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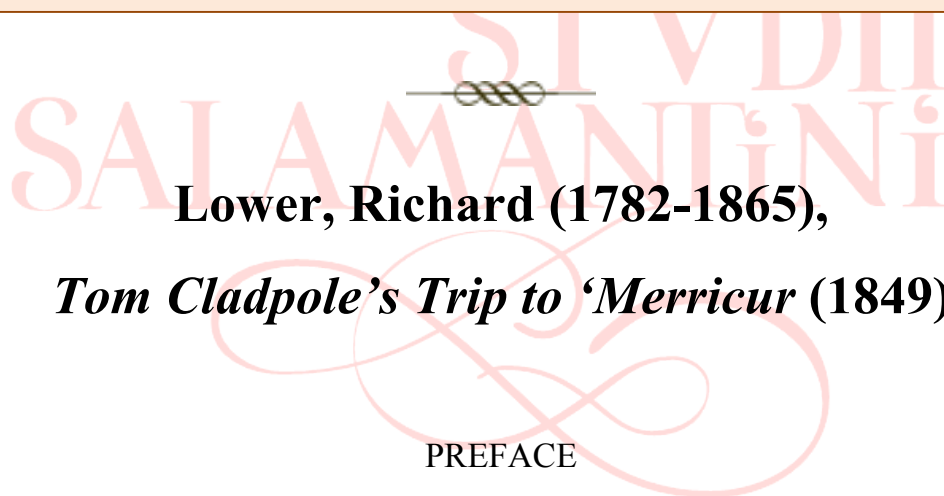
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Lower, Richard (1782-1865),

Tom Cladpole's Trip to 'Merricur (1849)

PREFACE

[iii]

'Most every body knows about Tom Cladpole's Journey to Lunnun, so dat says jest naun at all. But deres very few knows a word about Jan Cladpole's travels, nor shud we said anything about um unny folks be terrifying Jan out ov his life to tell um about what he see when he went to 'Merricur---one says, "Now Jan do tell us how ye made out in de storm?" Another says, "How about dat yellor faced fellur wud his gurt quid?" An den another bellurs out, "Jan, so ye didn't loike yur black team much did ye?" Den de boys bawl out, "Jan, do tell us about dat market were dey sell de poor black boys and girls?"

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

Some want to know about de good old gennelman wot wore de broad brim'd hat; an den how Jan managed to beg his way home, so dat it took up half Jan's time to tell about it all.

So one dey he comes to me an says, says he "Father I wish youd set it down as you did Tom's bout to Lunnun, an den dey may all know it?"

As to dat says I Jan, I think ye ought to be ashamed ov your travels instead of letten every body know wot a silly ye have been, I dont know Father says he, I think if I by my foolishness was to lose ma way, I ought to tell others wot was likely to travel de same road, otherwise dey woll act as I did;

[iv]

an sure anuf I dont lack any poor fellur to get hissself in sich a mess as I did.

Well well Jan says I, deres sum sense in dat too, we'll see about it arter de busy time is over a liddle; so dat is all how it cum about, an de reader woll see all de rest ant as he gets along---Onny I wud jes say dat Jan was awves a monstus stomachful sort of a boy, an wanted to have his own way too much, but dis here trip to 'Merricur has dun him a power ov good, he has now larnt dat dere be other folks wot knows as well as he does, an dat which ever side ov de world we live (as my poor granmother used to say) we shall otherwile meet wud a ruff hedge to scratch through.

Bout de prenten, an all dat I have naun at all to do wud dat, de printer cheps must anser fer all dat, wot ever fauts ye may find ov my maaken I be willen to anser for, an dat ought to satisfy ye, for as my uncle used to say "uf evry man wud swip is own house clean, he wud have but a poor scrub ov a broom to lend to his neighbour."

My Nevey Tom wishes me to tell ye, he thinks ye all for buying his book, an dat he has sold um all agin, but talks of haven some more prented, an den ye may have as meny as ye loike.

I remain yur ol' Frend,

An well wisher,

Tim Cladpole.

[5]

JAN CLADPOLE

One dey as I was threshing oats,
De sweat run down ma back,
Fer I was foc'd to leather on
Ya see swack arter swack.

I gun to think while clouted on,
An to myself I sed,
'Tis rather hard to stiver so
Jess fer a bit o' bread.

Wile gennelmen do naun at all
But eat an roll in coaches,
Mander o'er us poor fellers here
An grow as fat as roaches.

