

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

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Produced by María F. García-Bermejo Giner

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SALAMANTIINI

THE FIFTH SERIES
OF
WILTSHIRE RHIMES
AND
TALES
IN THE
WILTSHIRE DIALECT
BY
EDWARD SLOW,

WILTON.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

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E. SLOW, WEST END.

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*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

[NP]

PREFACE.

In presenting this, my fifth series of Wiltshire Rhymes, I have, as promised, incorporated some few original Wiltshire tales, also many quaint sayings and stories which I believe have never before appeared in print. The majority of them have been gleaned from our peasantry, and every one founded upon fact, "Tha caird pearty an tha Chimley Sweep," the hero of which was mistaken for his Satanic Majesty, only passed away some three years since, his nephew making a special journey to Wilton to acquaint me with the facts of the story. In my little glossary of Wiltshire words, published some two years ago, I expressed a hope that steps would be taken to preserve, as far as possible, the language of our forefathers; since that date a very comprehensive and useful glossary of Wiltshire has been published by the English Dialect Society, which reflects great credit upon the compilers, G. E. DARTNELL, ESQ., and the Rev. E. H. GODDARD. As a work of reference it will prove most valuable, and more so, as time goes on. I find also some of the most successful novelists of the day use the various county dialects with good effect in their most popular works, what indeed would that charming novel "Lorna Doone" be, without the home-spun phrases of "John Fry?" and many others may be mentioned. Indeed, it does not seem possible to depict certain traits of character without the use of the vernacular; dialects, to the novelist, and story writer, are as pigments to be used in producing life like pictures of the people. Alas! the good old fashioned Wiltshire folk who use the dialect

[NP]

in all its simplicity, and purity, are becoming scarce. What with the vigilance of the School Attendance Officer the facility of inter-communication, in these days, when our labouring people think no more of a trip to London than their forefathers used to the neighbouring town; and last but not least the boarding out of London children among our rural cottagers for their summer holiday, the time is not far distant when our good old county patois, as a language, will be blotted out. During the past summer I have

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been highly amused listening to these London childrens' prattle, while their country playmates looked on in amazement, wondering at their so called fine talk. I give one specimen from a little bright-eyed girl, "hailing from Bloomsbury," to a country boy who had taken her stick, "I zoy, hee-ah, I sawr yah take that stick and if yah dawnt put heet daawn I'll come and hit yah one on tha naa-wse." I leave my readers to imagine what sort of jarcon 'twill be in another decade.

I take this opportunity of thanking the residents of Wiltshire and adjoining counties for their kind appreciation of my rustic effusions, my first three series being exhausted and a few copies only of the last on hand. I wish also to record a tribute o sincere respect to the memory of my late publisher, Mr. F. A. Blake, to whose sound advice and untiring exertions must be mainly attributed the success of my previous publications.

Wilton, December, 1894.

THE AUTHOR.

[NP]

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[1]

**JANNY RAA ON THA CHARTER
ZELEBRATION.**

Lore! wurden there a start last week

In thease yer leetle town,

Dang if tha voke an pleave did'n zeem

Agean turn'd upzide down.

Var zich a start there hadden bin

Zunce Pembrook come a age

An no mistake tha people ael

In't hearty like, did geage.

Var one an ael bouth girt an small

Jin'd in tha jollification

Ta zelebrate tha grantin o'

A bran new Carperation.

Twurden 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 thay did have

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Thay stuck ta 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.

[2]

At las, ael dout wur zet a raste,

Tha Queen zent down ta zay

A Charter shoold be granted we

That too wieout delay.

Tha Mayer then a quick did hold

A meetin in Town Hall

An a strong committee zoon wur choos'd

Ta get up a vestival.

Zubscriptions too wur promised vree

An zoon enuff wur vound

Var rich an poor did gie their mite

Vrim zixpence to a pound.

An zoo tha time wur vixed ta be

Tha ninth day of Zeptember

An I'll warn tha childern ael

Thic ar day will remember.

At vover a 'clock on thic ar marn

Wur busslen zigns a life

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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.

[3]

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 go.

Var a gran percession wur ta be

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Of ael tha clubs in town
To 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 car'd,
On wich wur painted new.
The neames a Kings who charters gied
Haight under'd year agoo.

[4]

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 pervect steat
In Town Hall as ya know,
An ony two mwore plazin can
Zich 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.

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Then come tha Waver's hankshint club,

Tha wooldest of tha lot;

An nex tha Good Zamaritans

Who had a donkey got,

An on un "Georgy Binden" zat

Look un as proud' s a king

'Till tha neddy lifted up behind

An Georgy off did vling.

Up went a jolly hearty laff,

Vrim thic ar merry crowd,

Ta zee thic zaccy leetle moke

Dethrone a king za proud.

Bit Georgy diden zeem ta keer,

Jist gied his pants a rub,

[5]

Then did remount, an off a went

Ta lead tha donkey club.

The Wilton branch a tha Wilsheer club

Nex in percession keam

An "Jonny Passens" weav'd tha vlaig

A Estcourts noble feam.

Oddfellers nex, wie zaish an star.

Vine banner, to unfird,

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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 ther vriar.

An then tha two girt Vire Brigades,
Wie engines in good trim,
An poor woold "Zam" wie waater cart
Lookin 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 Mayer did appear.
An wen tha voke kotch zite a he
Thay zet up zich a cheer.

[6]

Var as a stood a Town Hall dooer
Ta wish ess ael good-bye
It raaly wur a feetin zite
An mead me heave a zigh.

Var, a hankshint institutions I

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Aelwys av girt respect,
An wen they be abolished
Me heart aelwys da fect.

Bit as thease wordle jogs along
Minoplies mist be broke.
An, laas, they mist be alterd zo's
Ta zuit tha wirkin voke.

Zoo, wen we'd wish'd tha Mayer 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.
Ban's playin, an bells ringin,
An voke a shoutin long an loud.
An bwoys an maidens zingin.

An wen tha town wur done, ael march'd
Ta reckcreashin 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,

[7]

We ael broke up var ta parteak
Of a nice girt colleration.

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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 underd 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.

[8]

Zoo atter thease had had ther vill,
Wich diden teak em long,
In come tha tother haaf an thay
Wur quite vive underd 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,
Underds a childern roun tha tent
Mwoast hagerly did vlock.

Var a good tay thay wur taav,
Brade, butter, an plum keak,
An heartily tha young uns too
Of ael o't did parteak.

Dozens a willin waiters kind
Did wait upon em there
Zo's hache on em bouth big an small
Shid av ther proper sheare.

Zoo when tha veedin wur ael done
An voke well primed wee in
Ta reckreashin groun thay gooes
Tha spourts var ta begin.

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An here tha voke wur thick as hops,
Tha zene, jist like a vair,

[9]

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 wur 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 come 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 they had midger'd out
Hache zide ther proper laingth

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At bugle zound thay did let in
An pull wie ael ther straingth.

Bit skierce two minutes had gone by
Tha rope began ta bivver
An Voresters head auver heels
Went vloundern in tha river.

[10]

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 conzart 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,

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Bout vive veet vrim tha groun,
Thay took ther sates an then tha voke
Be underds vlock'd aroun.

Ael zarts a insterments thay'd got
Bezides a gran pianner.
A auverture thay zoon het up
Begar, twur woth a tanner.

An thay did play, an dance, an zing
Hache one a leetle ditty

[11]

While bounes and 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,
An mainly he did muse tha voke
Cheers come vrim every quarter.

Zoo wen tha niggers had a done
Ther entertainment droll
A rush wur mead across tha groun

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Towards tha gracy pole.

An ther a chap caal'd "Jumbeler "

His jacket did unbutton

Var he wur gwain to clim tha pole

An get thic 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 goes

Wie zich determined veace,

Bit zoon wur bliged ta gie it up

A wur dab'd zo we greace.

[12]

A chap neam'd Vincent then come up

An took tha job in hand,

An well his clothes a' auver rub'd

Wie zawardoust 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,

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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 a 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 scarperd off

Wie thick gert laig a mutton.

Zoo now twur gettin on ta dark

An luminations grand

[13]

A gas, an Chinese lanterns

Wur lit on every hand.

An virewirks, we hiss'n naise,

Girt rockets, zich a hite.

We wheels, an squibs, an crackers loud.

The voke twur nuff to vrite.

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An vire balloons, za big an roun,
Wur let up in tha sky
An like a spec among tha clouds
Wur zoon lost ta neak'd eye.

An atter thease gran virewirks
Tha band begun ta play,
An woold an young an girt an small
Begun ta dance away.

An zich a taingled mass a voke
A bobbin here an there
Beat everything I ever zeed
At Whitzuntide ar vair;

Var everybidy 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, tha Queen.

[14]

An loud an hearty cheers wur gied
Var tha woold Carperation,
Likewise var tha committee who
Got up tha jollification.

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An var tha house a Pemberook
Dree cheers wur gied bezide,
Caas var tha peoples 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 thease Charter be var ower weal,
It's power lets rightly use,
An show tha wordle thease priveleges
We never will abuse.

May heav'n bless an prasper ael
In thease yer hankshint town,
An like our vore fiathers "its neam"
Untarnish'd, we'll hand down.

[15]

**JOE AN TOM:
A TEETOTAL YARN**

JOE.

Good grayshus, Tummas, ow de do?
Why, hoo'd a thought a zeein you?

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Voke thinks you'm in a voreign clime,
Ya hant bin zeed, ver zich a time.
In Austilyer or Americky,
We zurely thought ya now hood be;
Bit raaly, Tom, ya looks main well,
An bissen too, a girt big swell,
Wie that vine clothes, an thic goold chain
Thee beant a leabourer now, that's plain;
Ya've had a wind vall I allow
Thee zurely now dwont vollie plough.

TOM.

Well! ya med steer at I vren Joe,
Za different ta 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 vollein 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;

[16]

Var ael I knowd 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,

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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 apon tha varm,
Cood'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 were look'd to, be ael tha bwoys,
Ta zettle up any leetle naise.
Who's very look, ar nod wur laa,
Ta quickly stop ther clammern jaa;
Eece, an carry off wie thee mwore beer
Than any oance wieout bein queer.
Why, I never dram'd thee'st com ta this,
Unless thee'st jin'd 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 enuff wot you've a zed
Bout me young days, wat a life I led
When you thought I a jolly veller

[17]

Bekaws I wur a leetle meller

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Wen I wur on a drunken bout
An cud carry twice as much about
A dale a yarm it done, I know it
Ony, begar, I never show it.
Nuthen but drink I then did crave,
Ta drink, vren Joe, I wur a slave,
But now I've done, I'll tell ee plain
Tha stuff I'll never touch again;
An if, vren Joe, you' m in tha mine
I'll tell ee how twur I did zign.

JOE.

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

TOM.

Wen zix years agoo I lav'd thease please
I diden know where ta turn me veace,
Me clothes an boots wur martil bad.
An dree an zix wur ael I had,
An as I trudged along tha road

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At me heart there led a heavy load;

[18]

Var I raaly didn't zeem ta know
Which way ta steer ar wur ta go,
Zoo on I plodded wor'd an wary,
Var miles miles apon tha highway drary.
Till at a Pub apon tha way
Tired out, I wur obliged ta stay.
An there me money zoon did shrink
The time I'd paid var lodge an drink
Tho var any job me hands wur willin,
I vound my zelf wieout a shillin.
Zo I resolved at tha nex town
That com what hood, I'd zettle down.
Vull thirty miles it wur quite
Avore I rach'd a town thic night,
An then I vown that I'd a com
Nearly a underd miles vrim wom.
Zoo wen twur light nex marnin I
Ael bout thic town var wirk did try,
An nearly gied up in disappear
Till, I vill in wie a gieldener
Who ax'd if I cood dig an plant
As chap var that he wur in want.
Za I took tha job wieout delay
Var dree months at haf-a-crown a day.
Tha time had nearly slipp'd away,
Wen measter comes ta I one day
An zays young man yer quarter's gone,
Bit if ya like ya can stop on,

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An if var twelve months you'll agree
Steeds haf-a-crown I'll gie ee dree.

[19]

O, thankee, zir, 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, friend Joe, I'm vex'd ta zay
It done no good ta rise me pay,
Var every night when work wur done
Ta 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 wie drink.
Me wirk I zoon begun ta glect.
An ta be zack'd I did expect,
Za I shoud, bit tha rason why
Measter got drunk as well as I.
An za at I a cooden 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,
Drinken an spenden wie ael me might
Ruinin me zoul an body quite,
Till dree year agoo las Crismis eve
Zumm't happ'd thee ardly hoot believe

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Wich I shaant varget, ah never veer
If I da live a underd year.
A young chap who I caal'd me chum,
Who a drap a drink zoon auvercom,
Perposed that he an I shid spen

[20]

Crismis eve in gwain ta zee a vren
Var a adden zeed un zich a while,
An twerden vur, about zix mile,
We'll av a hoss an trap, zays he,
Zo's we can teak it haisely.
O, eece, I'm one wie thee, zays I,
An on me gwain thee mid'st rely.
Za wen ower wirk wur done thic day,
Hoff bouath oance went wie sperits gay,
Well laden wie a drap a prime
Cos doosen zee twer Crismis time,
An purty well we did carouse
Avore we got ta his vren's house
Wich 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 being jolly on Crismis eve;
An zo ta keep tha sazoon up
Customers wur vited in ta sup.
An na mistake grub ther wur plenty
Ta satisfy tha haite an twenty,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Wich wur tha number that zat down
Bezides me chum an I vrim town.
An na mistake var a nower quite
Hache oance did ate wie ael his mite.
An ater that we did carouse,
As cheermain zed var good'th house.
Var wen tha cloth wur clared away
Hache one var his own drink mist pay.

[21]

Gallons a beer wur zoon brought in
Then bottles a brandy, rum, and gin;
An merrily on tha time did jog,
As we zat there an drunk ower grog
Hache zung his zong, hache crack'd his joke
Tha room wur vill'd wie naise, and smoke.
Then quarts a nice gin hot wur brew'd
Till haf tha 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 the tother end.
Com Jack, zays I, com stir about,
Tis twelve o'clock, we mist turn out.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Wie that I haul'd un to his veet,
An got un out into the street.
Wur trap and pony bouth wur ready,
An hoff we went not auver steady;
Var Jack 'e zeem'd mwore dade 'n alive,
Zo 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; we zeem'd ta vlee.
"Var God zeak do pull up," zays I,

[22]

"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
Mi blood wur up an like ta bwile,
Var I velt zure that zom mishap
Hood auverteak ess in thic trap.
"Var heav'n's zeak 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 talk,
If I like I cood get out an walk.
Bit, no, I cudden lave me mate

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Aloane, a draven in thic state.
And 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 to vlee.
Bit, skiercly we had got haf way,
Var his volly ee had dear to pay,
Var ael at once tha pony stumbled.
An out bouth on ess zoon wur tumbled.
A hair-breath eskeap. I met no harm,
Seave a bruised nose an broken yarm;
An to myzelf, when I'd a com,

[23]

I zet ta work ta help me chum.
Eece, there he wur, just wur he vill,
Stretch'd out upon 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 his yead,
And there e lay like one that's dead.
I lissened hard ta hear un breath;
Bit ah, his buzzom zeaced ta heave.
Eece, gone vur ever wur that breath,
An there a lay in tha hands a death.
Ah, Joe, ya never can zurmize
My veelins at tha glassy eyes
Of thick young man, who zuddently

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Wur hurried to eternity.
It nearly drove I to despair
To zee his bleeden body there.
Just picter to yerself, vriend Joe,
My steat a mind, my bitter woe,
Ta be in zich a awful plight.
An in tha middle of tha night.
Ah, twur a terryable 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;

[24]

Teak my advice, an vrim this day
Never touch that as leades astray."
An vrim 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 vren's feate you da think.
Bit, I raaly can't think I shid stint
Acos a thic there accidint.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Not only that, very well ya know
Thers thousands in thease wordle below
That in moderation avs a drap.
An never av ad no mishap.
Bezides, diss know, a leetle cup
A' nice whoam 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.

