em well,
Thease little stowry not ta tell ;
Zo wen tha Zizeman nex did com,

Thease landlord he a courze wur mum.
An in a glass did jine wie glee,
Wen Zizesman twould tha tale ta he ;
Bit he laff'd moure wen zeaf one nite,
Tha tubs wur brought wom snug an tite ;
An many a bumper went a round,
Ta think thay'd beat the Zizemin zound.

* * * * *

Thic Zizemin zoon tha tale let out,
To ael tha country roun about ;
An even now people da teeze,
All Willsheer voke about the 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,

An then bust out in ael yer glowry,
That yer smeart Excisemin fresh vrum town,
Wur took in well wie a Willsheer clown.





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 'twur var, I ardly knows,  
An dall'd if I can zee ;  
This much I knows, they caals themselves,  
Tha girt Harcheology.

Vust day thay in tha Hall did meet,  
As thick as any vrees ;  
A viewin on all zart a things,  
Of wold anticketies.



An then ower Passin rade aloud,  
While zom 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 Pembroke Yarms ;  
Which zeem'd tha ony thing ta I,  
That zeem'd 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 ta 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 Hacheology.

---

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

We Wardour they zeem'd nayshun plaz'd,  
     As thay wa'kd in an out ;  
 Tha vine wold ruins stannin there,  
     Wat Olivier knock'd about.

Nex day thay off agean did goo,  
     To Zalisbury 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 girt Harcheology.

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

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

Sa-poussin thay wur ael ta meet,  
Ta renevat tha ruin ;  
Of poor vokes houssen that thay zeess,  
Wat good ud they be do-un.

Bit spoose var drowin' out thease hint,  
I mist apologie ;  
Bit I da hope thay'll zee ta it,  
Thase girt Hacheology.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now of this I spoose you've ad enuff,  
Zoo I'll draa it to a close ;  
An if mwore about em you do want,  
Rade Bob Burn's ! Captin Grose !





## 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 praise ower good wold Passin.

Vor zirch tha countery 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 'ull never zee wie poor voke pinch,
Not 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 ! wen 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 zen zich gloom on ael aroun,
Who is it tries 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, ower good wold Passin.

Who's alway vull a readiness,
Ta teak tha children vatherless,
An zee em brought ta usefulness ?
Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who ! gets tha maids we rozy fearin,
Out in tha wordle tha best a plazin,
Who ! ther deeds is alwys praxin,

Why, ower good wold Passin.

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

Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who ! we tha Squire aft ull plead,
Tha cease of zom poor bwoy in need,
That ver '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 ! wen 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 dwont vaal in wie his views ;
Ar if ta meetin house a gooes,
Dwont matter ta ower wold Passin.

A zirch tha countery ael about,
A better man ya wunt vind out,
Zo his praize vor ever I ull shout,
Cos he's a downrite good wold Passin.





OWER GIRT ZEPTEMBER VAIR.

~~~~~

Of ael naises 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.  
If ya dwont believe 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 morn of tha clock about two,  
Outzid a yer dwoor ye'll hear much ado ;  
That is if you'm sleepen in tha nayberhood too,  
An beant zunk to deep in a girt snorin stew.  
You'll turn an you'll twiss, and mutter, what's this ?



An agean try ta zink in slumberin bliss ;  
Then praps var a nower you may get a snooze,  
Ael depens ta wither much naise you've bin used.  
Bit wither or not, agean about voure, you'll zadly 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.

When dress'd, about vive,  
In the 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 dancin a reel.  
But wen wonce at tha vair,

Dang if you wunt declare ;

You wurd'nt aware,

Twur sich 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 shouten, an scoutin, an poutin,

Especially fat ones that av got tha gout in ;

An shepperds a tearin, an swearin, an blarin,

An dogs a prowlin, an howlin, an growlin ;

At ther poor leetle vlock, to get em in dock, avore six  
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 could 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 the plain,  
We nuthen to restrain on the 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 ;  
What feacin ya zee zom beamin wie glee,  
An in others ther be lines a adversety ;  
An ael zeems bent on business intent on.  
Tha gentlemen varmer here ya da meet,  
In tha leatest fayshun, nate an complete ;  
An tha wold 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 the 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 leabourer's agitation.  
 How they roar an they laff,  
 At ache others chaff ;  
 Then goo off an quaff zim mild haff-an-haff.

If theam com yer ta buy, wie wat a quick eye,  
 Any vault they'll descry, jist like a Poll Pry ;  
 How the sheep they'll veel avore they deal,  
 An to the zeller appeal, his price to reveal.  
 Soo an zoo, he'll say, now I want vor thay,  
 Noon better ar chaper any money I'll lay,

There beant to be voun in the vair groun ta day.

Bit tother ull zay nay, wie accustomed dismay,

    Zich a price I shaant pay,

    Zo I wish ee good day.

An to another lot he'll be off like a shot,

An tha seam question agen he'll putt to tha men,

    Who stan roun tha pen.

    An then he'll propoun,

    Can ee warrant en zoun ;

    While the men do expoun,

    Ther qualities roun ;

    Noon better to be voun,

    In the vair they'll be bown.

    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 Mr. Glover.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of sheppherds wot a harmy is here,

An ow defferent zom on em appear ;

Zom looks to 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 tha company all.

See them doin a veed,

Ah, they enjoy it indeed,

Sich appeties wat can exceed ;

An tha fare, zee it there,

As much as tha table is able ta bear.

A huge jint a salt 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 sicken,

Bit they ate it wie out chicken,  
An smack ther lips at tha pickin.  
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 it down wie sparklin wine.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis twelve o'clock, an in full swing is the Auctioneer's ring ;  
Round his box voke cram, an he baals out ta Zam,  
Ta bring in tha vust ram ;  
Now gents wieout any sham or epigram,  
What shall I zay var this beautiful ram ?  
While the waiting 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 to arrive :  
Zix is bid ; well, if ever I did ;  
Look at tha price, he's worth it drice, come be concise, an  
not za nice : wat a zacrifice.

ZAM ! to the 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 mwestly incline ;

Another spurr, zeven I yer.

Then vrum a wold pate, coms out plump an strait,

Here, I'll gie ee haite, ta end 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 the 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 the naise too is stunnin.

Here be hoers, an mowers, an blowers,

Draigs an jaigs, tha lan ta scarify, an poor vield mice ta  
terrify ;

Mills an drills, elevators an culevators,  
Dressers and pressers, barrers an larrers, an things ta ketch  
sparrers ;  
Mill stounes an whet stounes,  
Rakers an 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 steam ar by han ;  
An lots too stan in girt deman,  
But raaly var what use I doont understan ;  
Every vair ther's zure to be implements newer,  
All the pertickulars of which you can get vrim vren Brewer.\*  
To tha hoss vair advance, an jist gie a glance,  
Bit wie girt viligance, var tha rear an tha 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 ta speed ;  
Bit if ya one need, you mist teak girt heed,  
An main caushious prozeed, if ya hood zucceed.

---

\* A local machinist.

Var thease dalers be zich consalers an knowin veelers,  
An I've yeard tha peelers zay zom on em be girt stalers ;

Now jist zee ow ther business is done,  
Jist look at thick poor old dun,  
Who's wirk var ever zeems done,  
Wat a scare ta 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,  
Brissilen with martial air,  
How she gallops wie speed droo tha vair,  
While her owner da swear an declare,  
Zich a gooeer never was there ;  
Bit if you ud have her, teak care,  
Var she medden turn out quite square ;  
Zo I'd advice ee look well, an beware,  
Wen ya purchase a hoss at a vair.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Tis past mid-day an they who da stray,  
Ta every pleast upon tha highway,  
Begin ther wares to display ;

---

Zee yonder quack, begins his clack,  
 Like a maniac he spouts till h'es 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, an be rid of yer ills ;  
 Ees an tiz saprizin, wieout disguisin;  
 Ow many putts vaith in thease quack's advisin.  
 To thease quack, nex door,  
 Another veller da roar,  
 If ya'm troubled wie a carn,  
 As true as I'm barn,  
 Ar a bunyon or wart, drop two drops on tha part,  
 An if it dwont hase impart wieout a paing ar a smart,  
 I'll ate yon hoss and cart ;

On its merrits I wunt dwell,  
Var 'tis knaw'd now to well,  
Nuthun can it exzell,  
It hacks like a spell,  
*Here!* zixpince a bottle I zell.

\* \* \* \* \*

Chep-jack begins now ta 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 com 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,  
Wat vust shill I hoffer 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 thase pure an zoun ;  
Yer ! I shaant zay a poun or a half,  
Ah ! you med laff an think it chaff ;  
Yer ! *nine, eight, seven, six* ;  
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 mwore a gooes var vour,  
Yer ! hang me, as I'm out on the spree,  
Ya shill av un var dree ;  
Yer ! two an eleven, two an nine,  
Las time, now mine.  
Well, as I'm com to thase town,  
Ta get a leetle 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 bevore.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now ballard zingers begin,  
Ther charmin verses ta zing,  
In anything bit a clear ring ;  
Here's well-known Bob an Bet,  
Well match in ther scramy duet ;  
Enuff 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 like bees in a swarm ;  
An hager ther penny thay pay,  
Var tha newest zong 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 tha varmer's boy ;  
A zailer bwold var me,  
In a cottage be tha sea ;  
Comin droo tha rye,  
Wie tha spider an tha fly ;  
Belly maloone,  
Come leave I aloone ;  
Me lads a warrier bwold,  
Zilver dreads amang tha gwold ;  
Alice Gray, wie Nelly Ray ;  
Wilt thou be mine,  
Tha good Rhine wine ;  
Auver tha waater,  
Wie tha Ratcatcher's daater ;  
Out in tha snow,  
Bit not var Joe ;  
Here stans a pwost,



Bill Scroggin's ghost ;  
Cheer bwoys cheer,  
Vor wie likes a drop a good beer ;  
Brite zunny days, an many mwore lays ;  
To numerous ta menshyn,  
To attract yer attenshin ;  
An on again they strike up tha strain,  
While tha sheppherd'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 getten dull ;  
Vor wom again,  
Is gone tha main,  
Be road ar train ;  
A few remain,  
'To teak a drain ;  
Var till nex year,  
Thay wunt meet again.





## BLONDIN AT WILTON PARK,

*Bank Holiday, August 4th, 1873.*