So sum do naun an we do all,
Dis never can be right;
Darn me uf other cheps wud help
We'd dhow um how to fight!

Here we must thresh, an plow, an mow,
An muck about a carten;
I wish de unioners wud cum,
I'd soon be off a charten.

[6]

'Twas summut odd, but all at once

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

Dis sulky fit did taak me,
So I stood leaning on ma frail
As mad as crass cud maak me!

Jest den Ol' Skinflint cum along
Wud terrible to do,
Ya idle rip, he belver'd out,
I've had anuf of you.

Deres nothen done at all says he
So take it as a warnen,
Pack up yer kit an bodge away
Early to morrow mornen.

All I cud say he wound'nt hear
An 'twant a bit ov use;---
He sed I'd idled all my time,
An call'd me a gurt goose!

Why sen 'tis cum to dat says I.
A sticken up yer crap;
I wont thresh out another wad,
Nor sweat another drap.

So off I peck'd and prowlen down
Along de hollor tracks,
I met by chance our shumeker
I mean Ol' Billy Wax.

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

I told um what had cum to pass
Come, come along says he,
(Ol' Billy's purtty deep ya see
And knows anuf fer three.)

We trudg'd along de narror way,
Dat brung us to de Bell,
We call'd a pot ov Beer to drink,
And den he gun to tell.

All roun about de furren parts,
A 'tother side de sea;
An sed if I'd be ruled by him
He'd make a man ov me.

Yes all de Parish knows full well,
Says I, an all agree,
Ya be deep larnt, good Master Wax,
"Why yes dats true" says he!

I know a thing or two says Bill---
An dodg'd his cunnen head,
Wud box in han he wink'd his eye,
Den took he's snuff an sed.

"Goo to dat lan ov liberty
"Where Dollars grow on trees,
"Nothen to do but gether um
"As meny as ya please."

[8]

“No Parsons proud have dey to kip,
“No Tithes to pay nor Taxes;
“No Kings no Queens to gobble up,
“What here our stumiks vexes.”

“Dere you may hunt an shoot like fun,
“An pleasures never fail;
“No Squyer dere to take your gun,
“An send ye off to jail.”

“Master an Man be all alike”---
Stop Master Waz says I,
Do tell me where's dat happy lan,
Dere I woll live and die?

“No no” says he “a thing so grand
“Fer naun can ne'er be told,
“Another pot---an I will tell
“Where ye may roll in gold.”

Agreed says I---“well den” he sed
“Amerricur's the nation,
“Where ev'ry man whoe'er he be,
“May find a happy station.”

“In five short wicks fer five poor pouns,
“You'll swim acras da oashan,
“An see sich glorious sights which now
“You've not the slightest notion.”

[9]

Now dis fine news and t'other pot
Did gin to warm ma gill,
Good bye, my good fren Wax, says I,
"Good luck to ye" says Bill.

I bundled off to father den,
An told un all de story,
'Tis Merricur's de place fer me,
Dere I shall live in glory!

But he want half so hot as I,
An sed 'twas all a whim,
"Whoever heard ov Dollar Trees,
"An sich like things?" says Tim.

Well goo I woll, and shortly too,
I wish I was dere now;
Ol' Skinflint may thresh out he's oats,
An he hisself I can borry.

Fer cousin Tom's a goodish chep,
He'll lend ma sum I know;
An I can pay un off agen
When I do richer grow.

[10]

Mother woll look me up de grub---
Sum baccon an a pie,

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

As I hant fur to goo ya know,
Fer I shall start frum Rye.

In ten short deys 'twas settled well,
Dat I shud be a sailen;
De neighbours bed ma all farwell
But mother was a wailen!

She sed it was a shocken thing,
an den she talked of dyen;---
An tho' a tuff ol' hearty chep
Ol' Tim could scarce help cryen.

Mother good bye---an father too---
An good bye cousin Tom;
When I have gold to spare abroad
I'll think ov you at home!

So off I trudg'd, away to Rye,
As fresh as eny daisy,
At ol' Skinflint I shook my fist,
Acaus he call'd me lazy!

De Wessel was both stout and strong,
An lay along de shore;
My liddle den was loike a sty
Where pigs do lay an snore.

[11]

By mornen light we put to sea,

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

So smood an fine de weather---
We bowl'd away to 'Merricur,
So merrily together.

Ten deys an nights we swimm'd along,
Wud scarce an aken head,
An den while snoren in de sty,
I tumbled frum ma bed.

Halloo! says I, as up I rous'd,
Why want can be de matter,
wot be we got to 'Merricur?
Dere's sich a tegus clatter?