TUMMAS.

O, eece, vren Joe, 'tis very true
Of moderate drinkers there's a vew
Who neer av bin tha wuss var drink,
Aelthough they mid bin on tha brink.
Bit this, me vren, ya must convess.
If there's no drink there's no excess.

[25]

Var zom, when once thay teast tha stuff,
Dwont never know when thay've enough;
An this ya know, var zartin zure,
Teetotallers aelways be zecure;
Var if from it thay do abstain,
They can't get drunk, that's purty plain.
Bit, yer moderate drinker's never zure
Bit what zom day it med allure.
An he mid teak mwore than he meant,
Aelthough it mid be gainst his bent.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

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 can't get drunk if thay dwont drink;
Bit, then, ya zee, 'tis nayshun ard
A drap a lotion to discard;
Specially when coms on tha cheep.
Who ever cood teetotaller keep.
Bezides, how nice a nower da pass
Wie a vren in avin a social glass.
'Tis very well var voke that's wake.
Who offen avs a drunken frake,
An spens there money at tha pub;
While wife an vamily wants var grub.
An bout ael day da idle lurk,
A boozen, steeds a doin work.
Bit then, diss know, I beant like thay
Var I ony spens vourpence a day.

[26]

TUMMAS.

Vourpence a day, if that's ael, Joe,
'Tis two and vower a week, diss know,
An if ya reckons var a year,
Ta zix pounds it'll come main near,
An, doosen think, it purty dear
Ta pay out var a drap a beer?
An wats a got, ta show var it?

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Nuthen at ael, thee must admit.
Now, if that money thee did'st save,
A lot a comferts thee cud'st have.
Thee zoon cud'st buy a watch an chain;
An if tha landlord did complain
An at thee turn up his rid nose,
Com out in a new suit a clothes.
Woold chums at vust thee't zure ta fend,
Bit, thay'll like thee better in tha end.
Zo never mind a bit their chaff,
'Tis thee as can avoord ta laff;
Var zunce I turn'd teetotaller,
Wich is getten on var vower year,
I've seaved a tidy bit a chink
Wich ood a gone in that ar drink.
Not ony that, zunce measter died,
Tha missus do in I confide,
An now I'm manager ya zee,
An tha bussiness carries on var she.
An who knows, bit wat zom day she med
Ax I if I'm inclined ta wed,
Var bless thee heart tha wimmen voke
Zart a leans to a teetotal bloke.

[27]

JOE.

Well, raaly Tummas, I mist own
Zom waity rasons you've a shown,
Why I shid gie up drinken beer,
An zeave me money year by year.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

I plainly zee dwont do much good
An gie it up got mi'nt I hood.

TUMMAS.

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 never regret
Bit bless tha day we bouath oance met.

JOE.

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

[28]

**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.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

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 enough,
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
In wind an starm an rain.

An many be tha zites he've zeed.
An many be tha tales,

[29]

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 Wellinton

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

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
Ta 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.

[30]

An long tha thankvul cheers went up,
An drink went vreeley round.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

We jay, becaas tha English voke
Had beat tha Vrenchmin zound.

Nevir avore an nevir zunce,
Av there 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 var
His King an country.

Tha widder an tha vatherless
A took into his cot.

[31]

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 shant goo inta Wirkhouse
Bit com an sheare me cot,
Tho' main scanty be me means,
A shill have haf I got.

Var poor woold man he's helpless quite,
An veeble as a chile.

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 me 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 wen tha evenins thay be vine

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

I'll vill his heart wie jay,
An teak un out amang tha zenes,
A rambled wen a bwoy.

[32]

I'll draa un out on top tha hill,
In Squire's dree-wheel'd cheer,
Zo's he can look aroun wonce mwore

On zones that be za dear

An wen tha gloomy winter comes

An vrost an snow be here,

He shall 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 Wellington

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.

**SECOND EPISSLE TO J— P—
NOW OF CALGARY, CANADA.**

—

JANUARY, 1890.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Dear Jim, thy peardin I mist baig
Var zure, thee mist think I da laig
In zenden thee, a leetle scraig
A humble rhyme.
Bit there, thee'st knaaw a rhymin waig
Mist bide his time.

[33]

Me past neglect thee mist excuse,
Bit jist ta day, da wirk tha muse,
Zo to me pen an ink, yer gooes,
Ta scrawl a line,
Ta thee a leetle bit a news
I'll try, conzine.

Bit vust, I hope theezelf an wife
Be comfortable in your new life
Tho coose we knaa trials be rife
Where ere ya be
Na biddy mang thease wordles strife
Vrom em be vree.

An na dout, bouth on'ee av had
Yer ups an downs, bouth good an bad.
Bit truly I da hope, me lad,
Ya've brav'd em ael
Ta hear tis zo, I shill he glad
Be tha nex mail.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Thy new year's caird com zeaf ta han
An hagerly we bouth did scan
Thic missive vrim thic vur off lan
Done at Calgary
A long be tha wild Indian:
Twer vunny, very.

Ah, Jim, I oft da picter thee min
Wie missus, zated in yer cabin
An fancy, tales I hear ee spin,

[34]

Like two exciles,
Bout yer woold vales, yer kith an kin
In Brittans Isles.

An offen I da wonder, too,
What zites you've zeed, what things bin droo,
Bit like as steel, thy heart is true
Za kind an umble
Var at nought thee hoot'sn meek ado
Nar niver grumble.

Vrim V----- y oft spouse thee diss hear
Vrim vrens an layshins there za dear,
Zometimes nae doubt da drop a tear
Wen offen you
Do think on yer young days career,
Long years agoo.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

I rade yer letter, ael in prent
Ta tha Zalsbry peaper tha ya zent,
A very yeable dockyment
An vine review
A things in Narwace continent
Ya picter'd true.

A Brittish pollyticks, na dout.
As much as I, thee'se knaa about
In spaches long zom o'm da spout,
Var now a day
Tha news da vill tha wordle droo-out
Wie out delay.

[35]

Tha biggest job we got on han
Is this Wom Rule var Irelan.
A parleymint thay do deman
Apeart vrim we.
Bit gree wie that, dang if I can,
What good id't be?

Meast'r Gladstin's plan wunt never do,
Tho tis back'd we a tidy vew.
If car'd, tha country zoon hood rue
Thee midst depen,
An civil war, tid zoon lead too
Mangst Irishmen.

Var Orange voke, tha do dissent,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

An zaays thay niver will consent
Ta av a Irish parleyment
Thame contented quite;
An thay da swear tis their intent
Geanst arn ta vite.

Zoo I tell thee, Jim, twix one an tother,
Tiv mead a terryable bother,
Voke gets za cross we one another,
About Wom Rule;
Their veelins nuthen zeems ta smother
Nar anger cool.

Gladstin av lost, good men an true,
Tha Lib'rels have split up in two
An tha pearty's in a purfy stew;

[36]

No chaance ta mend,
An drat if I can jist zee droo
How'ts gwain ta end.

Ther's Hartington an Chamberlain,
John Bright, an Jeames, Collins, an Caine,
Bout haughty on em, in tha main,
We one conzent
Av vow'd in languidge purty plaain,
Geanst thease parleymint.

Var thay da think tis zeperation

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Tha Irish wants vrim thease yer nation,

That's tha caas of tha bodderation.

Parnell declares

Ta peart thay got no inclination.

An this he swares.

Bit, dis think, a Irish parleyment.

Is gwain ta meak tha voke content

An cure ael this ere mad dissent?

I dwoant, begar.

Bad blood I thinks it hood voment

An breed a war.

Tha Unionist be ael agreed

Var Irelan ta intercede

An meak good laas, that she da need,

An bye and bye.

Local Government thay will concede

Var em ta try.

*

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[37]

I've zed enough bout Irelan

Var thee my views ta unnerstan

I trust thy spect, I shill comman

An thee't agree

Not var to split thease hempire gran

Now, strong an vree.

Bout pollytiks dwoant knaa that I

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Av got much mwore ta zertify

Bit a coose that dwoant much zigerfy

Var as I zed

Ael o't na dout da meet thy eye,

Mwoast on't thee'se read.

Tha truth ta tell, begar, I'm zick

A pollyticks an ael tha click,

Nuthen but quarrels thay da pick

Wie one another.

Zom o'm, begar, I'd like ta kick,

Var their girt bother.

Ther's Randy, tho' a cleverish chap,

Dwoant keer var noan o'm, not a rap,

At Rad ar Tawry he will snap,

Dwoant matter wich.

An right an lift ther feacin slap,

Wie his keen switch.

It zeems tha Oppersition's bent

On structin laas that be well ment,

Ta nuthen thay wunt gie conzent,

[38]

Bit loud da shout

Ta try an end tha parleyment,

An turn ael out.

This thay declares thay ought ta do,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Cos at, bye-lections not a vew
Gladstounians av won, thats true,
Bit what a that,
Geanst Governments thay aelways goo,
It's tit var tat.

Bit vren, as vur as I can zee
No girt veelin's in tha country
Ta change tha present Ministry,

An I admit
If we ael ther acts I caant agree
Thame men a grit.

An I dwoant think, at any rate,
Thay shood gie up tha reins a state
Cos a zartin click da agitate,
Jist let em bide
Their time, then ower votes'll zeal their veat.
An zoon decide.

Well, Jim, ower County Councils now
Be lected, an I mist allow
We've got zim good men at tha prow.
An bye an bye
Var tha country good, till be I trow
Things 'll rectify.

[39]

Zoo now I spoose thee'se had enough
A this here zorry rhymin stuff

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Tha lingo, tho it med zeem rough
Ta polishd ear,
We Willshire people, woold an tough,
Still holds it dear.

Varewell, tho vawer thousand mile
Da zeperate thee vrom thease isle,
Tha distance thee can'st reckinzile,
Knawin that I
Da think apon thee ael tha while
An, till I die.

POST SCRIP.

JUNE, 1890.

Jist one wurd mwore, I now mist zay,
We got thy letter tother day
An rade un droo wieout delay,
How plazed wur we
Ta zee tha news ya did convey
Bout tha country.

I'm glad ta hear ya got tha book,
An hope wen in un you da look
Ya'll think a zenes ya av varsook,
Praphs drap a tear,
Var vrens, vrim whom ya took yer hook
In Willshire dear.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Zorry ta rade what craps ya've lost
Be hanimals an zummer vrost,
Var ony thay, can count tha cost
As mist endure
Misvartins wen yer path, thay cross,
Speci'lly tha poor.

Thay Coyotes mainly do tarment
Wen unawares thay meaks decent
An mang yer vlocks meaks ravisment
Speed yer woold collie.
An if a caant ther wirk prevent,
Pour in a volley.

Yer woold vren L-----y, Missus U----y,
well in health, bit lots a wurry,
She got zix young uns, var ta vlurry,
A vamily quite.
She offen do inquire var ee.
Wen she da write.

G----- 's down in Devonshire
An doin purty well we hear,
Dree strappen bwoys she got ta cheer,
Wie ther mad prinks,
She zaays one on em she cood spear,
I zaays no thanks.

I tell ee what it is me vriend,
A bother young uns beant no end

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

An as heav'n noan, ta we did zend

[41]

Ta cheer ower life,
Dwoant want em now, thee midst depend
Mwore dwoant tha wife.

Bit let me zee praphs I'm ta vast
How bout yerzelves, then mid I hast,
Ya diden menshin in yer last
Bout vamilee,
Begar, strainge things da com ta pass
In a strainge country.

I shood be plazed I do declare
Ta hear ya'd got a zon an hayre,
Zummit ta cheer ee up out thayre,
In loanly hower,
An help drave out a bit a care,
Wen bout da low'r.

Ower mutal vren, young L----- d Jack,
Las time I zeed un, look'd main sprack.
His vunny jokes a still da crack,
As well as ever,
A da meak ee laff, till you be black,
An sheak an bivver.

His smilin veace I oft da zee
As a dwont live very vur vrim we,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

I took thy letter down ta he
An thee mid'st guess
Wie what delight a slap'd his knee
An, bouath on ee bless.

[42]

An now dear Jim thee zurely must
Think thasem lines as dry as dust
An wish 'em auver in disgust
Zoo here I'll end
Be wishen thee good health, robust,
An wealth ta spend.

An dwoant be long avore thee'se write
An tell ess if thee beest aelright.
Likewise if things is lookin bright,
Var well thee'se know
Thy letters aelways do delight
Thy woold vren, "SLOW."

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.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

What girt, terryable winters thay
Did av in his young day.

An leetle did I think that zoon
We wur ta av a teast

[43]

Of they woold vayshin winters cwould
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 apon tha roads
Is slippery as glass
We girt high snow drifts, here an there,
Ther's skiercly room ta pass.

Hosses an waggons caant goo out,
Stuck vast is every wheel,
An mail carts be deep snowed up
An business zeems stood still.

On every hedge, an bush, an tree
Snow hangs like blossoms white.
An vield an down is covered up
Vive ar zix inches quite.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Rivers an ponds be ael vroze up
As hard amwoast as glass
An crowds a voke da slide an skeat
Away tha time ta pass.

School childern run an play about
Apon its slippery vloor.
An down thay come we many a bump
Which meaks em laff an roar.

[44]

An coortin couples dance about
Ael up an down tha stream
An many a tumble zom da get,
Ta hear how thay do scream.

Girt daiglets hangs down vrim tha eaves
Of ower thatch'd roof cot.
Wur snug inzide tha woold voke zays,
How happy be their lot.

Var roun tha coal bright vire thay
Be cuddled up together
An thinkin bout poor craaters who
Mist veace this wintry weather.

Tha winder panes is dim we rime,
Like veathers graven there.
Outzide tha howlin winds da blow,
Mwoore snow starms in tha air.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

An down da come in whirrlin vlakes,
Which 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.
We numbed hands da beat ther brist
An vinger nails da blow.

Ower sheppherd he mmost anxious is
This terryyable weather.

[45]

Var oft in snow drifts he da vind
His vlock, huddled together.

Var days an nights zom av bin miss'd,
Buried in snow bainks deep.
An his vaithvul dog a scowers roun
Ta vind tha varnished sheep.

An he, auver tha vrozen snow
In every drift, ull prowl,
An wen at last a lights on em
Zet up a piteous howl.