~~~~~

Once mwore ya zee yer fren 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 to keep Crownashun day,
Bit now we that they've done away ;
An' keeps Bank Hallerdy in place,
An wich ya know is much the base ;
Var on a Monday tha da com,
Aa voke ver two days can laave wom ;
An goo an zee ther frens away,
Which tha cudden do wen twur one day.
Well, thick hallerdy in August last,

Beat everything as wur gone past ;
Zuch a day wur never zeed avore,
An spoose it never will no mwore.
Tha Voresters sich lucky elves,
Had got tha day ael to ther zelves ;
An they mead up ther minds outrite,
They ood get up a tidy zite.
An zummit that should tract tha voke,
An wich they did wiout a joke ;
Zo we a man neam'd Blondin they,
Did gree ta com here on thick day ;
'Ta wak upon a rope za high,
That he ood nearly touch the sky.
A undered poun they greed ta gie un,
Ver they wur zure ael voke u'd zee un.
Zo bout a month avore tha day,
They zent bouth near an vur away ;
Girt bills an spicters sich 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 the weather ood be vine.
Zo zoon 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 cudden zee tha peoples 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 zene ;
Tak about a countery vair,
It no ways coud wie that compare.
Ver 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 shoutin an a bawlin loud ;
To be let quick into tha Park,
Ar else tha ooden be there till dark.
I stood an gap'd at they awhile,
As they went droo tha turnun style ;
An rally sich a crow'd as that,
Beat ael I'd zeed in Lunnen pat.
Vrom twelve until tha clock het vower,
They went as vast as they cud pawer ;
Vull twenty thousand voke thick day,
Into thick Park did vine ther way.
An there upon that spongy green,
Wur a n'eer 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 whack'd it ael ta vits I know ;

Ta zee ow yer thay cut the dash,
Dress'd out in ther vine things za flash ;
Of every cut an style thick 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 oet's altered new ;
Insteeds a wearin a tidy gown,
That in one piece a ood rach roun ;
Thay wears a kine a skirt in place,
An then a thing hatch roun the waste ;
Ael notch an fring'd an puckered out,
Which roun tha skirt da hang about ;
Wie bows and strings an other gear,
Ta keep in pleace their pannier.
Wether in zilks or zatins vine,
Ar muslips ar bombazine ;
Ar if tis but a linsy vrock,
Tha wearer do tha vashun mock.
An ther hats did zo attract attention,

' I dwont know arldly ow ta menshun
Tha diffent sheaps and styles there,
Wich they did car 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 lore ta zee zom on'ms hair,
Like girt bee pots a hanging there ;
Wich they da call in Vrance *chignon*,
Tha hair vrom they that's dade an gone.
How ever wimmen voke da like
Ta wear sich things da whack I quite ;
Avore sich things as that I'd try,
I thinks I'd zooner lay an die.
Mwost aelways I shid drame a they,
An that me hair wur turnin grey ;
However any thing they'll do,
If 'tis the vashun an the goo.
Zom's feace ya cudden zee at ael,
Wur hidded up we vail or vall ;

Ya cudden 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 fair ;
I raaly don't think 'tis disgreece,
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 vall,
Then I doont bleam em not at all.
Bit on a day like this so brite,
I do think that tis pride outrite ;
Ar else they must be ugly ones,
An men's 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 sich boots avore ;
How ever 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 soles as thin almmost as peaper,
An fine tops za limp an teaper.
An fancy bits ael stitch'd in pleaces,
An tied about we fine rid leaces.
Wen will em leave theas 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 the bell het out ;
Then every eye wur turn'd ta zee,
Thase Blondin act so cleverly.
An there down gean the rivers zide,
Wur two girt poles za hi an wide ;
Apeart a undered feet 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 zeemd ta vill ee up we dread,
Ver up 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 soon did pop,
An in a twink wur on tha top.
Vrom tha crowd below out went a cheer,
Whose like I nee'r before did hear ;
Jist didem hollie out an shout,
Wen 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 ver a leetle stroll ;
Ael down his leetle narrer rope,
Along he measterly did grope.
An wen a got unto tha end,
Tha voke tha air near did rend ;
An he jist var a bit a vun,
Rite back agean did nearly run.
Zo quick his nimble legs did go,
They kept time to the band below ;
An then to ael tha vokes zurprise,

He tied a bandage roun his eyes.
An ael his head an half his back,
He put into a girt thick zack ;
An once agean took pole in han,
An tried upon tha rope ta stan.
Pretendin two ar dree times ta slip,
Bit that wur ael a bit a flip ;
Var on a went as blind a bat,
An steady as a mouse or cat.
An zom did cry, " Sure, sure, he'll vall,
Var he he cant zee a glimpse at all ;"
Zom look zo white tho they wur dade,
To zee he blinded wak thick dread.
In breathless zilence ael look on,
To zee thick blind man goo along ;
And wen he got unto tha end,
Voke sich a cheer out loud did zend.
" Well done, well done," all om did cry,
To thick are man twix earth an sky.
Blindfolded still he did run back,
An took vrim off his yead tha sack.

