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THE
WILTSHIRE MOONRAKER'S
EDITION OF
WEST COUNTRY RHYMES.
BY
EDWARD SLOW.

SALISBURY:

R. R. EDWARDS, 4, CASTLE STREET.

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[NP]

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[NP]

PREFACE.

I quite agree with the Author, who declared his most difficult and unthankful task was writing a Preface for his book; when written, few readers cared for it; generally contenting themselves with a desultory glance, or a skip over.

Be that as it may, I would like to embrace this opportunity of saying, that, as the whole Six Series of my Rustic Rhymes have been for some time out of print, and there being a desire on the part of a good many people for a reprint of my early effusions, I herewith venture to issue another volume, the full edition of which embraces all the most popular and humourous verses, together with some few pieces never before published.

Whatever little merit my various publications may possess, Reviewers and Philologists are agreed they are fair specimens of our good Old County Dialect, which, as my readers know, is rapidly disappearing, and will soon become an unknown patois to the future inhabitants of our County.

With reference to the picture of our County Legend, "The Wiltshire Moonrakers," given on the frontispiece; many have written me respecting the origin of the story. All I can tell them is: that my version is founded upon William Little's tale as published some fifty years ago, by John Yonge Ackerman, which is as follows: — "People zay as how thay gied tha neam a Moonrakers ta we Wiltshire voke: becaas, a passel a stupid bodies one night, tried ta reak tha shadder a tha moon out a tha brook, thinken it wur a cheese. Bit that's tha rong end a tha starry: tha chaps as wur doin this wur *Smugglers*, and they wur vishen up zim kegs a sperrits, an ony purtended ta reak out a cheese. Zoo tha Zizemin as axed em tha question had he's grin at em. Bit thay had a good laff at he

when em got whoam tha stuff."

[NP]

Another version of the story is as follows: "Two farm hands who had been imbibing rather freely at the Village Inn one night, were returning, 'rakes in hand,' to their homes: passing a pond near the village, they saw the full moon's disc reflected on the water. 'Zounds!' zays one, 'if zomebidy hant bin an drapped a skim cheese in tha pond. Let's get un out, meat; hoot!' So the pair of them set to work with all their might and main, trying to land the supposed cheese. All at once a dark cloud obscured the moon, and the disc suddenly disappeared: the astonished yokels went and told in the village, 'that as they wur reaken a cheese out a tha pond as zomebidy had a drapped in, tha devil comes up vrim below, drags un down, an had un var he's own zupper — jist ta spite em.'"

This is the story as told by *non natives* of our County, in order to exhibit Wiltshire people as fools and simpletons.

Just, now, when Picture Post Cards are in the zenith of popularity, it may interest my readers to know the Wiltshire Moonraker's Card, has the honour of being the first Folk Lore Picture Post Card published.

The neat artistic badge "just issued", to adorn the hats of our Volunteers, is also symbolical of our County Story, viz: — "Two rakes, a Brandy cask, and the Moon."

Wilton, November, 1903.

[NP]

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[9]

THE WILTSHIRE MONRAKERS.

Down Vizes way zom years, agoo,
When smuggal'n wur nuthen new,
An people wurden nar bit shy,
Of who they did ther sperrits buy.
In a village lived a Publican,
Who kept an Inn, Tha Pelican,
A man he wur, a man a merit
An his neam wur Ickey Perritt.
Ael round about tha country voke
Tha praise of thease yer landlard spoke;
Var, wen any on 'em wur took bad,
They know'd wur sperrits could 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 coose, twer done in iggerance.

One winter, Crismis time about,
These landlords tubs ad ael run out.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Zays he, this yer's a purty goo,
Var mwore what ever shall I do;

[10]

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 wack.
Bit praps tha Zize voke voun his trail,
An med a pop'd un inta jail,
Howsemdever, I'll zen and zee,
Ta marrer wats became a he.
Zoo next day at nite he off did start,
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 Ikey thats tha razin
I cooden 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 cover'd up we hay,
Then sent tha chaps an cart away;
Ael droo tha streets quite zeaf an zoun,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

They zoon jog'd out a Bristil town.
An vore I ha vull moon ad arose,
To ther neative pleace, wur draain close

[11]

Wen to ther girt astonishment,
They 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
Then kick'd bouth shafts right off za clane.
Up went tha cart, tha tubs vill out,
An in tha road zoon roll'd about;
An vore the 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 wot tha matter wur?
I thinks a got a vorester;
Var I nevir knaw'd un hack like this,
Unless zummit wur much amiss.
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;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An zen zumbiddy on tha road,
Ta help ess get wom seaf the load.
Bit zounds, while thus we do delay,
The tubs, begar, ull swim away;

[12]

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 and vind a reak;
I thinks that I can reak em out,
Var ther they be swimmin about.
Two reaks wur got, an then thease two
Did reak and 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 him goo,
An zo I will if thee hoot too.
Get out, girt stup, we mist get in,
Tho we da got 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;
And jist as thay did brave 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,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Vizes Excizemin on tha scent;
Push off tha tub var goodness zeak,
Get out tha brook, teak bould a reak;
Reak at tha moon a shinin zee,
An dwoant thee spake, I'll tackle he.

[13]

Under tha brudge, then out a zight,
Quickly tha tubs wur push'd aelright.

Tha Zizemen now ad rach'd tha plice,
An Will he draa'd a ruful veace;
We beant no poachers zur zed he,
Bit av ad a mishap as ya zee.
Coinin 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 Zizeman swallered ael o't in,
And to 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:
To zee a crazy headed coon,
Reak at the sh adder of tha moon.
Will wink'd at Tom, Tom wink'd at Will,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Ta zee how nice be'd took tha pill;
Ah, zur, you med laff as longs ya please,
Bit we be zure it be a Cheese.
Zee, how he shows hissself za plain,
Com Tom, lets reak for he again.

[14]

Zoo slap an dash went on tha reakin,
While Zizemin he var vun wur sheakin
An off a went houlden his zide,
Var longer there a cooden bide.
We grinnin his eyes did anvervlow,
Ta zee thay chaps a reakin zo;
An ta think that now he'd tould em so,
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 both get in;
An zed, girt vools, till sar em rite,
If they 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 tellin ther mishaps;
Bit ael ther troubles they vergot,
Wen a beer ache wn had a pot,
An Ikey coose did pay em well

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Thease little stowry not ta tell;
Zo wen tha Zizemin next did com,
Woold Ikey he a coose wur mum.

[15]

An in a glass did jine wie glee,
Wen Zizemin twould tha tale ta he;
Bit he laff'd mwore wen zeaf one nite,
Tha tubs wur brought wom snug an tite:
An many a bumper went around,
To think they'd beat tha Zizemin zound.

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

Zoo dwoant ee mine be'n call'd a Mooney,
Twur he, ya zee, as wur tha Spooney.

[16]

JANNY BROWN IN LUNNEN.

Jan Brown a wur a leaberen man
An wirk'd var Varmer Ray,
Nar better chap ee'r vollied plough
Ar mead a rick a hay.

Zix voot a stood, wieout his boots
Za lusty an za stout,
A stronger or a smearer chap
There wurden roun about.

An he cood zow, ar dresh, ar mow,
Ar car a zack a whate,
Ar veed tha pigs, ar milk lha cows,
Ar mend a fence, ar gate.

One day; Jan Brown zed to hisself,
I'm nearly twenty-vive
An ant a bin ten mile vrom wom
Zunce I wur born'd alive.

[17]

I've yeard za much bout Luunen town
Vrim voke who av bin there,
Be drat if I dwoant goo an zee
When brass I've nuff to speare.

Zoo, every varden, he did seave

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

A that ar precious stuff,
An went athought his pipe, an glass,
Var ta putt by anuff.

An wen vive pounds, a ad a seav'd
A zed ta Farmer Ray,
Ta Lunnen, I be gwain to goo
Var a leetle hallerday.

Ta Lunnen aye! zed Varmer Ray
Ta thich there dredvul pleace,
Why man, thay'll zure ta take thee in
If thay onny zee thee veace.

Now dwoant ee goo, zed Missus Ray,
You'd better yer abide
Var zartin zure ya will get lost
Wieout you've got a guide.

Var Lunnen zich a wicked pleace
Our Squire he da zay,
An voke ull rob ee, right and lift
In tha middle a tha day.

Odd dang em then, zed Janny Brown,
If that's there leetle geam
Thay'll vind thay've got a toughesh job
Zure's Jan Brown is me neam.

[18]

Well; plaze theeself, zed Farmer Ray,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Bit mind what we've a zed,
Var if thee doosen zoon com back
We'll gie thee up as dead.

Now Varmer Ray a diden like
Ta speer good Janny Brown
He gun to think, that praps a med,
Stop up in Lunnen town.

Var Janny wur, tha handiest man
As wirk'd apon tha varm,
An if a never shood com back
Tood be loosen his right yarm.

Zoo off thic nite, young Jan a went
Ta wish his gal good bye,
An when ta her, be twould his mind
She gun ta pipe her eye.

Now Janny, Janny, dwoant ee goo,
Now dwoant ee, leave yer Zally,
Var I be zure, you'll loose yerself
Up in zom Lunnen alley.

An then whatever shood I do,
If ya wurden to come back
We grief, I shood zoon pine away
Thease lovin heart hood crack.

Lar Zally, dwoant ee be aveard
I'll be seaf an zoun
An mine, avore I do com back

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

I'll buy yer weddin gown.

[19]

Now Zally White lik'd Jacky Brown

Wie ael her might and main,

An when a menshind bout tha sown,

She hooden he restrain.

Aelthough when he cotch'd woold her hans,

An zed tha last good bye

Her leetle heart wur in her mouth,

An she begun ta cry.

Zoo Janny he did claps her waist

An kiss her rosy cheek,

An wie a whopper, left an zed

I'll be back avore a week.

Then he went wom, an pack'd his things

Ael up za snug an tight

An went ta bade, bit ardly slep

Ael droo tha wary night.

Avore twur light, a tumbled out

Zart in a dramy doze

An grop'd about, var to vind out,

His vine new suit a clothes.

An when he'd vound, an putt em on

Za tidy, nate, an plaain,

He started off we ael his might

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Ta ketch tha scurshin train.

An when tha stayshun he did rache,
A paid his money down;
Then jumped into a girt long train
As wur var Lunnen town.

[20]

Tha engine puff'd, tha whissle screem'd,
Tha guard a zed ael right,
An off went puffin billy then
Blowin we ael his might.

Dang, what a naise zure he da meak
A gappen zo var breath,
Just like a poor woold work'd out boss,
Thats very nigh ta death.

Vaster, an vaster, on a went,
Amang tha naise an steam,
An Jan could hardly meak it out
Twur zo much like a dream.

An bye an bye, tha train draa'd up,
Maing Claphams busy zene,
An Janny pok'd his noddle out
Ta zee what it did mean.

Hoy! hoy! a zed, we might an main,
Be this yer Lunnen town?
Cos if it be, jist let I out,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Var thats war I be bown.

A skierce ad zed, what he wur zayin;
A rumblin train rush'd past,
Another, an another, too
Poor Janny stood agast.

Whatever do ael this yer mean,
Our hero he did hast;
Dang, if I dwoant think tis tha day
That is ta be tha last.

[21]

Mid naise an smoke, an vire, an steam,
On went train atter train,
Cram'd up we voke, za smeatly dress'd,
A wonder'd were they wur gwain.

An while a wur a wonderen zo,
His train wur got in fettle;
An off a went, we zudden jerk,
Which drow'd un off tha zettle.

Well now, if that beant purty vine,
My neam yeant Janny Brown,
Thay hooden a keer'd if thay'd a het
Tha brains out on me crown.

His yead a rub'd, his clothes a brush'd,
An zet hisself aelright;
Var he could zee, as Lunnen town

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Wur purty nigh in zite.

An wonce agean, tha train draa'd up,
 Maing shouts a Waterloo;
An Jan got out, and ther a stuck,
 In a terry able stew.

Why what gurt vools, thease vellers be,
 Ta keep on we zich prattle,
I spouse, thay'd try meak I believe
 That yer, thay vought thic battle.

I beant za green as I da look,
 Thic tale var I wunt do,
Cos I'd a uncle that did fight
 At thic ar Waterloo.

[22]

An he twould I, as how tha please,
 Wur zummat like a common,
Zo how cood this yer be the spot;
 Be dang if teant ael gammon.

Then Janny Brown, a tiivn'd away
 Wie heart not auver plazin,
Ta think that vore he'd left the train
 Thay shood begin a taazin.

Now humly busses thay wur there,
 An cabs too, be tha score;
Ower Janny steer 'd var never he

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Had zeed zich things avore.

Thay hansims be zom purty things,
I hooden ardly vind,
Insteads a zitten up in vront
Tha draver zits behind.

A cabmin then we eyes za keen,
Beheld ower hero stan;
An baalen out, to tin did say

"Now then, jump up young man."

"Na, na," zed Jan, "I beant a gwain,
A chap like I za pooer;
Abides, I caant meak out yer thing,
A hant a got nar dooer."

We that a turn'd an waak'd away,
Ael up towards the brudge;
A appeny ther, a must lug out,
Which zomehow he did grudge.

[23]

Be dang if I can meak it out,
Why thay shid charge I money;
I spoose thay teaks I var a baste,
Da zeem za quare an vunny.

Ah well, it beant za verry much,
Ar zoon I'd let em zee;
I spoose thay thinks it a good joke,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Not var ta pass I vree.

Now zoon our hero round hissel;
 In the middle of tha Stran;
An up an down a waak'd about,
 Till he cood ardly stan.

Bim bye, a girt vine shop a zeed
 Wur atin things wur zould;
An in a went, an zat un down,
 Jist like a lion b would.

An zoon in com'd a smeatish lass,
 A zmilen and a zingin;
An in a purty way she axed,
 What she shid plase ta bring un.

Let's zee, zed Jan, I thinks I'll av
 Vry'd haigs and zim beakin,
An a leetle sooty dumplin too,
 As zoon as you can meaken.

Bit vust bring in zim brade an cheese,
 An pwint a worm brew'd beer,
Var atter thic ar girt long ride,
 veels terryable leer.

[24]

Zoo, when we thase good things a did
 His craven unger stay,
A caal'd agean the smilin lass,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Ta know what twur ta pay.

Jist two an dree zir, if ya plase,
She smilin like did say,
An Jan a draa'd his leathern pouch,
Tha money var ta pay.

Zaay he, I'm vrom tha countery,
An, I'll want a room ta sleep;
Zoo ax yer fiather if he'll vind
Me lodgins and me keep.

O eece, says she, this is a house
Wur lodgers, we teak in;
And raste assur'd you zir shill vind
It verry cheap and clean.

We that ower hero zat un down
We his mind now at hase,
An gap'd about on every thing
Var ael o't zeemed to plase.

Out at tha winder he did look,
The traffic did zaprize;
An never did er turn his yead
Till yeaken wur his eyes.

At las, quite wary of tha zites,
A caal'd tha waiten maid
To show un up into his room,
Var he wur gwain ta bade.

[25]

An zoon a wur snug zettled down
 In a zound snorin sleep,
An there a slept an snor'd away,
 Till day begun ta peep.

Then up a got, and down a gooes,
 Ta av his marnen veed,
An out a went, in tha busy street
 Ta zee what wur to be zeed.

Now Janny, he had larn'd ta rade
 Down in tha village school,
Zoo neames a streets, a took a note on
 Cos no one shood un vool.

Ta Charin Cross, a took his way
 An mainly he did stare,
Ta zee za many statues vine
 Ael roun Trafalger Square.

How naterel thay ael da look,
 Jist tho thay wur alive;
Brave men; your country putts ee yer
 Yer memry to zurvive.

An what a tall un thic ar is
 Ael up there in tha zun;
I warn, a got a veamous neam
 Var deeds, a av adone.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An zoo a av, begar, thats true,
 Var I've rade Nelson's story,
Nar man as liv'd, did never add
 Mwore to our country's glory.

[26]

What meaks em put tha lions thayre?

 I spoose ta awe tha voke,
Bit thay bean a gwain ta vriten I,
 If I be a country bloke.

Spoose, tis ta show woold Englins might

 Thay lions be putt thayre,
Tache voreign voes, keep off their toes,
 An of their growls beware.

Tha vountins now begun ta play,

 An Jan begun ta stir,
An zeein thay, a downurds went
 Ta veamous Wacemister.

Lore! Jamin ni! look here's a house!

 My cracky, here's a pile,
Zich a pleave, I never thought there win
 In ael ower leetle isle.

Tha verry towers be edged we goold,

 Lar, what thay mist a spent,
What time too, mist av took ta build
 Thease house a Parleyment.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An look at thic ar whoppen clock;

 Stuck up in thic ar place,

I shid think it be ten voot across

 His girt white shiny veace.

An while Jan wur, we measement struck,

 Tha quarter jacks did chime,

An out went zieh a boomin zound,

 As totild what wur tha time.

[27]

Well, what a clapper he've a got

 Zed Janny wie a smile,

I raaly think that voke mist hear

 Un off at varty mile.

Then Janny did wind up his watch

 An zet un jist at ten,

Zoo that a med in Lunnen town,

 Keep rite time we Big Ben.

An then a turn'd hissself about

 To zee tha hankshint Abbey,

An in a went, bit diden stop

 It zeem'd za dark and shabby.

Tis zartinly, a veamous place,

 Bit tis, za black and hoary,

Ya can skiercly rade what is put up

 Bout voke a hankshint glory.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Then to Zaint Jeames's Park a went

Ta zee tha zodgers drill,
An hear tha ban za sweetly play,
An that his heart did vill.

Lar what a aisy life it sims

Ta be a zodger bwould;
Bit spoose it idden aelways zo,
Tha glitterin yeant ael goold.

Var if it wur; I zoon hood list

An be a zodger too,
Bit tis them ar viten times as comes
That meaks I zart a blue.

[28]

Wie open mouth an gapen eyes.

A zeed tha Duke a York
Stuck on his monnyment za high,
One zide a thic vine park.

I spoose thay putt un up za high

Ta zee what is gwain on,
An tell it ta tha tother one
What's stuck up auver yon.

Now twilen up tha steps, a vound

It terry able hard,
To raste a bit, a zat down on
Tha statue to tha guards.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Of ael the monnyments I've zeed

 This is the baste begar;

Thay cooden done a better thing,

 Ta memerate thic war.

Poor chaps! how nateril thay looks,

 Brings to me eyes a tear

When I da think what thay went droo

 Out in thic ar Crimear.

Zoo when he'd rasted there a bit

 He went up Haymarket,

An look'd about, bit as var hay

 A cooden zee a bit.

I spoose ta day yeant market day

 Zed rustic Janny Brown,

Cos if it win- I'd stop an zee

 If it wur up ar down.

[29]

Veam'd Ragint Street, wie its vine shops,

 Did meak ower hero lagger;

A cooden zeam to meak em out,

 We meazement he did stagger.

Var never in his life avore

 Hood he tha tales believe

What thay did zay bout Lunnen town,

 Bit now a did conceive.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

What countrymin did ever zee?

Tha vust time zich a zite

As thic there street, wieout a wur

Struck we ameazement quite.

Ta zee tha crowds a vine drased voke,

An carridges za gran,

Ael day a passen up an down,

The richest in tha lan.

Ael droo thic street Jan trudg'd along,

An vur beyond tha top;

In Ragints Park a voun a sate,

An tired down a zot.

Enjay'd his bit a nammet too,

As down ther he did raste;

Then to the gierdens he did goo

Ta zee tha wild baste.

Lions an Tigers, Bears an Wolves,

Hellyfints an Crockydiles,

Lepperds an Monkeys, Voxes an Znakes,

Vrim countries many miles.

[30]

Wie hundreds of tha veathery tribe

An vishes vrim tha zay;

Mwoast every thing thats in tha wordle

Did Janny zee thic day.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An when he'd zeed ael he cood zee
 Za tired cood ardly stan;
A com'd un out an took a bus
 As took un to the Stran.

Vagg'd out a zoon went hoff ta bade,
 Ta av tha pillars zolace;
Var on tha marn he'd plan'd ta goo
 An zee tha Christy Palace.

PART II.

Zo early did ower hero rise,
 An quickly off did trudge
All droo tha streets ta ketch tha train
 As gooes from Lunnen Brudge.

An here the voke wur thick as vleys,
 Tha Palace gwain ta zee,
An by tha geates thay did cram up
 As thic as thay cood be.

Zoo Jan he squeezed amang tha raste,
 An haigteen pence paid down,
Then jump'd into a train as wur
 Var Christy Palace bown.

[31]

Bit as a did undo his cwoat
 Ta putt away his ticket,
He shouted out "I av bin rob'd

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

A commin droo thic wicket."

If zumbiddy in thic ar crowd

Hant stawl my zilver watch;

Hooden I a pummied em a bit

If I'd a jist em cotch.

Well, well, I'm in a purty clit

This yers a purty goo,

Two poun ten, slap gone at wunce,

Var he wur nearly new.

If I did knaa what I do now,

Begar I'd never com;

Dang if ower measter wurden right,

I ought ta bid down wom.

Now tha voke as zat beside our vren

Did gie un their pity,

Var thay cood zee as he wur one

Vresh vrim tha country.

Bit pity zee, yeant no helpmeat,

When mainly you'm distrest,

Gie I tha voke who lends their aid;

That's thay as I likes best.

Bit now tha train begun to waig,

Tha whissle loud did blow;

An Jan tha watch gied up as lost,

Tho we anger he did glow.

[32]

Ael I da zaay, zed Janny Brown,
 About thic watch a mine,
If ever I da ketch tha thief;
 I warn I'll meaken whine.

Tha voke thay smil'd, as Jan his vist
 Brought down we ael his might,
Shown on em, how he'd zarve tha thief
 If ow'n a had cotch zight.

Tha whissle then begun ta blow
 An zoon tha train draad in,
An out ther got zich crowds a voke,
 No waakin in between.

An zoon, tha glittern Palace rose
 Like a enchanted house,
Our Janny steer'd an hollied out
 My cracky! O good crouse.

What martial man did ever zee,
 Tha vust time zich a zite,
Wieout been struck we wonderment,
 When tha zun shines on it bright.

Tha gierdens too, be ael laid out
 Apon tha newest plan,
An we tha vlowers, shrubs, an trees,
 Looks like a vairy lan.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Jan thought about his country wom

An Squire's girt vine park;

Bit dang if this dwoant bate em ael

Putts ael o't in tha dark.

[33]

You never arldly hood believe,

What at thic pleace is voun;

Mwoast everything tha wordle da hold,

Da vill up ael tha groun.

An then tha girt big steatly house,

Putt up we iren an glass,

In ael tha wordle, ther yeant a house;

As can thease yer zurpass.

An then tha things, there be inzide,

Za splendid, skierce, an dear,

Ta zee it ael; you'd want ta stop

In thic pleace quite a year.

Bit Jan did onny stop ta look

At ael tha girt big things,

As tha vountins, an tha himmegies;

Var's time went by on wings.

Bim bye, tha whoppen hargin out

Zich a mighty zound did zend,

It shook tha nerves a Janny Brown;

His hair stood on a end.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Var zich a hargin you cant vind,
 If droo tha wordle ya zerch,
Why dang me buttons, if a beant,
 As bigs, a leetle Church.

An when tha hargin had a done
 Playen musick zo zublime;
A lot a voke got up ta zing,
 Var now twur konzart time.

[34]

An thay did zing, an play, za vine
 It car'd Jan's heart away,
T ha zounds a never will varget;
 A taaks o't ta thease day.

Tha evenim now wur draain on,
 Ower hero he cood zee;
Aelthough a adden got his watch
 Ta tell un currectly.

Zo we a zigh, an zad varewell,
 Did Janny leave tha pleace
An back agean ta Lunnen town,
 His steps a did retrace.

An wonce agean, a vound hisself.
 At his lodgens in tha Stran,
Wonce mwore, a wor'd out, went ta bade,
 An dram'd a vairy lan.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An when tha zun, zent his vust ray

Into his leetle room,

A bundled up, an hoff a went

Ta zee Zaint Paul's girt Dome.

Droo Temple Bar a took his way;

Vleet Street his eyes did vill

We meazement, at tha traffic thick

Right up ta Ludgit hill.

Zaint Paul's girt Church, a zoon did spy,

Zounds, what a mighty pleace,

Za tall an gran, za hankshint too;

A noble eddyfeace.

[35]

An zich a lot a carvin wirk,

Ael done be janius men;

An a Varger twould'n twur putt up

Be a man caal'd Christy Wren.

Eece, eece, zed Jan, zo twur begar,

Vrom Willshere, he did com,

I knaas tha pleace wur he wur barn'd;

Jist ten miles vrim my wom.

An I da vind, there be a lot

A men, a hankshint veam,

Who vrom tha country, did com yer,

An get a mighty neam.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Bit I da think, if naybur Wren,
 Cood zee agean thase house;
He'd meak em scrape it nicely down.
 An get of that black douse.

I hope tha Bishop, ar tha Queen,
 If thay tha owners be
Ull zet ta wirk, an clane it up;
 Zo's ael on it can zee.

Past Newgate then, ower hero went.
 An zeed thic ugly jail,
An of ael tha zites, a ad a zeed;
 Thase mead his heart mwoast vail.

Var tis za drary, an za black
 Tha outside is anuff,
Wieout gwain in ta zee inside
 An hear the jailers gruff.

[36]

Be Pwost Office, then down Chepzide,
 He vollied on in line,
An now, an then, jist cotch'd a glimpse,
 Of tha gran shops za vine.

Zich crowds a vok, gwain up an down.
 Da chok up ael tha way,
An Janny cooden meak it out.
 Twur like a markit day.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

I specks, says he, if cood bit know

Theres a vair on purty nigh;

If I can vind out wur it be

Zummat, I'll goo an buy.

Zoo to a pleecemin, straita a went,

An zed, I shood ee thank;

If you hood tell if that's a vair,

A pwintin to tha bank.

Eece, that's a vair, tha pleecemin zed;

We a twinkle in his eye,

An, if any speer caish you've got

Thay'll var ee putt it by.

Bit Janny he zoon zeed tha drift,

He voun it wur tha bank;

An not a place var zich as he

Bit, voke a wealth an rank.