Then every han apon tha varm.
Led be thic vaithvul scout.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

We speades ull hasten to tha spot
An dig tha poor things out.

Poor leetle birds da shrimp about
We many a ruffled veather.
An underds on em lays about
Starv'd, be this artic weather.

Team robbin ridbrist, he da hop
Inzide yer open dooer.
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.

[46]

Jist watch em, gean tha hood house there,
Behine thic rotten bouard,
A zearchen out tha slunibern snails
Wur zacritly 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 hedgerow berries be ael gone

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Not one's left on a spray,
An dilligently thay mist zarch
Var grub as comes hache day.

Pity that wanton man ere shood
Thease zongsters lives cut short,
An in ther wake steat shoot em down
An caal it manly spourt.

It oft av pain'd me heart ta zee,
On a Crismis hallerday
Girt louten chaps goo off we guns
An douzens on em slay.

If I wur Queen I'd meak a laa,
I hood apon me wird,
An he shid pay a smeartish vine
As kill'd a zingin bird.

Rabbits, an hares, vrim yander copse
In vain tha snow da scratch,

[47]

An unger meaks em bwould ta com
Right in ower gierden patch.

Tha bark ael off tha hazzel trees
Thay've knaa'd till thay be bare
An auver snow in vlocks thay go
In zearch a daily vare.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Poor things thay be za skinny got
Thame nuthen skierce bit bounes
Var swedes an turmets 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 an clothes thay wants
Spec'ly 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 han
While this distressvull weather lasts
An Jack Vrost rules tha Ian.

[48]

**AN APPEAL VAR THA POOR
ATTER RADEN BOUT THA DISTRESS IN
OWER GIRT TOWNS.**

Agean tha drary winters come
An vrost an snow once mwore appear
Agean we hear tha cry var help,
A cry zo pityvul an drear.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Tha stingin vrost, tha bitin wind
Comes roun ta every poor mans dooer.
You, that ar snugly zettled down
How stans it we yer nayberen poor.

Tha days be shart, tha nights be long
An wirk is slack, ther'r nooan ta do
An thousands there is idle now
Who starvin do appeal ta you.

Ta you, ye rich, who knows not want
Who dwoant toil, var a livelihood,
O, will ee shut yer hearts ta zich
Who's starvin var tha want a vood?

Zee there in yander wretched room
A ooman cryin in dispair
Auver her leetle starvin beabe.
Her zobs an moans da vill tha air.

Var dree long days she've had no vood
Ta veed thic leetle hungry child.

[49]

Tha fiather got no wirk ta do
Tha thought on't nearly, draves un wild.

Var ta zee his leetle innocent
Put up her leetle skinny hand

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

An ax, if ther'll be grub up there

Var ael, in thic ar happy land.

An tears rin out, tha parents eyes,

An bitter woe ther hearts da haunt

Ta zee tha offspring a ther love

Zo pass away, var very want.

Inzide a drary wirkhouse yard

A poor woold man is cracken stounes,

When ael at once a hollies out,

Tha wirk's too hard, var my poor bounes.

He teaks his cwoat an lays on he

An there in mwornvul zobs a cried

Bit there com'd nooan ta zuccor he

An there a pined away an died.

Zee, in a room dree vemale vorms,

Two daaters, an a widder'd wife

Be tha vlicker of a rush light lean

Is stitchen var there very life.

O children dear, tha mother cries,

Me eyes da swim inzide me yead.

She vaints, an valls apon tha vloor,

Tha daaters raise ther mother—dead.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Is lyin on a wretchen bade,
They start up, as tha fiather coms
Var he av brought a loaf a brade.

How hagerly thic loaf is broke,
How hagerly tha childern seize.
No milk av thay ta zoak it in,
No butter spread, no mate, no cheese.

Eece, every day zich zenes as thase
Is happenen among tha poor.
Ya skierce can know, unless you go
An zeek em at their wretched door.

* * * * *

To you, ya rich, I now da plade
Var thase poor things, thase starvin poor,
O lend yer aid ta stem tha tide,
An dwoant ee drave em vrim yer door.

Var ael tha riches you mid av
Be lent ee, an tis heavn's command
Ta gie ta ael that be in need
An clothe tha neaked in tha land.

[51]

THA VUST SNOW STARM.

Hark, how tha whistlin wind blows vrim tha north

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

In vitvul gusts zo bitin shearp an keen,
An winter now, in ael his awe comes vorth
We hoary beard an grim majestic mien
Vorthwith a brathes into tha starry sky
Which zoon putts on, a heavy lidden hue
An leetle specs a sleet begins ta vly
Which zoon the vrozen ground da thickly strew.
Bigger, an vaster, than tha whirrlin vlakes
Incessantly comes down droo out tha night
An wen tha vail'd zun, tha marn awakes
Behold, tha wondrous cheange, tha matchless zite.
Dwoant not tha zene, vrail men, meak thy heart glow
Behoulden ael aroun, wrapt in a garb a snow?

GRAMFER'S CRISMIS.

Eece, Crismis in me gramfers time
Wur a proper zart a randy
Var he invited ael tha voke
As liv'd aroun un handy.

Uncles an aunts, an cussens too,
Nevvys an necies fair

[52]

A did invite em every one
Ta teast his Crismis vare.

Twur ael tha taak var many a day,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Wur gramfers 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 ever 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 ungry man neer went
Away vrim gramfers door.

On Crismis eve, tha woold varm house
Wur trim'd up high an low
We evergreens an hollies bright
An boughs a mizzletoe.

An vrim tha kitchen ael tha things
Wur cleared 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 gramfers varm men did bring in
Tha girt big Crismis logs.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

At haight a clock tha mummers come,
Ten a tha village chaps,
Dressed up like zawljers, bright bright an gay
In girt tall peapern caps.

An hooden swords mwoast ad a got
Zom had a blunderbluss,
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 tha maids turn white.

Bit tha chap as acted doctor
Zoon rais'd em vrim tha 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 fray
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 a happy, bright new year.

An atter that thay ate an drunk

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

As much as thay wur willin,

[54]

Then out coms grammer an she gies

Ta every man a shillin.

An leetle Jack we's money baig,

Went roan tha company

An lots a pennies wur drow'd in

Var's own zelf, dwoant ee zee.

At midnight then did com tha waits,

Ower village music pearty,

An thay het up ther praizes sweet

A Crismis carols hearty.

Two viddles an a double bease,

Two brassen things ta blow,

We maids ta zing tha hayre high,

An men ta zing down low.

An thay did play an zing za sweet

Round gramfer's kitchen vire,

While grammer guarts a gin hot brew'd

A wich thay diden tire.

Zides that, a goolden guinea bright

Woold gramfer ne'er vargot

Ta gie ta em avore thay went

Ta sheare amang tha lot.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

On Crismis marn then down ta chirch
Tha varmhouse pearty went
Ta thank God var thic blessed day
Tha heavenly beabe wur zent.

[55]

An lore, ta hear tha zingen bright
Girt tears a joy did bring
Down gramfer's an down grammer's cheeks
Praizen tha new born King.

Var thay wur times wen good chirch voke
Ther praises zung together,
Tha choir wur bit, ta lead em on,
Noo zarplices ta zever.

Ah eece, thame zounds I hant vargot,
Still in me ears, da ring [watch"
Thic well know'd hymn "While sheppherds
An "Hark the angels zing."

Then ael tha compny atter chirch
Ta gramfers did repair
To zit down in his speacious hall
An enjoy his Crismis vare.

Varty ar fifty voke there wur
Countin tha young an woold
An twur a zite, thic vestive bouard

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

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,

[56]

Cabbidge an smaished per turmets white
In piles there 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 therselves wen dry
An waish down tha wholzum vare.

An lore, ta zee how hearty like
Hache let in we's his might
Ta tackle gramfers Crismis cheer
Var mworn a nower quite.

Wen everyone had had ther vill

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Tha cloth wur clar'd away
An roun ael zat be vire za' bright
Ael happy like ah gay.

Then out comes grammers wom mead wine
Sparklin, an brights a cherry
Which 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.

[57]

An gramfer he drink'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 archet ar in gramfers vields
Var a leetle bit a vun.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

An if twur vrosty weather we
Down pond did meak a slide
An jine ban's on his glassen vloor
An swift 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 varm
We purty zoon did hie
Ta tittyvate ourzelves a bit
Var tha girt ball bim by.

At haight a clock tha dance begun
Out in tha kitchen wide.

[58]

Tha musickers they wur perch'd up
On a teable tother zide.

There wur viddler Joe, an carnet Jack,
An Steve wie his bazoon,
An Zammy we tha double bease
An Jim ta beat tha tune.

Vull twenty couple did stan up
In tha vust country dance
Led off be gramfer an his deam,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Lore how we ael did prance.

Vull haaf a nower we kept on
Gwain up an down tha middle
Till nearly ael tha ban gied out
Cept Joe, wie leaden viddle.

Bit he kep on a screapin zo
Till ower laigs begun ta yeak,
An grammer then she did baal out
Do ee stop var goodness zeak.

Then gramfer he did zing a zong
Bout days a woold lang zyne.
An in chorus everybidy 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.

[59]

A geam varvits then we had
Ael zat down in a row
An thay as lost had to be kiss'd
Under tha mizzletoe.

Zoo we dancin, an wie zingin too
Away tha hours did vlee

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

An wen twur twelve tha ban struck up
Roger de Coverley.

An hache pair dance'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 hache other too,
Thay wurden gwain to 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 thic woold roof tree ring.

Then come varewells an sheakin bans
Tho ael wur louath ta peart,

[60]

An as thay went they loud did cheer
Gramfer, we ael their heart.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

An thus did gramfer every year

Ax vrens ta dine an zup

An med I live ta do tha zeam

An keep woold Crismis up.

SMILIN JACK:

TRUE STOWRY OF A MIDNIGHT
ADVENTER.

Thease stowry I be gwain ta tell

Is zartin true, I mines un well,

It happend 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,

Wich 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 whissle, joke ar zing,

[61]

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

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

A proper good trade he'd a got,
Var twenty miles, he wur vound
In every village, ael around
At markits too, an country vairs,
There he wur zeed, hawkin his wares.
Anything amwoast he'd buy an zill
Zo's it did bring grist to his mill
An the wie voke a bargin'd hard,
They looked upon un wie regard
Aelthough we wit, an joke, za vunny
A wiggled em 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 to zay a hood be thayre
In weather vowl, ar weather vair.

Tha day arrived an Smilen 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

[62]

Like zom girt hero of renown,
And many wur tha shouts an cheers

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

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 vrim 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 illused
Zom zed he ad a aiseyer life
An knaa'd mwore kindness than his wife.

Tha top zoon rached, 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 a 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 hand we ther guest.
Then down along ta Vox an Goose
He hies, ta zet his donkey loose
An to refresh his parched inzide
Atter thic lang an dusty ride.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Then atter church tha veast is spread,
An ower hero at tha teables yead
Caals down a blessin on tha vood
Ta do ther zouls 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 vleys 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 wur stowed away
Be ache an every club man there.
Who drunk till's eyes begun ta stare.

Time view 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 yeads a bobbin to an vro.
An like a zombre vuneral pall
Tha thick smoke hangs aroun tha wall,
Zweethearts, an wives, an childern young
Like sheep at vair be ael among
Nigh chokin we tha fumes a baccy
Yet mang tha din zeeminly happy.
A snatch of a zong, a chorus ar two
Tha hours away like lightnin view

[64]

Jack, like a king, zits ael tha while
An skierce thinks on tha vive lang mile,
Nar thic 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 neraly twelve, tha host coms in
An baals out mang tha naisy din,
"Tha time is up ya ael mist go
Ar I'll lose me licence as ya know,"
Another zong, thay ael did shout.
We'll av, avore we do turn out.
One vrim tha cheerman thay did baal,
An Jack tried to ablide 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

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Like a scalded pig a did retreat
Tha toll geat swung back in a trice,
Tha toll man baal'd out var tha price.

[65]

Bst 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 ta a tender staak
He'd lost tha power his donk ta guide
An tha usual track he missed wide.
Aware of thease unusual route
He 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 begun ta think

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

That he mist be tha wuss var drink.

A thunder storm now gathered thick
An in tha gloom a zeed ole Nick
Wie harns, an hoofs, an hissin tail,
Tha zite o't mead un quake an quail.

[66]

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 on 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

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

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

[67]

New life zeem'd to poor Jack endow
Then up a got an peer'd around,
Ole Nick had vanish'd under ground.
Louldly 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, hopein that he
Vrim vurther mishap shood be vree,
Droo mead a rach'd tha turnpike track.
Thank God I'm seaf zays 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 ah, another trouble zore
Did meet un, wuss than he avore.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

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 tha strame.
Then way did scamper quick as thought
As tho he hooden agean be caught,
Nar did er slack his pace avore
A stood in vront his owner's door.

Vloundern an splashen in tha wave.
Jack struggled ard dear life ta save.
He rach'd tha edge, vill on tha baink

[68]

Cussin his donkey's purty praink.
Coold an wet droo to tha skin,
An veelin vaint an bad within
He tried ta waak but vill ta ground
An pray'd that soon a med be vound.

His wife stopped up var un thick night,
Bit went ta bade dreamt ael wis 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?"

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Bit tha donkey shook his yead, an bray'd,

Much as to zay a idden slay'd.

Betty, zoon rais'd a hue and cry.

An naybours purty quick did hie.

O dear, O dear, alack, alack.

What is become a' Smilen Jack.

Thay hunted here, tha hunted there,

Ta 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

Mmost 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,

[69]

An must I widder's weed's 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 to tha brudge at vourteen hatches,

Ael cover'd oer 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,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

He rolled ta bade an slep vull zound,
An dram'd a wur in water drown'd.

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

THA PARISH COUNCIL BILL.

A DISCUSSION TWIX TOM AN PHIL, TWO
LEABUREN MEN.

TOM.

Hast yeard tha news? me woold vren Phil
Bout thease yer Parish Council Bill?

[70]

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 pleave,
An I'm a candidate I gace.

PHIL.

I wish thee luck, bit look'ee Tom

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Wurs tha money a 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 keapers
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

[71]

Dwoant want ta braig, bit bless thee zawl
I mid be put on top tha pawl.

PHIL.