A chap then run up in a crack,
And jump'd upon 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 half way,
Thease chap he hollered out, " Hooray ;"
Then took off his beaver hat,
An weaved un out as ther a sat.
Tha voke did shout agean, " Bravo,"
When thick are chap did holler zo ;
Then back he car'd the chap ael rite,
And chang'd his dress ver one za tite.
An on his rope again did goo,
Zom mwore preformance to goo droo ;
An wen a got about half way,
He look'd about un every way;
An vore tha voke cud look around,
Upon tha rope a wur laid down.
Well, he laid there like one thats dade,

Then ael at once stood on his hade ;

An wen tha voke did cheer an clap,

He on his hade his veet did rap.

An then a stood rite 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 za vair an square,

As tho a wur a fixed there.

Then down a zat to av a raste,

An gap a bit about tha place ;

Bit ther a diden bide 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 link'd in wie tha wold un.

A panceak then he nex did vry,

In a pan upon his rope za hi ;

He'd got a range a 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 zoon did meak a vire,
An zoon tha smoke it did aspire ;
Then wee zum vlower, egg, an vat,
He mixed it ael into a pat.
An out a poured it in a pan,
An then ta frizz it zoon began ;
An then when under he wur done,
Ta zee un turn un twur sich fun ;
I never zeed such in me life,
He wur as andy as a wife.
Zo wen the ceak he wur done brown,
He to tha voke did chuck un down ;
Wich mead a rush amang the rabble,
Who ater thick ther ceak did scrabble.
Then he pack'd up an back did goo,
His famous ride ver to go droo.
Then on his two wheel'd hobby hoss,
Jist like a jock he got across ;
An off a went wie out delay,

An didn stop once ael tha way.
Then backurds he did run a bit,
While he zo-verm on un did zit ;
How ever he keeps zo uprite,
It raaly do whack I outrite.
He zeams as seaf ther I'll be boun,
As you ar I do on tha groun ;
And as ver ridden hobby hoss,
I rally did once get a cross ;
And purty quick I did come down,
An got up we a sheaky crown.
An how ever he upon thick thread,
Cud ride wie out movin his yead ;
I never can nar shall meak out,
Unless he's link'd in wie old clout.
Var lots declares that thick wold Nick,
Must av larn'd un thase yer trick.
Bit lore I doont knaw wat ta zay,
Var voke does strange things now a day ;
It zeems na mwore trouble to he,
Than ower wurk do ta arn a wie.

No doubt he is a stiffish chuck,
And mist av got a lot a pluck ;
He is a stiffish chap we know,
To zee that vine limbs he can show ;
An must av ad a lot a tryun,
To do thase things there's no denyin.
However ael I've tould to you,
He zartainly on thick rope did do ;
He diden meet wie one mishap,
Which mead the voke so cheer an clap.
He diden worry up yer heart,
Var everything he done za smart ;
An confidence ya ad in he,
As zoon as ever you did zee.
How he upon thick rope did stan,
As aisy as a hood 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 mwest 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 oulden day.
An zom did dance, and zom did zing,
An zom jine in a kissen ring ;
An maidens they mead purty noise,
A runnin roun ater the bowys.
An then to zee em kiss em zo,
An nar a bit a shyness show ;
Zich bouldness ought never to be,
In a girt lightened cuntry.
I'll bet a crown yer fren Jan Brown,
'Neer kiss'd a maid a kneelen down ;
He doont believe in that are stuff,
Ver tis za brazen an za rough ;
To tear an race about like this,
An jist to get a lettles kiss.
I tell ee plain, ap wie out joke,
I neer ood kiss zome a tha voke ;

Bit this much I'll confess ta you,
Of gals there wur a tidy vew ;
That raaly I shid like ta kiss,
That is if they thought no amiss.
An course if no biddy wur lookun,
Nor noticin jist wen I took un ;
A kiss zeems aelwys baste ta I,
Wen you da catch un on tha sly.
Bit there they diden zeem ta veear,
An var vokes lookin diden keer.
Well there they kiss'd and danced away,
Till nine o'clock thik blessed day ;
An then as twur got nearly dark,
Tha band did play em out tha park.
An every one wur ael agreed,
Twur the best zite that they ever zeed ;
Auver twenty thousand voke they zay,
Into thik park did goo thik day.





HARVUST WOM SONG,

Tune—" *Auld Lang Syne.*"

Good harvust chaps as handy lives,
Ta thase yer leetle town ;
Com stir yezelves about ta keep ;
Thase day a girt renown ;
Var 'tis tha day of ael tha year,
When men an measters vree ;
Tagether shall enjoy therzelves,
In parfict unity.

CHORUS.—Let love an frenship 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 that zene ;
Com Moll, an Doll, an Poll, an Sue,
Com Vanny an Marier ;
An every wone that wirks about,
Var Hirl ar var Squire.

CHORUS.—Let love an frenship on thease day,
Ael evils auvercom ;
An wie good cheer a beef an beer,
We'll keep our harvust wom.

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 good things he da zen,
Ower mouths ta zatisfy.

CHORUS.—Let love an frenship on thease day,
Ael evils auvercom ;
An wie good cheer a beef an beer,
We'll keep our harvust wom.

Ta measter's house then back we'll goo,
Wie shearpened appetite ;
An zoon at girt big spicy jints,
Let in wie ael ower mite ;
An ater that we'll smoke an zing,
An measters' healths we'll drink ;
While tha yonguns thay shill dance away,
Till ther eyes begin ta blink.

CHORUS.—Let love an frenship on thease day,
Ael evils auvercome ;
An wie good cheer a beef an beer,
We'll keep ower harvust wom.





THA WURKUS VAN.



Zlowly crapin up tha hill,
Every Vridy you mid zee ;
Tha Wurkus Van cram'd vull a brade,
Var voke vuil a necessity.
An wen tha hill top he da rache,
Tha village voke below da scan,
An leetle children run an shout,
Mother ! here's tha Wurkus Van.

Tha poor wold hoss now jogs along,
Ael down tha hill wie quicker peace ;
An poor voke thay da zoon turn out,
Ta welcom his vamilair feace.
An Will, tha carter, wie a nod,
Tha parish loaf aroun da han ;

An, ah, ow heagerly they seize,
That brade vrim out tha Wurkus van.

Week ater week it is tha seam,
Tha Wurkus Van is always there ;
Tha seam wold hoss, tha seam wold van,
In weather voul, in weather vair.
Var poor there is, an sponse there'll be,
Ever droo out thase lettles lan ;
Tho scanty be tha means ta help,
Heet welcom is tha Wurkus Van.