King Willum Street, a did goo down,

An auver Lunnen Brudge,

Var a nower watch'd woold father Tems;

Then on agean did trudge.

[37]

Then ael at wonce, a halted short,

An down zim steps did goo

To av a penny steam boat ride,

To tha brudge at Waterloo.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An zich girt zites, did Janny zee,
A zalien on thic stream,
Zich zites he'd never thought ta zee,
In vact zeem'd ael a dream.

Wonce mwore to Stran a took his way,
Var he wur hungry main,
An very zoon veasted and ved
An wur ael right again.

Nex marnen, beean Zundy marn,
Atter two proper meals,
A went ta Vinsbury var to tend
Ta Chaple at Moorviolds.

Aelthough it wurden Janny's creed,
Ta worship in thic pleace,
T'wur var tha zites, an musick gran,
That he went there I gace.

An dally tis a splendid pleace,
We ael tha paintins gran,
Tha altar too, a yeant supass'd,
At nar pleace in tha lan.

Da zeem ta vill ee up we awe,
Yer heart ta good incline;
Ta hear tha splendid musick there;
Var do zim zo divine.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Of ael tha joys, upon thease earth,
 There's nuthin var ta beat
Good musick in tha house a pray'r;
 It aelways zinis zo zweet.

An Janny he did leave thic pleace,
 We his mind vull a good,
Vowen, he'd spen thic zabbath day,
 Jist as a Christian shood.

Bit, as a wur a com in out
 A chap took wold his yarm,
An ax'd un var to come along
 We ee ta Highbury Barn.

Na, na, I shaant zed Janny Brown;
 You'm a sharper chap I warn
An I beant gwain along we you
 Na where ta zee a barn.

Var I da want ta zee, zed he
 What I hant zeed avore,
An as var barns, why down a touam
 Can zee em be tha score.

Now while thic chap tried hard ta gain
 Tha vrenshep of our John,
A pleecemin com'd, an collar'd he,
 An slipp'd tha hand holts on.

An then did Janny Brown vind out,
 A wur a girt big thief;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Ta think what narrer skeap he'd had
Gied his heart much relief.

[39]

An very plazed ower hero wur,
Ta think that he wur cotch'd:
Var zomhow Jan did zeem ta think,
Twur he, as had his watch.

Var purty zartin zure it be,
He'd zeed me veace avore;
Ar else a hooden took me yarm,
When I lav'd tha chaple door.

Now in tha evemin, Janny went
Ta Zaint Martin's in tha square,
Bekaas it wurden vur vrim wom,
An zoon a cood be there.

An atter zarvice wur a done,
A quickly back did pop;
Var adden got bit one mwore day,
In Lunnen var ta stop.

An hearly like, a went ta bade,
That a mid hearly rise;
Nar till Zaint Clement's Clock struck zix
Did a open wonce his eyes.

Ta Meusaeum, up at Bloomsburee,
Nex marn a off did stride;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An there a look'd an gap'd about

Wie open mouth za wide.

Var dazed un much, when he did zee,

What thic pleace did contain,

Tha history nigh; of ael tha wordle,

Ya can zee ther za plaain.

[40]

Girt monnyments a hankshint voke;

Ael zarts a hankshint money;

An bwones a hanimals hixtinct;

Neatives in vayshuns vunny.

Girt implements a warvare too,

Thay use in days gone by,

An tablets vrom tha Holy Land,

Scripter ta testify.

In girt glass keases down one room;

Tha Gipshun mummies be,

Ael bandiged, za stiff an tite

Ther feacin you can't zee.

Tood teak a week, ta tell ee ael

Tha zites Jan Brown did zee;

Var tis za much, an main o't is

Things a curiosity.

The libery a books, too there

Wur voke mid zit an rade,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Thousands a pounds, thay mist a cost

When ael on em wur made.

Right plazed wur Jan we thic ther please,

An now can unnerstan,

When voke say's thic Meusaeum be

Tha pride a ower lan.

Bit now tha time wur runnin on,

Vawer a clock an atter;

Tha last night too, an he mist goo,

Ta zee zom vine theater.

[41]

Tha Delphi now, wur purty nigh,

To his lodgins in tha Stran;

An when twur time a off did goo

Ta thic ar please za gran.

An when a got up to tha dooer,

Tha voke wur ael among;

Var twur thic play, as look za well

An call'd tha "Colleen Bawn."

Zoo we a lot a squeezezen hard,

An pushen Jan got in;

An down a zat in wonderment,

At thic ar splendid zene.

An when tha curtain wur roll'd up,

Tha ban struck up za gay;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An Jan we eyes vix'd on tha steage,
Za hager watch'd thic play.

Var as I zed avore; tha piece
Wur caal'd "Tha Colleen Bawn "
An ower hero, tha exciting plot
Quite well did unnerstan.

If thic ar beant a noble maid;
Apon me wurd an honner;
I mean, she in tha scarlit dress,
Thay ael caals Ely Connor.

Thic vishermin, is what I caals,
A proper vearless chap;
An var his pluck, dang if I dwoant
Gie un a hearty clap.

[42]

I wonder wur thease play is true,
Var meaks me heart quite yeak,
Ta zee what zum on em went droo
Var thic ar maiden's seek.

Thic Bouccycalts, a cleverish man,
To write a play like thaze;
Dwoant wonder at ther cheers and claps
A do dezarve zich praise.

An thus did Jan express hissself
At thic ar fectin zite,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An onny wish'd a cood a stop'd

Ta zee't another night.

Bit then zed he, I thinks I've zeed

Gran plazin zich a zite;

An I twould Measter how I hood

Be back ta marrer night.

Zoo on the mam did Janny lave,

Behind veam'd Lunnen town;

An got haafway, avore a thought

About tha weddin gown.

Well, well, a zed, I caant goo wom,

Wieout tha gown var Zally;

Ar else she'll zay me promises

An actions, dwoant tally.

'Till meat her proper spiteful too,

About thic zilver watch;

An win it, she vetch it up a bit,

Ta think that I wur cotch.

[43]

Now zoon ower hero vound hisself,

On his woold neative zoil

An glad a wur ta rast a bit;

Atter they days a toil.

An Varmer Ray right glad wur he,

Ta see good Janny Brown;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An hear tha things what he did tell
 Bout veamous Lunnen town.

An Janny, when a twould about,
 Tha stalin o his watch;
Tha jolly varmer laff'd aloud,
 Ta think a ad bin cotch.

Bit never mind; a zed at last,
 Dwoant trouble bout un mwore,
Another one I'll buy var thee
 As good as he avore.

An looky here, zed Mrs. Bay,
 I'll zen ta Lunnen town,
An get a hansim piece a stuff
 Ta meak ee Zally's gown,

Zoo Janny Brown wonce mwore wur mead
 A proper happy man;
An two ar dree Zundays atterwirds
 Passin rade out ther banns.

An in a cottage snugly now,
 Thay bouth be zettled down;
An Jan da offen taak about
 His trip ta Lunnen town.

[44]

An he da vow that Lunnen is
 Tha pleace ta goo an zee;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

When you've a got tha caish ta spear,
An wants a hallerday.

Thic pleace is like a busy hive;
Work, gaiety, and strife;
An everybiddy ought ta goo
Ta zee a bit a life.

Var a week or zo, tis jolly nice,
Thic girt big town ta zee;
Bit var a biden pleace; Jan zaays
A country wom var he.

[NP]

THA GIRT HARCHEOLOGY.

A main girt fuss ther wur las week,
In thase yer leetle town, min
Var here did meet a lot a voke,
Of girt hankshint renown, min.

Bit wat 'twar var, I hardly knows,
An dall'd, if I can zee;
This much I knows, they caals therselves,
Tha girt Harcheology.

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

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An ther ower Passin rade aloud,
 While zome did nod an snore;
A peaper, bout ower girt vine Church,
 Which main o'm knaw'd avore.

[46]

An ater that, thay went ta dine,
 Down at tha Pembroke Yarms;
Which wur tha ony thing ta I,
 Tha zeemed ta av zum charms.

Ther thay did stuff an vill away,
 Unger an thirst ta quench;
Bit wat tha ad, I cudden tell,
 Vor 'twur put down in Vrench.

Then thay did spachefy an zay,
 Wat thay wur gwain to do;
An zom wur zartin zure that thay,
 Shid vine out zummit new.

Nex day in busses, brakes, an vans,
 Thay went off vor a spree;
An purty well thay manag'd it,
 Thase girt Harcheology.

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

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

We Wardour, they zeem'd nayshun plaz'd,

As thay wak'd in an out;

Tha vine woold ruins stannin there,

Wat Cromwell knock'd about.

Nex day thay off agean did goo,

To Zalsbry an aroun;

Ta zee tha pin vine bankshinl things,

That ael about is voun.

[47]

An ael did look za jolly well,

An plaz'd as thay could be;

Var skierce bit veasten ael tha time,

Be thase Harcheology.

Bit as I zed avore, I dwoant,

An even now caant zee;

Wat good thay does ta we poor voke,

Thase girt Harcheology.

Ta zee woold ruins an woold things,

Na doubt ta thay zeenis gran;

Bit dang if I dwont think that thay,

Cud, het on a better plan.

Za-poussin thay wur ael ta meet,

Ta renevate tha ruin;

Of poor vokes houssen that thay zees,

Wat good ud thay be do-un.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Bit spoose var drownin' out thease hint,

I mist apologie;

Bit I da hope thay'll ze ta it,

Thase girt Harcheology.

* * * * *

Of this I spoose you've ad anuff,

Zoo I'll draa it to a close;

If mwore about em you do want,

Rade Bob Burn's Captin Grose!

[48]

THA COUNTRYMIN AND THA
LAAYER'S CLERK.

A Wilsheer chap in Lunnen town,

As wur a wanderen up an down;

Wie open mouth an gapin eyes,

At every thing wie girt zurprise;

Strait voun hissself in Lincolns Inn,

Thic pleace, wur Laayer's lives zureen.

A looked about un every way

As up an down he there did stray;

Var a cooden zeem to understan,

Wat tha houssen they wur var, za gran;

Zays he, dang if I can meak out,

Wat tha voke that lives here's got about;

Var if these houssen thay da use,

Wat 'tis they var a livin dooes;

It caa'nt be shops, else wat da hinder,

Thay vrim putten up ther things in winder.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Dang if I ant a good mind sure,
Ta goo an knock an one om's doer,
An ax, if they'll be plaz'd to tell,
A countrymin what they da zell.
Zo, at a laayers office slap,
Ower Willsheer man began ta rap;
A voice then zoon baal'd out inzide,
Push ard tha dooer, an'll open wide.

[49]

Ower joskin done as he wur tould,
An waak'd in like a Lion bwold;
An tha vust thing there, that took his eye,
Wur two clerks, zot up, at desk, za high.
Well BUMPKIN! zays thay wooldest one,
In zart a grinnin, sneerin tone,
Bist cum a laayer var ta zee,
If so, wat can 'ess do var thee?
Why, I'm cum zays he, ta know if ya will,
Tell a countrymin wat you da zill?
Why BLOCKHEADS, vool! if thee mist know,
An tha clerks tha vill a laffin zo.
O doo'ee zure, zed ower hero out,
Well you've got a good trade I dwoant doubt.
Wat meaks thee think zo, zays the clerk?
Who zeem'd quite struck wie thic remark;
Var why, zays he, cassen zee, girt vool,
That thee, an thy me-at on tha stool;
Tho ya thinks ya be za mity deft,
Be tha only TWO that there is left.
Tha clerks look'd glum var thay wur beat,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An ower hero zoon beat a retreat;
An as a wur gwain out tha dooer,
He turn'd roun ta look at thay wunce mwore;
An zays, if I never larn'd me book,
I beant sich a vool as I da look.
Zo good bye, vine scribblers of the Laa,
I'm yer umble zarvant, Janny Raa.

[50]

BILL BILES AN THE MINISTER.

Bill Byles wur a witty chap,
An vull a vun wur he;
Aelwys a lot ad got ta zaay,
An ready var a spree;
Tho Billy wurden a scholard high,
A never ad much school,
Heet, still a knaa'd mmost everything,
His yead wur brimmin vull.

One Zundy he went out ta waak,
It wur in zummer prime.
Tha zun wur hot, so he sat down,
Ta wile away tha time;
A adden bin ther very long
Vor a strainger he com'd bye
An Bill a knaa'd a Passin twur,
We's black cwoat and white tie.

Tha strainger he ax'd Bill ta tell
Tha way ta zich a pleace;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Var duty there he had ta do;
 Var his vren Passin Meace;
An much a thought tha road he'd took
 Ooden zoon lead un there,
Zoo he ax'd Bill ta put un rite,
 As he'd no time to spare.

[51]

"O eece, be zure," zed Billy Byles,
 "Now measter, jist look here,
Goo strait along apon thease pike,
 Ta rite nar lift dwoant steer;
An wen ya coms to dree cross roads
 A minister you'll zee,
Then you can tell wich way ta goo,
 If you da look at he."

"A minister," zed stranger out.
 "What ever is that are?
I never yeard of zich a thing,
 Of zich I beant aware;
Pray do explain, young man ta me
 Ta what ya do refer;
Var raaly ignerant I be of
 Thease *zo caal'd* minister."

"Why then I'll tell ee," zed Bill Byles,
 "As you dwon't zeem to know;
A minister's a girt sign pwost,
 As tells ee how ta go;
Ther thay da stan a pwintin out

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Ta we poor wicked elves,
'*Tha road*,' bit zeldum arn a thay
Da goo thick road therzelves."

[52]

ZONG.

THA COT ON ZALSBRY PLAAIN.

Me fiather is a shepherd bwold,
An lives on Zalsbry Plaain;
Vrim marn till nite he tends his sheep,
In wind, an starm, and rain;
Tho loanely be his humble lot,
He never do complain,
Var sweet contentment vills tha cot
Away on Zalsbry Plaain!

CHORUS: —

O tha leetle thatch roof cot,
Wur happiness da reign;
Of ael plazin in tha wordle gie
Tha cot on Zalsbry Plaain!

[53]

Me mother, dear, God bless her heart,
Wat she've a done vor I
Da meak me heart rise in me brist,
An tears rin in me eye;
Var wen I left me happy wom

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Wat woe an hitter pain
Did vill her up tha day I left
Tha cot on Zalsbry Plaain!

O tha leetle thatch roof cot, &c.

A brawny zailor bwold I'm now,
I've brav'd tha starmy sea,
In a Man-a-war, ta zarve me Queen,
Likewise me countery;
An offen in tha zilent nite,
Apon tha voamin main,
Wat drames av com into me yead
Of tha cot on Zalsbry Plaain!

O tha leetle thatch roof cot, &c.

I've zailed aelroun tha wordle twice,
I've bin in every clime,
I've had zim crosses, an I've had
Zim pleasures in me time;
Bit this I zays amang it ael,
Tha pleasures and tha pain,
Tha bright gem that wur uppermwoast
Wur tha cot on Zalsbry Plaain!

O tha leetle thatch roof cot, &c.

[54]

Bit now me time is draaen on,
An in a year or two

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

I'll be discharged, an then I'll get
 A pinchin as me due;
To shipmeats then I'll bid varewell,
 Varewell to ocean's main;
Here's hoff ta get another berth
 In tha cot on Zalsbry Plaain.

O tha leetle thatch roof cot, &c.

An ah! wat joy till be var I
 Ta greet me parients kine;
Ta rove about in they woold haunts
 I now can caal ta mine;
Ta veel I'm vree of ael tha wordle,
 Once mwore a Wiltshire swain;
Ta live, an die, an raste me bounes,
 Near tha cot on Zalsbry Plaain!
 O tha leetle thatch roof cot,
 Wur happiness da reign;
 Of ael plazin in tha wordle gie I
 Thic cot on Zalsbry Plaain!

[55]

THA
MYSTERIOUS
LAIG A MUTTON:
A TRUE STOWRY.

At Ditchempton tha tother nite,
 A jolly pearty met;
A vrens in town an vrens aroun,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

How many I quite varget.

Tha worthy Lanlard of tha "Bell."

As wur his regler rule,

Thic nite wur gwain ta gie a veast,

Ta ael his leetle school.

A invitations zent about.

Tha day an hour did vix:

And strictly wishen ael on em,

Ta meet ther quite by zix.

Mwoast punctually tha hour wur kept,

Be ael his vrens za kine;

Var zeems a vact, wen gwain ta fe-ast,

Yoke zeldom gets behine.

[56]

Zoo on thease nite thease jolly vrens,

To tha "Bell Inn" did repair;

I av bin twould, an think it true,

Every one on em wur there.

Tha clock het zix, tha clock het zeven,

Nar zupper did appear;

Tha guests begun ta think it straining,

Begar, thay look'd main queer.

Var hungry thay begun ta get,

Zom o'm wie unger shook;

Anything bit mirth shone on ther veace,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Ael on em cross did look.

"Wur be tha Lanlard?" zom did cry,
 "A hant bin zeed ta nite;
Come, goo an zee what he's about,
 Come, vetch un, naybour White."

Tha lanleady, a ooman good,
 As ere on earth wur vound;
Gun ta get vrightened at tha naise,
 That droo tha house did zound.

Poor ooman, sbe wur in a vix,
 Her husban wur away;
He'd laved tha house early thick mam,
 An ad mistook tha day.

Var wen a went away, zays he,
 "Be zure meak things ael right;
I shill be back ta marrer marn,
 Zupper's ta marrer nite."

[57]

"Now kine vrens ael, jist look an zee
 If yer tickets be ael right; "
"Jist zo," zays thay, "tis June tha fourth,
 An tis thease very nite."

Thay zoon voun out tha girt mistake,
 Var herein lay tha drift;
Tha caards wur printed June tha fourth,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Tha host vix'd June tha fifth.

Tha caws wen spread amang thease vrens

Diden plaze em very well;

Var hungry voke no one can plaze,

It sims impossible.

Now zom did laff, an zom did joke,

An shocken, zom did swear;

Var nevir in their lives had thay

Bin zarved a like affair.

An lots begun ta lave tha house.

An meak var wom again;

Var two ar dree miles thay ad come

Ta veast thic nite in vain.

Bit a vew chums did there remain,

Who diden live vur off;

Bent on a geam which thay there plan'd.

Ta satisfy ther wroth.

Var thase vew chums knaa'd purty well,

Tha larder wur near bye;

An there prime jints a mate did hang,

Thay'd got em in their eye

[58]

A girt big laig a mutton there,

Weighun a dozen pound;

Thic nite wur missed, an noon cud tell

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Wur he wur to be vound.

Bit leat thic nite went down tha street,
A pearty of dree ar vour;
One had a passel which he drow'd,
In at a zartin door.

Tha voke inzide wur vrighten'd much,
Be tha slammin a tha door;
Thay struck a lite an went ta zee,
What twur upon ther floor.

"O fiather, come," a young maid cried,
"Look, zee, ow very kind;
A sheep's been here, jist look an zee,
An left a laig behind."

Her fiather laff'd, then zed" ow kind,
I wonder who thay be;
Var if I knaa'd, I'd thank em, zure,
I hood most heartily.

However, zunce thease laig, za prime,
Is drow'd inzide me door,
Ta marrer we ull gie a veast
Ta about a haaf a score.

"Zo mine ta marrer marn," zays he,
"As zoon as you'm awake;
Ower biggest platter putten on,
An zen un off ta bake."

[59]

Nex marn ta beaker Hockey then
 Wur zent thic laig za vine;
An wird wur zent ta ael tha chums,
 At one a'clock to dine.

A note wur zent to Lanlard B,
 Ta tell un wen he came;
At a zartin pleace ta meet zim vrens,
 Bent on a leetle game.

Twur zummer time, an down tha mead,
 Voke caals tha Netherwell;
Tha steamin jint it wur laid out.
 An savoury main did smell.

Tha clock het one, an all wur come,
 An sated in a line;
An every eye did glissen much
 At thic laig a mutton vine.

Then Joey F. a took tha cheer,
 An atter grace wur zaid;
A gun ta carve tha mutton prime,
 Ache plate a well did lade.

"Now ate away me jolly vrens,
 You'm welcom here to day;
Dwoont be aveard, ael on't is vree,
 Not a varden var ta pay."

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An never did tha knife an vork
 Zich girt big havoc meak
Apon a jint in sich quick time,
 As that, an no mistake.

[60]

Var Joey carv'd an carv'd away.
 Till nought wur left bit bwone;
An everyone on em declared
 He had hissself well blown.

Tha cloth wur cleared, tha cheermin rose,
 An zays, "I thank ee all
Var your girt kindness commin yer,
 An at za short a call.

"Tha vact is vrens, leatish las night
 A bang com'd to me door;
I went ta zee, an ther I zeed
 Thic laig upon me vloor.

"An zunce zom unknown vren a did
 Thic laig ta I conzine,
I thought I cooden do no less
 Then ax ee ael ta dine."

Now Lanlard B., who sacritly
 Was hiden hind a tree,
Peep'd out an zed, "I spoose ya caals
 This yer a purty spree.
"Bit I tell ee this, vine gennelmen,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

You zoon shill rue tha day
That you zat down ta dine vrim mate
Ya knaa you stole away."
Tha compny feigned girt zuprise,
An ache o'm did declare
Ther innocence, apon ther oath
Of ael thease strainge affair.

[61]

Then Joey F., zarcasticly,
Zed, ael ad best atone;
Ta meak amens, a hood perpose,
Lanlard shid av tha bwone.

This zo enraged tha worthy host,
Vierce anger vill'd his veace,
A shook his vist, and swore that they
Shid ten times it repleace.

An ael thic day and ael thic week,
Thease tale ael else did crown;
Var nuthun else ya cooden hear,
Ael droo thease leetle town.

Bit time tha haler wore it off,
Tho offen voke ull zay —
Mine Landlard wen ya gie a veast,
Dwoont ee mistake tha day.

[62]

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)
THA GIRT VAT PIG.

Ower fiather's gwain ta kill tha pig,
 When he comes wom ta-night;
An lore tha thoughts on it da vill
 I up we mad delight.

Tho we shill miss poor Toby much.
 A grunten in his stye;
Bit mother zays tha beakin's gone,
 An we caant avord ta buy.

Zides, Toby now is vat, an vit,
 He's purty nigh ten scoure;
Two baigs a barleymeal he've had,
 A mussen av no mwore.

Zoo ta Toby we mist zay varewell,
 Of grub he've had his wack:
Na mwore we'll car un extry bits,
 Na mwore we'll scratch his back.

Ah 'tis a appy time a twoam
 Wen we da kill a pig,
Var zich nice veasten I da av,
 Wich meaks I grow za big.

[63]

Var I avs ael his pettitoes,
 An girt black puddens vine,
Mother da meak, an vagots too,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

An chidlins raueh's I mine.

Mwoast every day, var two ar dree weeks

Wie avs zich nice pig's vry;

Wich meaks I run about and zing —

"What a happy bwoy be I."

On Zundys, too, mother da roast

A nice girt bit a griskin,

Which som da like mwom butcher's mate,

Begar, an zo da I min.

An then we puts his vine vat zides

Into a girt big zilt;

An well wie zalt we rubs em droo,

Till inta brine da milt.

An there we lets em bide a bit,

Till thay be well zoak'd droo;

Then out we teaks em, an da hang

Em up tha chimley vlue.

Up thayre they bides a smoken nice,

Till thame as browns a berry;

An lore ta zee em hangin there

Meaks fiather zart a merry.

An when thame dry a piece we cuts,

Var bwilen, ar var raishers;

An fiather cuts out bouth tha hams,

A pair a regler slaishers.

[64]

An ther ache zide tha vire-pleace,
 Thay bouth da hang za brown,
Zo's ta be ready var ta cook,
 When Jack an Poll comes down.

Var tho thay livs in Lunnen town,
 An can av butcher's mate;
Heet they bouth vows as fiather's ham
 Ta thay's a bigger trate.

Zoo every Club ar Crismis time,
 A ham gooes inta pot;
Var ower vamly reckens ten,
 A main girt ungry lot.

I warn thic bwone is polished off
 Avore thay gooes away;
Which fiather's aelwys plazed to zee,
 Da meak his woold heart gay.

An mother she is aelwys plazed
 Ta zee ower appetite;
"Tis purty zartin zure," she zaays,
 "Yer bellies be ael right."

Sparkle wie jay me eyes thay do,
 Ta zee a ham on teable;
Var aelwys I da av ta ate
 As much as I be yeable.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Var mother she da zarve it out,
 Cos she can carve za quick;
An well she knaas I likes it long,
 An nar bit nice how thick.

[65]

Let gennelvoke cry up their geam,
 Their vensin, veal, ar lam;
Bit var a nunch jist let I av
 A nice girt chunk a ham.

An this I zaays ta wirken voke,
 If a meal ya wants a good un,
Cook a ham, an lots a gierden stuff,
 An a nice girt figgy pooden.

An if that ar dwoant vill ee up,
 An try a bit yer buttons,
I'm zarten zure that nuthen wunt,
 Ar else ya be girt gluttons.

Ta leabouren voke tis a girt thing
 Ta av a pig in stye;
Var he'll turn many a shillin in,
 Wen he is vat, bim bye.

An many a teasty bit he'll av,
 Ta putt apon his plate;
Var well we knaa he caant avourd
 Ta buy no butcher's mate.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

I wish that every leabouren man
 Had a gierden nice an big,
An a leetle stye, kept nice and clane,
 An many a girt vat pig.

[66]

BEEANS AN BEAKIN.

I tell ee what it is me bwoys,
 You mid praise beef, an 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 beens an beakin.

When you'm at work upon the varm
 A mawin, ar haymeakin,
Ther's nuthen that ull stan by ee,
 Like a veed a beens and beakin.

Till keep yer straingth up ael tha day,
 An down ya wunt be braken,
If brekvist time ya avs zom vried
 We a raisher of vat beakin.

Las planten time, the chaps ad laff'd.
 An vun a I war meaken;
A caas, zix rains a beens I zet,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Var to have long me beakin.

Begar, I'd grow em ael tha year,
In me lotment if I cood,
Var in thease wordle, to yeal ther beant
Nuthen, nut haaf za good.

[67]

I've got a girt vat pig in sty.
An twenty scoure 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 da offen laff at I,
An hold her zides a sheaken,
Ta zee how nice I do enjoy,
Thic veed a beens and beakin.