I dwoant dout that, bit harky vriend
Wat beest gwain ta do var wirken men?
Wen on thease council thee diss get,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

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 got a cottage new
Wie yacre a groun, an mabby mwore
Ael o't cloas to his cottage doer
A well built shed var to 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 to tha market town.
Ramshackle cots, wur ever vound
Shall be clared vrim off tha ground,
A village hall we'll build down street
Var konzarts, an var voke ta 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 nuthen

[72]

Bout a penny var a proper stufinn.
An one zide thease hall a libery
Peapers, an books, ael to be vree,
A billyeard bouard, a bagatelle teable

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Var young chaps as to play be yeable,
Draats, an chess, an nine pinny mettle,
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 the village green
Hache Zaterdag, haaf hollerday
Tha voke shill av thout stoppin pay
An coose ael o't I needen state
Ull ba 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'11 av ta pay
Varmers, an Passen, help defray
Tha tradesvoke too, a peart must beear
Shopkeepers too, ael pay a sheare

[73]

Bit thee an I, hard wirken men

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

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 tha houssen, ael shill drain
A good zupply a water pure
Hache house '11 av thee midst be zure
A reservoy, on top a nap
In every cot a water tap
Ower streets be lighted up at night
Wie gas, ar thic ar 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 learn an blind
A house a refuge we shill vind.
As var tha leezy drunken drones
Thay shid be putt ta crack tha stounes
An mend tha road, an vlush tha drain,
Zoo that therselves, thay shall maintain
An if ageanst 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 want 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, apon 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 enuff ta keep'n ahve
An pupils now he's blidg'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 u'll go ta smaish
Tha carbinder, and blacksmith, too
Zich bad times never 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, Ian out a tillage

[75]

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 noon o'm will thic zaayin glitch
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 a 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 ta com
Vore any good we'll get, min, Tom.

TOM.

Ah Phil dwoant thee git 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 submit
Thay'll vind no use ta meak a vuss
Hoppersition ony meaks bad wuss

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

An zoon theet zee Parish Councils Bill

A blessin to ower people, Phil.

[76]

PHIL.

I hope I shall, bit dang me yead
Twunt be avore bouath oance be dade,
An as I zed da whack 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.

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 troubles nuff ta drave me cranky
Wat we tha bad times we've a got.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

An every thing a gwain ta pot.
We wife an daaters ael tha day

[77]

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 me girtest jay below
Me zon an daaters too, da play
An avs a leetle every day
Bit coose we dwoant ower duties shirk
Var music, till we've vinish'd wirk.

STEA VEN.

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 plain truth, I need'n smother
Thame couraged in it be ther mother.
Here, every marn wen I've bin round
Tha varm ta zee tha men on ground,
Wen to me breakvist I come in
Ther's thic pianners naisy din
Thumpin away we ael ther might

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Vust thing in marn till leat at night,
An then if jist a wird I zay
Tis a new piece thay got ta play,
Var zom conzart, ar a penny radin
That is tha scuse thame aelwys pladin.

[78]

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 ther 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 wenchs Nan an Meary,
Who I da keep ta wirk tha deary,
Turns in, an dooes tha household wirk
Wich wife an daaters ael da shirk
An dwoant think it nar bit disgrace
Aelthough ta do it beant ther pleave
An coose thay mist av extry pay
Var clanen, an cookin, every day
Wirk, wich me own voke ought ta do
Steeds pianner bangin, ael day droo
I tell ee Roberd 'tis too bad
An very near till drave I mad
This music is a cussed plaig

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

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 minute ar zo

[79]

Tha truth on it, I zoon ull show
Var nabiddy in thease country
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.
Zo wen I look'd out var a wife
Ta be me help-mate ael droo life
Tha matter, I did well look droo,
An choos'd one as lik'd music too,
An zo I zaays, look here me dear
Music, like you, I loves zincere.
Bit mind, we mussen duties shirk,
Nar play wen to be done, ther's wirk.
An coose we bouth did gree together
An ower wedded lives bin lovely weather.
Var wen ower wirk, is done hache day
Together wife an I da play,
Ar if dull moments shood zet in

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Out coms pianner an violin.
An an atter haaf a nowers play
Ower dullness is ael drove away,
Tis woondervul how music zoothes
An cure ee, if ya've got tha blues
It meaks yer woold heart, leap an curdle
Hood'n gie it up, var ael tha wordle.
Then ther's me daaters an me zon
Da zing an play wen wirk is done
Nar ud, never think, duties ta shirk,
Var music, vore thay'd done ther wirk

[80]

An then on Zundys atter chirch
If droo tha country, you da zearch
Ya hooden vind a vamily
Thats happier than owers be
Praizen heav'n, var thease happy 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 ower vuter wom, till be ael praize.

* * * * *

Zoo I advise hache man an wife
If childern bless ther married life
Ta let em lam zom insterment
If thay da wish, an tis ther bent.
In years ta com till cheer ther life
An thay'll better beare thease wordles 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, ael's harminy.

WOOLD TROTTERS ZAAYINS:

HIS LIKES AN DISLIKES.

If ther's one thing, meaks I bwile ta zee,
Tis voke, vull a necessity
Apein tha arrystocrazy.

[81]

I caant abeare, a man who shams,
Nar neet he, who is vull a crams
Nar curs, as tries, ta look like lams.

Nar he wie zich a modest veace,
As thinks ael pleazures out a pleace,
An zaays thay'll bring on ee disgreace.

Who zits on Zundys, in his pew.
An scarnvully da look at you,
Cos you beant of tha chosen vew.

Who groans, an meaks a girt long prayer
At meetin house, when he is thayre
An praphs nex marnen, cuss, an sware.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

I do detess a meak believe
A slyly grinnin in his sleeve
An scripter quotes, 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 dearyman
Ull skim new milk, as ard's a can
An water well tha milkin pan.

Nar he, as gooes a deal ta meak,
An vind tha ziller rather weak,
Then meak'n haaf the vallie teak.

[82]

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, an true,
Who thease yer life, ull battle droo,
An help, a down trod brother too.

Tis nice ta zee a poor man rise,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

If varmer vrens, a dwoant dispise,
Nar car is yead up in tha skies.

Var raaly painvul tis ta 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 da zaay.

Var zich like pride, I vairly hates,
Me temper much it hirritates,
Ta zee zich empty headed pates.

[83]

Nar do I like, ta zee a chap,
Spendin hache evenin at tha tap,
In skiddlein ar penny nap.

I caant abide tha imperdence,
A hobblehoys, as got no sense
Who gies ee naught bit inzerlence.

Ta zee em strut, ael cuffs, an collar,
Who's pockets, praphs, dwoant hold a dollar.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

An var clothes '11 keep ther bellies holler.

Ta zee em rig'd out every night,
In tha newest vayshin quite.
Poor Tailors, thay look on we spite.

Zich mity swells zom on em be.
In kid gloves, an vlaish jewelry,
Hap-ny zegars a puffen vree.

Ar vlirtin we zom vorred lass.
Who like ther zelf is vull a brass,
An thus ther evenins thay da pass.

Young maids! beware a zich a chap,
If zich "on you" his eyes da clap,
Pen on it he beant with a rap.

* * * * *

Zoo ael o'ee lissen to woold Trotter,
Let truth an justice be yer motter.
An heav'n convound tha evil plotter.

[84]

GOOD VRIDY LAS.

Good Vridy las, as ever wur,
I wander'd to tha hood,
Tha joyous spring birds var ta heer,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

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,
Behind, 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.

[85]

Agean I jogged on auver hill,
An cross tha Barvird track,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Then down ta Chilvinch bottom still,
Cloas to tha narrer rack.

It wur a glorious atternoon,
An hot, var hearly spring
Just like a day, in balmy June
Zoo gay, wur everything.

Tha humble bees, begun ta buzz,
Tha knats, ta sting an bite
An out amang yan bloomin vuzz
Butterflies, vlitted 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 hoodland 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

[86]

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 whose trunk, there is carv'd out,
Zim letters dear ta I.

Here, mwore an thirty years agoe,
Wie a zweet modest lass,
Thic tree, ower neams I carv'd apon,
Love's, idle nower ta pass.

An here to-day, thay letters still,
Be showin out quite plain,
Ah, what girt thoughts me heart da vill
As I greets em again.

Var cars me back ta youthvul days,
Wen I za gay an vree.
Did taak a love, an breathe zweet zighs
Under thease woold beech tree.

Jist twenty zummers had I zeed

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Thic ne'er vargotten day,
Tha days a my apprenticeship
Had nearly pass'd away.

[87]

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 an 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 av bin blest.

Tho' well I knaws 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.

ME GIRTEST DELIGHT.

I've a bin, in tha mighty zity,
A Lunnen, vull many a time.
In wonderment there I've a steer'd

[88]

At its steatly buildins, zublime,
I've a stood an tha girt big brudge
Cross tha river, at woold Wacemister,
An I've look'd we main pride on thick pile
Wur ower parlymint men da conver.

Eece, many a time in tha Habbey
Wie trimbhn, an awe, I've a stood
As I thought on tha girt voke laid there
Tha noble, tha clever, an good.
I have yeard, tha hargin za gran
Tha choir sweet musick a zingin
An hoffen now, when I'm abade
Tha zomis in me yeard do zeem tingin.

I've bin in tha chirch a Zaint Pauls,
An zat down under thic girt doom.
There too, I've yeard tha vine choir
An lissened, tha hargins girt boom.
I've geazed on tha monnyments there
Wie time got musty an hoary
Put up var brave heroes who died

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Ael var ower country's girt glory.

Be tha Manshin House door I've stood,
An watch'd tha traffic goo along.
An hustled, I've bin many times
Gwain down Chepzide, be tha drong.
I've stood be Zaint Martins the Gran,
Wur pwest hoffice wirk is ael done
I've a bin in tha telegraph house
Wur news roun tha wordle da run.

[89]

In Trafalgers vine square I've a stood,
An zeed tha vountins at play,
An look'd we delight on tha zene,
Tha vinest in town tha da zaay.
I've steer'd up a Nelson stood there,
Wie tha lions a garden his veet.
An I've velt a paing, as I geaz'd
At Charley tha vust, an his fe-at,

I've a bin, in thic vine gallery
Wur tha nayshins picters da bide,
An I've look'd we delight on em all,
An velt in me heart honest pride
Var them splendid paintins za vine
As, in thic pleace do abound.
Every Briton I thinks shid be proud,
Another zich a zite, ther beant vound.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

In tha British Musaum var howers.
In meazemint, I've wander'd about,
A lookin at wondervul things,
A woold times, as thay've vound out.
In Zouth Kensinton too I've bin.
An zeed mwoast on't that be there,
An lore how me weary eyes beam'd
At tha marvellous things everywhere.

In tha girt Halbert Hall cloas bye,
I have year'd, tha consart za grand
We tha vinest band in tha wordle.
An baste zingers, ther be in tha land.

[90]

To tha gran opera house I've bin,
At Covent Gearden, many a time
We ameazment gazed on tha zenes
Tha actin, an music, zublime.

Eece, it av bin my lucky lot,
Ta zee, an ta hear, ael thease things.
Bit what do ee think, mang em ael
Ta me heart tha girtest jay brings?
Ah, it beant, tha zites a tha town,
Its grander, nar music divine,
Tho much it did charm me heart,
Heet a girter delight, zure is mine.

It be here, on me own neative zoil,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Be tha Willy, an Nadder, ta roam
Ar else on tha sweet thymy downs.
As zurrouns, me dear neative whoam,
Ar ta wander in Grovely woold hoods.
Be it marnen, noon, ar be night,
Tis tha girttest a pleasure to I
Me life's mwoast genuine delight.

A NIGGARDLY TRADESMAN.

[91] Apon me zong, if in thease wordle
A voolish man there be
Tis he as's ever muckin goold,
An wunt a varden gie.

A poor misryable chap is he,
Wieout a heart ar mind,
Ar else ud zee, that zom day he
Mist lave ael on't behind.

Bit hoarden, screapen, wurryin on,
Wealth, wealth, a mist obtain.
An never will er gie a screw,
Tha poor apply in vain.
Wie charities, an ael good wirks
A nevir do agree,
He've got a job ta live hisself
Ta help voke why shid he.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Ya skierce da zee un out in street,
A never gooes vrim whoam,
Var travellin is girt expense,
A got na wish ta roam.
Day, atter day, behine his desk,
A screaps an counts his gain,
An if dwoant turn in as ud wish.
Da vill un up wie pain.

An days gooes by, an years roll on
An's got main wake an woold
His shop at last a mist gie up,
An live upon his goold.
Bit skierce is er jist zettled down,
Jist as his heart da crave,
Woold death steps in an zoon a lays
Vargotten in tha grave.

[92]

While his zuccessors every one
Slyly grins in ther sleeves,
Ta think what a woold stup a wur,
Narn o'm about un grieves.
His hoarded wealth like as tha wind
Thay purty quick meaks vly,
An does em oft mwore yarm than good
You've zeed as well as I.

* * * * *

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Then live ye trades voke as ya ought,
An if much wealth you've got.
Do good to your deserving poor,
Help cheer ther lowly lot.
An you'll have pleasure while ya live,
Ta veel that you've gied vree
To ael good wirks, an to tha poor.
Who'll bless yer memory.

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,

[93]

Var poor woold man his wur a life
As wurden vree vrom toil an strife,
Tho' manvully a did his peart,
Vor'd, got a honest cheervul heart.

Zoo he is gone an never mwore,
Shill's zee un gean tha steable door
Stript to his shirt, a rubbin down.
His hosses, wie a hissin zoun.
Poor things how they seem'd to rejoice,
An whicker at Joe's well know'd voice;
Var too em, he wur aelwys 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, upon his measters Break.
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 the hood,
Joe mist drave em if a cood.

Ar when tha weddin bells rung out.
An carriages did vlee about;
He, sated on his well know'd perch,
Mist aelwys drave tha bride ta church;
His smilin veace, beamin wie joy,
Tho sometimes nuff twur to annoy.
We shoes an rice villin tha air
As he drave'd off tha wedded pair.

[94]

Eece, never mwore, at Whitsun club,
Will he be zarvin out tha grub,
At teable aelwys head and chief
An carvin out, the 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 mwore,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Shill's zee un gean, tha hostel dooer;
Nar zee his smile, nar list his chaff,
Nar join his loud, and merry laugh;
Nar on his box drave droo the street,
Var's journeys now, be ael complete.
Zoo med ess ael, as on we go,
Our duty do, like Hossler Joe.

THA HURCOTT HUNT.

Hay ho "tally ho," away we da go,
At a rattlin pe-ace ael together;
Ta join tha girt meet, at Squire Gramshaas
Wie hearts as light as a veather,
Vrom village, an town, an miles aroun,
Every spourtsmin zure ta be there,
Tha young, an tha woold, we courage za bwold
Seage matrons, an gay maidens vair.

[95]

CHORUS

Var tis a gran, an a glorious day,
When Hurcott covers, we da draa
We teast tha good cheer, an drink long life
To tha jolly Squire Gramshaa.

Girt lards, an squires, in their scarlit cwoats
Big merchants, an rich bainkers too.
An varmers, za jolly, on usevul woold hacks.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

We noses zom rid, and zom blue.
Mine host a tha D----- we tradesvoke we zee,
Shoemakers, tinkers, an tailors,
We artisans slim, an leabourers stout.
Here, and there, zodjers, an zailers.

CHORUS: Var tis a gran, &c.

A cheervul zite tis, around the woold house.
To look on thic gay motley drong;
Ta zee how thay greet, to hear ow thay cheer,
Tha Squire, in hurrahs, loud an long;
A right jolly welcome, ta ael he da gie,
Tha rich, and tha poor every one:
Var peer, an var pesant, his teable is spread
All's welcome, to veast, an to vun.

CHORUS: Var tis a gran, &c.

Well prim'd we good cheer, ael hasten away,
Ta copse, wie a rush an scramble.
An many a spill, ar ugly scratch get.
As they hurry droo bracken and bramble.

