

Author: R. Giles (?-?)

Text type: Verse

Date of composition: 1885

Editions: 1885

Source text:

Giles, R. 1885. "The Gude Old Times in Welcombe". *North Devon Journal*, November 12th: 2.

e-text

Access and transcription: March 2021

Number of words: 1,064

Dialect represented: Devonshire

Produced María F. García-Bermejo Giner

Copyright © 2011– DING, The Salamanca Corpus, Universidad de Salamanca

[2]

THE GUDE OLD TIMES IN WELCOMBE

Witchcraft Continuy'd

ZUR,—I've towld'ee how witches was made,
An how thay karry'd aun ther trade,
An now I muss shaw hup to vue,
Some moar of hot thay yused tu du.
Pon times thay'd make the bullocks rin,
Thare'd be gude works vor git mun in,
An praps yu cudden dute vor howers,
Till thay'd hexawsted awl ther powers,
Thay'd crass the feelds way tayls herect,
Jist like bare poles hupon a reck,
An yen the groot hup way ther claws,
Like a wild herd ov buffalaws.
Sometimes thay'd vall, intu the gutter,
Or pon ther back in ponds ov watter,

An thare pore things thay'd hev to lye,
Poyntin ther veet tuwards the sky.
Will Marshall auver to Krass Town,
Wan mornin komin owt he vownd,
His kow vald down way sitch a wack,
Rite in the pond hupon hur back.
He an som others got hur owt,
Ses he, "I'll put old Cherry 'bowt,"
He quickly made hur kom tu he,
An beg his pardon pon hur nee.
The way he dude it I can't shaw,
'Taint fit to let the publick naw.
Wan farmer Ham had got som kows,
Thay wudden thrive in feeld or howse,
An wan or tew, thay did rite hoff,
Others wis bad way hoost an koff.
His things was awl zo badly sarved,
Wan mite hev thort mun nearly starved.
Bamby he vownd it wudden du,
Like thit hid zune go tu the lew,
He had som keer put rownd ther necks,
Then tuke the Bibel rayd a text,
But vownd thit north ov this wud du,
Then nex he tuke a hosses shew,
Vownd in the rawd way nayls awl thare
He tuke it hoam way graytest kare.
An nay'ld it hup owtzide his dore,
Thinkin hur'd niver koam no more,
(I've zeed it minny tims me zel,
If 'tis thare now I cannot tell.)
It wudden act and moars the pitty,
Thay zed he didden du it vitty.

Wen awl had fayld thit he had tride,
Som was still bad wile some had dide,
Ses he, "As shoar as I'm a man,
This thing I will no longer stan.
If thare's a wite witch tu be vownd,
I'll go an pay he dree haf crowns,
That was the sum, I've yerd en zay,
Dick Sandercock was told tu pay,
He vownd grayt benefit I naw."

(An how twas dude I ho tu shaw.)

Well, Farmer Ham, zo I've bin towld,
Vownd the wite witch wen he was zowld,
Or rather let us zay he baut,
Hot thay zay's better than wen taut.
This didden happen long ago,
Kan be deened if 'twassen zo.
The fellah towld en hup a skawr,
Ov things he shude a nawd avaur,
An then he gied en a recayt,
He was tu gie the things moar mayt.

Dick Sandercock down tu Black Pool,
Went tu the witch; he was no fule,
He had as hoft I've yerd it zed,
A kow hoam bad, a yerlin ded,
He thort twas awl hunder a charm,
An nort wud prosper pon his farm,
Zo wayout making inny ster,
He rode rite off tu Exeter,
Vor Maister Tuckett's he hinquiers,
An vewnd the man as he desires.
The mayd her axed en tu zit down,
Ware was a man walkin arown,

The Salamanca Corpus: "The Gude Old Times in Welcombe" (12th November, 1885)

The fellah loked like he was mazed,
An Dick hissel was awlmost crazed.
Dick axed if he was kom tu zee
The wite witch? "Yes," he zed, "I be,
I've lost a brude of splendid pegs,
An kant keep ducks, nor fowls, nor heggs."
Dick zed, "I'm kom bowt my best kow,
Her gieth no milk, an kant tell how."
Jist then the mayd loked in tu zay,
"The witch is reddy, kom this way."
Dick's hart was flitterin like a burd,
He niver spauk a singel word,
But zeed the witch drest hup in silk,
Zed he, "Yer kow want gie no milk,
I naw the kase, hur's auverloked,
Hur'll zune git well, the witch is buked."
An then he zed, "Luke in this glass,"
Dick did it, an he zeed a hass.
The wite with zed, "Yu take this packet,
Ware't rown yer neck jist like a locket,
The witch will niver du moar harm,
Hupon yer howsehold or the farm.
Take hoam this powder, an make shore,
An spikel som abowt the dore,
An if yer drescel hur shude kross,
(Hur'l vend herzel kom tu a loss,)
Then stick a nale hunder hur stule,
Yu'll zee if hur's a rogue or fule,
Vor very zune if hur's the witch,
Hur will be tuke way kramp an stitch.
Ill guarantee tu kure yer now
If yu tu my direckshuns bow,

Vrom vower parrishes git sticks,
Plase mun ackrass way fier betxixt,
Then let mun burn zay 'Witch burn tew,
Vort 'tis no moar than is yer dew.'
Dick payd en down the dree haf crowns,
An verry zune wos owt ov town;
Arriven hoam, he zet abowt
Tu try an drayve the witches owt.
Vell verry zune the humman kom,
An lucky he an Grace was hom;
As hur was komin down the field,
Thay quickly got the tray a'tilled,
Sprinkeld the drescel ov the dore,
Sticked in the hale put the stule vore.
Tu kut it short hur kom'd an went,
Wayout layst zine ov punishmint,
An Dick and Grase still stude in feer,
Ov Betty G——, hur lived zo near.
But old Will Stanberry zed "Ill warn
Thit Betty'll niver du no harm;
Yer kow is nort but skin an bones,
Hur kant gie milk pon aith an stoans."
Dick wared the thing his neck arown,
Vor yers, no benefit he vown;
Tu last he thort hed like vor zee,
Hot twas the witch had zowld tu he,
An wan he haupen'd it he vownd,
A drapers bill awl rapp'd arownd!
The nayburs zed it did no gude,
Thit the things dide vor want ov fude.
I naw'd thayse vokes wen I was yong,
An if I've stated hot is rong,

The Salamanca Corpus: "The Gude Old Times in Welcombe" (12th November, 1885)

Let others spayk hew nawd the kase,
An I will willingly give plase.
But if nex week thare's no response
I shall resume the tale at wonse,
An tell'ee hot will make'ee wonder,
How Cherry Vanstone rays'd the thunder.

Tu be kontinyu'd

R. GILES

Welcombe, November 7th, 1885.