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 beens away,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Long we a piece a rafty.

Zix o'm he'll stick apon his vork,
An meak his mother nailer,
Ta zee un ael tha lot at wonce
Putt in his mouth an swaller.

I zaays, lar mother dwoant ee vret,
Nar zich a row be meakin,
Trust he, ta tackle em aelright.
Thay'll slippy down we beakin.

[68]

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

Chip a tha woold block, praphs you'll say,
An atter's dad is taken,
"Well never mind; he'll meak a man
If a sticks ta beeans and beakin.

I likes ta zee me children av,
A plenty a grub ta ate;
An when tha beeans thay be about,
Dwoant want no butcher's mate.

Insteads a veedin childern well,
Ther's lots a voke I knows,
Who starves ther bellies, var ther backs,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Jist var ta av vine clothes.

Bit dang if ever I dooes that,
Pinch me zelf, nar neet me bwoy,
An if we caant avord broad cloth,
We ull goo in carderoy.

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

Wonce, when I wur in Lunnen town,
Along we me cuzzin Joe,
Thay wur gwain to have a heean veast,
Ad axed I var ta go.

[69]

Dang it thinks I, now what a veed,
I'm a gwain to av bim bye,
I'll bet a crown that nam o'm there
Ull tackle tha beens like I.

Zoo when tha day wur come we drove,
Bout ten mile, vrim Lunnen town;
An at a girt vine Public House
To dinner we ael zat down.

Mwoast every jint that you cood neam,
Wur putt on top a teable;
Ther wur no stint, av what ya mi'nt,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

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 beean veast, cassen zee,
Wie out a single beean."

We that a busted out an grind,
An zet tha tothers laffin,
An zoo begar, ael droo the day
I had ta beare ther chaffin.

Bit, I cood'n zee tha drift at ael,
There grinnin an ther jokin,
I thinks that I mwore razon had,
Me vun at they be pokin.

[70]

Ta call a veast, a beean veast,
An nar a beean in zight,
I'm dang if jist dwoant puzzle I,
Da raaly whack I quite.

What I shid caal a beean veast,
If one I wuv a meaken,
Hood be a gallin every man,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

We pound a nice vat beakin.

Zides teaties, and 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 wirkin man
Had plenty a beeans 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.

Zo you mid lal'f and chaff away,
An vim at I be meakin;
I tell ee straight, ther's nuthen like
A veed a beeans an beakin.

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

[71]

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)
Zammy zittin on the Varm Yard Geat

waiten for Zusan ta come.

She appears.

ZAMMY.

"Well, Zusan, I be glad you'm com,
I thought you cooden lave yer wom.
But I be martil glad ta zee ee,
An hope ye'll stop a nower we me,
Vor I av got a lot ta zay
About thic are zweet happy day."

ZUSAN.

"Well, Zam, ya know'd wen last we met
I zed I'd meet ee, vine ar wet;
Y've aelways vound I to me wird,
An constent too, as any bird."

ZAMMY.

"Eece, zo I av, me Zusan dear,
An I ant got no caas ta veer,
Vor I be zure ya do like I,
Aelthough betimes ya zeems main shy;

[72]

But let's get up apon tha nap,
Then you can zet down in me lap,
Zo put yer leetle yarm droo mine,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

I'll lead ee on za gran an vine.
How nice tha craps do look ael roun,
An zee tha carn is turnin brown;
Zoon harvust time agean ull com
We jolly cheer an harvust wom.
Well, here we be upon tha hill,
An everything is nice an still,
Zo let's zit down upon tha grass,
Vor a pleasant nower we will pass,
Zo put yer yarms around me weast,
Oh, Zusan, I da like ee baste.
An zummit I da want ta zay
About our happy weddin day."

ZUSAN.

"Lor, Zammy, doon't ee tak sich stuff
Ya nows I beant ni woold anuff;
I shoulde nevir think ta marry,
A good deal longer I shall tarry."

ZAMMY.

"Not woold anuff, why raaly, Zusan,
Tis no excuse you now be usen,
Vor you tells I as how you be
Next January twenty-dree.
An I, ya know, be twenty-vive
In August next if I'm alive;
An vor two years we've wak'd about
An never once ave we vell out."

[73]

ZUSAN.

"Well, mother zays I'm but a child,
Specially wen she's ar bit wild;
She zays ther's lots a time vor I
Ta think ov men-voke bye an bye;
Wen she wur young she nevir wak'd
Nor heet ta any young men tak'd;
Till she wur turned ni thirty-two
Tha men she diden lissen to."

ZAMMY.

"Well, we yer mother I doon't hold,
Vor I da think that's mwoast to woold;
I doon't dispute what she da zay,
But zummit, praphs, stood in tha way;
Praphs Cupid's darts thay diden pierce,
Ar praphs young men wur raethur skierce;
But raaly Zue, twix you and I,
Ya've know'd I long anuff ta try;
An I av tak'd ov this avore,
Wen stannin at yer mother's door;
Aelthough ya did hang down yer yead,
Heet not a wird you nevir zed;
An I thought zilence gied consent,
Zo off ta get tha ring I went;
An I av got un in me pockit,
An a leetle thing thay caals a lockit."

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)
ZUSAN.

"Well, Zammy, that's a purty thing,
To goo away and buy a ring;
I zeems ta think you'm tellin lies,
Var how com you ta know tha zize;

[74]

ZAMMY.

"Ah Zusan, I be zure he'll vit,
As zure as down yer I be zit,
Vor one nite, we a bit a string,
I mead a leetle slip-not zling,
We that I did yer vinger ring,
'Twur done as quick as any thing;
Ya didn know what I wur bout,
Till now ya zee I've let it out."

ZUSAN.

"Do teak tin out. an let me zee,
How much vor'n, Zammy, did he gie;
He looks ta I a leetle woold,
An is er, Zammy, mead a goold?
Praphs he wants shinin up a bit,
Now let me zee if he da vit;
Just like a trivet he gooes on,
An vits za nice, apon me zong;
I shooden thought we that ar string
Ya cud midger I vor thase yer ring."

ZAMMY.

" I tould ee, Zusan, he hood doo,
He's mead a goold an is quite new;
Ten zilver shillins I paid down,
An the man zed, he wur woth a poun;
A bargin vine he zed I'd got
Wen I did goo ta lave his shop."

[75]

ZUSAN.

"Now let me zee thick are vine lockit,
Yo zed you'd got mi in yer pockit;
An is yer litness in un zet
Vor I ta wear around me neck?"

ZAMMY.

"Eece, me litness is in un, Zusan,
An mine, I hope you'll nevir looze un,
Cos 'tis a present vrom yer young man
Wen you did gie away yer han;
An now, me Zusan, vix tha day
Wen ta Church I shall lead ee away;
A appy chap I then shall be,
An thease yer heart a will be vree."

ZUSAN.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

"Well, Zammy, I da think you'm true,
An dwoant think I shall ever rue
If I da gie meself ta you,
Cos, Zammy, I da like ee too;
An zo I now will be yer wife,
Yours ever Zammy, ael droo life;
An if ya dwoant think 'tis ta quick,
We'll be ax'd in church a Zundy week."

ZAMMY.

"Oh, Zusan, let me kiss thick cheek,
Me dear, me dear, 'teant noon ta quick;
Ther's a empty cot apou tha hill,
Another one agean tha mill,

[76]

An ta marrer you can goo and zee
Wich o'm our leetle wom shall be;
Next week I off ta town ull goo,
Ta buy our furniture ael new.
A girt vat pig I got in stye,
No meat we shaant want for ta buy,
An teaty groun I've got a lot;
An hopes ta have a tidy crop;
Zo we thase things, if we contrive,
We'll be tha happiest voke alive;
Vor za happy, Zusan, I da zeem,
I hooden chenge plazin we tha Queen."

ZUSAN.

"Na mwore hood I, me Zammy dear,
Vor nobiddy livin we doon't veary;
But zee, tha nite is comin on,
Zo we ad better get along;
Be zure you buys tha things ael right,
An meet I agean ta marrer nite;
An dwoant varget about tha banns,
Var nuthin shill alter ower plans."

[77]

POLL'S WEDDIN.

'Twur in tha zunny month a May,
Wen birds da zweetyly zing,
That Jackey Bell, of yonder dell,
Ta Church ower Poll did bring.
An nevir in me life av I
Enjayed mezelf za well
As wen ower Poll got married to
Young strappin Jackey Bell.

We ael got up at vower o'clock,
An bustled zo about,
Ta get things ready vor tha veast,
A proper gran turn out.
Lore ow we trim'd tha woold house up,
We evergreens an vlowers,
Girt lims we stuck agean tha door,
Ta form zim sheady bowers.

[78]

At breakfast time, lore, how we chaff'd

Poor Poll about her man,

Bit then she know'd twur ony jokes,

Vor she coud understan.

An fiather jok'd and zed "zappose

Young Jackey shuden come,

Why Poll, what ever hood ee do?

What ever hood be done?"

An Poll laughed out an zed, "zappose

Ta Church I hooden goo,

Wad shud ee think a that, now zay,

Whatever hood ee do?

But lack a day, no vear a that,

I shall be his ta day,

Vor he da like I much ta well

Ta think ta bide away."

An while we wur a chaffin so

A rap com to tha door,

An Poll rush'd up ta open un,

Twur Jackey she wur sure.

An twur, begar, an wat a zite,

He claps bur roun tha wease,

An gied hur kisses, sich a lot,

Ael bout her rozy feace.

Lore, ow we laff'd an cried, vor joy,

Ta zee thick two together;

"God bliss em bouth," zed Granny out,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

"Ther love may nothin zever."

[79]

An poor young Jan tha tears rin'd out
His eyes vor very joy,
Then poor woold Granfer hollerd out
"God bless ee, maid an bwoy."

Zo now tha time wur gettin on,
Tha maids thay went up stair,
Ta put ther bran new dresses on,
An trim an plat their hair.
An Jackey he went long a I,
Ta dress hisself za gran,
Var I wur gwain, doont ee zee, to act
As Jackey Bell's baste man.

Wen ael wur ready, out we went,
Zix couples in tha train,
An twur a nay shin purty zite,
As I shant zee again;
Tha maids they wur done up in gowns,
That shined jist like zilk,
Tha chaps in black trowjers an cwoats,
An weasecuts white as milk.

Ael down tha village street we went,
Lar ow tha voke did stear,
A underd voices did cry out
"God bless ee, Polly dear; "
Tha men voke, too, they ad their zay

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

As geanst tha church they stuck,
As we went droo thay ael did zay
"Mine keep yer sperrits up."

[80]

Tha Passin then begun ta rade
Tha zarvice var tha weddin,
An fiather gied poor Poll away,
While mother tears wur sheddin.

Wen Passin ax'd young Jan, if he
Hood av Poll var a wife,
In a loud voice, a zed a hood,
An stick ta she droo life.

Then joyfully we lav'd tha Church,
As appy as anything,
An ael at once tha bells begun
Za merrily ta ring;
An we march'd back like voke in steat,
Amang tha vok's hooray;
Zuch welcomes then thay gied thick two,
Their blessed wedding day.

Then down we zat ta dinner gran.
Roun fiather's oaken teable,
An everything wur thur ta ate,
As much as you wur yeable.
A junk a beef, a woppin ham,
A nice girt laig a mutten,
Puddens an tearts, ther wur anuff
Ta satisfy a glutton.

An ater that wur cleard away,
Ael zarts a fruit we ad,
Vigs, Apples, Nuts, an Oranges,
An yale, ta meak ess glad.

[81]

An there we bid var dree long hours,
An ael za jolly appy,
Tha young uns thay did dance and zing,
Tha woold uns blow'd their baccy.

Then mother did perpose a plan,
An this wat she did zay—
"Now ael o'ee teak a walk down street,
While I da clare away."

An straitte our things we bustled on,
An march'd ael down tha street,
An ael our vrens we did invite,
At zix a'clock ta meet.

Zo at zix a'clock they ael did meet
In uncle's girt lang barn,
Vor there we wur ta ave a ball,
An keep un up till marn.
An ower brass band, they did get up
In a waggon tother end,
An they did play zo nice an loud,
Zich musick out did zend.

A cask a cider an a beer

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

We'd roll'd into tha barn,
Which uncle ad zend down ta we,
A present vrom the varm.
Zo everything wur ready now
An vrens they ael wur com,
"Lead off tha dance" zed fiather then,
An bang then went tha drum!

[82]

An in two rows ael down the barn,
Tha men an maidens stood,
To've zeed ess there, I'm zure it hood
Av done yer heart much good.
Vor Jan an Poll stood on tha top,
An wen tha ban did zoun,
They did lead off in purty style,
Thic woold dance, vower ans roun.

Zo we did dance, an joke an zing,
Vor hours thick weddin nite,
An raaly there ta zee ess ael,
It wur a fectin zite.
Vor ael wur cheer an harminy,
Amang ess, young an woold,
Twur jist like one big vamily,
Zich vrenship we did hold.

An I da hope wen I da wed,
Ta keep me weddin zo,
Vor I da think, then ael good voke
Their kindness ought ta show;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Vor 'tis a time, a time a cheer.

We girt voke an we small,
An wen I weds jist let I have
A weddin like our Poll.

[83]

UNDER CARTER JOE

I wur a varmer's bwoy, me lads,
Zoon after I wur barn,
An I a under carter wur
At leetle Ugford varm,
An wen I grow'd a smeat young chap,
A Zodger I did go,
An in tha regiment I did list
Tha call'd I Carter Joe.

Tho' much it pain'd me fiather, kind
Likewise me mother dear,
To zee ther darlin zon dress'd out
A British Granidier.
But then I cheer'd their woold hearts up,
An praised tha regiment zo,
They zoon ull meak a hofficer
A under Carter Joe.

A well I caals ta mine tha day
Wen from me wom I went,
Tha village gals did ael turn out
Me heart thay near did rent.
But then I pluck'd up courage strong,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

And smudder'd ael me woe,
Good bye, me dears, zoon you'll zee back,
Poor under Carter Joe.

[84]

We tha regiment then I went abroad
Out to thick are Crimear,
To vite vor Queen and Country,
An those at wom za dear.
There girt hardships I did goo droo
In vront of Englan's foe,
But pluck and courage vill'd tha heart
Of under Carter Joe.

Dree battles I wur in out there,
We courage nar bit cool,
Wen I wur in tha thick of vite
Before Zebastapool.
An ael droo that viten that I went.
Mine, I doont wish ta crow,
Bit dang if any yarm did com
Ta under Carter Joe.

Zo wen thick war wur auver,
Var Englan we did zail,
Lore, ow me poor woold heart did yearn
Me neative lan ta hail.
I never shall varget tha day,
Var me heart da auverflow,
When I da think ow voke did cheer
Tha regiment of Poor Joe.

Then very zoon zim stripes I ad,
A carpril I wur mead,
Var ael om know'd that Carpril Joe
Hood not his stripes degrade;

[85]

An in good time I rose agean,
An wurden nar bit slow,
A Zargent then thay zoon did meak
Poor under Carter Joe.

Then we dree stripes apom me yarm,
A vine zword be me zide,
I went ta zee me parents dear
An ael woold vrens bezide;
Lore ow thay steer'd an steer'd agean,
They grinnied at I zo.
Noon om believed that I wur wonce
Poor under Carter Joe.

Now one-and-twenty years I've zarv'd,
A pinchin I've a got,
An I da bide an live in hase,
An appy is me lot.
No keers av I, no trouble noon,
No zarrer nar no woe,
Vor appy days da glide along
Wie under Carter Joe.

Now ael young men as leabourers be,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

That wirks in vield an barn,
If you be not contented there,
Goon list ta marrer marn.
Keep steedy an true, what ere you do,
Ael evil chums vorego,
An then a Zargent zoon you'll get,
Like under Carter Joe.

[86]

GIPSYUN
AT
STOUNEHENGE

One day ower Dick, an I, an Tom,
Wic Cousin Jean and Meary Ann,
An two ar dree mwore vrim up tha hill
Did het upon a goodish plan.

Vor we agreed we'd goo an zee
Tha girt big stounes out at Stounehenge,
An av a proper jolly spree,
An jay owerzelves wie ael ower vrens.

Zo ache o's wur to 'vite a vren,
To meak a purty leetle pearty,
An ael agreed ta pay za much,
Ta meak tha day zo nice and harty.

[87]

Zo wen ael o't wur zettled down,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Away we zent ower Meary Ann,
Ta ax woold Uncle if he'd lend
His hosses an his girt spring van.

An Uncle wur za martil plazed,
He zed he'd drave ess wur we mind,
An hooden charge ess not a vig,
Var his woold heart be true an kind.

Zo wen tha day wur drawin ni,
There wur zich fussen mang the maids,
A meaken zich girt pies an cakes,
Ta want we wur nar bit avraid.

A girt big piece of beef they'd cook'd,
An zich a woppin ham had bought,
They wur abliged ta cut un droo,
Ta get un in tha biggest pot.

An Tom, tha hostler, vrom tha "Boot,"
Ad brought a cask of frothen beer,
An one a leetle less than he,
Sim stingo that ud meak ee queer.

Zo auver nite we put it ael
In readiness ta com ta han,
Vor Uncle zed he shood be here
At nine o'clock wie hoss an van.

Nar bit a sleep we ad thic nite,
A thinkin bout tha comin day,
An vore tha zun we bundled up,

Vor longer there we cooden lay.

[88]

Zo bye an bye we zoon did spy

Woold Uncle comin on tha rouad,

An by tha time tha clock struck ten,

We ad got up mwoast ael ower louad.

An we ad deck'd up Uncle's van,

Wie vlowers and ribbons ael about,

Then off we went wie hearts so lite,

An mang tha people's cheers an shout.

An we did ride alang za vine,

Apon tha rouad towards the Stounes,

An ony stopp'd apon tha hills

To raste a bit tha hosses bounes.

An bye an bye, tha Stounes appeared,

Jist like tha trunks a holler trees,

Vor ta look at they a girt way off,

Tis a nation curious zite ta zee.

An wen we draa'd a leetle nier,

Like giants they did zeem to stan,

Var every sheap an varm they looks,

A stanin on thick piece a lan.

Zoo atter joggetten about

Auver tha mads an auver mounds,

By tha Stounes we hatched tha hosses out

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An let em run about tha downs.

Come now, zed Uncle, lets a zee

 Wat ya av brought vor we to ate,

Var I da veel mwoast mortal leer

 An zo get out tha brade an mate.

[89]

Zo Fan did spread a girt big cloth

 Apon tha grass, an we zat down,

An mead shart wirk of beef an ham,

 Vor appetites we ael ad voun.

An we did ate and drink za long,

 Till nothing skierce wur left bit bounes,

Then up we got ta look about,

 An zee tha girt big hankshint Stounes.

An Fan an I, wie nub a chaak,

 Did meak a mark za big an white,

Ta zee if we cud count em ael —

 Dang if cud count em twice alike.

Then Uncle zed as how thase Stounes

 Wur stuck up yer in midnight revel,

Bit some da zay they must av bin

 Stuck up here by woold Nick, tha D — l.

An zom da think it wur tha sae

 Wur our leetle land da bide,

An that thase Stounes wur drifted up

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Ta where they be we ocean's tide.

An zom da zay they wur put up

Like martar, ael za slack and soft,

An ardened wie tha han a time,

An winds, an starms, an girt hard vrost.

But I da think as Uncle zed —

They mist av com wie thick woold fellar,

Vor zomehow, I da zeem ta think

I yeard un, under one o'm bellar.

[90]

But, howsemdever, ther they stans,

A nayshin hard and stubborn group,

An even they girt Archeyologist,

I'm dang if they can meak em out.

Zo atter we ad gap'd about,

An zeed ael that ther wur ta zee,

Ache one did teak his peertener

Ta av a leetle bit a spree.

Then cousin Tom begun a teun

On a viddle stuck below his chin,

An we begun ta jump about —

Lore, how we mead woold Uncle grin.

Tid mead ee laff, ad you bin there,

Ta zee tha keepers we did cut;

'Twur nuff ta meak a passin laff

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Ta zee ess in thic vine kick up.

An when wie wur mwoast tired out.

We zat down in tha stounen ring,

An Fan an I begun a teun,

An ael'het in, to help and zing.

An then Jem Smith, a artful chap,

Did zing about a chap in Lunnen,

Who did get rob'd of ael a had

Up there, we voke za martil cunnin.

An 'twur a proper vunny zong,

It nearly mead wie, split ower zides,

Ta hear tha things he did goo droo,

Vor, girt fool, he belived ther lies.

[91]

Zo ache a we did. zing a zong,

An merrily did pass tha time,

An uncle he did finish up

Be zingin "Days a Woold Lang Syne."

At dark we put tha hosses in,

An jogged along athirt tha plaain;

'Twur twelve a'clock avore we ael

Ad got back to our woms again.

An jolly plazed wur every one,

I do assure ee, my good vrens,

An I do hope next hallerday

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

We'll goo agean ta woold Stounehenge.

[92]

ZENDIN A VALENTINE. OR DOIN
THE GRECIAN BEND.

Now zays I, to mezelf, one nite,

I got a mine, 'tis true,

I'd zen a ugly Valentine

To thick are stuck up Zue.

Vor zunce she went ta Lunnen Town,

Last Crismis, vor a week,

Ta zee hur airs an hur pride

'Tis nuff ta meakee zick.

She ardly know'd I, she declared,

Wen tak ta hur I tried,

An zed she shudden waak we I,

I wur za countrified.

"Spoose not, zays I, spoose ye've voun

A chap in Lunnen town,

That is a gwain ta be your beau.

Instead a poor Mike Chown."

She toss'd hur yead, an zed, "praphs zo,

I tell ee, we out joke,

Na mwore I do intend ta waak

We zich a country bloke."

[93]

"I nevir wants ta zee ee mwore,
Nar spake, ya may depend,"
Then hoff she went, a tryin ta do
Thick ugly Grecian bend.

You jist ought to av zeed hur then,
Tha voke did look an laff,
An ael tha chaps did gall hur zo
We purty bits a chaff.

Vor she'd got on a bonnet wich
They caals a gipsy kind,
An a leetle jacket, strained za tite,
We girt bow stuck behind.

Hur gown, he wur hatched up we strings
Ta show hur vine rid skirt,
An high heel'd boots she had got on,
Ta keep her out tha dirt.

Well, dress'd like this, she went to Church,
Lore how tha voke did stear,
Squire's daaters she put in tha shead,
They blinkeed much ta zee hur.

She wur arrayed out nayshun vine
We lots a bows on end,
An as she went along she tried
To do tha Grecian bend.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

A zort a wakin wur tha yead
 In vront is ael inclin'd,
An ael yer waite is on yer toes,
 While you sticks out behind.

[94]

A voolish vaishun jist sprung up
 In Lunnen it is true,
Var ael tha voke that ant a got
 Praphs nothin else ta do.

But vor a wench like thick ar Zue
 Who went jist vor a week,
Ta ape zich voolish whims an ways
 'Tis nuffif ta meak ee zick.

I did think that she ad mwore zense,
 Avore she went away.
But nevir mine, praphs zoon she'll rue
 Vor this another day.

However, zince St. Valentines
 Is purty ni at han,
I'm dang if I doont zend hur one
 As ugly as I can.

Vor then it med bring down hur pride,
 An praphs hur ways she'll mend,
If I da zend hur one that's tryin
 Ta do the Grecian bend.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Zo jist avore tha day I rote

To couzin Jim, in town,

Ta goo an buy a Valentine,

An zearly zen un down.

Structions I gied un what ta get.

Purty straite, ya may depend,

It wur ta be a country gal

A doin tha Grecian bend.

[95]

Nex day tha pwoostman he did bring

A letter ael var I,

An mother cudden meak un out,

She look'd at un purty sly.

Up stairs I rush'd we un to me room,

An tha envelope did rend,

An ther a girt flash gal wur tryin

Ta do tha Grecian bend.

Zich a spictur nevir did I zee,

In ael me life avore,

Apon me zong twur jist like Zue,

Jist like tha things she wore.

Lor, ow I grinn'd at thick ar zite,

I neer tha house did rend,

Ta zee thick are girt stup a tryin

Ta do tha Grecian bend.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Well, beant I plaz'd, I'm zure ower Jim

 Ne'er could av voun a better,
'Tis jist tha very one vor Zue,
 She shall av un in a letter.

Zo then I popp'd hoff inta town,
 Ta pwost thick Valentine,
Bekaws she shudden know tha mark,
 Nar who twur zen un vine.

An then nex marnin I did hide
 Ta watch tha pwostman by,
An out comes Zue, an she did zay,
"Is there ar one vor I?"

[96]

An pwostman laff'd, an zed, "Eece Zue,
 I think ther's one vor thee,"
An atter lookun ael om o'er,
 Zed, "Ay, an yer he be."

Zue nearly snatch'd un vrom his han,
 Then rin'd behind a tree,
Wur she cud open un, bekaws,
 No biddy else shid zee.

But gess hur temper wen she zeed
 Wat thick letter did contain,
She vow'd, she cried, she roar'd za loud,
 I thought she wur in pain.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Jist ooden I let em av it if

I know'd who did this zend,
Zich lyin things, ta zay I tries
Ta do tha Grecian bend.

I vow I will vind out who tis

Av zen tis yer ta I,
Zom good for nothin loppin stup,
Jist wunt I at un vly.

An ael thick day she wur za mad,
She cried, she bellered zo,
I raaly think she ad a mine
Away herself ta drow.

Aelthough I liv'd nex door, I diden
Zee hur goo out ael day,
Zays I, I shaant goo in ta she,
I'd better bide away.

[97]

I auver yeard hur mother say,
As she went out thick nite,
Ower Zue iv ad a Valentine,
An tis a parfict vrite.

Girt stup, I tould hur how tid be
Wen vrim Lunnen she com'd down,
If she did ape tha voolish ways
Of thay there voke in town.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

I warn till do hur lots a good,
Vor now ya med depend,
Na mwore you'll vind will she be tryin
Ta do tha Grecian bend.

Na mwore she did, tis true, begar,
Thic ugly vaishun try,
She wak'd jist like she used ta do,
An strait as you ar I.