[96]

Hark! hark! "tally ho," tha hounds take scent,
An Stovin, tha harn gins ta zound
An now tha hoods, rezound wie tha spourt,
Var ael is excitement around.

CHORUS: Var tis a gran, &c.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Athirt tha hard road, an droo thorny hedge,
Sly rennard a quickly, da hie.
Tha hounds voller up, droo varmer Drews vields,
Thay he atter un, now in vull cry.
Ta Ivors away, be zide a tha hill,
Var dear life, a madly da race.
An hill, an dale, var miles around,
Re-ecker tha crys, a tha chase.

CHORUS: Var tis a gran, &c.

Poor rennard alas, is beginnen ta vlag
Var he's woold, an shart is his breath,
Tha hounds be on un, an now ael the vield
Hurries up, to be in at tha death.
An to tha young maiden, vust on the spot,
Stovins bans up, tha coveted brush.
Which we pride, she accepts, mid diffnin cheers,
An her rosy cheeks geans then to blush.

CHORUS: Var tis a gran, &c.

Back ta cover agean, away goo the hounds;
An a vriskey young vox, is zoon vound
Like lightnin away, to Ivors he vleys.
An auver steep hill at a bound,

[97]

An hossmen an vootmin, many a mile,
Vollies hounds an huntsmin an whip

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

An garses, an thickets, an coppice, be draa'd
Bit a manag'd ta gie ess tha slip.

CHORUS: Var tis a gran, &c.

Vast tha zun is gwain down, behine Shaston-hill
An apeace comes on gloomy night.
An keen vrosty winds begynnen ta blow,
Main keen too is hache appetite,
Well tired a spourt, var wom we da turn,
Vrens to greet, be tha girt Crismis vire
Days dooin ta releat, and wind up at last,
We a bumper, to tha jolly good Squire.

CHORUS.

Var tis a gran, an a glorious day,
When Hurcott covers, we da draa
An long may we live, ta join the spourt
We the worthy Squire Gramshaa.

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.

[98]

CHORUS.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Var lightly a trips it, and merrily bounds
An keers not var huntsmen, 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, and merrily bounds
An keers not var huntsmen, 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 huntsmen, nar hounds.

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

CHORUS.

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

Bwold Vreemin, an Stovin, oft puzzled ther brains,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Var ta bring thease geam rascal ta bay,

[99]

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 huntsmen, 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 wunt touch un wie gun nar wie dog.

CHORUS.

An vrom em he trips it, an merry he bounds,
An dwoantkeer var keepers, nar huntsmen, 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 zacred ta ael,
Zeave tha measter, tha huntsman, an's pack,

CHORUS.

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

Lard Radner, declares, he'll av un zom day,
We a vair, an a square, spourtsmin's kill,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

An tho he've 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 huntsmen, neet narn a ther hounds.

[100]

JACK'S POLL.

A ZEA ZONG.

Jack's Poll, she jilted he, zo he mead off ta zea.

A hurried down, ta Pourtsmouth town,

An jin'd tha Royal Nea-vy,

Breave, lusty, stout an strong, a diden tarry long

Var a jolly tar, in a man a war,

A zoon wur zent off ta zea.

REFRAIN AND CHORUS

An ael day he did zing,

I'm happy as a king,

Zunce I com away ta zea

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 haved a zigh, begun ta cry,

Dear Jack com back ta I.

Bit cries wur ael in vain, var Jack wur on tha main,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Gay an zerene, zarvin his Queen

Likewise his dear country.

CHORUS: An ael day he did zing, &c.

We Union Jack unvirl'd, a zail'd aroun tha wirl'd,

Wie gallant heart, a did his part,

An helped his comrades vree,

A vaverite quick a grew, we ael tha good ships crew,

[101]

Zoon his neame wur rais'd ta feame,

In thic good ship on tha sea.

CHORUS: An ael day he did zing, &c.

Vive year had pass'd away, an orders come one day

Ta zail var whoam across tha voam

Back to tha woold country. [town

Zoon they cast anchor down; in vront a Pourtsmouth

Jack took his pay an a hallerday,

Woold vrens to goo an zee.

CHORUS: An ael day he did sing, &c.

His pus, well lin'd we goold, a hied ta zenes a woold,

A sweet heart voun, good girl all roun

Who a zailer lov'd dearly. [street

An one day thay did meet, Jacks valse Poll in the

Who cried alack, come back, dear Jack,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

An a vaithvul lass I'll be.

REFRAIN AND CHORUS

Bit Jack to her did zing,
Ya zee this sweet young thing
Who tha leetle wife shall be
Of Jack just come vrom sea
To this jolly tar, vrum a man a war.
His guiding star, she'll be by-gar.

[102]

BEEANS AN BEAKIN.

I tell ee what it is me bwoys,
You mid, praise beef, and 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 apon 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

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

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 cans, zix rains a beens I zet,
Var to av long me beaken.

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.

[103]

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

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

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

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

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 beans away
Long we a piece a rafty.

Zix o'm he'll stick apon 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 dwont ee vret,
Nar zich a row be meakin

[104]

Trust he, ta tackle em aelright,
Thay'll slippy down we beakin.

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

Chip a tha woold block, praphs you'll zaay,
An atter's dad is taken
Well never mind; he'll meak a man

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

If a sticks ta beens an beakin.

I likes ta zee me childern av,
A plenty a grub ta ate;
An when tha beens thay be about,
Dwoant want no butchers mate.

Insteeds a veedin children 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 does that.
Pinch me zelf, nar neet me bwoy.
An if we caant avoord broad cloth,
We ull goo in carderoy.

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

[105]

Wonce, when I wur in Lunnen town,
Along we me cussin Joe,
Thay wur gwain to av a beean veast,
An axed I var ta go.

Dang it thinks I, now what a veed,
I'm a gwain ta av bim bye,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

I'll bet a crown that nam o'm there

Ull tackle tha beens like I.

Zoo when tha day war come we drove,

Bout ten mile, vrim Lunnen town;

An at a girt vine Public House

Ta dinner we ael zat down.

Mwoast every jint that you cood neam,

Wur putt on top a teable;

Ther wur no stint, av what ja 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 been veast, cassen zee,

Wie out a single beean.

We that a busted out an grin'd

An zet tha tothers laffin.

[106]

An zoo begar, ael droo the day

I had ta beare ther chaffin.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Bit, I cood'n zee tha drift at ael,
A there grinnin an ther jokin,
I thinks that I mwore razon had,
Me vun at thay 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 whacks 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, an 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 wirken 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.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

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

Yoke zaays I'll zoon get tired on't
Mid my yead never be acken
Till I da gie up, gettin outzide
A platter a beens an beakin.

HAYMEAKIN ZONG,

When Mid-zummer 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;
We gleamin sythe thay ael tha day,
Da whet, an swet, an maw away,
While wives da vollie on behind
An sheaks tha swaths out ta 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'11 cut, an caal it purty play,

[108]

An zometimes thay ull av a bout,
Ta zee who vust on em gies out,
Bit Joe's tha baste man a tha dree
Thear's narn ta come up zides we he.

CHORUS: Var haymeakin, &c.

Down mead, it be a purty zite,
When tha weathers warm an bright;
Ta hear tha glad haymeakin yoke,
Za merry like, we zong an joke,
Ta zee tha childern jump an play,
An rompse amang tha new mawn hay
An coortin couples be tha brook
Wanderen to zom sheady nook.

CHORUS: Var haymeakin, &c.

Measter and Missus oft coms 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 sweet's a nut,
An oft ull zend var extry beer
Tha leaburen people var ta cheer.

CHORUS: Var haymeakin, &c.

At nunchen time vrim tha hot zun,
Ta yander wilier tree, thay run
Which bye tha river's baink da spread,
Like a girt tent up auver yead,
An here tha zimple vare gooes down,

[109]

A braden cheese an yale za brown
Wich every man, ooman an bwoy
Hearty and happy da enjoy.

CHORUS: 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
Beeans an beakin is tha tack
Girt poodens too, baccy an beer.
An close tha day we jolly cheer.

CHORUS: Var haymeakin, &c.

THE WILTSHIRE MOONRAKERS.

Down Vizes way zom years agoo.
When smuggal'n wur nuthen new,
An people wurden nar bit shy,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Of who they did ther sperrits buy.
In a village liv'd a Publican,
Who kept an Inn, Tha Pelican,
A man he wur, a man a merit
An his neam wur Ikey Perritt.
Ael roun about tha country voke

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Tha praise of thease yer landlard spoke;
Var wen any on'em wur took bad,
They know'd wur sperrits coud 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 course, twer done in iggerance.

One winter, Crismis 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 zizevoke voun his trail,
An med a pop'd inta jail,
Howsemdever, I'll zen and zee,
Ta marrer wats become a he.
Zoo nex day at nite he off did start.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

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 cotch.
Zoo tell woold Perritt thats tha razin

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I coudden zen avore ta pleaz un.
Zoo wen twur dark thase smuggler bwold,
Got dree tubs vrim a zacrit hould;
An unobsarved he purty smart,
Zoon clap'd em in tha donkey cart;
An tha top a covered up we hay,
Then zent tha chaps an cart away;
Ael droo tha streets quite zeaf 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 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

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Then kick'd bouth shafts right off za clane.

Up went tha cart, tha tubs vill out.

An in tha road zood roll'd about;

An vore tha chaps cood 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 thic 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 knaw'd un hack like this,

Unless zummit wur much amiss,

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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 tha load.

Bit zounds, while thus we do delay,

Tha 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 an vind a reak;

I thinks that I can reak em out,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Var ther thay be swimmin about.
Two reaks wur got, an then thease two
Did reak an 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 em goo.
An zo I will if thee hoot to.
Get out, girt stup, we mist get in,
Tho we da get 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;

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An 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.
Tha zizemen now ad reach'd tha please,
An Will he draa'd a ruful veace;
We beant no poachers zur zed he,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

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 Zizemin swallered ael o't in,
An ta 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;
Ta zee a crazy headed coon,
Reak at tha shadder of tha moon.
Will wink'd at Tom, Tom wink'd at Will,

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Ta zee how nice he'd took tha pill;
Ah, zur, you med laff as long's ya please,
Bit we be zure it be a cheese.
Zee how he shows hissself za plain,
Com Tom, lets reak vor he again.
Zo slap an dash went on tha reakin,
While Zizeman he var vun wur sheakin;
An off a went houlden his zide,
Var longer there a cooden bide.
We grinnin his eyes did auvervlow,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Ta zee thay chaps a reakin zo;
An ta think that now he'd tould em zo,
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 bouth get in;
An zed girt vools till zar em rite,
If thay da ketch ther deaths ta nite.
Bit wen he ad got clane 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 well tha landlords pot,
An wen he a coose did pay em well
Thease little stowry not ta tell;

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Zo wen tha Zizemin nex did com,
Woold Perritt he a coose wur mum.
An in a glass did jine wie glee,
Wen Zizemin twould tha tale ta he;
Bit he laffd mwore wen zeaf one nite,
Tha tubs wur brought wom snug an tite;

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

An many a bumper went a round,
To think thay'd beat tha Zizemin zound.

* * * * *

Bit he tha tale did zoon let out
To ael tha country roun about;
An to thease day, people 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 smeat Excisemin vresh vrum town,
Wur took in wie a Willsheer clown.

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THA GIRT BIG FIGGETY 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.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

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 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 vear a any on't getten 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.

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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,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

An as black mwoast as me hat.

An twur rare vun ta zee em smoke,
Var in wine an brandy thay 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 come 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 lettle 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,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Ta zee ow zoon away I'd bide,
That ar dree penneth a pooden.

It done her good she did declare,
Ta zee I at me pooden there.
An she aelwys gied I mwourn me sheare,
Cos I wur vond a pooden.

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

A used to come in steamin hot.
Nearly as big's a waishen pot,
Wie vigs an currands zich a lot.
In thick 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.
Thick 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 gierdeu stuff apon me plate,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

An pooden aelwys wur a trate,
Specily thick one at Crismis.

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Tho I own, I did av mworn me whack
Me lips var mwore did offen smack
An me waistcut offen war main slack
Wen tha pooden wur ael gone.

A contented bwoy I aelwys 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 caals zart a hobbledehoy,
Tha chaps did try I to annoy
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,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

Ta live we 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,

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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 leaburers wives
If you de wish var happy lives,
You'll av em zure if you contrives
Ta get lots a figgetty poodens.

If ya caant avoord much butchers mate,
Ta putt apon yer usbins 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 ta gain.
An a unger never he'll complain
If ya gets un lots a pooden.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

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.

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WILTSHIRE TALES.

**ZACKERIER CHAABEAKIN,
AN HIS VISIT TA WARMISTER TA ZEE
THA PRINCE OF WAILES.**

PART I.

Me neam is Zackerier Chaabeakin, me fiather's neam wur Zackerier, an me granfers neam wur Zackerier too. Accordin to ower woold vamily bible tha Chaabeakin's can treace back ther antickety var mworn two underd year, an in vact thay've a lived in tha zeam cot, in tha zeam village, var mworn haughty year, wich is a longish time good now. Tha Chaabeakin's av bin a tarblish powervul vamily in thease yer county a Willsheer var a good many underd years ther beant no dout a that, var yeant ower county veamus var pigs, everywhere droo out tha wordle? Now zom voke da pride therzelves mainly bout treacin back their antickety, zom da zay thay can goo back ta Garge tha vust, zom ta Hin tha haight, zom ta Bill tha Conqueror, zom ta Offerd tha girt, an zom that ther vorefiathers com auver wie tha Romans in Julius Sazars time, bit noon on em can treace back longer than tha Chaabeakins, var thay can goo back right ta Adam an Eve, an I'm dang if any on em can whack that I knaas. Well tha cot we da live in is bout dree mile vrim Yaanbury Castle rings, to tha rite of tha road

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laden vrim Zalsbry ta Warmister, tis a nicish pleace enough in vine weather, an you can zee a longish way ael round about. In vront on ess ael down tha Wiley valley, we can jist ketch a glimpse a tha girt spire a Zalsbry Cumthedrel; to tha right is tha girt big hoods a Grovely an girt Eidge, an on a clare day we can zee tha different rings, barrers, mounds, an ditches, which they there voke caal'd Harcheologist da zaay wur mead be tha Roamins nigh two thousand years agoo var to bury ther dade in what wur killed in battle. To tha lift on ess is tha girt Zalsbry Plaain stretchen away var miles an miles an wur da stan thay girt big stounes caal'd Stounehenge. Behine ower house is tha girt hills aroun Warmister, Scratchley, Cley Hill, an Battlesbury, an a lot mwore who's neams I varget, to tha right is tha Malbere downs, handy ta which is tha vigure of a girt white hoss, cut out in tha chaak an which thay da zaay tha Zaxon voke used ta wurship, zoo teak it aeltogether, I da think we lives in one of tha nicest pleacin on Zalsbry Plaain. Aelthough no dout ta mwoast voke it hood zeem a terryable dull pleace ta live in, bit ve've ad zim stirrin things teak pleace yer zunce I've bin in tha wordle, var wen I wur a bwoy, bout twenty years agoo, ther wur zich a zet out as wur never zeed avore nar zunce, caal'd the Autumn Manooovers. Lore, wurden that a zite ta be zure, I never shaant varget it. Varty thousand zowljers, an out on em ten thousand hoss, haaf on em tother zide tha Wiley, amang tha hoods a Grovely, an Girt Ridge, an haaf on em ower zide, hidden in ael zarts a pleacin, vallies, plantations, varm steeds, and zich like, not var totherem ta zee em; Bit lore, wen thay did meet wurden