"A storm!" a dreadful storm" dey sed,
So I went up on deck,
An in a minut down I cum
Upon ma bottom swack!

A gurt high wave cum tumblen o'er,
Where I a sprawlen lay,
(I never seed de loike afore)
An swum ma clean away!

But I scratch'd up upon ma fit
As 'tother side I cum,
Another wave cum bludern down
An brought me on ma bum!

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

So dat giv me another swim,
Back were I fust begun;
Thinks I uf dis be riden now,
'Tis no gurt shakes ov fun!

In dese two swims I hort ma head,
So I went down below,
An creep'd into ma cubbud bed,
Drainen frum top to toe!

Sum set, sum lay as sick as death,
An I as wert as sap---
Hel younguns heads a yallopen
Right in de mother's lap!

Sum wish'd de world was never made---
An sum had monstus airs,---
Sum froughten'd thought dey soon shud die,
An try'd to say der pray'rs.

De Wessel crack'd---I thought she'd break,---
De win and sea did roar;
De sailors rattled over head---
I wish'd maself ashore.

De storm however blow'd away,
An we brish'd on quite well;
But as to say de road we went
Dat nubbudy can tell.

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

An how we ever foun de way,
To me 'twas monstous odd,
We never met but one ol' Ship,
An den dint ax de road!

De sky an sea was all we see,
An not a bit ov shore,
I never thought de world so big,
Nor half so big afore!

One dey as we was swimmen on,
A liddle fore 'twas dark;
We met a fired gurt ol' fish,
I think it was a Shark.

He'd carry ten upon he's back,
Where all might set and ride un,
Leswise de sailors told me so,
But dint tell who's try'd un.

He's sich a fellur too to eat,
(fer dey'd sin hem afore)
He'd gobble up two cheps dey sed,
An look about fer more.

We doused on dey arter dey,
'Twas nothen very funny,---
But den I thought about de Tree,
Dat Tree dat bears de Money!

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

At last we got to 'Merricur,
An I was very glad,
Fer I ya see had made an ene
Ov all de grub I had.

De boats cum swimen off to us,
An took us all ashore,
My trouble all is gone thinks I,
An I sheant ha no more.

Dey brung us to a gurt fine place,
Sum fellurs big an high,
Ax'd what I carry'd in ma box?
What's dat to you sed I?

Dey wud a hammer broke de lid,
An I begun to squall,
An out dey turn'd ma breeches den,
Ma wesket, hat an all!

Dat gun to set ma monkey up---
I ketch'd un by de nose,
What's dis yer Yankee Liberty,
To steal a fellur's clothes?

He sed he'd send me off to jail,
An ax'd how dat wud suit?
Den turn'd me roun an kick'd ma breech,
"Begone ya English brute!"

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

To meet sich usage all for naun,
Stuck rather in ma eye,
So off I bodg'd wud box an all,
My better luck to try.

Fine shops an houses stood along,
So think in meny a row;
I ax'd de yankees all I met,
Where Dollar Trees did grow.

One star'd so sacy in ma face---
One grin'd an shook he's head---
One turn'd he's quid---an spet---an all
Pop'd off and nothen sed.

Why what's de matter wud ye all,
Ya sim so plaguy glum?
Ya look as uf ya had de gripes,
Or else ya all be dum.

At las I lit upon a house,
Were I might stop an rest,
To morror mornen now thinks I,
I'll try an do ma best.

An so I did fer walken down,
Along a narror way,
I met a yellor yankee man,
An den he gun to say.

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

“Ya sim a strong an hearty man,
“I guess an Emigrant---
“An I can look ya up a job,
“If work is wot ya want.”

Dollars is what I lack says I,
Do tell me were dey grow;
He grin'd an turn'd his quid an sed,
“Dat I shud loike to know!”

Ma pokcut be'en low ya see
Afore I furder went,
I thought I'd better tackle to,
An maak meself content.

So he set me a saaeen wood---
An den a loaden boats;
‘Twas ev'ry bit as tuff a job,
As threshing Skinflint's oats!

De Bos took care to maak me move,
An well arn ev'ry penny;
No time to look fer Dollars Trees,
Nor did I hear of eny.

One dey a gennelman I met,
“An do ya want a master
He sed” I'll put ya in a way
“To get yer money faster.”

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

Says I dats jes de very thing,
Do tell me uf ya please,
De lucky spot uf ya do know
Were Dollars grow on Trees.