Ya rich apon whom vortun smiles,
Dwont ee look down wie haughty pride ;
Apon tha poor, yer nayburun poor,
Nar nevir their ard lots deride.
Tho theam call'd paupers cause tha avs,
Tha brade vrim out tha Wurkus Van ;
Heet he's tha biggest pauper much,
Who grinds too ard tha leaberun man.





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'un larn un ow ta zing.

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

An then a putt tha blackbird in,  
    An wen a com'd at nite ;  
He 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 thic blackbird's ceage,  
Var hours a blow'd away.

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

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

Zich payshins that ower Joe did teak,  
'Ta larn thick bird ta zing ;  
Hood beat tha payshins of old Job,  
Ar inmwest anything.

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

Zays Joe, ya zee I've 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 an grin.

An he hood himitate Joe's vlute,

As well's a man or bwoy ;

An ael tha birds tha wur aroun,

Tha rascal hood decoy.

Ov ael tha birds I ever yeard,

He beat em every won ;

Var ael zarts a naises he cud meak,

Wie his girt saccy tongue.

Tha voke that did goo by Joe's cot,

Wondered at wat they yeard ;

Thay never could believe sich zouns,

Com'd vrim a leetle bird.

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

•       •       •       •       •       •       •

**MORAL.**

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





## 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 lav'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 thase yer pleece ;

---

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,

A aelwys wur tha zeam.

At Chirch 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 sing za nice as he ;

His voice wur jist like zilver bells,

That zouns za pleasantly.

The nayburs that did liv 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'n 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  
Thervore tha need'n zigh ;  
He know'd there wur a wom var he,  
Up var above tha sky.

An zo poor Dick weout 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 they zung ;

Zom wur a bliged ta turn there yeads,

Becaws ther hearts wur rung.

Tha Choir bwoys in surplis white,

Wie trimblin voices thick ;

They 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.







## THA MOONRAKER AND THA LAAYER'S CLERK.



A Willsheer 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 hisself in Chancery lean,  
'Thic pleace wur Laayer's lives zureen.  
A look'd about un every way,  
As up an down he there did stray ;  
Var a cudden zeem ta 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 mine sure,  
Ta goo an knock an wun oum's dooer,  
An ax if they'll be plaz'd ta tell,  
A countryman wat thay da zell.  
Zo at a laayer's office slap,  
Ower Willsheer man begun ta rap ;  
A voice then zoon baal'd out inzide,  
Push ard tha dooer, an 'll open wide.  
Ower joskin dun as he wur tould,  
An wawk'd in like a Lion bwold ;  
An tha vust thing there that took his eye,  
Wur two clerks zat up, at desk za high.  
Well BUMPKIN ! zays tha wouldest wun,  
In a zart a grinnin sneerin tone,  
Bist cum a laayer var ta zee,  
If zo, wat can 'ess do var thee ?  
Why I'm cum zays he, ta know if ya will,

Tell a countryman wat you da zill ?  
Why BLOCKHEADS, vool ! if thee mist know,  
An tha clerks thay vill a laffin zo.  
O doo 'ee zure, zed ower hero out,  
Well you've got a good trade I dwon't 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 they 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, Jonny Raa.





## EPISTLE TO MR. J. P——, F——Y.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

~~~~~

Lore, fren, ow ever dwost thee do,
Wat a time tis zunce I yeard vrim you ;
What ever hast thee bin up to,
That thee ant rote ;
Won ud think thee had'st ad of bin of ta view,
Zom pleace remote.

Well, as I lissened tother day,
I chaanced ta hear a body zay ;
Thee still at F——y now didst stay,
Wie mother kine.
Zoo, then, zays I, wieout delay,
I'll drap un a line.

An ow'd tha wordle use thee Jim,
I hope y'am zoun in wind an lim ;
An that yer cows an pigs looks prim,
An paultry too ;
Begar, of leat things av look'd grim,
That's zartin true.

I pitys much tha varmirin voke,
Zich a zummer we av ad ael zoak ;
I'm veared lots on em will be broke,
Down we distress ;
If landlards thay dwont hase tha yoke,
An meak redress.

Ow's ael tha good voke in yer vale,
I hope tha main o'm brisk an hale ;
An wats tha news ? Is't flat or stale ?
Wat is ther brewin ?
I trust, my fren, thee still doont vail,
Good to be doin.

An ow's tha Reverend M——r,
Your henergetic minister ?

I trust in church ya oft appear,
 Wen he da spout ;
His style I raather likes ta hear,
 Ta lots about.

Var lore zom a tha passins now,
Caant prache a zarmin mourn a cow ;
Why I've yeard men as vollies plough,
 Nor bit a scoller ;
Hold forth hixtemplery, I vow,
 An beat em holler.

I hear you've got a libery,
An a room wur peapers you can zee ;
This is as things did ought ta be,
 In every village ;
Var young chaps mines any one can zee,
 Da want zim tillage.

A Jim, me vren, I hope thee hoot,
Spread bout thy intellectual vruit ;
In young chaps hearts let it teak root,

Impress ther mine,
Wie knowledge thease yer times ta suit ;
Doont lag behind.

Var tha time is zurly commin, man,
That things they'll want ta understan ;
Wat is teaken pleace in thase yer lan ;
An quite rite too.

Then let em up an teak ther stan,
Wie out adoo.

Caaws in tha countrey tho tha be
Why shudden em av a vote ta gie ;
Ael men shid av one I agree,
That in mine is zoun
A countrymin as good as he,
As lives in town.

An now about tha comin vite
Tha 'Tories zeem's got in a plite ;
If wat tha peapers zays is rite,
Ther chaance is small ;

Bit they'll try we ael ther mite,

Not var ta vall.

Zix years a Tory rule we've ad,

Zom caals it good, mwore caals it bad ;

What do you zay about it lad ?

I zay var one,

When theam turn'd out I shall be glad ;

Wat av em done.

Zunce they've bin led wie thick are Hirl,

They've quarl'd ni wee ael tha wurld ;

There dreats at voreign voke they've hirl'd,

We ael ther mite ;

Tha British vlag they av unfird,

Wur they'd no rite.

Look at thick mess in South Africker,

As vool ardy a job as ever wur ;

Ta kick up zich a nayshen stur,

Wie they thur blacks ;

Good lor wat ther we did incur,

Ta break ther backs.

An wat'vus got var ael ower pain,
Var ael ower money spent like rain ;
Var ael tha brave hearts that wur slain,
In battle gory ;
Tha Jingoos cry, we did maintain,
Ower British glory.

Honner ta who tis due, zays I,
Gie it ta thay as vought ta die ;
Var zodgers beant ta razin why,
Zo zays a Poet,
Ther's is ta conker ar ta die ;
An well thay knaw it.

Can thease Goverment any glory cleam,
Ar zay tiv added ta Englins feam ;
Wen twur ther acts lit up tha fleam,
No, not a jot ;
I zays upon tha British neam,
Tis a girt blot.

Then look at Afferganistin,
Ther's another purty leetle din ;

•
That's gwain ta cošt Jan Bull sim tin,

An brave lives too ;

Thease war I caals a downrite zin,

I do as true.

Why did em meak war on Sheer Ally,

An on his zoil a harmy rally ;

Caws he did zart a dilly dally,

In answerin we ;

Bout a vew Rooshians up his valley,

Who'd caal'd on he.

I tell thee wat it is me fren,

Tis jealisouy thee med'st depen ;

A Rooshey that she will exten,

Her boundary near ;

Then thay da zay ther be an en,

Of Indyeer.

Bit who can zay tis Rooshey's geam,

Thic ar gert countery ta cleam ;

An to put down tha British neam,

Wie pow'r an mite ;

Why if I thought this wur her heam,

Why I'd show vite.

Bit I tell thee wat it is me flow'r,

I doon't believe it var a nour ;

Tha Rooshin's wants ta auver pow'r,

Wie British voke ;

Then why shoud ess look at they za zour,

Anger provoke.

Now 'bout ther domestic polizy,

The've nuthun done as I da zee ;

Not one good laa var sich as we,

They ant a mead ;

Nar even var tha countery,

Which lots da nead.

Tha drinkin question thay wunt touch,

Let em be tried dree times as much ;

Var tha Publicans hood never glutch,

E'm-if they did ;

Bit ud help ta pull em out ther hutch,

I'll bet a quid.

Doost minc wen las elecshun wur,

Tha Public house voke mead sim stur ;

Nearly ael tagether did adhere,

Ta vite var Tories ;

Zaying tha Bible an ther beer,

Wur Englan's glories.

An pen on it thay beant a gwain,

To upzet tha Publicans that's plain ;

Zo thee hoot zee they will refrain,

Ta touch thick question ;

Var they'ull want ther help again,

At nex elecshun.

Then ther's thick public wurship hack,

Mead var ta break high chirch vokes back ;

An Ritelizim to distrack,

Bit look an zee ;

Ow many on em do retrack,

Ar keer var he.

Why jist rade about M———ie,

It doont meak no difference ta he ;

A gooes on jist tha seam we zee,

 An zo da T——th ;

Var thick hack narn om doont keer a flea,

 An that's tha truth.

Bout pollyticks mwore I wunt zay,

Bit I hope thease lot av ad ther day ;

An var Liberals will zoon meak way ;

 Then we shall zee,

Which on em mwost good do display,

 Var ower country.

An now, fren Jim, I gins ta think,

A sleep, I zart a wants a wink ;

Zo I'll patt up tha pen an ink,

 An close thease pissle ;

An thy good health in a cup I'll drink,

 Ta wet me whistle.

Bit last of ael, remember me,

Ta ael tha good voke that thee'st zee ;

Tell em I'm well an harty be,
Likewise tha missus ;
An hope tha Lord zom time ull gree,
Wie health ta bless us.

An dwont varget thee mother dear,
I hope she's vull a health an cheer ;
Gie her my kine regards zincere,
An tell her that,
I hope zom day agean ta zee her,
An av a chat.

An now, dear fren, wence mwore good bye,
An doont leave off trying ta edify ;
Ael tha young chaps as do apply,
Ta thee var aid ;
Var of larnin thee's a good zupply,
Zo doont be avraid.

An doont varget zoon to conzine,
Ta thee umble zarvant jist a lino ;

Tha vust time thee bist in tha mine ;

Var alwys I,

Shill welcom any thing a thine ;

Zo now good bye.





A WILTSHIRE BWOY'S LINES ON A GIRT BIG FIGGETTY PUDDEN.