Tha very bwoys, thay noticed hur,
An zed, ya may depend,
I'm blow'd if Zue ant left off tryin
Ta do tha Grecian bend.

Thick Valentine, he done hur good,
Tho much he did offend,
Bit it tirely cur'd Zue a tryin
Ta do tha Grecian bend.

But now she've long vorgot tha time
Wen she wur Lunnen struck,
An now she caals I hur dear Mike,
An I caals she me duck.

[98]

We'm married now, an I avow,
A happy life I spend,
Tho zometimes in a joke I zay,
"Zue, try the Grecian bend."

MORAL.

Now ael young lasses never try
Zich voolish vaishuns vain,
Vor if ya do, I'm zure no man
Of zense you'll ever gain.

Vor pen on it, thers nothin like
A plain modest attire,
Vor ael young men of common zense
Zimplicity admire.

Vor mead up Gals will never meak
Good wives, ya may depend,
Na mwore ull they that apes zich whims
As that ar Grecian bend.

[99]

JEALOUSY: OR. LIZER AND JEAMES.

JEAMES.

"Well, Lizer," zeed ee, gettin auver style,
"An zoo I thought I'd stop a while,
Vor I be gwain seam way a mile,
An, as I ant zeed ee zich a while,
Zappose we waks along together,
Up tha road, this here vine weather."

LIZER.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

"Ya can goo on we yerself, Jim Pain,
I shaant goo we ee, there, that's plain;
Ya be a good vor nothin chap,
An I doont keer var ee, not a rap;
I once thought you wur true an zealous,
But I da vind you'm awful jealous."

JEAMES.

"Now then, Lizer, dwoant tak za vast,
Ar else yer breath ull never last,
Dwoant use thic ar rid rag za vree,
An then I'll tell ee, presently,
Wur you ant gied I caas to be
A leetle touch'd we jealousy."

[100]

LIZER.

"No, that I ant, now measter Jim,
'Tis nothin bit yer nasty whim,
You'd better goo win you be gwain:
I shaant wak out we you again:
Wat did ee zay ta young Tom Cliown?
Did'nee zay you'd het un down,
An at un like a mastiff vly,
If he did ony look at I?
An did'nee tell thick are young Tupper,
That you ood het in tha gutter,
If at any time, wen I went by,
He wur ta nod or wink his eye?"

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Now Jeames, wat do ee zay to that,
Beant ee, a purty jealous flat?"

JEAMES.

"Now then, Lizer, wen you've a done
Becallin I, we thick are tongue,
Jist zee if you can caal ta mine
How you went on at Crismis time;
Ya mine, wen we an nayburs all
Wur vited up ta Varrier's ball,
Yer haviour on thick arc occasion
Wur anythin ta I but plazin;
Ya know, wen we zat down to zupper,
You zat agean thick are young Tupper,
An wen things you did want ta ate,
Ta he ya anded up yer plate,
An diden even notice I,
As wur a zitten andy by."

[101]

An doont ee mine, wen you did drink
How you did turn ta he an wink;
An once he did rache vrim his pleace
An put his yarm aroun yer weace;
Me veelins I cud ardly smudder
Ta zee ee act zo, one ta todder;
It raaly, Lizer, wur ta bad,
An very near it drove I mad."

LIZER.

"Why, wat a girt big stupid flat
Ta teak notice a things like that,
Ya knows young Tupper is me couzin,
I've told, ee zo, times half a dozen;
An if a did zit down we I,
Ya shudden be za m artel shy;
As vor winkin, wen we did drink,
Wat yarm in that now do ee think?
An about his yarm agean me weace.
You wur mistaken there, I gace;
He ony put his yarm aroun
Ta rache his vork that wur vill down."

JEAMES.

"That do explain but med I hast
Why we Tom Chown ya wur za vast?
Dooce mine, ow you did romp an prance
When thay got up to av a dance?
Ya diden ax I wunce thic nite
To dance we you, now wur that rite?
But we thic chap ya swung about
Till atter tothers ad gied out;

[102]

An wen ya'd done, wat did ee do?
Why hetch up yarms, an hoff did goo
To wur the mizzletoe hid hang,
An he kiss'd ee, vor I yeard un plain;
It vill'd I zo we violent pain,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Me rage I ardly cood restrain;
Now then, wat do ee zay to this?
I thinks ther's purty much amiss."

LIZER.

"I doon't keer, Jeames, wat you da zay,
Vor I da gie ee up thease day;
Vor I can zee you beant a man,
Ar else ya ood this unnerstan;
I tell'ee, Jeames, we out much sheam,
That wat took pleave ya wur ta bleam;
Vor wen tha dancin did begin
Why did'nee come an hand I in?
Insteeds a that, you, like a ghost,
Did stick agean tha kitchen pwost;
An I, insteeds a stannin there,
Did goo an vind a piertener;
As vor kissen underneath tha bough
He diden kiss but wonce, I vow,
An every biddy, at Crismis time,
Zich things as that dwoant nevir mine;
Then ael expects good vrens ta be
We out zich fits of jealousy;
Bit as I zed avore, mine Jim,
'Tis nothin but a nasty whim

[103]

Vor you ta act as you av done
When twur nothin but a bit a fun;
An zince you've show'd yer sperrit zo

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

You can goo an get another beau,
Vor I've a done we ee, that's plain,
An zays it vrim me heart, Jeames Pain."

JEAMES.

"O that's het Lizer, very well,
Praphs you'll be good anuff ta tell,
If you intends ta gie I back
Me liteness an ael they nic nacks
That I've geed ee vrim time ta time,
Vor now I claims em ael as mine,
An doont vorget thick leetle clock,
An thick are last new linsey vrock."

LIZER.

"Eece, Jeames. ya'll av ta zend mine vust,
An I'll zen yours, ya needen trust;
Bit as vor thick are vrock, ya know
I've wor'd un out long time ago;
Tis meanness, vor ta hast I vor'n,
Wen ya knows ow long I've wor'n."

JEAMES.

"Wat av I got a yourn, then Lizer?
Ya aelways wur a leetle mizer;
As' vor yer presents, I ant got any,
Vor I nevir know'd he spend a penny;
'Tis true, yer liteness I've a got,
But av ee, Lizer, jist vorgot

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Wen he wur took I paid ee vor'n
As true as ever I be born?"

[104]

LIZER.

"Jeames, dwoant tell I zich a stowry,
In sich girt fibs ya zeerns ta glowry;
Ya knows tha liteness I did buy,
Aelthough ya gied it back ta I;
An if ya did gie't back agean,
Do ee think 'tis rite ta caal I mean?
Ah, Jeames, I plainly now can zee
That you nar I wunt ne'er agree;
To marrer I'll zen back yer watch,
There's good a vish as eer wur cotch."

JEAMES.

"I spoose ya've got one on yer hook,
An wants but draaen vrim tha brook;
I spoose young Tapper, or young Chown,
If cood bit know I'll bet a crown;
But never veer, ther's vish vor I,
An I've a got one in me eye,
Ther's Hangelineer, down tha lean,
Ull stick ta I droo thick an thean.
She've got a heart that's kind an true,
An she's nayshin goodish looken too.
Ya needen look at I an steer,
Vor I da mean it, nevir veer."

LIZER.

"Jeames, why do'ee keep on teazin?
Wat ave I done? now till tha reazin?
Ya knows it beant no vaat a mine,
Vor I da like ee ael tha time;
Wat av I done, ar zed amiss
That you shid trate I jist like this?

[105]

If twur ael done at varmer's pearty,
Ya know I av explained it hearty;
You caant think that I be ta bleam,
Var any wrong I diden dream;
Now Jeames, O Jeames, now do ee let
I beg of you, ael this vorget
Vor as true as ever I be here
Thers na biddy I da love za dear;
Ya know how many vows I've made
Ta stick ta you till I be dade,
An Jeames, do try, vorget, vorgie,
An curb thase vit a jealousy."

JEAMES.

"Yer tak now, Lizer, is mwore plazin,
An in it thers a lot a reazin,
Vor I da veel it now we sheam
That mmostly, I have bin ta bleam;
We zich remarse me heart da burn,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

'Tis a good lessin I've a larn'd;
Ya may depen, me Lizer dear,
Na mwore a this you'll nevir hear;
Vor twill ony vill I up we pain
Ta hear it spoke about again;
An I've rezolved now to be vree
Of that are hateful jealousy."

"Come, Lizer, come, an we a kiss
We will make up wats done amiss;
To day you've made a man a me,
An cured a vit a jealousy."

[106]

LIZER.

"O Jeames, O Jeames, I do vorgie
Ael that you've zed amiss ta me;
Av ee ever read about Otheller
An thick Iagger, a wicked veller?
Who mead his kind measter za jealous,
He kill'd his wife, tha play da tell us;
An ael tha while za pure and vree,
Wur murdered droo this jealousy."

MORAL.

Let I entrate ee every one,
Thase hateful feelin ever shun;
An doont ee, wie a slip a tongue,
Wether in hearnest or in vun,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Engender it to voe or vrend,
Ya never knows wur it will end;
Vor ther be thay bwoth vur and wide
Who droo it av com ta zuiszide,
As you av zeed be thase yer stowry
That I've tried ta bring avore ee,
'Tis oft a hatevul voolish whim,
As Lizer tould her jealous Jim.
Za kine vrens ael, who are ya be,
Ael droo yer life I wish ee vree
Of that ar dreadvul jealousy.

[107]

SMILIN JACK:

A TRUE STOWRY OF A MIDNIGHT
ADVENTER.

Thease stowry I be gwain to tell
Is zartin true, I mines tin well,
It happened 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,
Which 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,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

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
A proper good trade he'd a got,

[108]

Var twenty miles, he wur vound
In every village, ael a round,
At markits too, an country vairs,
There he wur zeed, hawkin his wares.
Anything amwoast he'd buy and zill,
Zo's it did bring grist to his mill,
An tho wie voke a bargin'd hard,
They looked on un wie zom regard
Aelthough we wit, an joke, za vunny
A wigged them 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 ta zay a hood bethayre
In weather vowl, ar weather fayre.

Tha day arrived, an Smilin .lack
Mounted upon his donkey's back,
Ael rig'd in one of his best suits,
Wie spurs a stickin vrum his boots;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Went gallopin ael droo tha town,
Like zom girt hero of renown,
And many wur tha shouts and cheers,
As he rode off, did greet his cars;
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.

[109]

At tha girt hill caal'd Bishopstone,
He there dismounted vrom his throne,
An led his Neddy up tha steep,
Vor'd got a heart, as coed veel deep,
Tho' in zom things a wur abused,
His vaithvul donk, he neer ill-used.
Zom zed Ned ad a aiseyer life
An knaa'd mwore kindness than Jack's wife.

Tha top zoon gained, 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 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 hands we ther guest.
Then down along ta "Vox an Goose"
He hies, ta zet his donkey loose,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An ta refresh his parched inzide
Atter thic lang an dusty ride.

Then atter church, tha veast is spread,
An ower hero at tha teables yead
Caals down a blessin on tha vood,
Ta do ther souls 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 vlees tha grub,

[110]

Var these poor men not every day
Vrim a prime jint can cut away.
As var tha drink, I cooden zay
How many quarts wer stowed away
Be ache, an every clubman there,
Who drunk till's eyes begun to 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 children young,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

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.
Jack, like a king, zits ael tha while
An skierce thinks on, tha vive lang mile,
Nar thic diary 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.

[111]

Tis nearly twelve, tha Host coms in
An baals out mang tha naisy din,
"Tha time is up, ya ael must go
Ar I'll lose me license as ya know."
Another zong, they ael did shout,
We'll av, avore we do turn out.
One vrim tha cheerman, thay did baal,
An Jack tried to ablige 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,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

His donk jist then appeared in zite,
He mounts an wish em ael "goodnight,"
Then gallop'd vast ael down tha street
Like a scalded pig a did retreat.
Tha toll geat swung back in a trice,
Tha toll man baal'd out var tha price,
But 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.

[112]

Ta Jack tha road appear'd ta waak,
He sway'd like to a tender staak;
He'd lost the power his donk ta guide
An tha usual track he missed wide.
Aware of thease unusual route
Ned 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,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Then zeem'd ta vanish in tha air,
Quite dazed, a now began ta think
That he mist be tha wuss var drink.

A thunder storm, now gathered thick
An in tha gloom appear'd woold Nick
Wie harns, an hoofs, an hissin tail,
Tha zite o't mead un quake an quail.
Eyes big as saacers, rid as vire,
Wie awe their victim, did inspire,
His claas held and a two grain'd prong
An a beckon'd Jack ta come along.
Ower hero's hair stood holt 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

[113]

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,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Lightnin tha clouds azunder tore,
An big rain drops begun ta vail
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,
New life zeem'd to poor Jack endow.
Then up a got an peer'd around,
Ole Nick had vanish'd under ground.
Loudly 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.

[114]

Then mounts agean, hopen that he
Vrim vurther mishap shood be vree.
Droo mead a rach'd tha turnpike track,
Thank God I'm seaf zaays 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 vail.
Grazed be tha trees, an bramble scratches,
A neer had rach'd tha vourteen hatches
When ha, another trouble zore
Did meet un, wuss than he avore.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

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 the strame;
Then away did scamper quick as thought
As tho ee hooden agean bo caught,
Nar did er slack his pace avore
A stood in front his owner's door.

Vloundern an splashen in tha wave,
Jack struggled hard dear life ta save,
He rach'd tha edge, vill on tha baink
Cussin his donkey's purty praink.
Coold an wet droo to tha skin,
An veelin vaint an bad within,
He tried to waak hut vill to ground
An pray'd that zoon a med be vound.

[115]

His wife stopped up var un thick night,
Bit went ta bade dreamt ael was right,
Thinkin he'd drain'd an extry cup
An till nex day hooden turn up.
Bit at mam, 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?"
Bit tha donkey shook his yead, an bray'd,
Much as to say a idden slay'd.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Betty, zoon rais'd a hue an cry,
An naybours purty quick did hie.
O dear! O dear! alack! alack!
What is become a' Smilin Jack?
Tha hunted here, tha hunted there,
To 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
Mwoast 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,
An must I widder's weeds 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,

[116]

Var up did drive woold Tommy Bawter
Who'd vound our Jack down be tha water,
Close ta tha brudge, at vourteen hatches,
Ael cover'd o'er 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 dours
Amid tha people's laffin roars,
He rolled ta bed an slep vull zound,
An dram'd a wur in water drown'd.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

It done un good, var zunce thick day
Vrim strong drink, he have kept away,
Aelthough a offen 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.

[118]

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.

CHORUS.

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

Hache varmstead he da knaa, bouth zides a tha hood,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An nightly down there he da prowl,
An many a varmer, yust 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 huntsmin, nar hounds.

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

CHORUS.

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

[118]

Bwold Vreemin, an Stovin, oft puzzled their brains.
Var ta bring thease geam rascal ta bay,
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 huntsmin, neet nam a ther hounds.

Ther's blunt keeper Hine, an bis butty Bill Noyce,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

As droo hood every day thay da jog.

Da oft com across'n, bit tha woold baiger knaas

They wont touch un wie gun nar wie dog.

CHORUS.

An vrom em he trips it, an merry he bounds,

An dwoant keer var keepers, nar huntsmin 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 to ael,

Zeave tha measter, tha huntsmin, an's pack.

CHORUS.

An vrom em he trips it, an merry he bounds,

An dwoant keer var keepers, nar huntsmin, nar hounds.

Lard Eadner declares he'll av un zom day,

We a vair an a square spourtsmin kill.

An tho he'ev 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 liuntsinin, neet narn a ther hounds.

[119]

CRISMIS BEEF.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

At Crismis time, wen out ya be,
Zort on a leetle veasten spree,
Tha purtyest zite there is ta see
 Is a piece a beef.
At who's zite ael yer zorrers vlee,
 Ya veels relief.

Wats better, wen ya be zat down
To a oakun teable, ael aroun,
How yer inzides da ael reboun,
 At tha zite of beef;
Wen tha carver slivers off a poun
 Ta wet yer teeth.

How nice ta zee tha gravy run
Za rid about the underdun,
An crips outzides, when brown thanie done,
 Wich zom da like.
Auver ar under I doont shun,
 Nooan I dislike.

Gie a man beef, apon me zong,
I'll bet a crown he wunt goo wrong;
Till meaken hale, harty and strong,
 A man a mite.
His wirkun life it will perlong,
 An zet un rite.

[120]

Vill a man up we beef za prime,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

He'll never think ta do a crime,

Vor, pen apon it, half tha time

Crime's eaased droo want.

Bit beef, thou chief of jints zublime,

Ael evils daunt.

Eece, spicey beef, I'll zing thy praise,

Thy merits aelways I will raise,

Vor wen I do but on thee gaze,

I veels I cood

Live off a thee droo ael me days,

Thee beest za good.

Prime meat, wither in rib or roun,

Thou'rt welcome in any way thou'rt voun,

I wish I did we wealth about,

I'd av mwore beef.

Aeltho thy merits zom confoun,

Thee beest tha chief.

Zom praise vensin, vrim doe or buck,

An zom tha hine laig of a chuck,

Zom chicken, goose, turkey, ar duck.

Bit gie I beef,

That meat'ull put into ee pluck.

An drown yer grief.

Zom praises up ael zorta a geam,

Am vish, an zoup, we girt vine neam,

Done up we butter, vat, an cream,

Ael ta embelish.

Apon me zong, ya'd think to zee em.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An ya needen wonder, apon me zong,
 Vor ta tha zistim must be wrong
 Ta bide a nibblin there za long
 Za many zarts;
 An drinkin yale ar zider strong,
 Praphs two ar dree quarts.

[122]

Vor my own peart, I do zit down
 Jist auver rite tha beef, za brown,
 An carver, carves I of a roun
 Of vat an lean;
 Then another zorren, about a poun
 An I've done clean.

Vor hungry men, wat use ta putt.
 A bird or hare vor they ta cut?
 'Tis nothin vor ta vill um up,
 'Tis mwoast ael bwones;
 Ther mouths da ony ope an shut
 Ta nibblin tunes.

Bit spicey beef, bow zweet thy smell.
 How zoon thee doost unger dispel,
 No other jint can thee excel,
 No better voun,
 I wish tha butchers ood thee zell
 Zixpence a poun.

On Zaturdy I then ood buy
 A piece ta roast, ar be-ak, ar vry

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Ar var a pudden ar a pie,

Ar touad in hole.

Jist ooden I live a bit, ooden I

Veasl an conzole.

Zay wat you will, think wat ya med,

I'll stick to it till I he dead,

An ya must vail in we ael I've zed,

Vor 'tis my belief,

There's nothin better for a spread

Than good roast beef

[123]

THA GIRT BIG FIGGETTY 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.

Tha very neam ow'un zeem'd anuff

An ta smill un, ow did meak I puff.

An lor, 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,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An purty quick ther wur a end,
A thick ar birthday pooden.

[124]

Na veer a any on't gotten 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 waisent oft I did unbutton
When twur a extry girt un.

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,
An as black mwoast as me hat.

An twur rare vun to zee em smoke,
Var in wine an brandy they did zoak.
An pon me zong it wur no joke,
Aten much a that ar pooden.

Var mezelf I'd sooner av em plain,
Zo's you can cut an com 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,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

I warn, mwoast ael me brass wur spent,
In buyin zim figgetty pooden.

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

[125]

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

It done her good she did declare,
Ta zee I ate me pooden there,
An she aelways gied I mwourn me shear,
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 ta come in steamin hot,
Nearly as big's a waishen pot.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

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."

[126]

A coose, I diden av much mate,
Nar gierden stuff apon me plate,
An pooden aelwys wur a trate,
Specily thick one at Crismis.

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

A contented bwoy I ael ways 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;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

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 calls 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,
Ta live wie I ael droo thease life,
I'll tell her, if she dwoant want strife,
Ta meak I plenty a poodens.

[127]

Begar, I hooden mind betten a crown,
That if a chap is mainly down,
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 labourers wives
If you da wish var happy lives,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

You'll av em zure, if you contrives

Ta get lots a figgetty poodens.

If ya caant avoord much butcher's mate,

Ta putt apon yer husbin's 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 to gain,

An a unger never he'll complain,

If ya gets un lots a pooden.

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.

[128]

OWER GIRT ZEPTEMBER VAIR.

Of ael naizes an zenes in tha country that are,

Ther's nuthen ta beat ower girt Zeptember vair;

Var hussle, an bussle, an tussle, we man an wie be-ast,

It can vie wie any in tha country at least.

Now if ya da dout it, com an zee var yer-zelf,

An be here day avore, Zeptember tha twelth;

When about dinner time ya zure will begin,

Ta hear indycashions of tha vorth cumin din.

Then on tha vair marn of tha clock about two,

Outzid a yer dwoor ye'll hear much ado;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

That is, if you'in sleepen in tha nayberhood too,
An beant zunk too deep in a girt snorin stew.
You'll turn, an you'll twis, an mutter what's this?
An agean try to zink in slumberin bliss;
Then praps var a nower, you med get a snooze,
Ael depens, ta wither much naise you've been used.

[129]

But wither or not, agean about vour, you'll zadly deplore,
That vor tha naize at yer door,
Tha bussle an roar, ya raaly caant snore,
An praps in a bore you'll turn oer an oer,
Ta get a wink more.
But you'll vind tis useless, an that you'll convess, as ya
jump up an dress in half drowsiness.

Wen dress'd, about vive.
In tha street you arrive;
Which is ael alive,
Like bees in a hive;
An mabby you'll contrive
At tha vair to arrive;
If hardly ya strive,
Mang tha bussle ta dive;
An goo in an out, like a rickety wheel,
Ar like country chaps a dancen a reel.
But wen wonce at the vair,
Dang if you wunt declare:
You wurd'nt aware,
Twur zich an affair.
An mainly you'll stare,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

To zee voke here an there,
Bun like mad everywhere,
As tho in a scare,
Be the steat of their hair,
An ther eyes wen they stare;
Tis a terryable glare,
Nuthun can we it compare.

[130]

Ta hear varmers a shoutin, an scoutin, an poutin,
Especially fat ones, that have got tha gout in;
An sheperds a tearin, an swearin, an blarin,
An dogs a prowlin, an howlin, an growlin;
At ther poor leetle vlock, ta get em in dock, avore zix
o'clock,
Ar vore there's a block.
Jist hark at their slang,
In ther neative twaing;
Well, I'm dang, if there the beant, ael amang.

Poor gentle sheep, var you I veels deep, as tho I cood
weep,
Ta zee ee zo huddled ael up in a heap,
That too wie out keep;
An there to remain var howrs in yer pain,
I knaa you hood fain be away on tha plain,
We nuthen to restrain on tha grassy domain;
Wie no hurry, or skurry, or strainge curs ta wurry.

* * * * *

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Wat a rum zite is thease vair at its hite;
Wat things ta ex zite'ec, wat zouns ta a-vrite'ee;
Wat feacin ya zee, zom beam in wie glee,
An on others ther be lines a adversety;
An ael zems bent on, business intent on.

Tha gennelmin varmer here ya da meet,
In tha latest fayshun, nate an com plate;
An tha woold fayshun yoman.
Who'd av ya ta know, man,
That he beant a show man;

[131]

Be his plain zimple dress,
Yer mine he'll himpress
That he do possess
Much strait foridness.
Zee thay yander together,
In ther laggins a leather
Hearts lite as a veather,
Discussen tha weather;
Tha sheep, an ther keep;
Tha carn, in tha barn;
Tha steat a tha crops,
An tha price of new hops;
Tha steat a tha nay shun,
An tha leabourers' agitation.
How thay roar an thay laff,
At ache others chaff;
Then goo off an quaff zim mild haff-an-haff.

If thame com yer ta buy, wie wat a quick eye,
Any vaat they'll descry, jist like a Poll Pry;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

How tha sheep they'll veel, avore they'll deal,
An ta tha zeller appeal, his price ta reveal,
Zoo an zoo, he'll zay, now I want vor thay,
Nooan better or chaper any money I'll lay.
There beant ta be voun in tha vair groun ta day.
Bit tother ull zay nay, wie accustom'd dismay,

Zich a price I shaant pay,
Zoo I wish ee good day,
An to another lot he'll be off like a shot,
An tha zeam question agen he'll put to tha men
Who stan roun tha pen.

[132]

An then he'll propoun,
Can ee warrant em zoun?
While tha men do expoun
Ther qualities roun;
Nooan better ta be voun
In tha vair, they'll be bown.
At las he da buy,
An hoff ull zoon hie,
Tha deal ta ratify,
Be whettin tha eye;
While to zom ragged drover
A trifle's mead over,
To take them to Andover;
Where they mid revel in clover,
On the varm of Jan Glover.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Of shepperds what a harmy is here,
An ow different zom on em appear;
Zom looks ta av lots a good cheer;
Zom looks main queer an zincere.
Var a minet ta yan stall,
Now jist gie a call;
An teak stock of the company all.
Zee em doin a veed,
Ah, they enjoy it indeed,
Zich appeties wat can exceed;
An tha fare, zee it there.
As much as tha table is yeable ta bear.
A huge jint a zall beef,
Ya zee head an chief;

[133]

Bare stuff, ta gie relief,
Is a shepperds belief.
An yon woppen girt ham,
Wat huge slices they cram;
Zom voke it hood zicken,
Bit they ate it wie out chicken.
An smack ther lips at tha picken;
Tripe, an mince meat,
Vaggots, an pigs' veet,
An black puddens stale, on which to regale,
An waish it ael down wie watery ale.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Now jist take a stride to the other zide, wat a difference
wide.

Jist gie a glance at this Restaurance,
As they caal em in Vrance.
If you incline, ya here may dine, of daintees vine,
An waish em down wie sparklin wine.

* * * * *

'Tis twelve o'clock, an in vull swing is tha Auctioneer's

ring
Round his box voke cram, as he baals out ta Zam,
Ta bring in tha vust ram;
Now gents, wieout any sham, or epigram,
What shall I zay, vor this beautiful ram?
While the waitin man Zam, hans roun a dram,
Two guineas I hear, in a voice not very clear,
That man he must jeer, or else be in beer;
He cant be zincere, to offer a price zo queer, vor a ram
like this here:

[134]

Dree, Vower, Vive, well gents if ya strive,
No doubt you'll contrive, at his vair price ta arrive:
Zix is bid; well, if ever I did;
Look at tha price, he's woth it drice, com be concise,
an not za nice: wat a zacrifice.
Zam! to tha bidders roun pass another glass, thay
require more brass;
Tha grog an wine da sparkle an shine, an goes down
ache line,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Zom decline, bit mwoostly incline;
Another spurr, zeven I yer;
Then vrum a woold pate, coms out plump an strait,
Here, I'll gie ee haite, ta en tha debate.
Dally knock un down, zays a country clown,
An the seller rewards un, wie a terryable vroun.