“Yes yes” says he “trust me fer dat,
“Fer very well I know;
“Virjenny is de place ma lad,
Were plenty an um grow.”

I bless'd ma stars an garters too.
An star'd---an sim'd a dreamer;
But how be I to find ma way---
“Oh goo down by the Steamer.”

De Steamer, wot is dat says I?
A gurst ol' bony mare?
“No no” says he “a boat dat flys,
“An you woll soon be dere.”

Well no nex mornen down I went,
De boat lay close ashore;
I went aboard---an soon I met,
Wos trouble dan afore.

I thought de boat was gwyn to fly,
Jes loike a air balloon;
Or loike a burd swich thro de sky,
But I larnt better soon.

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

Fer off we desh'd thro meny a wave,
An made um so to spatter,---
We flew in water, not in air,
Wud sich hem ov a clatter.

An two gurt wheels kipt rollen roun,
Loike Cheater's Mill ya know;
To grind de puddings 'twas I spose,
Down in de pot below.

A fired gurt ol' porridge pot,
As hot as hot cud be,
Did hus an wallup all dey long,
As I did never see!

To make ma story short---at las
We landed at Virjenny;
Den, wot afore I never know'd,
I found I was a ninny!

To trust a lying Yankee chep,
Whose tongue did smoodly tell,
Fine stories---but ya soon shall hear,
Wot ma sad lot befell!

Nex mornen wen ma master cum,
A heavy wip he give;
An sed "dere go into de fill
"Fer nigers ya must driv."

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

Wot 'tend yer hogs?---no dat I wont,
Dat ne'er woll do fer me;
"Hogs no,---but summut wos dan hogs,
"So cum along" says he.

Wud dat he brung me to a place,
It cut ma to de hart;
To see ten gurt black fellur's dere,
Chain'd to a heavy cart.

He laffen sed "dere dats yer team,
"An uf dey do not pull,
"Use dat stout wip---an flog um well,
"Jest as ya woud a Bull!"

Wot! flog dem men who've done no hort?
No dat woll never do,
Why dey woll tear ma liver out,
An sarve me rightly too!

"Shoo shoo" says he "an English man,
"Is sich a monstus flat;
"Ya nothen know uf 'Merricur,
Ov liberty an dat!"

Uf liberty is draaen blood,
From dem poor fellurs' veins;
Dats true says I---whoever heard
Ov liberty in chains!

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

“Come come,” says he ya’ll wiser grow,
“Do maak yerself content,”
Not I---an down I throw’d de wip,
An off I shortly went.

He den kitch’d up de plaguy wip,
An gun to rage and roar;
An leather’d me swack arter swack,
Till my poor back was sore!

“So get along ya loafen lout”---
He stomp’d an swore an sed---
But were to goo I did not know,
Fer I was gran nigh dead!

Beside de weather was so hot,
I thought ‘twoud burn me quite,
So I creep’d in ahedge an lay,
Dat dey---an all de night.

I thought ov home an Father too,---
An den ov Billy Wax;
An uf dey’d tithes an parsons dere,
Dey had no bloody backs!

Uf Mother was but here I thought,
She’d try an ease ma pains;
An den I thought of dem poor blacks,
Ov liberty in chains!!

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

An as fer dollar trees, thinks I,
'Tis all a peck o' stuff,;
An wish'd I'd brads to car me back,
To Englands' shore anuf.

I 'member'd too what father sed,
Dat wishes all was vain,
A thousand wud'nt fell a quart,
So up I srcatch'd agen.

I had no money in ma bag,
Fer dat was all quite spent,
I creep'd along a mile or two,
An in de town I went.

I'd naun to eat an naun to drink,
Ma back wos burnen hot,
I'd better stay'd at home thinks I,
Contented wud ma lot.

Plenty of wites an blacks I met,
An yellor folks I see;
But dere was nub'dy I know'd,
An nub'dy card fer me.

I spoke to um, dey nothen sed,
Ov all dat I did meet,
At last I was so ternal bad,
I tumbled in de street.

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

Dey passen by no notice took---
I panted hard fer breath---
De sun did shine, most hot anuf,
To brile a chep to death.

A man wud a gurt broad brim'd hat,
At las cum trudgen by;
“Cum fren git up” to me he sed,
“An don't lay dere an die.”

He ax'd me were ma Father liv'd,
An kindly spoke to me;
I told um 'twas a long way off,
A 'tother side de sea.

He brung me to de Ospital,
Were Doctors stood in rows,---
Dey give me lots ov bitter stuff,
An tri'd to cure ma blows.