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there zim battles ta be zure. Tha vust on em took pleace at Codvird, another at Wishvird, another cloas ta ower cot aroun Yaanbry an tha last on em at Woodvird, vawer aeltogether. An atter thease battles, in wich skiercly arn o'm wur kill'd, there wur a girt vine review at Beakin Hill, an wich wur a zite I can tell ee, tha peapers ael zed twur tha grandest military zite as ever ad bin zeed in woold Englind. Lar ow I wish thay'd com yer agean we thay there manooovers, var besides bein a vine zite, it done a lot

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

a good ta tha village voke, var it stirred up trade a good un, an zom a tha yoke mead a smeartish bit a money out o'nt, var mwoast ael tha girt voke a tha Ian wur yer, an tha Prince a Wailes a ridin about everywhere. Well, taakin about he da bring inta me yead wat I promised var ta tell ee about, an that is as ya zee be tha title, "his visit ta Warmister," zoo then yer gooes. Well tha night avore he wur ta com, I zaays ta measter, "Can I av ta-marrer atter dinner, as I da wan ta goo inta Warmister ta zee tha Prince a Wailes com in?" "O eece, Zack, be aej means thee canst go, I thinks I shill goo meself, var aelthough I beant royalty crazy, nar neet got it on me brain, I shill goo jist ta shaw un me respects like." Zoo jist as I had done thankin on un an wur gwain wom, I rin'd back an I zaays, "I spoose measter ya hooden be kine enuff ta let Zuzan goo, hood ee?" "Well, I mist ax missus about that, Zack," zaays he, "if she ant got no jection I be zure I haant, zoo I'll ax her, wen I da goo in." "Thank ee, measter," zaay I, an off I went whoam, bit I'd skierclej popped me yead in doores, when Zue com

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runnin ael down tha lean a hollerin "Zack! Zack! Zackey! I'm a gwain! I'm a gwain." "Beest," zaays I, "well missus is kind an no mistake." "An zoo she is, Zackey, var mworn gien a haaf hollerdy she's gwain ta gie ess haaf a crown a piece ta pay var ower riden in tha train. "God bless her," zaays I, "she's a downrite good un, that she is. Well then, Zue me dear, we'll steart vrim here bout twelve a clock zo's we can waak down ta Codvird an teak tha train there." "Ael right," zaays she, an atter gien on her two whoppen kisses, one on hache cheek, away she rin'd back ta varm. Zoo next day zoon atter twelve, off bouth on ess went, ta ketch tha train at Codvird stayshin var Warmister, an thar wur a girt crowd a voke a waiten ther var ta goo on we un. Zoo atter waiten a goodish bit in com tha girt long train we nearly every carridge vull a people a gwain ta zee tha Prince a Wailes. Zue an I rind up an down, a peepin in yer, an peepin in there, bit nar a empty sate cood arn oance zee. I wur beginnin ta get main spitevul var I wur avraid tha train hood goo on athout ess, wen all at once I yeard zim biddy hollie out "Zack! Zack! yer, com down yer an get in," an zure enuff twur no other then measter a caalin out vrim a vust class carridge. "Lar, measter," I zaays, "I mussen get in thick un,

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Fifth Series of Wiltshire
Rhymes and Tales (1894)*

ar thay'll zummons I." "Com on an nevir thee mine that," a zaays, an wie that in a dragged I an Zue, an lore jaminni, I wur never in zich a pleave avore, an wen I went ta zit down twur like zitten on a heap a chaff, dang if I diden think I wur gwain right droo. Thick carridge wur vitted up jist like ower Squires draain room. Lore

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I zaays "Zue, how I shid like ta goo ael tha way ta Lunnen in un," "an zoo shid I too, Zackey," zaays she. Zoo as zoon as tha train started off I zeed there wur ony vive voke in tha peartment that war I an Zue' Measter an Missus, an a girt lanky zart of a man wie a long jaa an a leetle bit a beard on his chin no bigger than a tuff like, an a had on a girt cwoat as rached nearly down ta his toes, wie a girt broad band round tha middle on un, an on his hade, a girt wide awake hat wie a brim wide enough amwoast var a bwoy ta ride aroun on, an ther a zat a lookin at I an Zue, an diden speake a word, till bye an bye, measter zaays to un, "I hope you'll excuse this young man an ooman bein in here." "Dwoant mention it vren," zaays he, "I reckon one man's as good's another, wether he be in broadcloth ar fustin if he's an honest man." "Jist zo" zaays measter, "bit excuse me var mention on it, ony ya know ther's a good many straight leaced zart a people in thease yer wordle, that hood as zoon ride wie a bear as a poor wirken man." "I guess you're right there, strainger" zaays he," an zunce I've bin in Englind if ther's one thing that disgusts I mwore than another tis this yer abominable class distinction in yer society. Guess I'm zick on it, an da mwoast meak me blood bwile ta zee it every day as I do. My standard a nobility an greatness, is a straight, upright, downright, honest man, as Bobby Burns tha Scotch poet da zaay,

A King can make a belted Knight,

A Duke, a Lord, an a that,

Bit an honest man's aboon his might, &c.

Bit yer, you English voke, reckons a man up by his pocket, an style a dress, an tha whole an zole aim of

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tha girt majority of yer people is keeping up appearances an apin ther betters, pen upon it tis tha cuss a yer country. Ya dwoant zee zich torn foolery in Americky, there, one man's as good as another, if he's an honest man, we dwoant believe in caste, tha humblest in tha land, can rise to tha highest pinnacle of feam, as you can zee by zom of ower Presidents who have risen vrim obscurity." "Well eece," zaays measter, "that's true, I da yeat pride mezelf caant abear it, bit ower country I know is rampant we it. Ya can zee it in ael classes of society. I mezelf da knaw voke, in tha very humblest waaks a life, who nearly starve therselves ta keep up apperances, an I da knaw men wie ther thousands who be as umble like as a leetle chile, an I dwoant dout bit wat you in Americky av got zom zich zart a people. "Well, I calculate we have," zaid tha stranger, "bit ther ya zee, no biddy da teak any notice on em, thervore thay doant vourish an beant za numerous as here in Englind. As var yer titled voke, wot is it bit mere emptyness. Now here to-day, in thease very train, wots tha meanin a tha crowds a voke leavin ther businesss an work ta goo an zee a man pass droo tha street becaas he happens to be a Prince. Why to me tis down right idolatry, I da caal it. "Well vriend," zaays measter, "to a zartin extent you be right. Var mezelf an vrens mist plade guilty to this idolitary, if idolitary it be, var that zartinly is they intent an purpose of our gwain ta Warmister ta-day. Bit vriend ther be other motives then merely gratifiyin tha eye ta look at a man becaas he's a Prince. I teak it, that tha harty welcome he will av ta day, vrim ael

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classes of zociety is extended to un, becaas he is tha representative an will be, zom day if God da speer un, at tha head of ower glorious constitution, a constitution, second ta noon in tha wordle, an wich even you Merickans do admit is tha envy of ael. Much I knaas needs menden, much we med wie advantage copy vrim you, bit this me vriend ya must convess, that to-day Englind we ael her vaats stands pre-eminent as tha Ian a vreedom." "Here, here, well done, measter," zaays I, main hearty. Tha Merican man

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cood arldly keep vrum laffin ta hear what a hearty cheer I gied ower measter, ater he had had his zay, an jist as thay wur gettin ready var another vew wirds tha Drain draa'd up at Warmister stayshin an zo twur cut shirt, zoo atter sheaken hands wie tha Yankee an wishen on un good bye, out we got, amaing underds, an underds, a voke that choked up ael tha very platvarm, an jist wur tha Prince a Wailes wur ta get out, a vine rid carpet wur put down var he ta tread on. An ael about wur girt shrubs, an plants, an vlowers, mixed up we vlags an banners, that it ael looked jist like a viary pleece, that you da rade o in books. Zoo atter gapin at ael o't I teaks hold Zue be tha yarm, an off we went a vollien up a girt vine zowljers band, as wur come on purpose ta play tha Prince an his leady in, an ael down tha street. Mwoast every house wur decorated up we vlags an banners an motters on em, here an there wur gran arches a ever greens, wie tha wirds on em "Welcome," "Long live tha Prince an Princess a Wailes," an lots a mwore bezides as I've vargot. I never zeed zich a zite avore, an Zue an I wur plased we't down ta groun, I ad a mine

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ta put down ael that we zeed in a leetle book that I had, bit Zue zed she shid mine em ael. Zoo up an down we waak'd an gap'd about var mworn a nower, till I begun ta get main peckish like, an I zaays ta Zue "Tis now jist vawer a clock, an tha Prince yeant a comin in till viva zapose we da goo zomwhere, an av zummit ta ate an drink." "Ael right, Zack," zays she, "an zoo we will, var I da veel a leetle leer like mezelf."

PART II.

Zoo off we goes to a Public House an a wur chok'd up like a bee hive, howzemdever wie a lot a pushen an scrungen we got in, an vound a good sate. "Bring in a quart a yale" zays I ta tha waiter, an wur jist agwain ta border haaf a gallin loaf, an a poun a cheese, when Zue gied me yarm a tug, an zaays "I've got plenty var ta ate," an begar she took out o her leetle basket a girt snowl a brade, an a whoppin piece a ham, a poun I warn. "Lar Zue," I zaays, "wurst get this vrom," an she zaid "Missus tould her ta teak it, var she zed Warmister hood be za vull a voke that we shudden be yeable ta get any thing ta

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ate praps, an had better be zure to teak zom." "Lar Zue," zaays I, "beant she a veelin ooman ta think on ess like this here." Zoo in com tha quart a yale an Zue an I purty quick polished off thick loaf an piece a ham, an wur gettin zart a merry like, wen in com vawer musickers, one wie a viddle, a harp, a vife, an a brassen trumpet, an lar if thay didden play za nice an sweet, that Zue an I wur car'd right off

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lika, we tha zound on't, twur stunnen begar twur. Zoo atter thay'd a played dree ar vawer tunes wie gied em tuppence apiece ael round, an axed em ta drink we ess, wich thay ael zeem'd main glad ta do, an purty quick emptied another quart, bit I didden keer var that. "Here waiter vill un agean," var I wur zo took we thay there musickers I cood a gied em anything, zoo he wie tha viddle coms up, an a zaays "Can ee zing a zong young man, if zoo we'll compny ee wie tha music?" "Well," zaays I, "I've a got a vew lines in me noddle about thease yev vine kick up yer ta day. I'll zing em if you can play tha tune as I studded em var," zoo I hummed auver tha tune, an thay cotched it hold in a jiffy, zoo I got on teable an hoff I started

ZONG

Com ael you jolly moonrakers,
As wirks in vield ar barn.
Com lissen to thease ditty,
You'll be plazed we he I warn.

CHORUS.

Let every man an bwoy ta-day
Who holds plough, ar use tha vlails,
Het in an zing God bless tha Queen,
Likewise tha Prince a Wailes.

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Tha Prince a Wailes, ower good Queen's zon,
Amangst ess coms ta-day.
Then hurrah, an cheer un long an loud.
That tha zound he'll car away.

CHORUS: Let every man, &c.

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Jist let un zee we Willshere voke,
Beant very vur behind,
An Royal voke can welcome well
Wen we meaks up ower mind.

CHORUS: Let every man, &c.

Tho' zom shid scoff, an zay what vools,
Ta be meakin zich a vust,
Dwoant heed em bwoys, bit cheer agean.
We voices vit ta bust.

CHORUS: Let every man, &c.

Var tis ower constitution bwoys,
Wie cheers in thease yer Prince,
Var he'll be king a Englind,
Zoo cheer, let narn o ee wince.

CHORUS: Let every man, &c.

Var nar a lan like Englind

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Ther beant in ael tha wordle,
Wur every man's as vree's a bird,
Wur vreedom's vlaig's unvurld

CHORUS: Let every man, &c.

Then cheer, till meak'n proud a we,
An a wunt varget I'm bown,
Tha day he zich a welcom had
In Warmister's gay town.

CHORUS: Let every man, &c.

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O lar zich a hooray, knookin a teables, sheakin a glasses, an stampin a veet, as ther wur atter I ad zung thic zong I'm dang if twerden like Bedlim let loose. Thay ael crowded roun I, like a vlock a sheep, an offeren ta trate I wie anything I mi'nt ta av, thay wur zo took up wie me zong thay zaid, an Zue she wur quite struck up like, an zaays, "Lar Zack, I didden knaa thee cudst meak pawltry." "Na mwore did I, Zue, till I tried me han on, an what's think on't,?" I zaays. "O stunnen" zaays she "I wish tha Prince a Wailes, cood a yeard it I warn he'd a gied thee a shillin." "Bit wat a pity tis," zaays tha viddler, "bit what ya adden a thought on't before an had em printeed ya cood a zould underds amang tha voke yer ta-day I warnd." Zoo atter thankin ael o'm var their good veelins, I zaays ta Zue, "Tha time is draain on, an we'd better get out an vind a good plecta ta Stan in, ta zee tha Prince an Princess goo bye, zoo atter promisin tha landlard an musickers ta caal agean, wen twur ael auver, off we went yarm in yarm, bit I very zoon ad ta stop that, var tha streets wur crammed up zo, that twur a job ta get about zingly let alone hetch'd up in yarms. Bim bye however, atter a lot a drungen an scrungen, we managed ta squeeze owerzelves droo tha voke, an zettled down jist under one of tha trumpet arches cloas ageanst tha Townd Hall. "This'11 be a nayshin good plecta, ta zee em,"

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zaays I ta Zue, "var thay'll lite up tha gas bim bye, an till be as light as day, zoo we'll stick here an wunt waig a paig till atter thame gone bye." "Aelright Zack," zaays Zue, "I'll stick be yer zide as tight as wex." Zoo in bout haaf a nower, a chap wie a girt long stick lighted up tha gas, an

