

**Author:** Roger Giles (?-?)

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**A RETROSPECT.**

Wy es it thay keeps on way me,  
Wy doant mun layve me quiet,  
As theyve zommit tu rite abowt,  
Im glad to zee mun try it?  
Tis tru I yused vor rite zomtimes  
Abowt ould tymes an witchin,  
An kustoms that wan time purvayld  
Owt about Cheers an Twitcher;  
Hew varmer's pegs an cattel tew  
Was punished by the nayburs,  
An arter crewel torturs died  
In spite ov awl ther laburs,  
Au hew well zay that twassen tru,  
That granfer lost his kattel?  
How in the mornin thay wud be

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Like korpse in a battel,  
Well I zay let thay laff as win,  
But not hat ther hansestors,  
Or eet regard the wans that tell,  
The tales as fules an jesters.  
Ess shud be thankful that ess live  
Wen wiches be a banished,  
An pixeys an hobgoblins tew,  
Hev vrom thayse pairts a vanished.  
How cude ee dowt hot granny towld

About the witches duin,  
How little pegs the twinges had,  
An wich men went to rewin?

Tho tis zo miny yurs ago,  
The thots awt maketh me shiver,  
An veel as if urt down me back,  
Was stoans tuke from the river.

Lest shet ip up way luck to awl  
Thet rite in different styles,  
But hanchent lore espeshully is  
Welcom(b) to

ROGER GILES.