But wos I got an worser still,
I evry dey did grow,
An wether I shud live or die,
De doctors did not know.

Arter a wile I gun to mend,
Right glad was I ov dat,
He cum an kindly talk'd to me,
Wot wore de broad brim'd hat.

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

He sed I shud walk out awile,
Dat I might see an know;
Were I might get a job ov work,
Wen I did better grow.

I did---an as one dey I went
Along de street a staren,
I heard a terrible to do,
Ov crying an ov swearen.

I ax'd wot all dat racket ment?
"Onny a market rout"
Dey sed---an so I doddled down,
To see wot 'twas about.

I thought to see sum bullocks dere,
Or ship shet in a pen,
No, all de stock dey had to sell,
Was Women black and Men,

Chain'd two an two dey stood along,
Loike oxen in a yoke;
De Women cry'd an Childun too
As uf der harts was broke.

De auction man stud brawlen loud,
Wud hammer in his han;
Two Hundud Dollars who beds more,
Fer dis fine nigger Man!

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

As soon dey sold de nigger fine,
O! how he's wife did roar,
When she was sold to goo away,
Never to see him more!

Her cries---(I think I hear dem now)
Dey rent de very air,
"Me wish me dead an gone" she sed,
An den she tore her hair.

I thought ov my poor mother too,
An spose de man was I,
An foc'd to goo where nub'dy knows,
I blev she wud jes cry.

Again she hugg'd her liddle boy,
"Oh de poor Pickaniny"!
Says I to one, is dis de way
You sell folks at Virgenny?

He gruff'd---"what dont ya loike it much"?
No not a bit I sed,---
Uf I was well I'd go an crack
Dat auction felurs head!

Wud dat dey all cum flocken roun,
An swore an made me shiver,
Dey sed uf I want shortly off
Dey'd hol me in de river.

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

Uf ever I git home agen
Says I---an shook ma bat,
I'll tell our Queen an Gurtuns too;
An maak ya member dat.

What! sell poor men---an women too,
De loike was never sin;
Blow me uf I git back agen,
Uf I dont tell de Queen!

To Brighton I woll surly goo,
An tell ur all about ye,
She's Wesselss dere an Soagers too,
An dey woll cum an rout ye.

Wud dere gurt guns, dey'll soon be here,
An dat woll sarve ye right,
While runnen off dey'll shoot ye all,
Sich rogues as you can fight!

So I cum huffen off ya see,
Ma blood was bilen hot;
Fer wot I see off dem dere blacks,
Woll never be fergot.

Wot! talk ov taxes an o tithes,
Ov Parsons an ov Kings;
Ov workhus Men, an Overseers,
'Tis naun to sich loike things!

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

Back to de Ospital I goes,
An told um wot wos doen,
I sed no wonder 'tis so hot,
Dis place woll cum to ruin.

Loike Sodom ya will all be burnt,
An I'll be off fer fear;
Sich monstus wicked folks I know,
Is no were foun but here.

Down to de river den I went,
To see wot I cud do,
An find a boat or summut dere,
Fer somewhere else to goo.

Dat very Steamer wos dere still,
A swimen loike a cork,
Dey told me she was goen back,
Nex mornen to New York.

I told um all ma brads was gone,
De master den did say,
"I'll car ye back fer naun to York,
"Uf you woll work yer way."

So swish an brish we bowl'd away,
Back were I was afore,
An dis I got by dat ere trip,
A back so mortal sore.

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

An dat wos all---but I wos glad,
An never sim'd to mind it,
As Father says---“Deres comfort still
Uf we know were to find it”!

I told de Captain wot I'd sin,
He sed 'twas badish luck,
An uf I long's fer home agen,
I might goo back a Duck!

A Duck! wot goo a paddle quack,
Across dat gurt wide sea?
Why I cant swim a bit says I,---
“Not sich a Duck”! says he.

“But work yer way as ya hav done
“Fer me, to England's shore,”
Says I, I woll goo back a Duck
I've bin a Goose afore!

Or else I never shud a left
Ma Dad---an good ol' Mum;---
Who woll may goo to 'Merricur,
Uf I can once get home!

Thinks I deres no more trouble now;
(As I have had sich luck)
But soon I foun deres nothen else
Fer hem as cums Jim Duck!

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

De Capten was a swellen blade,
Sailors as bad an wos,
Jim here---Jim dere---Jim everywhere---
An den dey'd swear an cus.