Then ta nine, another gies tha sign,

Whose eyes da sparkle an shine;

No doubt, effects of tha wine.

Going! going! have ya done? have ya done?

Then roun his quick eyes da run;

Have ya done, wonce again?

Mine I shill not long detain

In pleadings vain;

He looks agen at tha men, who vlock roun tha pen,

Up goes his hand; a voice baals out ten;

An mang ael tha clammer, down goes tha hammer,

An tha lam is zoon hurried out a tha pen,

Ta nieak room var another, jist like tha other, one hood

think 'twas a brother.

Then ael tha zeam bother is gone droo agen.

* * * * *

[135]

If ya've any regard var tha implement yard,

Jist teak a glimpse, but be on yer gard;

Var straps an wheels are continually runnin

An tha naise too is stunnin.

Here be hoers, an mowers, an blowers,

Draigs an jaigs, tha lan ta scarify, and poor vield mice

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

to terrify.

Mills an drills, elevators and cultevatours,

Dressers and pressers, barrers, an larrers, an things ta

ketch sparrers;

Mill stounes an wet stounes.

Bakers and graters, rapers an crapers,

Lifters an zifters, machines for dippin and clippin,

In fact ael things that are out, you zee's laid about,

Ta cultivate lan, by team or by han;

An lots too stan in girt deman,

But raaly var what use I dwoant understan;

Every vair their's zure to be implements newer,

All tha pertickulars of which, you can get vrim vren

Brewer.*

To tha hoss vair advance, an jist gie a glance,

Bit wie girt viligance, var thay rear an thay prance, as
though touched wie a lance,

Especially thay, vrim Erin ar Vrance;

Any zart a steed, you med zee yer indeed,

Any zart a breed, ta jog, ar var speed;

Bit if ya one need, you mist teak girt heed,

An main caushious prozeed, if ya hood zucceed.

Var thease dealers, be zich consalers, an knowin veelers,

An I've yeard tha Peelers, zay zom on em be girt

stalers;

*A local Machinist

[136]

Now jist zee ow ther busines is done,

Jist look at thic poor woold Dun,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Who's wark vor ever zeems done,
Wat a scare to get un ta run,
How a tries his owner ta shun,
As much as a dog do a gun.
Then look at yon spritely mare,
Rrissillen with martial air,
How she gallops wie speed droo tha vair,
While her owner da swear an declare
Zich a gooer never was there;
Bit if you ud have her, teak care,
Var she medden turn out quite square;
Zo I'd advise ee, look well, and beware,
Wen ya purchase a hoss at a vair.

* * * * *

'Tis past mid-day, an they who da stray
Ta every pleace upon tha highway,
Begin ther wares to display;
Zee yonder Quack begins his clack,
Like a maniac he spouts till he's black;
Zays he, mines tha lack,
If ya've pains in tha back,
Ar any wur else, I'll cure tha attack;
Why do ee remain za long in yer pain,
Wen I stoutly maintain
That if you obtain my medicenes plain,
Good health you'll regain, yes! an retain,
An never agean complain;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Dwont think ta meak wills,
Bit teak my pills, and be rid of yer ills,
Eece an 'tis zaprisan, wieout disguisin,
Ow many putts vaith in thease Quacks advisin,
Ta thease Quack nex door,
Another vellar da roar.
If ya'm troubled wie a carn,
As true as I'm barn,

Ar a bunyon, or wart, drap two draps on tha part,
An if it dwoant hase impart wieout a paing ar a smart,

I'll ate yon hoss an cart;
On its merrits I wunt dwell,
Var 'tis knaw'd now too well,
Nuthen can it exzell,
It hacks like a spell,
Here! zixpince a bottle I zell.

* * * * *

Chep Jack begins now to prate,
On his voot bouard a state,
An a crowd a da zoon captivate;
I zay! I zay! I zay!
Good voke jist look this way,
Ya zee I'm cum yer ta day,
Vor I caant stay away;
Now behold my extensive display,
Wich I means ta gie ee ta-day,
That is, var a leetle outlay;
Goods ael new, ya zee on view,
Vrum Brummagem an Lunnen too;

[138]

Zo at wonce wieout ado,
Wot vust shill I offer you;
Ah! here's a tay-pot, tha ony one I've got,
Ther beant another in stock,
Tha last of a splendid lot;
Ya zee he's zilver pure,
Of that ya med be zure,
An ya caant one like un procure.
In a zilver smith's shop, I'll be boun,
Var less than a poun,
That is, like thease pure an zoun;
Yer! I shaant zay a poun or a half,
Ah! you med laff an think it chaff;
Yer! nine, eight, zeven, zix;
Yer! as true as I'm alive, an in a bit of a fix,
You shell av un var vive,
Ya wunt; very well, I'll putt un by.
Yer! wonce mwoar a gooes var vour,
Yer! hang me, as I'm out on tha spree,
Ya shill av un vor dree;
Yer! two an eleven, two an nine,
Last time, now mine,
Well, as I'm com ta thase town,
Ta get a little renown;
Tho I know I'm done brown,
Zounds, here a gooes var half a crown;
An a knocks un down to a country clown,
Wie a giggle between a laff an a vrown.
Then his store, he agean do explore .
An brings out wie a roar,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

One more, jist like the one before.

[139]

Now Ballard zingers begin,
Ther charmin verses ta zing,
In anything bit a clear ring;
Here's well-known Bob an Bet,
Well match'd in ther scramy duet;
Anuff ta gie ee tha vret,
Tha zouns you'll never varget.
Anyow, ther vaices da charm,
Tha rustic bwoys of tha varm,
Who vlock roun em, likes bees in a swarm;
An hager ther penny thay pay,
Var tha newest zongs a tha day.

* * * * *

Here ya ar, as long as thers any,
Vor tha price of one penny;
Tha newest zongs out, an what they're about;
Here's "Tha zoldier's joy,"
An "The varmer's bwoy;"
"A zailer bwold var me,"
"In a cottage be tha sea;"
"Comin droo tha rye,"
Wie "Tha spider an tha fly;"
"Belly Maloone,"
"Come, lave I aloone;"
"Me lads a warrior bwold,"
"Zilver dreads amang tha gwold,"

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

"Alice Gray," wie "Nellie Bay;"

"Wilt thou be mine,"

"Tha good Rhine wine;"

[140]

"Auver tha waater,"

Wie "Tha ratcatchers' daater;"

"Out in tha snow,"

"Bit not var Joe;"

"Here stans a pwest,"

"Bill Scroggin's ghost;"

"Cheer bwoys cheer,"

"Vor wie likes a drap a good beer;"

"Brite zunny days," an many mwore lays,

Too numerous ta menshyn,

Ta attract yer attenshin;

An on again, they strike up tha strains,

While tha shepperd's swains,

Join in tha refrains.

Recrutin Zargeants now,

Wie martial brow;

An pleazin bow,

To tha zons of tha plough;

Declare an avow,

That how, thay mist allow;

A zoldiers life, wie tha drum an life;

An scarlit couat, is one on which to doat;

Com, jine tha line,

Be a zodger vine,

An cut a shine;

Ya'll nevir repent,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Ya did conzent;
Ta teak tha shillin,
Com, ar ya willin;

[141]

An many a swain he elevates.
An captivates, be wat he states.

* * * * *

'Tis vover a'clock, an ther's a lull,
Things be getten dull;
Vor wom again,
Is gone tha main,
Be road ar train;
A few remain,
To teak a drain;
Var till next year
Thay wunt meet again.

[142]

THA
PARISH COUNCIL
BILL.

A DISCUSSION TWIX TOM
AND PHIL, T
WO LEABUREN MEN.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)
TOM.

Hast yeard tha news? me woold vren Phil
Bout thease yer Parish Council Bill?
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 pleace,
An I'm a candidate I gace.

I wish thee luck, bit look'ee, Tom,
Wurs tha money comin vrom?
Var girt expinse its gwain ta be,
An wat good'lit do ta zich as we;

[143]

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,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

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

PHIL.

I dwoant dout that, bit harky vren
Wat beest gwain ta do var wirken men
Wen on these Council thee diss get,
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 gets a cottage new.

[144]

Wie yacre a groun, an mabby mwore,
Ael o't cloas to his cottage dooer,
A well built shed, var ta keep cows,
A well drain'd sty var pigs an zows,
We pawltry a every zart,
A leetle nag, a nice spring cart,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Ta haak his things, in village roun,
Ar teak em ta tha market town.
Ramshackle cots, wur ever vound,
Shall be clared vrom off tha ground,
A village hall we'll build down street
Var concerts, an var voke to 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 nuthin,
Bout a penny var a proper stuffin.
An one zide thease hall a libery,
Peapers, an books, ael ta be vree,
A billyeard bouard, an bagatelle teable.
Var young chaps, as to play be yeable,
Draats, an chess, an nine pinny metal,
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 lime;

[145]

Ower young uns merry meak the zene.
Be dancin on tha village green.
Hache Zaturday, haaf hollerday
Tha voke shill av, thout stoppin pay.
An coose ael o't I needen state

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

To be 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 'll av ta pay
Varmers, an Passen, help defray,
Tha tradesvoke too, a peart must bear,
Shopkeepers too, ael pay a shear,
Bit thee an I, hard wirkin men,
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 the houssen, ael shill drain.
A good zupply a water pure,
Hache house 'll ave, thee midst be zure.

[146]

A rezorvoy, on top a nap,
In every cot a water tap.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Ower streets be lighted up at night
Wie gas, ar wie tha 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 of refuge we shill vind.
An ael tha leazy drunken drones
They shill be putt ta crack tha stounes
And mend tha road, and vlush tha drain,
Zoo that theirzelves, thay shill maintain.
An if against 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 wunt 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.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An farmers 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 anuff ta keep'n alive,
An pupils now he's blig'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 ull go ta smaish.
Tha carbinder, and blacksmith too,
Zich bad times nevir 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, lan out a tillage,
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 nooan 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 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 an years ta come,
Vore any good we'll get, mind, Tom.

TOM.

Ah Phil, dwoant thee get 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 hit,
It teant no use, thay must submit,
Thay'll vind no use ta meak a vuss,
Hoppersition ony meaks bad wuss,
An zoon thee't zee, Parish Councils Bill
A blessin to ower people, Phil.

PHIL.

I hope I shall, bit dang me yead
Twunt be avore bouath oance be dade,
Var as 1 zed, da wack I Tom,
Wur ael da money's comin vrom.
Zoo I tell thee vren, shaan wurrit I,
Who var a Councilman da try,
Tho vote var thee, a coose I shawl.
An hope thee't get on top tha pawl.

[149]

WOAK
APPLE DAY

A quaint custom, annually kept by the Wishford folks, in order to maintain their rights to the dead and snap wood in Groveley Forest.

Be tha bainks a tha ripplin Wiley,
Zix mile vrum Zals-bur-ee,
Stans a purty leetle village
As ever you did zee.

An 'tis yer be zelebrated
Tha twenty-ninth a May,
A girt big hankshint custom,
Caal'd girt Woak Apple Day.

Bevore tha zun, on thic ar marn,
Ar lark, av skim'd tha sky,
Tha village voke be ael astir,
Shouten ther well know'd cry.

'Tis Groveley; an ael Groveley;
Com nayburs, lets away,
An keep tha hankshint custom up,
Var 'tis Woak Apple Day.

[150]

Be zix a'clock, a motley crowd
Av met at Townsend tree,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Bouth woold, an young, var ta keep up

Thease glad vestivity.

We axe, an hook, away thay goo,

Ta copse at Groveley,

Ta cut tha woaken boughs out vrom

Tha merry greenhood tree.

'Tis Groveley; an ael Groveley;

Tha burden a ther zong,

As ther girt boughs za merrily

Ache o'm da car along.

An up agean ache cottage doer,

Tha woaken bough is tied,

We vlaigs an streamers gay an bright,

An mottoes too bezide.

'Tis Groveley; an ael Groveley;

Thame shouten ael tha day,

Ta keep thic hanksliint custom up,

On girt Woak Apple Day.

At one o'clock, thay ael zil down.

Ta ave a jolly veed,

An 'tis a zite ta cheer yer heart .

As in country ere war zeed.

Var ael da zeem zich harminy,

A gay an happy zene,

We tha ban a playin merrily

Apon tha village green.

[151]

An woold an young, tha rich an poor.

Join in tha merry dance;

'Tis good ta zee tha upper voke

Thease pledjures countynance.

Tha Lord a Groveley, he is there,

An is main plaz'd ta zee,

Tha village voke, enjoy therzelves,

Thase glad vestivity.

He do respect tha peoples rights,

Nar wish em var ta barter,

Ther priviliges in Groveley hood,

Bestow'd on em be Charter.

'Tis Groveley; an ael Groveley;

A which thay be za proud,

An caas a do respect ther rights

They cheer un long an loud.

An may em never buse tha right.

They've got in Groveley hood;

Var 'tis a girt boon to tha poor,

Granted ta do em good.

* * * * *

An zoo let's cheer, Lord Pembroke long,

Likewise tha Girt woak tree;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An ael tha Wishford voke who've got
Thease rights in Groveley.

'Tis Groveley; an ael Groveley;
Tha burden a ther Charter,
An never med thease village voke
Ther hankshint rights ere barter.

[152]

MILLY. AN THA SQUIRE.

Tha Squire, a went out var a ride
One evenin in tha month a May,
Tha hills an dales wur vull a pride,
Tha birds did zing on every spray.

Aloane, he jog'd on droo tha hood
A whistlin we tha joyous birds,
Till ael at wonce, a quiet stood,
He yeard a lass zing lovin wirds.

An there beneath a girt woak tree,
Tha vairest maid as ere wur zeed,
Wur zingin love zongs artlessly,
Tha listnin Squire, she did not heed.

She zung, come Robin leave thy wirk,
An to thy Milly quick now come,
Why dwost behind, ta night zo lurk?
I waits var you ta teak I wom.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An tho her's wur a zimple lay,
Her voice it wur rich melidy,
Tha Squire's heart she car'd away,
A list'ned to her rapturously.

Then he draa'd nier to tha maid
An in zoft tones he to her zed,
"My lovely lass, dwoant be avraid,"
While blushin Milly hung her yead.

[153]
"I've yeard yer zong, me lassie sweet,
An ah, it charms me to thease place.
Bit now yer beauteous feace I meet
I hood die var your vond embrace.

"O happy swain, who claims yer hand,
Nooan happier in tha wordle than he.
Zay lassie, what wilt thou command?
Let me but gie a kiss to thee."

Then Milly blush'd, an blush'd again,
An to tha Squire she did zay
"My love is won, yer wish is vain,
Zoo kind Zur now, goo on yer way."

"Know you not lass," then he did zay,
"Riches, an splendor, I command
An I cood meak ee rich an gay,
Tha happiest bride in ael tha land."

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

"An za ya med, but I know well,
A Peasant lass yeant fit for you,
An Robin zee, comes up tha dell,
Zo, you had best bid me adieu."

Tha Squire, he vound, it wur no good
Zoo off he trotted on his mare,
An left tha maiden in tha hood
To enjoy her Robin's greetins there.

Tho Milly wur a beauteous lass,
Tho paltry wealth she med command.
Her Robin's love none cood zurpass,
An zo ta he, she gied her hand.

[154]

THA DEAIRY MAID WUR FALSE.

Ah! I did love ower deairy maid,
I lov'd her mwore than life,
An I had well mead up me mind,
Ta av she var a wife.

Lore ow her purty rozy cheeks
Did charm me lovin eyes,
She wur a hangel in me zite
A downrite precious prize.

Ta zee her, when she milk'd tha cows
Out in tha medders green;
I look'd on she we zich delight

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

As tho she wur a Queen.

Var like tha daisy at her veet

Za modest an za neat,

An like tha dew upon tha grass,

Her lips thay wur za sweet.

Eece many times, when in tha mead,

As ta wirk I did repair,

I'd zoftly slip behind tha cows

An slyly kiss her there.

An she did kiss I, eece she did,

An zed she lik'd I zo,

That aelwys she hood be me Love,

Nar av nar nother beau.

[155]

An happy I wur in her love,

As out we oft did waak,

Ah, happy days wur thay ta I,

Var zich love she did taak.

Var two years, I did cwourt her sweet

Var she wur ael me pride,

An then one nite I ax'd her strait

If she hood be me bride.

She hung her yead, an zed she hood

Av nar husban bit I,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

An zoo I then, gun to prepare
Tha weddin knot ta tie.

Bit guess me anger, one vine marn
I yeard she'd rin'd away,
An lave'd I too, wieout a wurd,
Ta cheer up my dismay.

A chap vrim Lunnen, had bin down
An vill in love we she,
An offer'd her ael zarts a things
If she hood cut we he.

An she pack'd up thic very night,
An we'un cut away,
An never av I yeard a she
Not zunce thic blessed day.

Zoo here I be, left ael aloane
An var her I mid zigh;
Bit I'll take keer nar nuther gal
Shill ever capture I.

[156]

PERSEVERANCE.
OR JOE'S BLACKBIRD.

Ower Joe, he cotch'd a blackbird,
Las year in hearly spring;
An zo a zed, heem dang if lie,
Ood'n larn nn how ta zing,

A took his hook away a went,
Down mead ta withy bead:
To cut ziin twigs ta meak a keage,
Which party zoon wur mead.

An then a putt thic blackbird in,
An wen a com'd at uite;
A putt a girt cloth auver un,
Ta keep away tha lite.

An then his vlute a did rache down
Var Joe tha vlute cud play;
An cloas up gean thic blackbird's keage,
Var hours a blow'd away.

[157]

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

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

Zich payshins that ower Joe did teak,
Ta larn thic bird ta zing;
Hood beat the payshins of woold Job,
Ar imvost anything.

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

Zays Joe, ya zee Ive voun at las,
 That he av got a tongue;
An I'll be boun avore dree months,
 Ull beat ael as ever zung.

An zoo a did, vor vore dree months,
 Vrim that a did begin;
Ta pipe za nice an clear an loud,
 Which mead Joe wink and grin.

An he hood himitate Joe's vlute,
 As well's a man or bwoy;
An ael tha birds tha wur aroun,
 The rascal hood decoy.

[158]

Ov ael tha birds I ever yeard,
 He beat em every one;
Var ael zarts a naisies be cud meak;
 Wie bis girt saccy tongue.

Tha voke, that did goo by Joe's cot,
 Wondered at wat they yeard;
Thay never could believe zich zouns
 Com"d vrim a leetle bird.

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

* * * * *

MORAL.

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

[159]

OWER GOOD WOLD PASSIN.

O, ad I jist tha power ta rite,
Like Bob Burns, vor a zingle nite,
I hood zit down, we ael me mite,
An praise ower good wold Passin.

Vor zirch tha countery ael aroun,
A better one ther caant be voun,
That in good works da zo aboun,
As ower good wold Passin.

He is a good un, every ninch,
Vrum nuthun good he'll never vlinch,
An'll never zee wie poor voke pinch,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Will ower good wold Passin.

When zickness hunts tha poor man's cot,
An empty runs his shelf an pot,
Who is it cheers his lowly lot?

Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who, when he's on a bade a pain,
Do we good things his straingth zustain,
An offen droo tha nite remain?

Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who, wen tha han a death comes down,
An zens zich gloom on ael aroun,
Who is it trys tha grief ta droun?

Why, ower good wold Passin.

[160]

Who helps tha widder in hur grief,
Who in pity ant got no belief,
Bit in gien out stanchill relief?

Why our good wold Passin.

Who's always vull a readiness,
Ta teak tha children vatherless,
An zee em brought ta usevulness?

Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who gets tha maids wie rozy feazin,
Out in tha wordle tha best a plazin,
Who ther deeds is always prazin?

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who ta that girt house aft ull goo,
Var aid ta help his good wirk droo,
'tis mwore than his means ull do?
Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who, wie tha Squire aft ull plead,
Tha kease of zom poor bwoy in need,
That vor'un he med intercede?
Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who, wen Varmers an ther men vaals out,
Tha leabourers' cause gets up an spout,
An bring agean zweet pace about?
Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who, when tha Winter's cwold an sharp,
Zens out we coals his boss an cart,
To tha wold yoke zo's thay shaant smart?
Why, ower good wold Passin.

[161]

Who, wen merry Crissmiss comes aroun,
At every poor man's cot is voun,
Gien every head, prime beef a poun,
Why, ower good wold Passim

No poor man never he'll refuse,
Tho he dwoant vaal in wie his views;
Ar if ta meetin house a gooes,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Dwoant matter ta ower wold Passim

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

[162]

POOR DICK.

In memory of R— T—, who died at Wilton, in his fifteenth year.

Poor Dick is dade an gone away,
Up to his wom on high;
An lore zeems ard, wen we da think,
That one za young shid die.

An jist as he had lave'd tha school,
An wur bown to a trade;
Ta think that 'tis all auver now,
That in tha grave he's laid.

Var Dick a wur as merry a bwoy,
As liv'd in thease yer pleace;
Zich sparklin glee did vill his eyes,
Zich smiles did lite his feace.

At school, or wom, at wirk or play,
In any youthful geam;
Poor Dick a wur a vaverite,
Am aelways wur tha zeam.

At Chirch amang tha Choir bwoys,
 Ilr w in- a model quite;
Of wat a bwoy did ought ta be,
 Dress'd in a zurplis white.

[163]

An nar a bwoy amang tha lot,
 Cud zing za nice as he;
His voice wur like a zilver bell,
 That zouns za pleasantly.

The nayburs that did live cloas by,
 His wom upon tha hill;
Ael zed that Dick's zweet cheerful voice,
 Wie joy ther hearts did vill.

Aye, on this earth there did n live,
 A nicer bwoy than Dick;
Nuthin did zeem ta put un out,
 No, not wen he wur zick.

Vor wen upon a bade a pain,
 Poor Dick wur laid za ill,
Zich good things did vill up his mind,
 Zich joy his eyes did vill.

A zed a had no wish ta liv,
 Therevore tha need'n zigh;
He know'd there wur a wom var he,
 Up var above tha sky.

An zo Poor Dick, wieout a tear,
Did breathe his last on earth;
A smile play'd on his cold clay lips,
A smile of heavenly birth.

I never shall vorget tha zeene,
Wen Dick wur buried low;
Zich loud laments, zich bitter zighs,
Zich tears in streams did vlow.

[164]

Underds there stood aroun his greave,
An wen a hymn thay zung;
Thay wur abliged ta turn thur yeads,
Becaws ther hearts wur rung.

Tha Choir bwoys in zurplis white,
Wie trimblin voices thick;
Thay skierce cud zing, var zarrer keen,
Ah thinkin on Poor Dick.

Zo there he lays, one zide tha church,
In a leetle narrer cell;
Bit glorious truth, we know that now
His soul in heaven da dwell.

[165]

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.

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 anuff,
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.

[166]

Mworn sixty years a shepperdin
A wur apon tha plaain,
As bwoy, an man, a tenden sheep
I wind an starm and rain.

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

[167]

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.

An long tha thankvull cheers went up,
 An drink went vreeley round,
We jay, becaas tha English voke
 Had beat the Vrenchmin zound.

Nevir avore, an nevir zunce,
 Av ther 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 vur
 His king and country.

Tha widder an tha vatherless

A took into his cot,

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 shaant 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 my 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 when tha evenins thay be vine,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

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

[169]

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 zenes that be za dear.

An wen tha gloomy winter comes,
An vrost an snow be here,
He shill 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 Wellinton
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.

[170]

POOR TOM.

Lissen awhile, kine gentle voke,
Vor zure, tis time zombiddy spoke

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Bout poor woold Tom, who's well-know'd veace,
Is zo vamilliar roun ower pleace.

Come an behold his tiny cot;
Zee vor yerselves his lowly lot;
Yer hearts I'm zure'll veel distress
Wen you da zee zich wretchedness.

One room above and one below,
No vurniture var empty show;
A vew woold chattels, wor'd an plain,
Is ael Tom's cottage do contain.

An here apun tha cwold damp bricks,
Jenny, his wife, var long days zix
Out of the zeven, at her tub,
Da wash and iren, rub and scrub.

Poor crater, wat a life be hers.
Her haggard look, 'ull bring ee tears;
Heet tis zeldom she complains,
Tho her frame is racked wie pains.

Var sweet contentment vills her heart,
An well she carries out her peart,
An thinks much wuss be other's lots,
Who, wanderen, av no humble cots.

An every night ta heaven her prayer
Gooes up wie thanks var humble vare;
But who that knows her case shill deer
Ta say that ample is her sheare.

[171]

Tis a paaltry zum that she da yearn.
An tha parish officers be stern;
Herself she hardly ean zustain,
An the parish must poor Tom maintain

Poor Tom, the butt of ael tha bwoys,
Who jeer un wie ther shouts an naise,
Wich often brings un pains an yeakes,
Tho in good peart he ael o'it teakes.

Two shillings an two loaves a bread
He gets, so he's not auver ved,
Tho zomtimes praphs he avs a chance,
Thease little lowances to enhance.

A smaal job praphs vaals in his way,
Ta bring un in zim extry pay;
Bit this tha parish mussen know,
Or they meaken ael on it vorego.

Poor Tom av zeed zim bitter strife,
Ael droo out his wary life;
Var ever trated as a drudge,
Heet his woold heart neer velt a grudge.

A poor woold wor'd out man he's now.
We deep lines furrowed on his brow;
Dree score and ten he long av past,
His health and straingth is vailen vast.

* * * * *

Ye wealthy, I appeal ta you,
Wen by thease tiny cot you goo,
Jist gie a caal, and then you'll see
If thay dwoant desarve your charity.

[172]

A TEMPERANCE DIALOGUE
BY
JOE AND TOM.
TWO WILTSHIRE
LEABOURERS.
JOE.