~~~~~

A, 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 pudden.

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

Every birthday she wur sure ta meak,  
A girt plum pudden an a ccak,  
An ax a vew frens to parteak,  
Of her nice figgetty pudden.



Tho mother adden much caish ta spen,  
She mead un good ya may depen,  
An verry zoon there wur an en,  
Of thlick are birthday pudden.

Na vear a any ont gotten stale,  
If I wur handy an wur hale,  
Var me appetite hood never vail,  
As long as there wur pudden.

Not that I wur a girt big glutton,  
Like a chap as ate a laig a mutton,  
Tho me waistcoat oft I did unbutton,  
Wen twur a exter girt un.

Wen I wur in tha village quire,  
An a veast wur gied ess be tha Squire,  
Tha used ta com in ael a vire,  
An as black mwost as me hat.

An twur rare vun ta zee em smoke,  
Vor in wine an brandy tha did soak,

An pon me zong it wur na joke,  
Aten much a that are pudden.

Var meself 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 puddens.

Wen in ta Zalisbury oft I went,  
Var measter on a errant zent,  
I warn mwost ael me caish wur spent,  
In buyin zim figgetty pudden.

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

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

Times on times wic vun she've cried,  
An offen bliged ta hould her zide,  
Ta zee ow zoon away I'd hide,  
That are dree penneth a pudden.

It done her good, she did declare,  
Ta zee I at me pudden there,  
An she aelways gied I mourn me share,  
Cos I wur vond a pudden.

A oft I thinks apon tha time,  
Wen Crissmiss bells merry da chime,  
Wat a girt pudden, nice an prime,  
Mother always mead vor we.

A used ta com in steamin hot,  
Nearly as big's a girt bee pot,  
Wie vigs an currands sich a lot,  
In mother's Crissmiss pudden.

Lore, ow me young eyes glistened at un,  
An feyther used to zay, " odd drat un,

---

I do believe while I wur chatten,  
Thick bwoy ud ate thick pudden."

Dree sorrens on't I aelways had,  
An feyther he did look like mad,  
Bit mother she wur aelways glad,  
An zay, " Do let un av his pudden."

A course I diden av much mate,  
Nar gierden stuff upon me plate,  
An pudden aelways wur a trate,  
Specially thick one at Crissmiss.

Tho I own I did av mourn me whack,  
Me lips vor mwore did offen smack,  
An me waiscoat offen wur main slack,  
Wen tha pudden 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 wonce mead a girt pudden,  
Thinkin she'd gie her bwoy a do'in,  
An ater aten, till na mwore a cudden,  
Cry, "Cos a hadden vinished un."

Wen I grow'd up a biggish bwoy,  
Wat they caals a zart a hobblelehoy,  
'Tha chaps did try I to annoy,  
Be callin out figgetty pudden.

Bit there, I diden use ta keer,  
Var ael their chaff an joke an sneer,  
I diden stop it, never veear,  
Wen there wur any pudden.

If ever I da av a wife,  
Ta live we I ael droo thase life,  
I'll tell her if she dwont want strife,  
Ta meak plenty a figgetty puddens.

Begar, I hooden mine betten a crown,  
'That if a chap is mainly down,

---

There's nuthen 'll cure un I'll be bown,  
Like a girt big figgetty pudden.

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

Zo teak thase hint ael leabourers wives,  
If you da wish ver happy lives,  
You'll av em sure if you contrives,  
Ta get lots a figgetty puddens.

Ya cant avourd much butcher's mate,  
Ta put upon yer husban's plate,  
Then put a vorn wat he can ate,  
A nice girt figgetty pudden.

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

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





## THA ROOSHIAN BEAR.

PRO. 1854—55.

---

Tha Rooshian Bear com out tha 'ood,

Zays he, "I wants ta vite ;

An if I can ketch thic Turkey cock,

I'll zurely kill un quite."

Zo tha Turkey cock flap'd out his wing,

An gun ta crow main loud ;

Var he cud zee rite auver's head,

Did hang a dreatenin cloud.