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lore twur bright an neariy dazzled me eyes a lookin at it. Ther wur in virey letters tha Prince a Wailes' veathers, an in under "God bless em bouth," I never zeed nuthin like it avore, an wur we stood twur as light as tha day. Bit tha wust on't wur, tha rain begun ta drizzle a bit, an tha wind got za high, that lots a tha gas jets wur blowed out purty nigh as vast as tha did light em. I wur main zorry ta zee it, but a coose cooden be helped an tha chaps wie tha stick tried ta keep em a light as well's thay cood. Then ael at wonce we yeard zich boomin zounds that mead I an Zue nearly jump off ower laigs wie vright, they wur lettin off tha cannin, a royal salute, jist as tha train wur draain in to tha stayshin. An wen tha Prince an his pearty stepped out, tha plantation at tha back a tha stayshin looked jist as though twur ael a vire, var in under tha trees ther wur underds a different coloured lights a burnin, an tha flection on't lighted up nearly ael tha town. Well twurden long atter avore we yeard zich cheerin, shouten, hoochrayin, an scamperin a bosses, an voke a hollie un out "Thame a comin! thame a comin!" An as we look'd ael up tha street atween tha long rains a zowljers as wur ther we vix'd baynits ta clare tha road an keep back tha crowd, we zeed a lot a yeomantry caviltry, a gallopin along like mad wie draa'd zoords, a undered on em ar mwore, an atter they'd gone past Lard Baths girt vine carridge we vower postillions, an inside wur tha Prince an Princess a Wailes, along we Lard Bath an jist as thay com ni tha arch gean wur we stood, we zet up zich a hearty hooray. I'm zure thay mist av yeard it at Zalsbry purty nigh, tha Prince putt his yeard out, an

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zeemed za pleased, a nodden yer an there ta tha voke. A looked straight at I, an zeemed ta knaa I agean, var I zeed un a good many times on tha Plaain, wen tha Autumn Manooovers wur on, an I warn'd he minded it. I didnen ze much of his missus var she wur nodden, an smilen at tha voke tother zide tha street. Atter thay wur gone bye a lot mwore carridges com'd on, crammed up we girt voke, an atter thay, tha zarvents we tha boxes an passils. Zoo atter thay wur ael gone on ta Longleat House, tha crowds a voke mead ther way to a girt ground wur zim virewirks wur gwain ta be let off, and twur a vien zite to be sure. Zue an I looked on we ower mouths wide open, in meazemint var we had never zeed nuthen like it avore. An wen that wur auver, a girt bonvire wur lit on tha top a Cley Hill, a chap tould ess as ow ther were a thousand vaggits in un, besides varty or fifty tar an oil barrells, an I da think twur true too, var aelthough it wur a dampish nite it bleazed up an lighted ael tha country roun var miles. "Well Zue," zaays I "tis a vine zite zurely, an I hooden a miss'd it var a pound." Zoo atter watchin ael on'tvar a nower ar two I begins ta get dryish like, an zaays ta Zue, "Come along, let's goo back ta thic ar public house, an whet ower whissle a bit." Away we trudged ael droo tha voke as vast as we cood, an wen we got in, tha Laniard axed ess ta goo upstairs ta tha club room, var a leetle pearty wur gwain on a dancin an zingin. "Shill's goo up, Zue, an av a bit of a jig." "If you'm a minteed, Zack," zaays she. Zoo up we gooes, an paid drippence a piece at tha doors, var ta pay tha band, an wen we got in about thirty ar vorty young voke wur dancin away like

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steam. Zoo atter whettin ower whissle, I teaks woold a Zue an zwung her about thic room till she cried out that her yeard wur zwimmin round, an cooden keep it up na longer. Vaggged out we bouath zat down an atter we had rasted a bit, tha Laniard comes across ta ax if I'd ablidge tha company be zingin thic ar zong agean about tha Prince a Wailes. Zoo nuthen hooden do bit wat I mist zing un agean, an atter I'd a done, tha waiter brought up var I an Zue, two thumpen glasses a what he caal'd grog wich tha Lanlard had a zent var we ta drink tha Prince an Princess a Wailes health we. Zoo I zipped, an Zue she zipped var narn oance han never teasted zich drink avore, an we

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bouath smacked ower lips a good un, "Lar, yeant it nice zaays Zue," quite warms I ael auver," an zo it do I begar I veels as merry an proud as tha Prince a Wailes hisself. Zoo atter drinkin on it ael up, we wished em ael good-night, thay zeemed main zorry ta peart we ess an wanted ess ta bide a bit longer, bit I zaays "we mist goo, var tha train hooden stop var we, an we've got vive mile ta goo, atter we gets ta Codvird stayshin." Zoo we a lot a sheakin a bans an good-nights, away we gooes, an yarm in yarm mead var tha stayshin. We adden gone very vur vore I zaays ta Zue, "my crackys how thay there lampwosts da keep bibbty bobbin a bout ta be zure, what evers tha matter we em? thay'll zurely vaal down apou ess if we dwoant mind." "Doant ee taak za zilly Zackey," zaays she, "teant tha lamp pwosts thats movin about, bit that ar drap a grog which zeems a wirken in yer noddle." "Well tis zummit," zaays I, "var ael tha wordle zeems gwain roun an rourf, an I da veel martil vunny like I mist

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zaay, however hold I ard Zue, I deer zay I shill be ael right agean bim bye, tis a comin out in tha vresh hayer, atter thick are smoky room, av got auver I." Purty zoon we got ta tha stayshin an down I zat glad enuff an waited var tha train ta com along. An wen a comd in Zue purty quick spied out a speer sate, an twerden long avore I wur snugly zettled down in one corner a snorin away a good un, till ael at wonce Zue baaled out "Zack weak up we'm got ta Codvird." "Be ess," zaays I, "why dwoant zeem a minute agoo we wur at Warmister." I had bin in zich a zound sleep, an no dout shid a went clane on ta Zalsbry if I'd bin aloan. As zoon as we got outzide tha stayshin, measter an missus wur awaiten var ess in there vowerwheel, an hoff we purty zoon went, measter an missus in vront and Zue an I cuddled up behine. Lar ow I enjoyed thic ar ride be tha zide a Zue, var I wur wrapped up za nice an warm we a extry girt shawl she'd a brought, an her yarm wur ael roun mo weast ael tha way, zo's I shudden vaal out. Purty zoon we got up ta varm, an atter hetchen out tha hoss an putten away tha carridge I gooes in ta varm ta av a drop a zummit hot ta keep out tha cwoold, as missus zed. Zoo atter wishen on em good night an gien Zue two ar dree thumpen good kisses, I steer'd var whoam, an zom how ar other zeemed dree times as long as used ta be. Howsemdever at last I

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rached tha door, vound out tha kay hawl, an twerden many minutes avore I tumbled into
bade, an dramed ael night about tha Prince a Wailes' visit to Warmister.

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TALES IN BRIEF.

MY VUST BIT A GUNPOWDER.

Bout thirty year agoo, when I wur up a ardish bwoy, an in tha vust year a me
prenticeship, a main girt steart there wur gwain ta be ael auver Engliind. Var two ar drie
year we an Vrance ad bin at war wie Rooshy, an bouth countries wur got terryable zick
on't, var what we tha girt battles, an tha terryable diseases out in thic are Crimear, tha
pick a bouth of tha harmies wur purty nigh gone. Tha Rooshians too, who wur heated
purty nigh in every battle, wur martil glad ta zue for pace, an com ta terms. Zoo every
bidy wur martil glad when pace wur signed, an tha war wur auver. Well, tha voke in
ower leettle town mead up their mines to av a proper jolification in honor of tha event.
There wur ta be a vree dinner in tha Market Pleace, spourts an pastimes a ael zarts, two
bands a music, bell ringin an cannon virin, luminations an virewirks at nite. Zo tha day
avore it wur ta com off, I happend ta vind out tha handle of a screw hammer layin about
among measter's woold iron. "Lar, wat a proper cannon he'll meak," zaays I, zo I ax'd
measter vor'n an a zaays, "dwoant blow thee yeard off wie un mind." Zo in me dinner
time I viles a touch hawl in un, an lets un inta a girt hard block a hood, an vastens un
down wie a couple a strong steaples zo's a shudden kick, wen I let un off. Zo I buys haaf
a poun a gunpowder, an chuckled to mezelf "Wunt I av a baing up ta marrer marnen, a
vore any on ems up." I mist tell ee as ow twur ranged var tha town voke to vire their

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girt cannons at vawer a clock, ta wake tha people up, ah thinks I, I'll be avore em. Zoo
next marnin bout drie o'clock, jist as twur gettin a bit light, out a bade I bundles, an a

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young chap as wur me bade feller zaay's "Wur bist a gwain to this time a tha marnin?" "0," I zaays, "thee bide still, I da want ta goo down stayers var zummit, I'll be back agean strait," var if I'd a tould un wat I wur up to, he'd a starmed tha house, as tha very neam a gunpowder nearly zent un inta sterricks, a wur zich a timeed young chap. Down stayers I gooes, quiet's a mouse not var ta wake up tha totherem, gets me cannin, well rams un up ta tha muzzle wie peaper an gunpowder, an putts un on tha ground, jist under ower cottage winder, then I teaks a girt long stick, var I still wur in dout about his kickin, ties on a bit a peaper, lights it, and puts it on the touch hawl. " O lar, O lar," my cracky wurden their a baing, I never yeard tha like on't avore, nar neet zunce. I wur complately stunned var two ar dree minutes, an when I did come too, I zeed that every square a glass in mother's kitchen winder wur blowed to pieces, an vive or zix in tha next cottage as well. Down come thic ar timeed young chap, my bade feller, wie his yair bolt upright, an when a zeed what twer, a zet up zich a howl an went right off into one of his sterricks. Tha wimmen voke up stayers wur shouten, and prayen a good un, var they ael begun to think tha Rooshians wur com to blow em up. Thay purty quick wur down, and in a vew minutes, tha pleave wur ael alive, wie men, wimmen, an childern come to zee what wur tha matter, thinks I, I'd better scarper off, var zome on em begun ta get proper spitevul,

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when they zeed twur my doins. Zo I goes an looks about var me cannon, an tha block I'd a let un into, wur shiverd to a hunderd pieces very nigh, tha woold screw hammer handle had a jumped back rite across tha street and het droo a brick in a nine inch wall tha tother zide, lar a massy thinks I what a good job I diden stan behine un when I vired, an no biddy passen at the time, var one oance must ave bin slayed that zartin, howzemdever it tached I a lessin, var ever zunce thic day I've never even handled a gun, let aloane gun powder. It quite cured I a dabblin we it, an to tha day a me death I shaant varget my leettle baing up wen we zelebrated "Pace wie Rooshy."

A UNDERD ZUE.

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JACK DIBSILL wur reckoned tha wuss bwoy in ael tha parish, whatever mischief wur a gwain on, ar a brewin, Jack wur zure ta be at tha bottom on't, an if a wurden, a wur bleamed var it ael tha zeam. His fiather used ta tan his jacket nearly every day, an declare as how he wur bad vrum tha beginny, an zo he'd continny. Bit his mother, poor zawl, did teak his peart an zaay that a wurden za black as a wur painted, an no wuss than other bwoys. One Zundy, wen Jack happend ta be in chirch, Passen Stubs gied out as how tha Bishop wur gwain ta hold a convirmation in tha parish an any young voke, apast tha age a fifteen as adden bin convirmed, wur to come up ta tha Rectory an zee un about it. When Jack got whoam a axed his mother ael about it, an she poor ooman explained it to un, as baste she cood. "I shall be convirmed then," zaays Jack. An atter he'd a done

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work thic night, away a gooes down ta Rectory ta zee Passen Stubs about it. A lot mwore young voke wur there waited their turn ta be caaled into tha study an be questioned, "Nex lad," zaays tha Rector, as a let one bwoy out, zoo in gooes Jack as bowld as a lion. "What you here Dibsill," zaays he quite amazed." "Rece zur," zed Jack. "And are you anxious to be a candidate for tha most sacred rite a confirmation?" "Eece zur, I be," zed Jack. "Can you say tha Creed, tha Lord's Prayer, an the Ten Commandments?" "O eece, zur ael that." "Well then my boy how many Commandments are there?" zed tha dubious Passen. Jack looked at tha Passen, then at tha salin, then down on tha vloer raather puzzled an ael at wonce a blurtd out, "A underd, zur." "*A hundred*" said tha astonished Rector. "Eece zur, one zart an tother" zaays Jack. "Dear me" zaays tha Passen, "I realy think my young friend you must wait another year before I can venture to present you to the Bishop." "Beant that right, zur?" zaays Jack. "Far from it, far from it my young friend," zaays he, sheakin his yead an showin Jack tha dooer. Zoo out a trudged an as a wur gwain down tha passage a met tha nex bwoy a gwain in. "Here" a whisperd, "diss knaa how many commanments ther be?" "Ten ta be zure" zaays tha bwoy. "That wunt do" zaays Jack, "I tried un wie a underd an

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that wurden enough vor'n, a zent I a gwain, thee'st better zaay a thousand." Poor Jack wurden leftlong in his iggerance var wen a got wom, an tould his mother she putt un right an atter that, a zet ta wirk an larned ael tha commanments, zo that at tha nex convirmation

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a wur passed an diden turn out zich a bad bwoy atter ael.

EVERY GINERATION GETS WISER.

EVERY gineration gets wiser, zed woold Molly Hayes tha dearymins wife; "Var look ee there nows, a proof on't." "Wur," zaid her usbin, "Why doozen zee, the woold cows gooes droo the river, while tha leetle caaves gooes auver tha brudge."

COUNTIN THA SHEEP.

VARMIR, ta new sheppherd bwoy, "Didst count tha sheep las night bwoy?" Bwoy, "Eece zur, ael bit dree, thay kep runnin about zoo, I cooden count em."

SHEARE THAT AMANGST EE.

WOOLD VOWLER wur terryable vond a music, and tha Crismis waits aelwys played un an extry tune, bezides money, a uzed ta gie em a bottle a sperits, an let it down vrim his bade room winder wie a line, atter thay'd done playen. One Crismis zim chaps var a lark, imitated the regular players, an got tha bottle a sperits. The woold man wur terryable spitevul when a vound it out an zed he'd have em nex time. So wen Crismis come roun, they tried it on agean, the woold man popped his yead out a winder, and bawled out "How many on ee is there?" "Zix," zed thay; "Sheare that amongst ee then," zed he, emptyin a girt pitcher a water down upon em.

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NOT A DRAP TOO MUCH.

BOB BRUSTER wur a terryable boozer, an as a wur rollen wom one night dree pearts slewed, tha Methodist

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Passen run accross un: "Helo, my vren," zaays he, "You've got a lettle drop too much haven't you?" "Not a drap," zed Bob, "if I can only get wom, and up ta bade we't."

ZAL SLATTER.

WEN ZAL SLATTER courted Jim Bleak, he wur under carter and she, maid a ael wirk up at Hill Varm. Zoo thay greed ta putt up the banns unbeknowed to their measter an missus. Zo wen varmer comed out a church thic ar Zundy a gooes straight inta kitchen wur Zal wur cooken a girt laig a mutton var dinner, an a zaays, "Zal," a zaays, "Wur that thee an Jim, I yeard caal'd whoam bit now?" "I specks twur measter," zaays she. "Why what in the wordle diss thee want to get married var? hassen a got a good wom, a good bade ta sleep on, an a good laig a mutton to sit down to when bist ungry?" "O eece measter," zaays Zal, "I knaas ael that, bit did ee ever knaa a wench, as hooden gie up a laig a mutton, var a whole man."

THA COMICK.

WEN POLL DOWN lived deary maid wie fiather, a girt big comet wur expected to be zeed in tha heavens. We tould her about it, and axed her, if she zeed un vust, ta let ess knaw. Zo one Zundy night atter chirch, she come runnin in, ael out a breath, a bawlin out, "Measter tha comick, the comick, I've a zeed un." "Whats a zeed," zed fiather, volleren on her ta tha vront doer, "There look ee," zays she pwinten up to tha sky, "There ee be," an zure enough, there wur tha comick, as Poll caal'd un, wie his girt long tail, blazin away a good un.