"Good grayshus, Tummas, ow de do,
Why, hoo'd a thought a zeein you?
Voke thinks you'm in a voreign clime,
As ya hant bin zeed, ver zich a time.
In Austilyer, or Americky,
We zurely thought ya now hoo'd be:
Bit raaly Tom, ya looks main well,
An bissen too, a girt big swell.
Wie that vine clothes an thic goold chain
Ya beant a Leabourer now, that's plain;
STa've ad a wind vall I allow,
Ya zurely now dwoant vollie plough.'

TOM.

"*Well!* you med steer a I, vren Joe,
Za different to zom time ago,
Bit let me gie ee ta unnerstan
I hant a zeed nar voreign lan:

[173]

Tis zartin true, var zom time now,
That I've a gied up vollien 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;
Var of ael I've know'd 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,
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.
Coold'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 wur look'd to, be ael tha bwoys,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Ta zettle up any leetle noise.
Who's very look, ar nod wur laa,
Ta quickly stop ther clammerin jaa;
Eece, an carry off we thee mwore beer,
Than any oance, wieout bein queer.
Why, I never drarn'd thee'st com ta tins.
Unless thee'st jined tha Methodis,

[174]

Who var yarty 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 anuff wat you've a zed,
Bout me young days, wat a life I led,
When you thought I a jolly veller,
Becaws I wur a leetle meller;
Wen I wur on a drinken bout,
An cud carry twice as much about;
A dale a yarm it done, I know it,
Ony, begar, I'd never show it;
Nuthin bit drink, I then did crave,
Ta drink, vren Joe, I wur a slave;
But now I've done, I tell ee plain,
An tha stuff I'll nevir touch again;
An if, vren Joe, you'm in tha mine,
I'll tell ee how twer I did zine."

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)
JOE.

"Well, as I've a leetle time ta speer,
I raaly, Tom, shid like ta hear,
Var zeems ta I za martal queer,
That thiee shid'st gie up drinken beer.
I wur gwain to 'ax thee, I declare,
Ta goo we I down to tha "Bear,"
Becaws I thought thee kine woold heart
Var vrenship seak hood stan a quart.
Howzemdever, lets tha stawry hear,
How twer thee'st turn'd teetotaler."

[175]

TOM.

"Wen zix years ago I lav'd thase pleace
I didn know where ta turn me veace.
Me clothes an boots wur martal bad,
An dree an zix, wur ael I had.
An as I trudg'd along tha road,
At me heart ther led a heavy load;
Var I raaly didn zeem ta know,
Which way ta steer, ar wur ta go.
Zoo on I plodded, wor'd an wary,
Var miles apon tha highway drary,
Till at a Pub apon tha way,
Tired out, I wur abliged ta stay,
An there me money zoon did shrink
Tha time I'd paid var lodge an drink.
Tho var any job me hands wur willin,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

I vound mezelf wieout a shillin,
Zoo I resolved at tha nex town,
Com what hood, I'd zettle down.
Vull thirty miles it wur quite,
Avore I rach'd a town thic night,
An then I voun that I'd a com
Nearly a underd miles vrim wom.
Zoo wen twer light nex marnin I,
Ael bout thick town var wirk did try,
An nearly gied up in despear,
Till I vill in we a gierdener,
Who ax'd if I cud dig an plant,
As a chap var that he wur in want,

[176]

Zoo I took tha job, wie out delay,
Var dree months, at haaf-a-crown a day.
Tha time had nearly slipp'd away,
When Measter com's ta I one day,
An zaays, 'young man yer quarter's gone,
Bit if ya like ya can stop on,
An if var twelve month's you'll agree,
Steeds a haf-a-crown, I'll gie ee dree.'
'O, thank ee, Zur,' 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, vren Joe, I'm vex'd ta zany.
It done no good to rise me pay,
Var every night wen wirk wur done,
To Public house I hoff did run;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

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 we drink;
Me wirk I zoon begun ta gleet,
An to be zack'd I did expect,
Zoo I should, bit tha rason why,
Measter got drunk as well as I,
An zo at I a cudden 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;

[177]

Drinkin an spendin wie ael me might,
Ruinen me zawl an body quite;
Till dree year agoo, las Crismis Eve,
Zummat happ'd, thee hardly hoot believe
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 auver com,
Perposed that he an I shid spen
Crismis Eve in gwain ta zee a vren,
Var a adden zeed un zich a while,
An twurden vur, about zix mile;
'We'll av a hoss an trap,' zays he,
'Zo's we can teak it haiseley.'
'O eece, I'm one wie thee,' zays I,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

'An on my gwain thee med'st rely.'
Zo wen ower wirk wur done thic day,
Hoff bouath oance went, we sperits gay.
Well laden wie a drop a prime,
Cos, doosen zee, twur Crismis time;
An purty well we did carouse,
Avore we got to his vren's house,
Which 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 bein jolly on Crismis Eve;
An zo to keep tha saz on up,
Customers wur vited inta zup.

[178]

An no mistake, grub ther wur plenty,
Ta zatisfy tha haight an twenty,
Wich wur tha number that zat down,
Bezides my chum an I vrim town.
An na mistake var a nower quite,
Ache oance did ate wie ael his mite,
An atter that we did carouse,
As cheermain zed var good'th house.
Var when tha cloth wur clar'd away,
Ache one var his own drink mist pay.
Gallons a beer wur zoon brought in,
Then bottles a brandy, rum, an gin.
An merrily on, tha time did jog,
As we zat there and drunk ower grog;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Ache zung his zong, ache crack'd his joke,
Tha room wur vill'd we naise and smoke.
Then quarts a strong gin hot wur brew'd,
Till half the 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 trusl ya'll goo away.'
Well, up I gets ta vind me vriend,
Who wur asleep tha fcother end.
'Come Jack,' says I, 'come stir about,
Tis twelve a'clock, we must turn out.'

[179]

Wie that I haul'd un to his veet,
An got un out into tha street.
Wur trap an pony bouth wur ready,
An hoff we went not auver steady.
Var Jack a zeem'd mwore dade'n alive,
Zoo 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, a zeem'd ta vlee.
'Var God seak, do pull up,' zays I,
'Thee't drave ess up tha baink bim bye.'
Bit no a diden, nar hooden heed,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

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,

Me blood wur up an like ta bwile.

Var I velt zure that zom mishap,

Hood auverteak ess in thic trap,

'Var heav'ns seak 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 taak,

'If I like'd I cood get out an waak.

Bit, no, I cudden lave me mate,

Aloane a draven in thic state

An zo I let un av his way,

Tho I rue it till thease very day;

[180]

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 ta vlee;

Bit skiercly we had got haf way,

Var his volly, he had dear ta pay:

Var ael at once tha Pony stumbled,

An out bouth on 'ees quick wur tumbled.

A hair breadth eskeep, I met no harm,

Seave a bruis'd nose, an broken yarm;

An to mezelf when I'd a com,

I zet ta work ta help me chum.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Var there he wur, jist wur a vill,
Stretch'd out apon thic road quite still,
Wie his veace downurds in tha mud,
Ael covered up wie dirt and blood;
Var he'd a pitch'd rice on he's yead,
An there a lay like one that's dead.
I lissened hard ta hear un breathe,
Bit, ah! his buzzom ceased ta heave;
Eece, gone vur ever, wur his breath,
An there a led in the jaaws a death.

Ah, Joe! ya never can zurmise,
My veelins at his glassy eyes,
Of thic young man, who zuddenly
Wur hurried to eternity.
It nearly drove I to despear
Ta zee his bleeden body there.

[181]

Jist picter to yerzelf, vriend Joe,
My steat of mind, my bitter woe,
Ta be in zich a awful plight,
An in tha middle of tha night.
Ah! twur a terriyable warnin,
Ta I on thic ar Crismis marnin.

* * * * *

Then at tha inquest wich took place,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

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,
Teake my advice, an vrim this day,
Never touch that as leads astray.'
An vrom 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 vrens feate you da think;
Bit, I raaly cant think, I shid stint
Acos a thic there accident.
Not ony that, very well ya know,
Ther's thousands in thease wordle, Joe,
That in moderation avs a drap,
An never av ad no mishap.
Bezides, diss know, a leetle cup
A nice wom brew'd ull cheer ee up,

[182]

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."

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)
TOM.

"O eece, vren Joe, 'tis very true.
Of moderate drinkers ther's a vew,
Who ne'er av bin tha wuss var drink,
Aelthough thay mid bin on tha brink;
Bit this, me vren, ya must confess,
If ther's no drink ther's no excess.
Var zom, wen wonce thay teast tha stuff,
Dwoant nevir know when thay've anuff;
An this ya know var zartin zure,
Teetotalers aelways be zecure;
Var if vrom it thay do abstain,
Thay cant get drunk, thats purty plain,
Bit yer moderate drinker's nevir zure,
Bit what zom day it med allure,
An he mid teak mwore than he meant,
Aelthough it mid be gainst his bent.
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 cant get drunk if thay dwoant drink,
Bit then, ya zee, lis nayshun ard,
A drap a lotion to discard;
Specially when coins on tha cheap,
Who ever cood teetotaller keep.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

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 has a drunken frake,
An spens their money at tha Pub,
While wife an vamily wants var grub.
An bout ael day da idle lurk,
A boozen, steeds a doin wirk,
Bit then, diss know, I beant like thay,
I ony spens vourpence a day."

TOM.

"Vourpence a day, if that's ael, Joe,
Tis two an vower a week, diss know.
An if ya reckons var a year,
Ta zix pounds it'll com main near,
An, doosen think it purty dear.
Ta pay out, var a drap a beer;
An wats a got ta show var it,
Nuthen at ael, thee must admit.
Now if that money thee didst save,
A lot a comferts thee cud'st have.
Thee zoon cud'st buy a watch an chain,
An if tha Landlard did complain,
An at thee turn up his rid nose,
Com out in a new zuit a clothes,
Woold chums at vust thee't zure ta fend,
Bit, thay'll like thee better in tha end,
Zoo never mind, a bit their chaff,
Tis thee as can avoord ta laff;
Var zunce I turn'd teetotaler,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Wich is gettin on var vower year.

[184]

I've seaved a tidy bit a chink,
Wich hood a gone in that ar drink;
Not ony that, zince Measter died,
Tha Missus do in I confide,
An now I'm manager, ya zee,
An tha business carries on var she.
Who knows bit what, zom day, she med,
Ax I, if I'm inclined ta wed;
Var, bless thee heart, tha wimmen voke,
Zart a lanes to a teetotal bloke."

JOE.

"Well, raaly Tummas, I mist own.
Zom waity razons you've a shown,
Why I shid gie up drinken beer
A seave me money, year be year,
I plainly zee dwoant do much good,
An gie it up, got mint I hood."

TOM.

"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 neer regret,
Hii bless tha day we bouth oance met."

JOE.

"Eece, zo I will, an now yer gooes,
Ta zign tha pledge, an keep vrim booze,
Good bye, me drinken vrens, good bye,
Shaant wet wie you nar nother eye.
Good bye, woold Landlard of tha "Bear,"
I hant got no mwore caish to spare,
Zo dwont ee tempt me, high nar Low,
I tell ee straight, no mwore var Joe."

[185]

THE COURTSHIP
OF
MISTER CLAY
AN
WIDDER RAY.

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

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

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

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Bit twold em strait she never hood
Drow off her widder's weed.

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

[186]

"Vor why," zed he. "becaus ya know,
Wen men ther love provess,
Vor you me dear they'll ony want,
Yer money ta pozess.

Zo zingle keep me own dear spouze,
Vor you med live in haze,
Not ony that if you keep zo,
Ya can do as ya plaze."

Zo vrim that day thase widder vair,
Her lovers kept at bay,
Till now her han wur wonce mwore zought,
Be ower vren Tom Clay.

Tom kep a Inn, tha Lion Rid,
Ael in tha very street,
Wur Widder Kay wur zettled down,
Who oft he used ta meet.

Tom had a pony chaise which he,
Let to tha voke about,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An Widder Ray she oft did hire,
An Tom's man drove her out.

An offen wen his pony chaise,
Stood by tha Widder's door,
Tom wished he wur his man hiszelf,
Zo's he his love cud pour.

Bit one vine day this Widder Ray,
A note ta Tom zent down.
Ta zen at wonce his pony chaise,
Ta teak her inta town.

[187]

Tom's man was ill in bade thick day.
Therefore he cooden go,
Zays he, "I hood ablige, a couse,
Bit who ta zen dwoant know."

"A happy thought," zays he, "at las,
I be a lucky elf,
Here, sister Ann, you mine tha house,
I'll drave her in mezelf."

Zo Tom he rigged hiszelf aelout,
In his very baste attire,
An a choice vlower putt in his cwoat,
Var tha Widder to admire.

Wieout delay, then Mister Clay,
Drove off like won in steat,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An zoon tha pony chaise an he,
 Stood vore tha Widder's geat.

"Good marnin, mam," zays Mister Clay,
 "Good morn," zaid Widder Ray,
"My hostler, mam, is very ill,
 Unvit ta drave ta day.

An as yer note expressed a wish,
 Ta goo at once ta town,
In order not ta disapoint,
 I will mezelf drave down."

Tha widder wie a pleazin smile,
 Zaid, "'Tis very kind of you,
'Tis urgent that I should be there,
 Zom business I've to do."

[188]

Then Widder Ray she took her seat,
 An Tom arranged tha rug,
Zo that she med ride ael tha way,
 Zo cozy like an snug.

An off they went ael down tha street,
 Thase two good voke together,
An Hinglish like tha zoon begun,
 A takin bout tha weather.

Tom's ears wur charm'd we her sweet vaice,
 His heart wic love did glow,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

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

Tho he ta draain well wur used,
In bottled yale or stout,
Bit, ah, he voun twur different,
To draa a leady out.

An vor zom time upon tha road,
Tha zilence skierce wur broke,
Vor Tom wur studden in his mine,
Wen at last tha Widder spoke.

"I think this month the sweetest time,
Of any in the year,
Although it always brings to me,
Full many a mournful tear.

For in September I remember,
My poor dear husban died,
And she let a tear drop fall,
And gently she sighed.

[189]

An tho' 'tis pleasant now to look,
On things so green and gay,
Fast turning into hues of gold,
But soon to fade away.

Yes, everything in life so fair,
We know one day it must,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Like the green leaf, wither away,
And turn to clay or dust."

Ah! ah! thought Tom wein hiszelf,
O anything I'd gie,
If Widder Ray ud turn ta *Clay*,
Ee'ce while alive she be.

"A ee'ce," zed Tom, "tha vallin leaf,
No doubt da gie ee pain,
Bit tho thay vail an zoon decay,
Thay'll zoon bust out again.

Ta mwourn vor dear departed things,
Is well praphs vor a sazon,
Bit ver one's life ta dwell on zich,
I dwoant think there's much razon.

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

Tom chuckled much wein hiszelf,
Wat he hood gie ta know,
Tha Widder' s mine, beet still he guessed,
When she answered un, "Just so."

[190]

'Tis very plain she teaks tha hint
Well, that is a beginnin,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

I zee, I mussen goo ta vast,

If her I hood be winnin.

No mwore wur zed apon thic head,

Var zoon they rach'd tha town.

An Tom, avore tha County Bank.

Did zet tha Widder down.

Then ta tha Plough he quick drove back,

Ta zee his woold vren Able,

Likewise revesh hiszelf, an putt

His pony in tha steable.

"Hel-oh, me vren!" outspoke tha Host,

"What brings ee in ta day?

Wur't you I zeed drave by jist now,

Along wie Widder Ray."

"Why ee'ce," zays Tom, "if you must knaa,

My hostler's very queer,

An zo I wur obliged ya zee,

Ta drave tha leady here."

"Ah! ah! I zee," zed Able out,

"A pleazant job, by jove,

I dear zay Tom, ya looks on it.

As a leabour of pure love.

I zays ta Caraline jist now,

Wen we zeed you drave past,

'Why, zurly Tom hant nevir won.

Tha Widder's han at last.'

[191]

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

Bit that's no razin why your love
She medden entertain,
Ael I can zay, I wich ee luck,
An hope her han ya'll gain.

Bit Widders, Tom, av deep, deep hearts,
Vor a man ta undermine,
Jist zee ow long it did teak I,
Ta win me Caraline.

Ver wen I used ta paver me love,
She got za awfully down,
An used ta zi an cry "O dear,
My poor departed Brown."

That zoon wore off, and now she is,
Tha happiest wife in town,
An nevir a wurd da she bring up,
Bout her departed Brown.

Teak my advice, me trusty vren,
If you want Widder Ray,
Wi tell her zo out bwold an strait,
An not an hour delay.

Vor widders, Tom, I dwoant keer how.

Hi ar low ther station,
In love matters caant aber,
Much equivercation.

[192]

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

Coose, praphs a fusal on tha spur,
Wi very like it may be,
Bit Tom, remember that vaint heart,
Nevir won vair leady.

Zo nevir mine dwoant let that dant,
Bit tha attack renew,
An I'll lay a guinea in tha en,
She'll gie her hand ta you.

Zo mine thase night ya'll av a chance,
As you drave wom again,
Thervore meak up yer mine at wonce,
Ax her tha question plain."

Then to tha house thase chums repaired,
Ta greet good Missus Able,
An ther she wur like ael good wives,
Layin out tha dinner table.

"Well Tom, my bwoy, I wish ee joy,
 Var as I unnerstan,
It is quite true that you at las,
 Av won tha Widder's han.

I zays to Able, that I did,
 Jist now wen you went bye;
I'm zartin zure it is ael rite
 Ya bouth did look za shy."

[193]

"Not heet, my dear," zed Able out,
 "Tom ant a won hur yet,
Bit that he do avore dree months
 Any money I'll bet."

"Zo I shid think," zays she quite blunt,
 "Vor wat ooman cud wiestan,
Zich a hansim man as Tom,
 If he pressed vor her han.

'Tis true that others vain av tried,
 Ta urge on her ther views,
Bit wat be they compar'd ta Tom.
 Wi, regular dumpty screws.

'Tis lucky too vor Widder Ray
 That ael on em she danted,
Vor 'tis quite plain tha mwoast on em,
 Ony her money wanted.

Bit Tom we know's too generous,
 Ta want her vor her money,
Aelthough a vortune's well anuff,
 An makes things a leetle zunny."

"Wi, raaly, mam, ya vlatte me,"
 At last zed Mister Clay,
"I dwoant think I be worthy o,
 Half tha good things ya zay.

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

[194]

An thus tha eonverzation run'd,
 As they ael zat at dinner,
Tha Abies' bouth instructin Tom,
 Ow he med ably win lier.

"Wen do ya start ver wom," zays they,
 Zed Tom, "I skiercely know,
Tha leady zed she hood caal yer,
 Wen she's prepared ta go."

"O! if she do," zays Missus A.,
 "Bit com inzide ower latch,
I'm bless'd if, Tom, avore she goes,
 If I dwoant meak tha match."

Zoon atter vour then, at tha door.

There stood tha Widder Ray,
She rang tha bell, an ax'd tha maid,
"Ta goo an tell Tom Clay."

Then Missus A. she quick run out,
Ta greet tha Widder there,
An implored her that she would,
Wak in an teak a chair.

Now Widder Ray, mud that day,
Had ne'er bin to Tha Plough,
An nevir a wurd to Missus A.,
Had spoken until now.

An as they zat together there,
Waiten var tha pony chaise,
Missus Able she began ta prate,
Zo ably Tom's praize,

[195]

Thus she begun, "wat a nice man,
Now is'nt Mister Clay,
Zo generous, young, an hansim too,
An aelways zeems zo gay.

Even gentlemin as coms ta dine,
I offen hear em zay,
'Wot a noble, jolly chap,
Is that young fellow, Clay.'

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

"Well, certainly," said Widder Ray,
 "I really must allow,
He seems a little different,
 To what most men are now."

Wie that the conversation closed,
 Ver tha pony chaise came by,
An off she went with Mister Clay,
 Whose heart wie hope beat hi.

Zaid Widder Ray to Mister Clay,
 "I would a favour ask,
is that you will drive me quick.
 If not too great a task.

A wretched fellow of a man
 Since I've been in tha town,
Has been dogging me about,
 And following up and down.

[196]

He tries to press himself on me,
 I may as well now state,
But I the fellow and his love,
 Most detestably hate."

"Indeed," zays Tom, wie much zurprise,
 "He zurely mam shill zee,
If he attempts to voller you,
 That I his voe will be."

Tom urged his steed an on he went,
 As vast as he cud go,
An twold tha Widder that she now.
 Was clear a her dread voe.

Bit guess his roth wen at her geat,
 Tha very veller stood,
Zays Tom, "I'd like to tan his hide,
 Tid raaly do me good."

Tha Widder nearly swoon'd away,
 Ta zee tha veller stand,
Bit Tom jump'd out an to un went,
 His business to demand.

Tha veller wie a hideous scowl
 Zed, "wat is that to you?
Tha leady is a vren a mine,
 An I wants a interview."

"'Tis valse," zays Tom, "now look thee here,
 if thee dwoant goo away,
I'll tan thy hide true's I'm alive,
 Ar my neam beant Tom Clay."

"Be hoff," zays he, "an neer let I.
Zet eyes on thee again,
Zure my neams Clay, thee rue tha day,
I dwoant promise, mine, in vain."

Tha veller turn'd and left tha pleace,
His fream ael auver shook,
An as a went, he glanced at Tom,
A mwoast unearthly look.

Then Mister Clay sought Widder Ray,
Who in tha house had vled,
"Madam," says he, "I raaly think,
That veller's lost his yead."

Zays he, "zim mischief he med do,
A courze, I'm no director,
Bit raaly mam I gins ta think,
You require a protector.

Ta nite he med be here agean,
An his strange vrake begin,
If you'll accept my aid tis yours,
Wen I've putt the pony in."

"'Tis very kind of you," said she.
"For I really dread tha man,
And as you say, he really may,
Another visit plan."

That nite at haight before tha geat,
 Stood Mister Thomas Clay,
An as he hoped, zoon voun hiszelf,
 Aloane wie Widder Ray.

"Good evenin, mam, you zee I am,
 Com up as you requested,
An much I trust, that crazy chap,
 Has not again molested."

"Not he," said she, "for much I think,
 Your presence frightened him,
I trust 'tis so, and hope twill cure,
 His very silly whim."

"Ah! madam dear," zaid Mister Clay,
 "'Tis a curious thing, by jove,
Wat power a ooman has on man,
 Wen he's desperately in love.

Ee'ce anything, nay everything,
 Mwoast zurely he'll do,
Wen he got love, heart burnin love,
 Zuch as I got vor you."

"O, Mister Clay," said Widder Ray,
 'What are you saying now?
Really Sir, such importunateness,
 I never can allow."

"Madam' zed Tom," jist list a while,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Wile I ta you da spake,
Ver I declare, and if need be sware
Mine is no zilly frake.

[199]

I love you mam, ee'ce mam I do,
Mwore than ael on this earth,
Tho I adore, let me implore,
Dwoant think it of small worth.

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

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

An Widder Ray she swoon'd away,
An cried, "'tis he! 'tis he!"
An Tom a swore, "if twur tha bore,
His death he zure hood be."

Then to tha door he rush'd wie speed,
Demandin who was there,
"It's I! it's I! zed a crazy vaice,
"Com ta zee me leady vair."

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

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

By thic squeamish beller,"
An quick a opened wide tha door,
An gaz'd apon tha veller.

"Now look thee here," outspoke Tom Clay,
"Thee hast bin yer avore,"
Then strait he begun to whack,
Wile mainly he did roar.

[200]

"A purty lout ta dog about,
Another good man's wife,
Com swear to I, thee't let her he,
If thee hoost av thee life."

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

Ee'ce, ee'ce, I'll promise anything,
If thou hoot let me go,
Ver now she's thine, I'll drown mezelf,
In tha pond that's down below."

Tom loosened un an hoff a went,
As vast as he cud limp,
Zays Tom, "I think that medicine,
U'll cure tha crazy imp."

Poor Widder Hay zat as won dade,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Tha shock did so avrite her,
Bit when Tom Clay com back agean,
She got a leetle briter.

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

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

[201]

Tha Widder she hung down her head,
Then heavily she sighed,
"Mister Clay I must say nay,
Vor when my husdand died, —

He wished me to keep single, yes,
As long as I did live,
Therefore, you see, it cannot be,
My hand I dare not give."

"Missus Ray," said Mister Clay,
"Long years, it be now vive,
Zince your good usbin, Mister Ray,
Was here on earth alive.

An you av wore those widder's weeds,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Ael droo that dreary time,
And zay you must until tha las
An you not in yer prime.

O Missus Ray, now will it pray,
Do your leat usbin good,
If you yer days mane to live out,
Ael in dull widderhood.

Your veelins much I do admire,
Ver shows I very clearly,
That yer late usbin in his day,
Ya loved mwoast zincerely.

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

[202]

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

I swear be ael that's good and true,
If you will bit conzent,
I never will gie you a caws,
Ta zay ya did repent."

"O Mister Clay," zaid "Widder Ray.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

While tears her eyes did vill,
"Such love sincere, to me seems dear,
And so I think I will!

But this I say, dear Mister Clay.
If you are to be mine,
It's on condition that you will,
Give up tha Public line."

"Me love," zays Tom, "now you zays ee'ce,
Anything ya med deman,
Ya know it's true, anything I'll do,
Ta win yer heart an han."

zweet bliss, a nower like this,"
Zaid Mister Thomas Clay,
As he quite vree did press tha han
Of tha buxom Widder Ray.

"Wen shall it be, me love," zed he,
"That happy, happy day.
That day, I mean, me lovely queen,
Wen you'll be Missus Clay'."

[203]

She took Tom's han, an as tha clock,
Tha hour a twelve did strike,
"My dear," zaid she, " I leave you vree,
Ta fix it when you like."

Tom Clay that nite, wie heart za lite,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Lay on his downy bed,
Bit ver sweet joy about his love.
Ael sleep away had vled.

An on tha marn wie zister Ann,
He taked tha matter auver,
Zays he, "ya zee ya now be vree
Ta marry Harry Mauver.

Tha business now I shill gie you,
Ver we've no lack a wealth,
Nothun ta dant, ael we da want,
Is long life an good health."