Zo ael his pluck he mustered up,

An perch'd azide a river ;



Zays he, "now if thic Bear da com,  
I'll meak his carcass shiver."

Bit tha Bear he went an got two Cubs,\*  
An they he did beguile ;  
Zays he, "if you'll help I vite,  
You shall av zom tha spwile."

Zo they zet out ta vine tha Turk,  
An while a wur asleep,  
Thic river zoon they got across,  
Aelthough he wur main deep.

An wen tha Turk awoke an voun,  
Tha Bear upon his lan ;  
He zet ta wirk an spurr'd un zo,  
That he cud 'ardly stan.

An if 'tadin bin var they there Cubs,  
Who help'd tha Bear ta vite ;

---

\* Romania and Servia.

Tha 'Turkey cock, I'm zartin zure,

Zoon 'ood a kill'd un quite.

Bit as mite da mmost times conker rite,

Var it wur dree ta one ;

An zo at last tha Turk wur beat,

An hollied out, " I'm done."

Bit on tha Bear and Cubs did goo,

Ael droo his country mmost ;

Zays they, " we wunt stop viten till

We've pull'd un of his roost."

An very zoon poor Turkey cock,

Lay bleedin at their veet ;

An loud var mercy he cried out

Var he wur holler beat.

Then down tha cunnin Bear did zit,

A lookin at the spwile ;

Zays he, " vren Cubs, now bouth a you

A course I'll reckonzile."

Zo he zays to tha biggest one\*

“Thee’st got sim lan a mine ;†

I shall av it back an gie thee steeds,

A bigger piece than thine.”

“No, that I wunt,” thase Cub did zay,

Then zet up a spiteful howl ;

An while tha two wur wranglein,

A Lion loud did growl.

Tha Bear look’d up wie much zurprise,

Ta hear thic Lion whine ;

Zays he, “vren Lion, wats do here ?

This beant no place a thine.”

Bit tha Lion show’d his spitevill teeth,

And zed, “look here, vren Bear ;

Thee shatten do wat thee bist mine,

Or else thee skin I’ll tear.

---

\* Romania.

† Bessarabia.

---

“ Thee’st swallered ni tha Turkey cock,  
Thee’st know in thase yer skuffle ;  
An now thase Cubs that help’d thee vite,  
Thee bee’st trying ard ta shuffle.”

“ Zo, I advize thee, measter Bear,  
Be keerful wat thee’st do ;  
Var if thee’st bit upzet me min,  
Thee purty zoon hoot rue.”

“ Vren Lion,” zed tha cunnin Bear,  
“ Thee bist a navigater,  
An if thee’s want a bit a spwile,  
Goon ketch tha Alligator.” \*

“ He’s jist tha very beast var thee,  
Ta gard thy Indian lan ;  
An if thee’s wink at what I does,  
I’ll len a helpin han.”

---

\* Egypt.

Bit the spitevill Lion shook his mane,  
Tha scheme he cood zee droo ;  
Zays he, "vren Bear, I tell thee plain  
'Thic bait var I wunt do."

"In me iren houssen on tha zay,  
There I shill teak me stan ;  
Till thee can'st com ta terms we I,  
An clare rite out thase lan."

•        •        •        •        •  
Zo there tha stans thase two girt beasts,  
Gapin at one another ;  
An ael the wordle wonderen,  
Wat one 'll do ta tother.

May, 1878.





## THA SPITEVULL TURK.

CON.



Tha Turk he is a spitevill brute,  
An cruel as cruel can be,  
An barberus too Tom Hood a zed,  
And who knaw'd more than he ?

Vor vower undered years we know,  
In Eurip he've a bin,  
An ever zunce a av rain'd yer,  
There bin nuthin else bit din.

Tha Christen voke, under his yoke,  
Av never ad no pace,

An long they've cried, an times av tried,  
Ta be vree vrim his race.

Wen twenty years agoo Jan Bull,  
Did vite tha Bear var he,  
He swore a zolem zacred oath,  
He'd meak thase Christians vree.

Bit na, he never kep his wurd,  
Tis jist tha zeam ta day,  
An aelways will, ya med be zure,  
While he da hold tha sway.

Then if tha Bear went out ta vite,  
Ta zet thase Christens vree,  
I zays ael honner to his cause,  
If tis zincerity.

Bit if tis bit a arful dodge,  
Ta conker thic ar lan,  
I'm zure i shood be down on he,  
As much as any man.

---

Bit this as heet noon oance can prove,  
Then gie un a hearin vair,  
Var in congriss Eurip he mist meet,  
An av ael vair an square.

Now as var Bess Arabier,  
Ya can't tant on thic score,  
Becaws ya nos as well as i,  
It wur tha Bear's avore.

Jist recollect the tother war,  
Tween Vrance and Garmany,  
Ye knaw wen Vrance wur beated so,  
Zim lan were took vrim she.

An if Roosher she av done tha wīrk,  
Wat Eurip ought ta done,  
I zays that she ought to be paid,  
In a purty good roun zum.

Now twix the Lion and tha Bear.  
Wat ael this wīrk's about,



I'm dang if it doant puzzle i,

Var I can't meak it out.

Wi they to logger heads shid cum,

I rally cannot zee,

Thout on tha Lion's peart it is,

A little jealousy.

If Roosher's on aggression bent,

Let Eurip spake her mine,

An putt the muzzle on her straite,

Let's have no Lion's whine.

Var Britons will strike quick and ard,

An rise unto a man,

If in a righteous cause it be,

Ar ta gard their neative lan.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then let tha Lion and tha Bear,

In Congriss bouth unite,

Var pen on it they can zettle it,

Wie out avin ta vite.

*May, 1878.*



# The COURTSHIP of MISTER CLAY

AN

## WIDDER RAY.

---

Tom Clay he wur a publican,  
An no dout a girt big zinner,  
An he vill in love we Widder Ray,  
An mead up his mine ta win her.

An strainge ta zay thase Widder Ray,  
Vor vive years had westood,  
Many attempts ta meak her drow  
Away her widderhood.

Vor wen her lovers poured ther love,  
A them she took no heed,

Bit twould em straite she never hood,  
Drow hoff her widders weed.

Becaus her leat good man he left,  
Her means enuff vor life,  
An mead her promise vore he died,  
Ta be no other's wife.

"Vor wi," zays he, "Becaus ya know,  
Wen men their 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 sought,  
Be ower vren Tom Clay.

Tom kep a Inn, tha Lion Rid,  
Ael in tha verry street,  
Wur Widder Ray wur zettled down,  
An 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 Widders door,  
Tom wished he wur his man hisself,  
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 in ta town.

Tom's man was ill in bade thick day,  
Therefore he cudden go,

Zays he, "I hood oblige, a courze,  
Bit who ta zen dwont 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 cwoat,  
Var tha Widder to admirc.

Wieout delay, then Mister Clay,  
Drove off like won in steat,  
An zoon tha pony chaise an he,  
Stood vore tha Widders 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 wonce 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 thay 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'n we her zweet vaice,  
His heart we love did glow,


Bit ow ta bring tha zubejt up,  
Heem dang if he did know.

Tho he ta draain well wur used,  
In bottled yale ar stout,  
Bit, ah, he voun twur defferent,  
Ta 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 las 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 husband died,"  
And she let a tear drop fall,  
And gently she sighed.