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THA BASTE JUMPER.

JIM STUMPS wur ower village cobbler, an a knowin blade a wur too. A wur a short thick zet feller, zo that voke nick neamed un, stumpin Jimmy. One night down at tha Pig an Whistle, zome a tha chaps got braigen bout their runnin, and jumpin. "Well," zaays Jim "I haant a got, very long laigs, zartinly, bit I'm dang if I dwoant bit ee a shillin a piece, I da jump as vur as any on ee, if you'll let I draa the line, an jump vust," "Done," zaays every one on em," "Down wie thee money Jimmy." So thay ael lugged out their shillins an Lanlard holded it. "Now then Jimmy" cries thay, zoo Jim we a nub a chaak, draas a line bout haighteen inches vrim tha wall, an jumped up to un, now then a zaays, toe tha line and jump vurder then that will ee. A coose thay purty quick zeed thay'd bin done, and laniard handed Jim auver the money, bit zom on em diden zeem to glitch it very well. Zom years atter, zim hurdle jumpin wur gwain on at tha club veast out in Lanlards archet, and thay got plaigen Jim about his short laigs. "I'll jump a hurdle we any on ee" zays he, "var haaf a crown there now." "Done," zaay a long lanky chap nearly zix voot high. Zo thay put down their money, a hurdle wur stuck upright, and tha lanky chap wur auver un in a jiffy, zoo Jim runs up, lays tha hurdle down vlat and jumped auver un clane enough, and a coose claimed tha money which wur handed up to un, as a diden gree, to jump auver un upright.

THA BASTE COW.

WOOLD HAYES prided hissself mainly bout his vine deary a cows. He an his milk man Tom, had a vine shindy one day, an a dreatened ta zack un. Tom wur

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a zulky zart of a chap an it stuck in his gizzard mainly. Zo one day, as woold Hayes wur showin tha Squire auver tha deary an cow shed, Tom wur there at his wirk an his measter zaays, "Tom, teak a yarmvul a hay an put down ta tha baste cow." Tom got tha hay an went an stuffed it up tha nozzle of tha pump an zaays, "*Thic's ower baste cow, Squire.*" Woold Hayes got za martil spitevul that a gied un tha zack there an then, while Squire wur ablidged ta hold his zides wie laffin. Zoon atter, Tom bought a couple a cows an zet up dearyman hisself, an twur woondervul how he got on wie two cows an a yeacre a Ian. Zom zed a mist av had a windvall, bit one day it com'd out, var as a wur midgerin out tha lanleady's milk at tha Pig an Whistle, out vill a slice a turmet about dree quarters of a ninch thick, into her beasin. "What da this mean" zaays she. "Be danged if I knaas," zed tha bewilderd Tom, "zombiddy mist a bin playin a trick we my midger." "Dratt thee" zaays she, "tis thy own rougish tricks thee'se a bin playin on voke long enough dwoant thee show thy veace yer no mwore ar I'll zummins thee var gien shart midger." Tom, zoon atter zould off an laved tha village as twur getten a leetle too hot vor'n.

THE CRAFTY POACHER.

NED STROUTER wur a cunnen woold poacher a cood mismerize rabbits and hares like a stoat, and as var vish, if a ony clapped his eyes on one, a wur out a water in a jiffy, tha keepers ael roun had as much as thay cood do to look atter un, bit twur zeldom thay cotch un. One day tha Squires zon zeed un prowlin about in tha river

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cloas ta withy bade, neaked as a wur barn'd, "What are ye doin there?" zaays he. "Avin a bathe" zaays Ned "ta be zure." "Come out o't I shall zarch ee," zo Ned gets out a tha river an gooes up to un wieout a raig on, and a zaays "here I be, zarch me?" Tha young Squire cooden help grinnin, an a zed "I shall auver haul yer clothes, zo a turned Neds clothes about wie his stick, bit deuce a bit Good he vind any vish, aelthough tha crafty

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would baiger had got a couple a vine trout, hid away in a haul in tha baink, an which a diden varget ta carry away wen twur dark. A had tha cheeck one day ta offer a vine brace to tha Squires own cook, an Squire happened ta come out as Ned wur at tha dooer, and a zed "I spoose Strouter if tha truth wur know'd thease vish come out a me own river?" "O no zur!" zed he, "Thay com vrim a river tother zide tha Jordan." Ned wur a good mechanic bit a diden like wirk he hood wander var ten miles auver tha downs var a view musheroons, zooner than yarn good money at his trade. There wur a good lot a musheroons on tha downs near ower village, an one marnen I took it into me yead to get up at vawer a clock, an goo an get a vew, jist as I got on top a down I meets would Ned louaded wie em, and a zaays "If ya wants ta get musheroons have yer breakvist auvernite an steart bout twelve." Bit a diden matter how zoon ya started, he wur there avore ee.

DOCTOR WELCH.

IN zom vokes eyes, Doctor Welsh wur reckon'd a rum zart of a feller' he had bin in tha harmy, an tha zed twur a kease a kill ar cure be un, howzemever a cured a good

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many, as tother doctors had a gied up. Poor Bill Pressley had a terryable bad laig, he had bin in hospital, under two doctors, var dree months, an wen a com'd out thay tould un, he hood have ta have his laig cut off zom day, ta meak a good job on't. Bill diden much like tha thought a that, as a zed tid be main akurd, ta do a bit a gierdenen in his teaty groun wie only one laig. Zo when tha wound broke out agean, voke persuaded un ta goo an zee Doctor Welsh. Zo away a went limpin on a crutch one day var to see un. "Well," zaays tha doctor, "whats tha matter?" "Me laig, zur," zaays Bill. "Lets a zee un?" Zoo Bill tucked up his trowjers an showed tha plice. "Tis a nasty wound zurely," zaays tha doctor, "bit if thee't do as I tells thee, I'll cure un." "I'll do that," zaays Bill, "if teant ta av un off." Zo tha doctor gies un a leetle bottle marked "pwyson" on un, an zaays "now when thee'se get wom, drop zix draps a this inta zix quarts a water, an bathe thic laig

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we't zix times a day, an com agean in a months time." Zoo Bill done as a wur tould, an in a month atter, away a went ta zee tha doctor agean. "Well," zaays he, "how bist?" "O thank ee zur tha wound zeems gettin a deal better, an dwoant pain I near za much." "Very well," zaays tha doctor, "voller tha zeam tratement agean var dree months, an heres enough stuff ta last tha time." Zo Bill vollied it up, an in less than dree months tha inflimation wur ael gone, an tha proud vlesh haed up, an a went down ta doctor ta knaa what a had ta pay, var curen on un. "Vive shillins," zaays he, as thee beest a poor man, an beer this in mind now I tells thee on't, thee'se a bin cured be cwoold water

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aloane, tha stuff I gied thee marked pywson wur ony scented water jist ta zatisfy thee, var if I'd a tould thee zo at tha time, ten ta one if thee 'ts vollied it on, zo good day an dwoant tell no biddy."

THA MEANIN A DITTO.

BILL SPICER wur a main stingy feller, an tho voke zed he had plenty a money, he hood never low his wife nooan, nar skiercely anything var ta buy her clothes wie. A used ta buy every thing hissself, an tho a wurden nar bit of a scholard, dang if a cooden reckon to a varden. A wur took main bad once, zoo that he wur blidged ta let his wife ave zim money ta buy in ther things, var aten an drinken. One day a lets her have a zoverign ta buy zim groceries, an she wur ta be zure an have what it come to, put down on peaper. When she com back, a looked at it, an a zaays, "Butter zo much, tay zo much, sugar zo much, an ditto zo much, whats ditto?" a zaays, "an where is it?" "I dwoant know," zed his wife who wur no better scholard than her man. "Goo back then," a zays, "an ax tha shopmin what, an where tis." Zo she, jist ta zatisfy un, gooes back an axes tha shopmin about it "My good ooman," zaays he, "ditto means tha zeam agean." Zo when she gets wom Bill baals out "Well what did er zaay." "Zaay," zed his better haaf, "why a zed I wur a vool an thee wurst ditto, which means tha zeam agean."

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HOW THA MYSTERY WUR CLARED UP.

JIM BOND wur a puzzle ta ael tha parish, a lived in a good cottage, put on a good zuit a clothes on Zundys,

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wore a long sleeved hat, an yaller kid gloves, an never zeemed ta be shart a money; neet a diden do about dree ar vawer days wirk a week, hedgin an ditchen, as wur his trade. Voke cooden reckon un up at ael. Bim bye, it turned out as how tha butcher as com droo tha village every Vridy wie his tilted cart, had lost a lot a mate one time an tother, zo tha bobby wur zet ta watch ta vind out tha thief. One nite atter dark, as tha butcher's cart wur gwain down tha road, Jim Bond wur zeed volleren on behine an every now an then putten his yarm auver tha tail bouard, taken zummit out an drowen it auver tha hedge. Tha bobby wur a hiden inzide, an a popped out jist as Jim wur handen out a laig a mutton Zo thay collared un, an drove un off at once ta tha perleece stayshin. Thay zarched his house an voun dree hams, zix chops, dree ar vower high-pieces, an a piece a zalt beef which tha butcher swared wur ael stole vrim his cart. Jim wur tried an got zix months hard leabour, zo thic ar mystery wur clared up.

BIN AN BIT APAST IT.

JAKE SPOONER wur a beaker in ower town, an his wife used ta meak leetle mat e pies every Zaterdy an zill em ael hot, penny apiece. Young Jack Slatter gooes in one Zaterdy buys a pie, an begins ta munch un in there an then. "Not much mate in thease un Measter Spooner," zaays Jack. "Bite on," zaays Spooner, "thee beant com ta it heet." Jack took another good grab at tha pie, an atter gettin o'it down zaays "No, nar I caant teast nooan heet." "Ah now," zaays tha artvul beaker, "thee'se bin an bit apast it."

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HOW TA MEAK APETH A CHEESE.

JIM DIDDLEUR wur a poor vatherless bwoy, bit a wur a very good chap, an hood do anything var ta help his poor widderd mother. One marnen last harvest, jist as thay bouth wur gwain off a leazin about vawer a clock, Jim zaays "What av ee got var nunchen ta day, mother?" "A bit a zuety dumplin an zim brade, an apples," zaays she. "Ant he got no mate, nar no cheese," zaays Jim. "Dratt tha bwoy wur's think I be ta get money vor ta buy mate ar cheese. "Neet no money," zaays Jim. "Ony a apeny in tha wordle," zaays his poor mother, "Let me av un then, I shill goo down shop an get apeth a cheese." Zoo a took tha quine an in a vew minutes wur bangin away at woold Lights tha village shopkeepers dooer. "What do ee want," zaays he, pokin his yeard out a tha bade room winder. "Zim cheese," zaays Jack. "What time is it?" "Gettin on var haight," zaays tha artvul bwoy. "Lar a massy an I ought ta bin up howers agoo." Zoo a bastled down stayers, undone tha dooer, an winder shutters, an looken up at tha clock zeed twur jist gone vawer. "Ya lvin young twouad why tis ony jist vawer, how much cheese dis want?" "Apeth," zaays Jim. "Now dang me buttens," zaays tha enraged shopkeeper, "if I can, nar wunt meak aapeth." "Cut off a penneth then," zaays Jim, zoo woold Light knocked un off a penneth an chucked it down on tha counter avore un, quick as lightenen Jack draas out his twoad stabber, cuts tha cheese in haaf, drows down tha apeny an bolts out tha shop, baalen out "Thats tha way ta meak apeth a cheese, measter Light, you've larned zummit be gettin

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up yearly this marnen ya zee, good bye, mothers awaiten."

MIX EM TA BE ZURE.

WEN WOOLD GRINDLE zet his zon up in business a diden zaay like tha Scotchman, "meak money, honest if thee canst hit meak it." Bit a zed, "Dwoant be too honest ar thee't get inta tha Wirkhouse; nar dwoant be a rogue ar thee't get inta jail."

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"Wat be I ta do then fiather," zed his hopeful zon. "*Do, why mix em ta be zure,*" zed tha woold man.

**THA CAIRD PEARTY AN THA CHIMLEY
SWEEP**

MY UNCLE, JOSH PHILLIPS tha Chimley Sweep, cood tell a tarblish vew vunny tales of what he've zeed an tha voke he'd a vrightend whilst wirken at his trade. Bit tha baste of ael, wur wen a vrighted woold Passen Hootick an his leetle caird pearty. I'll tell ee about it in Uncle's own wirds. "Many years agoo," zaays he "Passen Hootick's housekeeper zent up, ta ax I ta goo auver ta rectory nex marnen as hearly as possible, an sweep ael tha chimleys, as thay expected tha missus wom, an wanted it done, an claned up avore she come. It zo happened that his riverence had got a leetle dinner pearty on thic very zeam nite. Ther wur tha Curate, Squire Dinks, tha gennelmin Varmer, an woold Doctor Brittix, vower aeltogether, an purty merry thay zeemed to av bin, wat we tha dinner as took a nowar an a haaf ta get droo, a bottle a port apiece, we tha smokes an tha grogs atween tha geames a cairds, tha time view away avore thay hardly know'd wur thay wur, an wur hard at it it zeems, wen I got thayre about vower a'clock on thic ar winter's

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marnen. Tha housekeeper alwys put tha kay a tha back dooer wur I know'd wur ta vine un, insteeds a her getten up za hearly. Zo zeein a lite in tha draain room winder thinks I, she's about it zeems, an I'll goo in an sweep thic chimley vust, zoo we me machine on me showder, me brush an shovel under me yarm' in I gooes bwold as a lion like, an caal'd out "*Be ee ready var I?*" Avore tha wirds wur ardlly out a me mouth, what a zite I zeed ta be zure, tha vower gennelmin as wur zit round tha caird teable, thinken I wur tha D—1 come vor em, up zet tha teable an scamperd away in ael directions. One got under tha draain room teable, another mead var tha chimley, one inta cubboard, as var poor Passen Hootick a vainted right away, an there a laid straight on tha vloer jist like a dade

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un. A coose I wur gallerd zo me zelf, that I let machine, brush, shovel, an ael, vall on tha carpet and went sprawlen ther mezelf. Tha naise zo vrighted tha housekeeper that vore I'd got time, ta tell em who an what I wur there var, down she come in her night gown, thinkin zummit terryable had a happened, an when she wur zatisfied wie tha cause on't she screeches out at top of her voice 'Dwoant ee be vrighten'd measter tis ony tha chimley sweep,' an then went straight off inta sterricks, an when she comed round there wur woold Doctor Brittix an I, heathen her veace wie brandy an water. Squire Dinks an tha curate wur bouth clane gone, avin bolted droo tha draain room winder. We got passen ta bade, an nex marnen ael o'm graced my hand purty well, not var ta zaay nuthen about it, na mwore I shudden, bit ael o'm be dade now an dwoant matter. Ael's tis, every wird I've tould ee is zartin true."