An then Tom Clay wieout delay,
Tha happy day did vix,
An on that day there went away,
A pearty countin zix.

Twur zister Ann an her young man,
Tom Clay an Widder Ray,
An bouath tha Ables vrim tha Plough,
Ta gie tha bride away.

An by tha train they went ta town,
An to a zartin square.
Wur Mister Clay soon mead a bride
Of tha buxom Widder vair.

[204]

An at a tip top gran hotel,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Thay ael zat down ta table,
An purty well tha jokes went on,
Tween Mister and Missus Able.

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

And there they lived like turtle doves,
Enjoyin every pleasure,
An Tom declared, "his bride she wur,
A raaly parfict treasure."

Bit O! won nite, his much ador'd,
As in her bade she lay,
Had a strange drame in wich she thought
She zeed her leat spouze "Ray."

"O Missus Clay! wonce Missus Ray!
I caant raste in me bed,
Till I've a had a wurd we you,'
An this is what he zed.—

"Ya promised I avore I died,
That you ud zingle keep,
Bit ah! I vind ya've chang'd yer mind,
An now in wedlock sleep.

O Missus Clay! O Missus Clay!
Although it be no crime,
I diden think ya'd turn ta *Clay*

Za long avore yer time.

[205]

I beant com now ta blow ee up
Vor you wer kine to I,
Bit do zeem very ard ta zee,
Another man there lie.

Then malice I wont bear ta you,
Wen underneath my lid,
I ony hope your new spouze will,
Adore ee as I did.

Varewell, varewell, I mist away,
Inta my cell za deep,
Think not of me, vor now you'm vree
An zo can goo to sleep."

Now Missus Clay a this strange drame,
Did not let out a wurd,
Becaws ya know Clay ud veel it zo,
An think it quite absurd.

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

"Hurray! Hurray! ver Mister Clay,
An hurray ver his bride!"
Zed leetle bwoys wie ael thur naise,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

As they ran by ther zide.

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

[206]

MORAL.

Now wealthy usbins wen ya laves,
A young buxom wife behine,
Dwont bind her down we any vows,
Bit let her plaize her mine.
Ver as ya zees, thase Widder Ray,
Refused ael lovers strong,
An did zay "nay," ta ael a they,
Till tha right un com'd along.

[207]

THA
GIRT BIG WHEEL.

Hast bin ta Lunnen leatly, Bill?
If not: begar do goo;
Tha vinest zite in ael tha wordle,
Up there, thay've got on view.

Out at a place caal'd Earls Cwort,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Jist handy to tha stayshun,
Thay av vix'd up a girt high Wheel,
Tha biggest in crayashun.

Za much taak there wur ael about,
Thease wunnervul Girt Wheel;
Ta goo an zee un swingin there,
Main hager I did veel.

[208]

Zoo Whitzuntide, my Zue an I
Jist went up var tha day,
An to thic Exhibition gran,
At wonce we took ower way.

"Lar, massy on ess"! she did bawl,
When thic Wheel come in zite;
"However did em get un up
Zich a terryable hite"?

An when we draa'd up cloaser like,
Main dizzy mead ess veel;
We open mouths, a gapin at
Thic ar girt mity Wheel.

Var zich a Wheel wur never zeed
In Lunnen's girt big town'd;
Var twenty miles voke can zee
He's shiny rim goo round.

Dree under'd veet tha hite ow'n be,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Zix veet tha exle droo;
We vorty girt vine carridges
Hung on, to get into.

Nine under'd ton tha waighl ow'n be,
Ael mead a iren an steel;
An vix'd za strong, tha roughest wind
Caant meak'n sheak nar reel.

Two haight boss pow'r steam engines,
Draves chains to meak'n swing;
An roun a gooes quite aisy like,
An steady as anything.

[209]

We crowds a voke zit in tha cars,
A hollien an a zingin,
Lore, tis a zite ta look at em
In mid hayer a swingin.

"Shills av a ride," zays Zue to I?
"O eece me dear, I'm willin";
Zoo out I draas me puss an paid,
Var ache on ess a shillin.

We vollies on behine tha crowd
How they did drunge an squeeze,
Ta get into tha swingin cars
Twur like a swarm a bees.

Bim bye a empty one com roun,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An into un we shot,
An on a nice vice aisy sate
My Zue and I zoon quot.

Then very zoon a bell did ring,
An roun did goo tha Wheel;
Lore, how tha men an bwoys did shout,
Tha women shriek an squeal.

Var proper vunny mead ess ael,
As we zat in thic car,
Ta vind owerzelves a lavin earth,
An mountin up za var.

A larkish chap, zit nex ta we,
Zed, when we rach'd tha top,
P'raphs up there, ael tha afternoon,
We med av var ta stop.

[210]

An when a zed, a week agoo,
Tha Wheel a did get stuck,
Zue trimbled mwoast, vrim yead ta voot,
We terror she wur struck.

Begar, I thought she'd vaulted off
She wur za vull a vright,
An vore we'd ardly get haaf way
Her veace wur dadely white.

T'wur lucky that I had a got

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

A leetle drap a brandy,
Ye nevir knows, whats gwain ta hap,
Da aelways come in handy.

Zoo I draas out tha leetle vlask.
An put un to her lips;
An lore how zoon it brought her to,
Atter two harty zips.

I puts me yarm aroun her weast,
Ta hold her nice an tight;
Zoo's when we rach'd tha top she shud'n
Goo off in sterricks quite.

Tha voke as wur inzide tha car,
Steer'd mainly at we two,
It zart a tickel'd em ta zee,
How cloas I stuck ta Zue

Howzemever, when we rach'd tha top,
She zeem'd ael rite agean;
An vrim tha winders did look down
Apon thic splendid zene.

[211]

An what a zite it wur begar,
Ower wondern eyes did greet;
Ta zee tha mity Zity vast,
A layen at ower veet.

Parleymint House at Wacemister,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Look'd bit a leetle spec;
Tha Tems, like to a zilver dread,
In tha bright zun's reflec.

Ya jist cood zee Zaint Paul's girt dome,
Mang tha smoke a loomin;
An Big Ben's voice wur like a zoun,
Vrim tha dade a boomin.

Tha Monnymints cood skiercely zee,
Jist here an there a taal un;
An trains along their iren track,
Look'd jist like snakes a crawlen.

An girt wide streets za narrer look'd,
Parks, like a patch a green;
Girt buildins too, ael zeem'd za small,
Lots on'em skierce wur zeen.

As var tha voke, thay look'd like mites,
A hurryen to an vro;
Busses an Cabs, thay craawl'd about,
Like vrogs an twoads below.

Var vorty mile you cood zee,
Tha sky a wur za clear;
On zich a zene, as that agean,
Ower eyes ull nevir steer.

[212]

We meazemint Zue an I wur struck,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

At tha vine view aroun;
But wurden zorry when we velt
Owerzelves a comen down.

An martil glad bouth on ess wur,
Ta zeafly touch tha groun;
Aelthough we hooden a miss'd tha chaance,
A gwain up, var a poun.

Tho't vust we trimbled at tha thought,
An quare begun ta veel;
Droo life we shant varget ower trip,
Up in tha Girt Big Wheel.

[213]

JANNY RAA ON THA CHARTER
ZELEBRATION.

Zeptemher 9th, 1885.

Lore! wurden there a start las week,
In thease yer leetle town;
Dang if tha voke an pleace did'n zeem,
Agean turn'd upzide down.

Var zich a start there hadden bin,
Zunce Pembroke come a age;
An no mistake tha people ael
In't hearty like did geage.

Var one an ael, bouth girt an small,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Jin'd in tha jollification,
Ta zelebrate the 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.

[214]

Var dree long years ower people had
Bin try in hard tagether,
Tho' many a draaback they did have,
Thay stuck to 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.

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 Mayor then a quick did hold
A meetin in Town Hall,
An strong committees zoon wur choos'd
Ta get up a vestival.

Zubscriptions too wur promised vree,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An zoon anuff wur vound;
Var rich an puor did gie their aid,
Vrim zixpence to a pound.

An zoo tha time wur vixed ta be
Tha ninth day of Zeptember,
An I'll warn, tha children ael,
Thic ar day will remember.

At vower a' clock on thic ar marn,
Wur busslen zigns a life;
Tha Young Chaps ban a marchen out,
Ta zound a drum an fife

[215]

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,
An zome long wreaths did stretch across
Eight 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

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

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 goo.

Var a gran percession wur ta be
Of ael tha clubs in town,
Ta 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.

[216]

In vront a banner ther wur car'd,
On wich wur painted new.
Tha neames a Kings who Charters gied,
Haight under'd year agoo.

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,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

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.

Then com tha Wavers' hankshint club,
Tha wooldest of tha lot;
An nex, tha Good Zamaritans,
Who had a donkey got.

An on un "Gargy Bindun " zat,
Look'un as proud's a king,
'Till tha Neddy lifted ap behind,
An Gargy off did vling.

Up went a jolly hearty laff
Vrim thic ar merry crowd.
To zee thic zaccy leetle moke
Dethrone a king za proud.

[217]

Bit Gargy diden zeem ta keer,
Jist gied his pants a rub,
Then did remount, an off a went,
Ta lead tha Donkey club.

Tha Wilton branch a tha Willsheer club,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Nex in percession keam,
An "Janny Passens" weav'd tha vlaig
A Estcourt's noble feam.

Oddfellers nex, wie zaish an star,
Vine banner too, unfurld,
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, tha Vriar.

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

[218]

Var as a stood be Town Hall Doer,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Ta wish ess ael good-bye.

It raaly wur a feelin zite,

An mead me heave a zigh.

Var, a hankshint Institutions, I

Aelwys av girt respect,

An wen thay be abolished,

Me heart da raaly feet.

Bit as thease wordle jogs along,

Minopliees mist be broke,

An laas, they mist be alter'd zo's

Ta zuit tha wirkin voke.

Zoo wen we'd wish'd tha Mayor good-bye,

An cheer'd un long an loud,

Off went thease girt percession gran,

Jist like a hanny proud.

Droo every street thay took ther way,

Bans playin, an bells ringin,

An yoke a shoutin longan loud.

An bwoys an maidens zingin.

An wen tha town wur done, ael march'd

Ta reakreashin 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,

We ael broke up var ta parteak

Of a nice girt colleration.

[219]

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, wick wur tha time
Var kaaf tha voke ta veed,
In thay did come, vive under'd 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,
Muck 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

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Zich a tuck out every day.

Zoo atter thease had had ther vill—

Wich diden teak em long —

In come tha tother haaf, an they

Wur quite vive under'd strong.

[220]

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,

Underd's a childern roun tha tent,

Mwoast hagerly did vlock.

Var a good lay thay wur ta av,

Brade, butter, an plum keak,

An heartily tha young uns too,

Of ael o't did parteak.

Dozens of willin helpers kind,

Did wait upon em there,

Zo's hache on em, bouth big an small,

Shid av ther proper sheare.

Zoo wen tha veedin wur ael done.

An voke well primed we-in;

Ta reakereashin groun thay gooes,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Tha spourts va ta begin.

An here tha voke wur thick as hops:

Tha zene jist like a vair;

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 zeem'd tickled much,

If I mist tell ee plainly.

[221]

Racen var bwoys, an maidens too,

Jumpin in girt zack baigs,

An battledore an shuttlecark,

An racen we dree laigs.

An then com 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 thay had midger'd out

Hache zide ther proper laingth,

At bugle zound thay did let in,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

An pull wie ael ther straingth.

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

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.

[222]

Then ael at wonce a bell did ring,
An eyes wur turned ta zee;
A konzart 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,
Bout vive veet vrim tha groun,
Thay took ther sates, an then tha voke

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Be underd's vlock'd aroun.

Ael zarts a insterments thay'd got,

Bezides a gran pianner.

A awverture, thay zoon het up,

Begar, twur with a tanner.

An thay did play, an dance, an zing,

Hache one a leetle ditty,

While Bounes an Tamberine did crack

Ther vunny jokes za witty.

Ta zee tha keepers 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,

Wich mainly did amuse tha voke

Cheers com vrim every quarter.

[223]

Zoo, wen tha Niggers had a done

Ther entertainment droll,

A rush wur mead across tha groun

Tawards tha Graey pole.

An ther a chap caal'd "Jumbeler,"

His jacket did unbutton;

Var he wur gwain ta clim tha pole,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Ta get a 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 gooes,

Wie zich determined veace,

Bit zoon wur bliged ta gie it up,

A wur dab'd zo we greace.

A chap neam'd Vincent then come up,

An took tha job in hand,

An well his clothes a' auver rub'd,

Wie zawdust 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,

Begar, a got up high enough

Tha end on en ta hold.

[224]

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

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An loos'd a baig o 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,
Won thay zeed he'd a got un,
An party quick a scarper'd off
We thic girt laig a mutton.

Zoo now twur gettin on ta dark
An luminations grand,
A gas, an Chinese lanterns
War lit on every hand.

An virewirks, we hissin naise,
Girt rockets, zich a hite,
An wheels, an squibs, an crackers loud,
Tha voke twur nuff ta vrite.

An vire baloons, za big an roun,
Wur lit up in tha sky,
An like a spec amang 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.

[225]

An zich a taingled mass a voke,
A bobbin here an ther,
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, the Queen.

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

An var tha house a Pemberook
Dree cheers wur gied bezide,
Caas var tha people's 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.

[226]

May thease Charter be var ower weal,
 It's power lets rightly use;
An show tha wordle thease privileges
 We never will abuse.

May heav'n bless, an prasper ael,
 In thease yer Hankshint Town,
Zoo like our vore fiathers, "it's neam,"
 Untarnish'd, we'll hand down.

[227]

GRAMFER'S CRISMIS.

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

Uncles, an aunts, an cuzzens too,
 Nevvys an nieces vair,
A did invite em every one
 Ta teast his Crismis vare.

Twur ael tha taak var many a day.
 Wur gramfer's 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 never hood er slight.
 Tho much, thay cooden avoord.

[228]

A proper good woold zart wur he,
 An lov'd be rich an poor,
I warn, nar ungrty man eer went,
 Away vrim gramfer's door.

On Crismis Eve, tha woold varm house
 Wur trimmed up high an low,
Wie evergreens an hollies bright,
 An boughs a mizzletoe.

An vrim tha kitchen, ael the things
 Wur clared 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 gramfer's varm men did bring in,
Tha girt big Crismis logs.

At haight a clock tha Mummers come,
 Ten a tha village chaps
Dressed up as zowljers, bright an gay,
 We girt tall peapern caps

An hooden zwoords mwoast ad a got:

One we a blunderbuss;

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 the maids turn white.

[229]

Bit tha chap as acted doctor,

Zoon rais'd em vrim the 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 vray;

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 happy bright new year.

An atter that, thay ate an drunk,

As much as thay wur willin;

Then out comes grammer, an she gies

Ta every man a shillin.

An leetle Jack we's money baig,
Went roun tha company;
An lots a pennies wur drow'd in,
Var's own zelf, dwoant ee zee.

At midnight then did come 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 the hayre high,
An men ta zing down low.

[230]

An thay did play an zing za sweet,
Bound gramfer's kitchen vire;
While grammer quarts 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 they went,
Ta sheare amang tha lot.

On Crismis marn then down ta chirch,
Tha varm house pearty went,
Ta thank God var thease blessed day,
Tha heavenly Beabe wur zent.

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

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

Ah eece, thame zounds I haul vargot,
Still in me ears da ring,
thic well know'd tune, "While Shepperds Watch"
An "Hark the Angels zing."

Then ael tha company atter chirch,
Ta gramfer's did repair;
Ta zit down in his speacious hall,
An enjoy his Crismis vare.

[231]

Varty ar fifty voke there wur,
Countin tha young an woold;
A twur a zite, thic vestive bouard,
Var a body to behold.

Var at tha top, a piece a beef
Bout vive an thirty poun;
Zides haras an two girt turkeys vat,
Done up za nice an brown.

An vlow'ry teaties beak'd an bwil'd,
Pasmets an carrits too;
Cabbage an smaish'd per turmets white,
In piles ther 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 therzelves wen dry,
An waish down the wholzum vare.

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

Wen everyone had had ther vill,
Tha cloth wur clar'd away,
An roun ael zat be vire za bright,
Za happy like an gay.

[232]

Then out comes grammer's wom mead wine,
Sparklin, an bright's a cherry;
Wich 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 vail wur shook down.

An gramfer he drunk'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 archit ar in gramfer's vields,
 Var a leetle bit a vun.

An if twur vrosty weather, we,
 Down pond did meak a slide;
An jine han's on tha glassen vloer,
 An nice 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.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

An wen twur dark, back to tha varm,
 We purty zoon did hie;
Ta tittyvate ourzelves a bit,
 Var tha girt ball bime by.

At haight a clock tha dance begun,
 Out in tha kitchen wide;
Tha musickers, they wur perch'd up,
 On a teable tother zide.

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

Vull twenty couple did stan up,
 In tha vust country dance;
Led off be gramfer an his deam,
 Lore! how we ael did prance.

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

Bit he kep on a screapen zo,
 Till ower laigs begun ta yeak;
An grammer then she did baal out,
 "Do'ee stop var goodness seek."

Then gramfer he did zing a zong,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Bout days, A woold lang syne;
An in chorus, everybidy there,
Mwoast heartily did jine.

[234]

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.

A geam a varvits then we had,
Ael zit down in a row;
An they as lost had to be kiss'd,
Under tha mizzletoe.

Zoo, we dancin an wie zingin too,
Away tha hours did vlee,
An wen twur twelve, tha ban struck up,
Roger de Coverley.

An hache pair danc'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 ache other too,
Thay wurden gwain ta be done out
A what thay used ta do.

Var gramfer kiss'd tha maidens sweet,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

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.

[235]

Then com varewells, an sheakin hans,
Tho ael wur louth ta peart;
An as thay went thay loud did cheer,
Gramfer, we ael their heart.

An thus did gramfer every year,
Ax vrens ta dine an zup;
An med I live ta do the zeam,
An keep woold Crismis up.

[236]

WOOLD
TROTTER'S ZAAYINS.
HIS LIKES AND DISLIKES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

[237]

Nar he as goes a deal ta meak,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

And vind tha ziller rather weak,
Then meak'n half tha vallie teak.

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

Tis nice to zee a poor man rise,
If varmer vrens a dwoant dispise,
Nar car is yeard up in tha skies.

Var raaly painvul tis a 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 day zay.

Var zich like pride I vairly hates,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Me temper much it hirritates,
Ta zee zich empty headed pates.

[238]

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

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

Ta zee em strut, ael cuffs an collar,
Who's pockets, praphs, dwoant hold a dollar,
An var clothes'll keep ther bellies holler.

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

Zich mity swells, zom on em be,
In kid gloves and vlash jewelry,
Hap'ny zegars a puffin vree.

Ar vlertin we zom vorred lass,
Who like his zelf is vull a brass,
An thus his evemins he da pass.

Yong maids beware a zich a chap,
If zich, on you his eyes da clap,
Pen on it, he beant woth a rap.

* * * * *

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

[239]

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 trouble's nuff ta drave me cranky.
What wie tha bad times we've a got,
An every thing a gwain ta pot,
We wife an daaters ael tha day,
Dooin nuthen bit pianner play,
Goo we ael, shall, to tha bad,
Var ael on em be music mad."

[240]

ROBERD.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

"Well, raaly, Steaven, I'm main zorry,
Bit man alive, dwoant let that worry,
Var I'm a music man yaknow,
An 'tis tha girttest jay below,
Me zon an daaters too, da play,
An avs a practis every day.
Bit coose, we dwoant ower duties shirk,
Var music, till we've finished work."

STEAVEN.

"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 plaain truth, I need'n smother,
Thame couraged in it be ther mother.
Here, every marn when I've bin round
Tha varm, ta zee tha men on ground,
When to me breakvist I comes in,
Ther's thic pianner's naisy din,
Thumpin away wie ael ther might,
Vust thing in marn, till last 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.
What good be zich varmers' wives,
Ony ta tarment out ther lives.

[241]

Why, narn can cook a laig a mutton,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Neet on a garment, zow a button;
An as var waishen out a shirt,
Tha thoughts on't do their 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 wenches Nan and Meary,
Who I da keep ta wirk tha deairy.
Turns in an dooes tha household work,
Wich wife an daaters ael da shirk,
An dwoant think it nar bit disgreace,
Aelthough ta do it, beant ther pleace;
An coose, they mist av extry pay,
Var clanen an cooken every day;
Wirk which me own voke ought ta do,
Steeds pianner bangin ael day droo.
I tell ee, Roberd, tis too bad,
An very near da drave I mad;
This music is a cussed plaig,
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 minue ar zo,
Tha truth on it I zoon ull show;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

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.
Zoo when I look'd out var a wife,
Ta be me help-mate ael droo life,
Tha matter I did well look droo,
An chus'd one as lik'd music too;
An zoo I zaays, look here, me dear,
Music, like you, I loves zincere,
Bit mind, we mussen duties shirk,
Nar play, when to be done, ther's wirk;
An coose, we bouth da gree together,
An our 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,
Out comes pianner an violin,
An atter haaf a nower's play,
Our dullness is ael drove away.
Tis wunnervul how music soothes,
An cure ee if ya got tha blues;
It makes yer woold heart leap an curdle,
Hood'n gie it up, yar ael tha wordle.
Then ther's me daaters, an me zon,
Da zing, an play, when work is done.
Bit ud never think, duties ta shirk
Var music, vore thay'd done ther wirk.

An then on Zundys atter Chirch,
If droo thay country you da zearch,
Ya hooden vind a vamily,
That's happier than owers be;
Praizen Heav'n var thease blessed 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 our vuter wom, till be ael praise."

* * * * *

Zoo I'd advise hache man an wife
If children bless ther married life,
Ta let em larn zom insterment,
If thay da wish, an tis ther bent,
In years ta come till cheer ther life,
An thay'll better beare thease wordle's 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, all's harminy."

[244]

GOOD VRIDY LAS.

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

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

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 Mower there I spent,
Gazin on things za vond.

Woold Vriars Pake; there on me lift,
In vront, tha thymy down
Behine; 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 I did delight
Thease zenes ta wander droo.

[245]

Var every hallerdy amwoast,
We merry bwoys wur voun,
We bat an ball, ower rounders play
Apon thease open down.

Agean I jogged on auver hill,
An cross tha Barvird track,
Then down ta Chilvinch bottom, still,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Cloas to tha narrer rack.

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

Tha bumble 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 woodland ring,

An vrim a low branch of yon woak
Tha timid nightengale
Had jist begun ta tune his voice
An trill his artless tale.

[246]

An here between tha moss an thyme,
Wild violets wur a blowin,
An primroses, in ael their prime,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

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

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

An here ta day, they letters still,
Be showin out za plain;
Ah! what girt thoughts me heart da vill
As I zeem em again.

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

I twenty zummings had I zeed,
Thic ne'er vargotten day,
Tha time a my apprenticship
Had nearly pass'd away.

[247]

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 and 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 have bin blest.

Tho well I knaw, 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.

[248]

HOSSLER JOE.

Las week, in zemetery vull low,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

We buried poor woold Hossler Joe,
An many a varvent tear wur shed,
As in tha grave, we zeed un led;
Var poor woold man, his wur a life,
As wurden vree vrim toil an strife.
An manvully a did his peart,
Var'd got a honest cheervul heart.

Ah! he is gone, an nevir mwore,
Shill's zee un gean, tha steable dooer,
Stript to his shirt, a rubbin down
His hosses wie a hissen zoun;
Poor things how they zeem'd to rejoice,
An whicker at Joe's well know'd voice;
Var to em he wur aelways 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 measter's Brake,
How many a pearty be did take,
Ta zee tha zites that bout is voun,
Ael handy to thease Leetle town;
Ar a gipsy pearty to tha hood,
Joe mist drave em, if a cood.

Ar when tha weddin bells rung out,
An carridges did vlee about;

[249]

He, sated on his well know'd perch,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Mist aelways drave tha Bride ta church,
His smilin veace, beamin wie joy,
Tho zometimes nuff twur ta annoy,
We shoes an rice villin tha air,
As he drave'd off tha wedded pair.

Eece, never mwore, at Whitsun club,
Will he be zarvin out tha grub,
At teable, aelways head an chief
A carvin out tha 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
Shill's see un gean, tha hostel dooer,
Nar zee his smile, nar list his chaff,
Nar join his loud, an merry laugh;
Nar on his box drave droo tha street
Var's journeys now be ael complete
Zoo med ess ael, as on we go,
Our duty do, like Hossler Joe.

[250]

JACK'S POLL— A SEA SONG.

Jack's Poll, she jilted he, zo he mead off ta sea,
A hurried down, ta Pourtsmouth town,
An jin'd tha Royal Nea-vy.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

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

Var a jolly tar, in man a war,

A zoon wur zent off ta sea.

REFRAIN AND CHORUS: —

An ael day he did zing,

I'm happy as a king,

Zunce I com away ta sea,

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 heaved a zigh, began ta cry,

Dear Jack com back ta I.

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

Gay an zerene, zarvin his Queen,

Likewise his dear country.

An ael day he did zing, &c.

[251]

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

Wie gallant heart, a did his part,

An helped his comrades vree;

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

Zoon his neam wur rais'd ta feam,

In thic good ship on tha sea.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)
An ael day he did zing, &c.

Vive year had pass'd away, an orders com one day,
Ta zail var whoam, across tha voam,
Back to tha woold country.

Zoon they cast anker down, in vront a Pourtsmouth
town,
Jack took his pay, an a hallerday,
Woold vrens ta goo an zee.

An ael day he did zing, &c.

His puss well lin'd we goold, a hied ta zenes a woold,
A zweet heart voun, good girl all roun,
Who a zailer lov'd dearly.

An one day they did meet, Jack's valse Poll in tha
street,
Who cried alack, come back dear Jack,
An a vaithvul lass I'll be.

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

When Midzummer 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;
"Wie gleamin sythe thay ael tha day,
Da whet, an swet, an mow away;
"While wives da vollie on behind,
An sheak tha swaths out to tha wind.

CHORUS.