---

“ And 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,  
An turn to clay or dust.”

Ah ! ah ! thought Tom we in hisself,  
O anything I’d gie,  
If Widder Ray ud turn ta *Clay*,  
Ee’ce while alive she be.

“ A ee’ce,” zed Tom, “ Tha vallon leaf,  
No doubt da gie ee pain,  
Bit tho thay vallon an zoon decay,  
They’ll zoon bust out again.

Ta mwoun vor dear departed things,  
Is well praps vor a sazoon,



Bit ver won's life ta dwell on sich,  
I dwont think there's much rason.

Specially voke skierce in ther prime,  
Who med a lost those dear,  
Ater a while shid reckinzile,  
An brite agean appear."

Tom chuckled much we in hisself,  
Wat he hood gie ta know,  
Tha Widders mine, heet still he guessed,  
Wen she answered un, "Just so."

Tis very plain she teaks tha hint,  
Well that is a beginnin,  
Bit I zee I mussen goo ta vast,  
If her I hood be winnin.

No mwore wur zed apun that head  
Var zoon they rach'd tha town,  
An Tom, avore tha County Bank,  
Did zet tha Widder down.

---

Then to tha Plough he quick drove back,  
Ta zee his ole vren Able,  
Likewise revesh hissself, an putt  
His pony in tha steable.

“Hel-oh, me vren !” outspoke tha host,  
“Wat brings ee in ta day ?  
Wur’t you I zeed drave by jist now,  
Along wie Widder Ray.”

“Why ee’ce,” zays Tom, “If you mist 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 deer zay Tom, ya looks on it,  
As a leabour of pure love.

I zays ta Caroline jist now,  
Wen we zeed you drave past,

‘ Why zurly Tom has nevir won,  
Tha Widders han at last.’

Now look here Tom, I knaa quite well,  
Tha Widder you adore,  
Bit beer in mine she av bin zought,  
Be nearly half a score.

Bit thats no razin why your love  
She medden entertain,  
Ael I can zay, I wish 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 Caroline.

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, an 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 a hour delay.

Vor widders, 'Tom, I dwont keer how,  
Hi ar low ther station,  
In love matters caant abeer,  
Much equivocation.

Zo wen nex you av a chance,  
Dwont be dum like a dunce,  
Bit pluck up courage an begin  
Ta pawer it out at wonce.

Courze, praps a fusel on tha spur,  
Wi verry like it may be,

Bit Tom, remember that vaint heart,  
Nevir won vair leady.

Zo nevir mine, dwont 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 nite ya'll av a chance,  
As you drave wom again,  
Thervore meak up yer mine at wonce,  
Ax hur 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 understan,  
It is quite true that you at las,  
Av won tha widders 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 yet, 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,  
Sich 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 wur 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 mvoest on em,  
Ony her money wanted.

Bit Tom we know's too generous,  
Ta av her vor her money,  
Aelthough a vortunes well enuff,  
An maks things a leetle runny.

"Wi raaly, mam, ya vlatteer me,"  
At las zed Mister Clay,  
"I dwont think I be worthy o,  
Half tha good things ya zay.

I dwont wish tha Widder vor her gwould,  
Bit can a man be human,  
Not to admire bove ael else,  
Zo good an vair a ooman."

An thus tha conversation 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 dwont meak tha match.”

Zoon ater vour then, at tha doer,  
‘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 thay zat together there,  
Waiten ver tha pony chaise,  
Missus Able she begun 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 that coms ta dine,  
I offen hear em zay,  
'Wat a noble, jolly man,  
Is that young fellow, Clay.'

Yes, an offen in tha hunten vield,  
He times av been mistook,  
By his bearing dignified,  
Vor zom noble Duke."

---

"Well, certainly," said Widow Ray,

"I really must allow,

He seems a little different,

To what most men are now."

Wie that tha 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,

It 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 a 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,  
Detestably hate."

"Indeed," zays Tom, wie much zurprise,  
"He zurely mam shill zee,  
If he attempts ta 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 verry veller stood,  
Zays Tom, "I'd like ta 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 ta you ?

Tha leady is a vren a mine,

An I wants a interview."

" 'Tis valse," zays 'Tom, " now look thee here,

If thee dwont go 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 dwont promise, mine, in vain."

Tha veller turn'd an left tha pleace,

His fream ael auver shook,

An as a went, he glanced at Tom,

A mwest unearthly look,

Then Mister Clay sought Widder Ray,

Who in tha house had vled,

"Madam," zays 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 mam 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 tha pony in."

"Tis verry kind of you," says she,  
"For I really dread the 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 hissself,  
Aloane wie Widder Ray.

---

“ Good evenin, mam, you zee I am,  
Com up as you requested,  
An much I trust, that crazy chap,  
As not agean molested.”

“ Not he,” said she, “ for much I think,  
Your presence frightened him,  
I trust tis so, and hope twill cure,  
His verry 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,  
Mwost 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 wile,  
Wile I ta you da spake,  
Ver I declare, an if need be, sware,  
*Mine* is no zilly frake.

I like you mam, ee'ce mam I do,  
Mwore then ael on this earth,  
Tho I adore, let I implore,  
Dwont think it of small worth,

Ya av my heart, gie I yer han,  
An dwont ee zay me nay,  
Ver if ya do, zoon zoon ull toll,  
'Tha bell ver poor Tom Clay."

Bit while poor Tom upon his knees,  
His ardent love did pour,  
He jump'd uprite, wie shèer avrite,  
Be a loud rap at tha door,

---

An Widder Ray gean 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 a rush'd wie speed,

Demanding who was there,

"Its I ! its I !" zed a crazy vaice,

"Com ta zee me leady vair."

"Hang me," zays Tom, "and zo it be,

By his squeamish beller,"

An quiet a opened wide tha door,

An look'd apon tha veller.

"Now look ee veller," zed Tom Clay,

"Thee hast bin yer avore,"

An straithe his back he gun ta whack,

Wile mainly he did roar.

"A purty lout ta dog about,

Another good man's wife,



Com swear ta I, thee't let her be,  
If the woost av thee life."

" Marcy," cried he " marcy var I,"  
He piteously did whine,  
" Ver I declare I diden knaa,  
Tha leady she wur thine.

Ee'ce, ee'ce, I'll promise anything,  
If you'll 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 cud limp,  
Zays Tom, " I think that medicine,  
U'll cure tha crazy imp."

Poor Widder Ray zat as won dade,  
Tha shock did zo avrite her,  
Bit wen Tom Clay com back agean,  
She got a leetle briter.

---

Zays Tom, "I think tha veller ne'er,  
U'll visit yer agean,  
Var the tannen he've a ad ta nite,  
Wunt be received in vain."

"An now dear mam," zays Tom wonce mwore,  
"Now that the coast is cleer,  
O med I hope won day ta av,  
That wat I prize za dear."

Tha Widder she hung down her hade,  
Then heavily she sighed,  
"O Mister Clay, I must zay nay,  
Vor when my husband 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," zaid 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,  
An 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 verry cleerly,  
That yer leat usbin in his day,  
Ya loved mwest zincerely.