“Ya lubber goo an swab de deck---
“Now goo an feed de hogs”---
Dey ge me stinken beef to eat,
Not fit to fling to dogs.

Dey made me pump de water up,
An ge me meny a swack,
Wud a ternashun gurt ol' rup,
Upon ma poor sore back.

An as for bed, deres none ov dat,
However went de weather,
Jem Duck an hogs upon de deck
Turn'd in an slept together!

De ol' black Cook did favour me,
Wud otherwhile a bite;
Or I shud never liv'd to tell,
But starv'd an dy'd outright!

At las we got to Liverpool,
An when I went ashore,
Dey told me I had to goo
Two hundred mile an more.

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

A purty mess, ma clothes is gone---

No brass at all have I,---

An wether I can beg or no,

I dont know---but I'll try!

So I set up a Begger Man,

An matches I did sell;

Jim Duck's wos much a wosser job,

Nor liv'd nor lodg'd so well!

Arter a fortnits beggaren,

Ma home at las I foun;

Mother she cry'd, an Father laff'd---

But all wos safe an soun.

Ah never mind ol' gal says I---

An den to Father sed,

I'll ge ol' Wax a blowen up,

Afore I goo to bed.

I went, an dere I see un stan,

A readen ov de news;

Ya lyen rip says I git in,

An sole an mend yer shoes!

Ya sed ya'd maak a Man ov me,

Deny it uf ya can,

Dese rags wud dat do well agree,

But 'tis a Beggar Man!

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Trip...(1849)

I had sum brads wen I went off,
An might have had sum still,
Uf twant fer you---twod sarve ya right
To clout yer head ol' Will!

He sed he's red ov wot he told,
Nor reasons had to dout it:---
Dere hold yer tongue says I fer you
Know naun at all about it!

Deres no sich thing as Dollar Trees,
Nor is dere Lords an Squyers;
But plenty sich as you ol' Wax,
Ov bare fac'd Scamps an Liars!

Yankees an you be jest aloike,
Wud tongues as smood as oil;
Tell lies be dozens as ye goo,
An chest us all de wile.

So good bye to yer clawney all,
Red, yallor, white, an black;
Yankees shell never see my face,
Now I be got safe back.

Bad luck to Liberty in Chains!
An Dollar Tress so clever!
I'll be content at home to live,
Ol' England fer ever!
Hur rah---a---a---!

[31]

TIM CLADPOLE'S ADVICE

Or no Grumblen

I'll tell ye a story, wot ev'ry one knows,
Dat man's sich a commical cretur,
However much bigger be gets dan he's clothes,
He's still a desire to be greater.

He is sich a mutteren grumblen elf,
An meets wud abundance ov trouble,
Thinks nobuddy is so bad off as hisself,
Dis maakes he's calamities double.

De thresher dat thumps in de dusty ol' flour,
Is lapsey, an woll not work faster,
Goo ax un de reason, he does not do more,
"Why 'cause he dont live he's master!"

He's master de farmer too grumbles an says,
"My landlord dat scamp ov a squire,
"Wile I have to struggel thro' many ruff ways,
"He daily grows richer an higher!"

De squire wile he follows de fox in full cry,
Lord Lumpy he envys, and growls,
"Dat greasey ol' chap's better mounted dan I,
"Dats awves de lot of sich fools!

Lord Lumpy bears all things (except a rebuke),

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Yet it puzzles he's empty ol' pate,
Fer he cannot conceive why he's not made a Duke,
As much lesser Lords have ov late.

[32]

De Duke has been fighten in France and in Spain,
An nun is so valiant as he,
He says he's been shot at again an again,
An surly a Prince aught to be!

He's Highness is secret keeps grumblen too,
"Dere's nun so unhappy as I,
"De King has been sinken dis twelmont or two,
"I cannot think why he dont die!"

De King has been wearen he's life out to try,
With many a politic plan,
To govern an Empire---an prythee fer why?
'Cause an Emp'ror's a happyer man.

De Emperor envy's de Pope, while de strings
Ov he's gart are quite bursten wud woe,
He mourns dat he gets but de homage of Kings,
Wile de Pope makes um kiss he's gurt toe!!

Thus all de whole kit ov us, grumble aloud,
Frum bottom to top ov de nation,
An I cannot help thinken 'tis 'cause we be proud,
Or else we shud rest in our station.

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Fer Kings Lords and Squyers wud honors un gold,
Hav troubles much greater dan we;
So grumble no more den fer wot I have told,
Shud maak us contented to be!