Then if yer wedded lives wur bless,  
Tha time ya liv'd tagether,  
Zay, madam zay, mite we not av,  
*Zim mwore sich blissvull weather.*

You've zed ya do respect me, mam,  
Mwore then ael men bezide,  
Then wi, mam, wi, shid you refuse,  
Ta becom agean a bride.

I swear be ael thats good and true,  
If you will bit conzent,  
I never will gie you a caus,  
Ta zay ya do 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,  
Its on condition that you will,  
Give up tha Public line."

"Me love," zays Tom, "now you zays ee'ce,  
Anything ya med deman,

Ya knaw its true, anything I'll do,  
Ta win yec heart an han."

"O tis 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 Ton's han, an as tha clock,  
Tha hour a twelve did strike,  
"My dear," said she, "I leave you free,  
Ta fix it when you like."

Tom Clay that nite, we heart za lite,  
Lay on his downy bed,  
Bit ver zweet joy about his love,  
Ael sleep away had vled.

An on tha marn we 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 lac a wealth,  
Nothun ta dant, ael we da want,  
Is long life an good health.'

An then Tom Clay weout 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 Ray,  
An bouth the 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 zoon 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 an Missus Able.

An zoon came noon, an hoff thay went,  
Tha usbin an his bride,  
'Ta spen tha happy honymoon,  
At Brighten's vaim'd zay zide.

An there thay liv'd 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 wie you,”  
An this is wat 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 were kine to I,  
Bit a it do zeem 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 a me, vor now you'm vree,  
An zo can goo ta 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 abzurd.

Zo wen tha honymoon wur up,  
Ver wom thay did repair,  
An ael tha village voke turn'd out,  
Ta welcom thic ar pair.

"Hurray ! Hurray ! ver Mister Clay  
An hurray ver his bride !"  
Zed leetle bwoys wic ael thur naise,  
As thay ran by thur zide.

An Tom nex day gied ael a trate,  
A good roast beef an beer,  
An long an loud tha village voke,  
Tom an his bride cheer.

\* \* \* \* \*

## MORAL.

Now wealthy usbins wen ya laves,  
A young buxom wife behine,  
Dwont bind her down we cruel vows,  
Bit let her plaize her mine.

Ver as ya zees, this Widder Ray,  
Refused ael lovers strong,  
An did zay "nay," ta ael a they,  
'Till tha right un com'd along.





*NOT IN THE DIALECT.*

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## A FARMER'S WOOING.

(FOUNDED ON FACTS).

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As to market I went one Tuesday in May,  
I saw a young lass upon the highway,  
And, oh ! she was dressed so blooming and gay,  
And smil'd so sweet as I bid her good day !

“Wo ! ho !” said I, to my rattling old mare,  
“Just let me speak to this damsel so fair,”  
*Said I, “are you going to yonder town there ?  
If so, will you ride, I’ve room now to spare.”*

---

Then she smil'd, and said, "She would with me ride,  
And soon the sweet lass sat snug by my side,  
Such raptures I felt as on we did glide,  
For I felt the fair lass would make a sweet bride.

She admired the flow'rs which sweetly did blow,  
In every green field, on every hedge row,  
But none of those flow'rs I'd have you to know,  
Could vie with the lass who admired them so.

And, O ! it was sweet a riding along,  
Beholding the flowers, and list'ning the song  
Of the linnet so sweet in the hedge rows among,  
And of the sweet mavis so clear and so strong.

The lassie she smil'd, and thus she did say,  
"O ! what a sweet time is this month of May,  
All nature now laughs in her mantle so gay,  
That with her delights I'm carried away.

Ah, me : could I in the country but dwell,  
In some little cot, in some flowry dell,


For truly my heart seems bound in a spell,  
With these rural scenes, I love them so well."

Said I, "Do you live in yon town, my lass?"  
"Ah, yes, it is there my life I do pass,  
Tho I hate it, I must endure it, alas,  
The charms of the country what art can surpass."

I said, "If these scenes such sweets hath for you,  
Why not bid the town for ever adieu?"  
She said, "So I would ; but what can I do?"  
And her fair face became a ruddier hue.

So wistfully then she gazed upon me,  
As much as to say in love he must be,  
So at once I confess'd my love to her free,  
"O charming sweet lass, I dearly love thee.

And, O ! if thou love'st a country life,  
Where all is so free from the town's busy strife,  
And would'st fain be away from its danger so rife  
*Consent to become a young farmer's wife."*



---

The tears they did glisten in her soft eyes,  
Her bosom did heave with pure loving sighs,  
Then close to my breast I press'd the sweet prize,  
O ! how her sweet charms I did idolize.

Then I courted her from that very day,  
And soon to the church I led her so gay,  
And ne'er do I regret going to market in May,  
When I won my sweet wife upon the highway.





*NOT IN THE DIALECT.*



## THE HENPECKED HUSBAND'S SONG.



She lured me by her artful smiles,  
I soon fell in her thrall,  
But ever since I married her  
I've had no peace at all.

Tho' she is fair, surpassing fair,  
The flower of our vale,  
Yet like the wind she shifts about,  
And blows up like a gale.

A perfect charmer that she is,  
When she is in her best,  
But O ! her tongue such lengths do run,  
It seldom is at rest.

From morn till eve she's on at me,  
This beauteous wife of mine,  
She rules me like she would a child,  
She whom I thought divine.

Would you have thought that one so fair,  
Could act thus unto me ?  
But she is pleased the more I'm teased,  
She ne'er will let me be.

All day, all night, she terrifies,  
And worries out my life,  
And says, " I'm ugly, cold, and gruff,  
And not fit for a wife."

Do what I will, I scarce can please,  
This charming wife of mine,



'Tis only when to town I go,  
And buy her something fine.

Then, perhaps, she will praise me a bit,  
An condesend to kiss,  
But, O, so very soon is o'er  
This momentary bliss.

\* \* \* \* \*

Young men, beware of faces fair,  
For every art they try,  
To make you think they angels are,  
Your love to gratify.

O study well your future spouse,  
That is as well's ye can,  
For ne'er I ween did live the swain,  
Who his love's heart could scan.





*NOT IN THE DIALECT.*

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## A WATERLOO VETERAN'S SONG.

---

*Written after hearing an old friend, at the age of  
eighty years, recount the deeds of the British Army on  
the Field of Waterloo.*


---

At Waterloo I lost a leg,  
Now sixty years ago,  
An tho' I'm old, if need there be,  
I'll face again the foe ;  
O, England, my dear country,  
The home of brave men free,  
The dearest blood which fills my veins,  
Shall freely flow for thee.

Ah, well I recollect the time,  
When once it flow'd for thee,  
Yes, well I realize that scene,  
'Tis vivid now to me ;  
For oh ! it was a glorious sight,  
And glorious is the story,  
Of the iron Duke and his brave men,  
Who fought for England's glory :

Then hurrah for merry England !  
Sings a man of Waterloo,  
And any danger I will brave,  
E'en now to serve her true ;  
For martial ardour fills my breast,  
Even tho' near eighty years,  
Yet time can never change the heart,  
Which stranger is to fears.

Should foes alarm, or ever dare,  
Invade this little land,  
Away I'd go, and in the ranks,



---

Again I'd take my stand.  
So long's this fleeting breath held out,  
I'd face the bloody strife,  
To defend my Queen and country,  
Yes, I'd lay down my life.



**FREDERICK A. BLAKE,**  
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