Var haymeakin in zummer prime,
Is a joyvul happy time

Then strappen chaps, Jim, Jack, an Joe,
Be rare good fellers var ta mow;
Auver a yeaker in a day,
Thay'll cut, an caal it purty play;
An zometimes thay ull av a bout,
Ta zee who vust on em gies out;
Bit Joe's tha baste man a tha dree,
Ther's marn ta come up zides we he.

Var haymeakin, &c.

[253]

Down mead, it be a purty zite,
When tha weather's warm and bright;
Ta hear tha glad haymeakin voke,
Za merry like we zong an joke;
Ta zee tha childern jump an play,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An rompse amang tha new mown hay;
An coortin couples be tha brook,
Wanderen to zom sheady nook.

Var haymeakin, &c.

Measter an Missus oft comes 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 sweets a nut;
An oft, ull zend var extry beer,
Tha leaberen people var ta cheer.

Var haymeakin, &c.

At nunchin time, vrom tha hot zun,
Ta yander willer tree thay run,
Which by tha river's baink da spread;
Like a girt tent up auver yead,
An here tha zimple vare gooes down,
A braden cheese, an yale za brown,
Which every man, ooman an bwoy,
Hearty an happy do enjoy.

Var haymeakin, &c.

[254]

An when tha grass is ael cut down,
An zun an wind av dried it brown,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

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.

Var haymeakin in zummer prime,
Is a joyvul happy time.

[255]

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

An leetle did I think that zoon
We wur ta av a teast,
Of they woold vayshin winter's cwoold,
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,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Like to a iren band.

[256]

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,
Ad business zeems stood still.

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

Rivers an ponds be ael vroze up
As hard amwoast as glass,
An crowds a voke da slide an skate
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.

An coortin couples dance about
Ael up and down tha stream,
A any a tumble zom da get

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Ta hoar how they da soream.

Girt daiglets hangs down vrim tha eaves

Of ower thach'd roof cot,

Wur snug inzide tha woold voke zays

How happy be their lot.

[257]

Var roun tha coal bright vire thay

Be cuddled up tagether,

An thinkin bout poor craaters who

Mist veace this wintry weather.

Tha winders too, is dim we rime,

Like veathers graven there,

Outzide tha howlin winds da blow

Mwoore snow starms in tha air.

An down da come in whirrlin vlakes,

Wich 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,

Wie numbed hands da beat ther brist

An vinger nails da blow.

Ower shepherd he mwoast anxious is,

This terryable weather,

Var oft in snow drifts he da vind

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

His vlock huddled together.

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

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

[258]

Then every han upon tha varm,
 Led be thic vaithvul scout,
Wie speades ull hasten to tha spot,
 An dig tha poor things out.

Poor leetle birds da shrimp about,
 Wie many a ruffl'd veather,
Ad underds on em lays about,
 Starv'd be this Artic weather.

Team Robbin Ridbrist, he da hop
 Inzide yer open door,
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

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

As wunt a vew crumbs speer.

Jist watch em, gean tha hood house there,
Behine thic rotten bouard,
A zearchen out the slumbern snails
Wur zacritly thay houard.

We what delighl ther picked bill
Thay drust into ther cell,
An then on zom zelected stoune,
In pieces daish tha shell.

Var hedge-row berries be ael gone,
Not ones left on a spray,
An dillegintly they mist zarch,
Var grub, as comes hache day.

[259]

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

It oft, av pained me heart ta zee
On Crismis hallerday,
Girt louten chaps goo off wie guns
An dozens on em slay.

If I wur Queen I'd meak a laa,
I hood, apon me wird,
An he shid pay a smearth vine

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

As kill'd a zingin bird.

Rabbits an hares vrim yonder copse,
In vain tha snow da scratch,
An unger meaks em bwould ta come
Right in our gierden patch.

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

Poor things they 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.

[260]

Var extry grub and clothes they want,
Specily 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 hand,
While this distressvul weather lasts,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An Jack Vrost rules tha land.

[261]

HARVUST WOM SONG.

Tune — "*Auld Lang Syne*".

Good harvust chaps as handy lives,

Ta thase yer leetle town;

Com stir yerzelves about ta keep;

Thease day a girt renown;

Var 'tis tha day of ael tha year,

When men an measters vree;

Tagether shall enjoy therzelves,

In parfect unity.

CHORUS: —

Let love an vrenship on thease day,

Ael evils auvercom;

An wie good cheer, a beef an beer,

We'll keep our harvust wom.

[262]

Com wives an daaters that av help'd

Ta get tha harvust in;

Com putt yer bran new dresses on,

Ta liven up tha zene.

Com Moll, an Doll, an Poll, an Zue,

Com Vanny an Marier;

An every one that wirks about,

Var Hirl ar var Squire.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Let love an vrenship on thease day, &c.

To church we vust of ael ull goo,
 In a girt raink za gran;
A marchin jist like zodgers bwold,
 Ta tha tune of ower brass ban;
An there ower thanks we will pour out,
 Ta He who lives on hi;
Var ael tha goods things he da zen,
 Ower mouths ta zatisfy.

Let love an vrenship on thease day, &c.

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

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

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Vlow on, vlow on, ah leetle brook.

 Zo joyously an vree,
vull a leetle babblins gay,
 Zweet rill a purity.

Vlow on, vlow on, ah leetle stream,

 Ael down thy windin bed,
I likes ta hear thy music zweet,
 Wie zoarin larks oeryead.

Var charms lays in thy ripplin wave,

 Ta I tis zweet ta hear,
Var ah da zeem ta cheer me heart
 An drave away me keer.

Var as I stan upon thy baink,

 Zart, wretched an vorelarn,
Ya zeems ta zay, dwoant brood oer ills,
 Thay'll vlee ta marrer marn.

Zo leetle brook, in thee I vind

 A lessin ta zuit I,
Tho stounes an weeds bezet yer bed,
 Ya gooes on merrily.

An tho these ills bezet me heart

 An vull un now wie pain,
Zweet leetle brook I'll think a thee
 An never mwore complain.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)
A SHEPHERD BWOY'S MAY ZONG.

Hail to ee, merry month a May
Hail to yer vlow'ry garlans gay;
Hail to sweet birds on every spray,
Zingin droo out tha live long day.

Vor we yer birth I lave tha hills,
An bring me vlock ta vlowin rills;
Babblin droo tha grassy mead,
Wur me gentle sheep shill veed.

An here ael day, be tha cwoold brook,
I zit in some snug sheady nook,
Watchin my young playvull lams,
Vrolickin bezide ther dams.

An in tha evenin wie me love,
I rove zweet in tha willer grove,
An tell ta her me heart's von tale,
While loudly trills tha nightingale.

Dearly I love tha open downs,
When cowslips zweet its buzzom crowns,
Bit mwore I like I be medders gay,
In tha merry month a May.

[265]

BLONDIN AT WILTON PARK.
Bank Holiday, August 4th, 1873.

Once mwore ya zee, yer vren Jan Brown,
Tha rustic rhymer of yon town;
Is gwain ta tell ee wat he did zee,
At Wilton Park, Bank Hallerdy.
Tha us'd ta keep Crownashun day.
Bit now we that they've done away;
An keeps Bank Hallerdy in place,
An which ya know is much the base;
Var on a Monday tha da com,
An voke ver two days can lave wom;
An goo an zee ther vrens away,
Which tha cooden do wen twur one day
Well, thick hallerdy in August last,
Beat everything as wur gone past;
Zich a day wur never zeed avore,
An spouse ther never will no mwore.
Tha Voresters zich lucky elves,
Had got tha day ael to therzelves;

[266]

An they mead up ther minds outrite,
They hood get up a tidy zite.
An zummit that should tract tha voke,
An wich they did wiout a joke;
Var we a man neam'd Blondin thay,
Did gree ta com here on thick day;
Ta wak upon a rope za high,
That he hood nearly touch the sky.
A hundred poun they greed to gie un,
Ver they wur zure tha voke u'd zee un.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Zo bout a month avore tha day.
They zent bouth near an vur away;
Girl bills an spicters zich a lot,
Wur stuck about in every spot.
Var miles an miles, an miles aroun.
Thease hills in every pleace wur voun;
Go wur ya med in every pleace,
Blondin did steer ee in tha veace;
Twur ael the tak an ael the zay,
Bout Blondin on Bank Hallerdy.
An ael that zeem'd on peoples mine,
Wur, hope tha weather ood be vine.
At las tha day it did arrive,
An zoon tha streets wur all alive;
Wie vans and brakes an waggon louads,
That did chock up tha very roads.
At ten a'clock ael down tha street,
Ya cooden zee tha people's veet;
Twur like a mass, of hats an bonnets,
Zo thick they wur depen upon it.

[267]

An outside tha Park upon tha green,
My cracky wurden there a zeen;
Tak about a country vair,
It no ways cood wie that compare.
Var booths and stalls a stannin here,
Wie voke a ballin ginger beer;
An rows of carriages an hosses,
Ael down ta were tha road it crosses.
An at tha geat ta zee tha crowd,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

A shouten an a bawlin loud;
To be let quick inta tha Park,
Ar else tha hooden be their till dark.

* * * * *

I stood an gap'd a thay awhile,
As thay went droo tha turnun stile;
An rally zich a crow'd as that,
Beat ael I'd zeed in Lunnen pat.
Vrom twelve until tha clock het vower,
They went as vast as they cud pawer;
Var twenty thousand voke thick day,
Into thick Park did vine ther way.
An there upon tha springy green,
Wur a ne'er to be vergotten zene;
Voke wakin dress'd in every way,
In every color, bright an gay;
In every sheap, in every vashun,
That you cud vine out in the nayshun.
Tak about vine Rotten Row,
It wack'd it ael ta vits I know;

[268]

Ta zee ow yer, thay cut tha dash,
Dress'd out in ther vine things za flash;
Of every cut an style thic day,
Wur thur shawls an gowns so gay;
An bonnets, too, of every hue,
Trim'd we rid, or green, or blue;
Not like tha wur zom time agoo,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Ver now ael ot's altered new.
Insteeds a wearin a tidy gown,
That in one piece a will rach roun;
Thay wears a kine a skirt in place,
An then a thing hatch roun the waste;
Ael notch'd an vring'd an pucker'd out,
Which roun tha skirt da hang about;
Wie bows an strings an other gear,
Ta keep in pleace their pannier.
Wether in zilks or zatins vine,
Ar muslin ar bombazine;
Ar if tis bit a linsy vrock,
Tha wearer do tha vashun mock.
An ther hats did zo attract attention,
I dwoant kwow hardly how ta menshun
Tha diffent sheaps and styles there,
Wich they did car on top their hair.
Wie velvet, ribbon, tule, ar leace,
An bows an ends aroun therfeace;
An veathers, too, stuck up za high,
Vrim every bird that wings tha sky.
An lor ta zee zom on ems hair,
Like girt bee pots a hanging there;

[269]

Wich tha da call in Vrance *chignon*,
Tha hair vrom thay, that's dade an gone.
However wimmen voke da like
Ta wear zich things da whack I quite;
Avore zich things as that I'd try,
I thinks I'd zooner lay an die.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Mwoast aelways I shid drame a they,
An that me hair wur turnin grey;
However any thing thay'll do,
If 'tis tha vashun an tha goo.
Zom's feace ya cooden zee at ael,
Wur hidded up we vail or vall;
Ya cooden zee a bit ther veatures,
Skierce tell if they wur wimmen creatures.
Zich things as that why do em wear,
Ta cover up ther veaces vair;
I raaly dwoant think 'tis disgreace,
Var wimmen voke to show ther veace.
Tis very well of a winter's nite,
When snow da blow, an vrost da bite;
To wear a vail or a thic vall,
Then I doont bleam em not at all.
Bit on a day like this so bright,
I do think that tis pride outrite;
Ar else they must be ugly ones,
An men vokes eyes da try an shun.
Bit lar, tha needun be za shy,
Var they'll be vast enough bine bye.
Tha boots, too, that zom on em wore,
I never zeed zich boots avore;

[270]

However they did stan uprite,
It raaly did whack I outrite.
Wie out a joke, upon me zong,
Tha heels wur ni' two inches long;
Wie zoles as thin amwoast as peaper,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An vine tops za limp an teaper.
An vancy bits ael stich'd in pleaces,
An tied about we vine rid leaces.
Wen will em leave thease things za vain,
An dress like I, za nate and plain.
Bit there, cos do good I can zee it,
Tha trades voke gets thur livin we it.
Well, ther tha bid wakin about,
Till dree a'clock tha bell het out;
Then every eye wur turn'd bo zee,
Thease Blondin act za cleverly.
An there down gean the river's zide,
Wur two girt poles za high an wide;
Apeart a undered veet well ni,
An zixty-two nearly wur hi.
An there up auver these girt hite,
A girt strong rope wur strain'd za tite:
It zeemed ta vill ee up we dread,
Var there a look'd jist like a thread.
Zo bout a minute ater dree,
Ael eyes wur turn'd Blondin ta zee;
An out he very zoon did pop,
An in a twink wur on tha top.
Vrom tha crowd below out went a cheer,
Whose like I ne'er before did hear;

[271]

Jist didem hollie out an shout,
When Blondin he did vust show out.
An he kept bowin to tha crowd,
When they did shout at he so loud

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Then wie a girt long slender pole,
He started var a leetle stroll;
Ael down tha leetle narrer rope,
Along he measterly did grope.
An wen a got unto tha end,
Tha voke tha air did nearly rend;
An he jist var a bit a vun,
Rite back agean did nearly run,
Zo quick his nimble laigs did go,
Thay kept time to the band below:
An then to ael tha vokes zaprize.
He tied a bandage roun his eyes.
An ael his yead an haf his back,
He put into a girt thick zack:
An wonce agean took pole in ban.
An tried upon tha rope ta stan.
Purtendin two ar dree times ta slip,
Bit that wur ael a bit a flip;
Var on a went as blinds a bat,
An steady, as a mouse or cat.
An zome did cry, "Zure, zure, he'll vall,
Var he cant zee a glimpse at all;
Zom look'd zo white tho they wur dade,
To zee he blinded wak thick thread.
In breathless zilence ael look on,
To zee thick blind man goo along:

[272]

An when a rach'd tha tother end,
Voke zich a cheer out loud did zend.
"Well done, well done," all o'm did cry,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

To thick are man twix earth an sky.
Blindvolded still, he did run back,
An took vrim off his yead tha sack.
A chap then run up in a crack.
And jump'd apon thease Blondin's back;
An he did jolt un to an vro,
As tho he ood un auver drow.
Bit a diden tumble nor relax,
Hit stuck as tite as cobbler's wax;
And wen a got about haf way,
Thease chap he hollered out, "Hooray;"
An then took off his beaver hat,
An weaved un out, as ther a zat.
Tha voke did shout agean, "Bravo,"
When thick are chap did holler zo;
Then back he car'd the chap ael rite,
And change'd his togs var zom za tite.
An on his rope again did goo,
Zome mwore pervormance to goo droo;
An wen he got about haf way,
He look'd about un every way;
An vore the voke cud look aroun,
Upon tha rope a wur laid down.
Well, he laid there like one that's dade,
Then ael at once stood on his hade;
An as tha voke did cheer an clap,
He on his hade, his veet did rap.

[273]

An then a stood strait up agean,
An tumbled then rite auver clane;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Then he went back an got a chair,
An balanc'd un jist to a hair;
Upon two laigs all vair an square,
As tho a wur a vixed there.
Then down a zat to av a raste,
An gape a bit about tha place;
Bit didn bide there very long,
But got an stood upon tha rong.
I never should have thought he deer,
To stan like that upon a cheer.
He raaly is of men a bwold un,
An mist be linked in wie tha Woold un.
A pankeak then he nex did vry,
In a pan upon his rope za hi.
He'd got a range ael mead a iron,
And a grate ta put into the viren;
A pleat, a spoon, a leetle can,
Wie knife, an vork, an vryin pan.
An quick a did meak up a vire,
An zoon tha smoke it did aspire;
Then we zum vlower, haig, an vat,
He mixed it ael into a pat.
An out a poured it in a pan,
An then ta vrizz it zoon began;
An then, when under he wur done,
Ta zee un turn un, twur zich vun;
I ne'er zee zich in ael me life,
He wur as andy as a wife.

[274]

Zo wen the keak ee wur done brown,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

He to tha voke did chuck un down;
Wich mead a rush amang tha rabble,
Who atter thick ther keak did scrabble.
Then he pack'd up an back did goo,
His vamous ride var to go droo.
An on his two wheel'd hobby hoss,
Jist like a jock, he got across;
An off a went wie out delay,
An diden stop once ael tha way.
Then backurds he did run a bit.
While he zo verm on un did zit:
However he keeps zo uprite,
It raaly do whack I outrite.
He zeams as seaf ther, I'll be boun,
As you or I do on tha groun,
And as ver riden hobby hoss,
I raaly did once get across:
And purty quick I did come down,
An got up we a sheaky crown.
However he upon thick thread,
Cood ride, wieout movin his yead;
I aever can nar shall meak out .
Unless he's link'd in wie Woold Clout.
Var lots declares that thick woold Nick,
Must av learn'd un thease yer trick.
Bit lor, I dwoant knaw wat ta zay,
Var voke does straing things now a-day;
It zeems na mwore trouble to he,
Than ower wirk ta arn a wie.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

We know he is stiffish buck,
An mist av got a lot a pluck;
He is a strappen chap we know,
To zee that vine limbs he can show;
An must av ad a lot a tryun,
To do thease things there's no deny in.
However, ael I've tould to you,
He zartainly on thick rope did do;
He diden meet wie no mishap,
Which mead tha voke so cheer an clap.
A diden worry up yer heart,
Var everything he done za smart;
An convidence ya ad in he,
As zoon as ever you did zee.
How he upon thick rope did stan,
As aisy as a did on lan.
Twur woth tha money wieout doubt,
Var every thing be well car'd out.
An wen he'd done down be did com.
An voke begun ta start for wom;
Bit mwoast on em about did stay,
To hear that band zo nicely play,
An zom did wak about tha green,
A viewun on the splendid zene;
An zom did shoot wie archery,
As they us'd in tha woolden day.
An zom did dance, and zom did zing,
An zom jine in a kissen ring;
An maidens thay, mead purty naise,
A runnin roun atter the bwoys.

An then to zee em kiss em zo,
An nar a bit a shyness show;
Zich bouldness ought never to be,
In a girt lighten'd country.
I'll bet a crown yer vren Jan Brown,
'Neer kiss'd a maid a kneelen down;
He dwoant believe in that are stuff,
Var tis za brazen an za rough;
Ta tare an race about like this,
An jist to get a leetle kiss.
I tell ee plain, an wie out joke,
I hooden kiss, zome a tha voke;
Bit this much I'll convess ta you,
Of gals there wur a tidy vew;
That raaly I shid like ta kiss,
That is, if thay thought no amiss.
An coose, if no biddy wur lookun,
Nor noticin jist wen I took un;
A kiss zeems aelways baste ta I,
Wen you da ketch un on tha sly.
Bit there, thay diden zeem ta veear,
An var vokes lookin diden keer.

* * * * *

Well, there thay kiss'd and danced away,
Till nine o'clock thick blessed day;
An then wen twur got nearly dark,
Tha band did play em out tha park.
An every one wur ael agreed,
Twur tha best zite that, thay ever zeed.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Auver twenty thousand voke they zay,
Into thic park did goo thic day.

[277]

THE WOOLD SCHOOLMEASTER.

Jist auverite tha village church
Ower leetle school da stand,
An in tha yard da play about,
A merry jovil band;
An to an vro, an roun thay go,
Ael link'd in hand an hand.

An when tha sharp shrill bell rings out,
At nine a'clock ache day,
Tha aged measter laves his cot
An zlowly bends his way,
An at tha porch greets wie a smile
Tha merry childern gay.

An dear thay love ta zee his form,
Enter tha leetle school;
An in quick time ache scholard there
Is sated on his stool,
Wie play an laffin put azide,
Vor well thay know his rule.

Wie reverence thay ael kneel down
Apon tha oaken vloor,
While tha good man in earnest voice,
Tha marnin pray'r da pour;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An oft his zolemn words da touch
 Ther young hearts' leetle core.

[278]

Tha joyous marnin hymn thay zing
 Wie cheerful heart an voice,
Upwards ta heaven their praizes gooes
 Before tha Lord tha Christ;
To hear tha childern's hearty strain,
 Makes his woold heart rejoice.

Tha daily task then thay begin,
 Ta rade, an zum, an write,
Geography an history, too,
 An verses to recite;
Instructin wieout weariness,
 Their minds vrim marn till nite.

An thus his work, vrim day to day,
 Ta train thease leetle ban,
Ta vit their leetle childish minds
 For culter inta man,
An upwards lade their wordly thoughts
 Tawards a better lan.

An oft tha good man zees his work,
 It av hin bless'd, indeed;
Var many a scholard he av taught,
 In life, a zees zucceed;
An hagerly apon dull minds,
 Examples he will plead.

Vrim year ta year droo out his life,
 Instructin on a goes,
An well tha zeeds a larnin he
 In every chile a zows;
God grant un pace an hope a heav'n
 When life draas to a close.

[279]

WHY DWOANT EM TOLL THA BELL?

Las winter, on a drary day,
 I watch 'd. a vunerai train
Pass ael up ower village street,
 In wind, an storm, an rain.
Tha shop voke put ther shutters up,
 Ta show ther girt respect,
Var tha deceased wur well beloved
 Be ache, an every zect.

An church an chaple voke jined in
 Tha melancholy train,
An zighs wur haved an tears did run
 Down zom's cheek as tha rain.

An tho it wur vunerai train,
 Ther wurnt no vunerai knell;
An oft I yeard tha voke remark,
 "Why dwoant em toll tha bell?"

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An wen thay rach'd tha churchyard geats,

Nor Passin did appear;

Bit tha woold Zexton hobbled out

Ta meet this vuneral bier.

An mang tha storm he led em roun

Towards a new mead cell;

An many times agea'n I yeard,

"Why dwoant em toll tha bell?"

[280]

Bezide tha grave tha coffin stood

Apon tha churchyard bier;

An roun tha mourners gather'd cloas,

Conzolin wirds ta hear.

A Wesleyan brother then rade out

Tha zarvice var tha dead;

An every biddy's heart wur touched

We tha zolemn wirds a zed.

Bit as I gazed on thic ar zene,

Me heart wie grief did swell;

Those wirds I yeard, did pres me zore,

"Why dwoant em toll tha bell? "

Why dwoant em toll tha bell, I thought,

Var a brother gone ta rest,

Who liv'd a christian life below,

An now have jined tha blest.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Why should tha zons a Englin's church,

Thease leetle rite refuse

Ta thay as wish a burial by

A minister thay choose.

Ta tha lifeless clay dwoant sigerfy

Wither tha bell da toll;

Bit ah! remines tha livin ones

Of tha passen ov a zoul.

To Englin's clergy I appeal,

Hold not tha passen bell,

Bit wen a christian's laid to rest,

Toll vor'n a vuneral knell.

[281]

THA LEABOURERS ZUNDY MARNIN.

Eece, Zundy marn in zummer prime

Ta tha leabourer is a appy time,

It is tha day that he likes baste,

Var he can zit un down an raste,

An think apon tha things above,

An meditate on heaven's love.

Then wen tha zun is risin high

Up in tha girt big cloudless sky,

On Zundy marnin out a gooes

Ta let tha cows an hosses loose,

An teak em ta tha vlowry mead,

Wur thay ael day in pace can veed.

Zee ow tha poor things pranks about,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Var well thay knaas thay be let out,
An be their looks thay zeems ta zay-
"No wirk is there var we ta day;"
An man is thankvul unto heaven
That there is mead one day in zeven
That animals as well as he
Can raste vrim toil and be vree.

[282]

Tha good man then meaks vast tha geat,
An on its bars a takes a zeat,
An wie a innerd joy pervound,
Smilin, looks out on ael around;
He zeas tha curlin smoke arise
Vrim his cottage chimley ta tha skies,
Wur busy wife we cheervul zmile
Da blow ta meak tha kiddle bwile.
He hears tha rooks a caain, high
Up in tha elems stannin by.
Mingled wie tha sheep bells zouns
Away vrim off tha upland downs,
An larks a whirrlin too on high
Their marnin carols to tha sky,
Tha blackbird sweel and merry drush
Zingin away in yander hush,
An tha cuckoo's well know'd cry
In tha big archet handy bye,
Wie tha peweets wailin scream.
An mwournens flutter in tha stream,
Wur speckled trout, we watchvul eye,
Springs up ta ketch tha heedles vly,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An merry milk bwoy on his way
Ta deairy, hums a zaced lay.
An every thing zeems thankin heaven
Var thease one blessed day in zeven.
An now he bears tha woold church bell
Tinklin zlowly in tha dell,
An its woold vamiliar chime
Tells un that tis breakfist time;

[283]

Then zlowly back he da retreat,
An leetle childern run ta meet
Ther dad we many a plazin smile,
Which da tha good man's heart beguile;
Tha youngst on his back a takes,
Then to his cot his way he makes.

To tha leabourer how zweet it is
That he can greet one day as his;
Var ah, wat pledure he da veel,
Wen zated at tha marnin meal.
Ta zee his childern in their place.
An hear em zing aloud tha grace;
Zo different to a wirken day,
Wen he must needs be vur away
Early an late at weary toil,
Ta cultivate tha rugged zoil;
Vrom Mondy marn till Zaturday,
No chaance he has ta tak ta thay.
Zo now a meakes good use a time.
An rades an taks till church bells chime;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An off tha good man then da go,
Wie his dree childern in a row,
Away down ta tha village church,
An greets tha zexton in tha porch,
Var tis his fiather, aged man,
That teaks tha childern be tha han,
An leads em roun tha church yard green,
Ta where a leetle mound is zeen,
Covered we vlowers in vull blow,
Tha grave of his dear wife below;

[284]

Tha woold man draps a fervent tear,
An zays "me leetle childern dear,
Here lies yer granny, kine woold heart,
Who here on earth did well her peart.
Now teak a rose me childern dree,
Emblems var you ta think on she.
Var ye he vlowers now on earth,
An vull a joy, an health, an mirth;
Bit woold age ull com, you'll vade away,
An like yer granny, zoo you'll lay."
Thus nearly every Zundy marnin
Tha woold man gie'd tha childern warnen,
Wen thay did goo tha church yard round,
Ta zee ther granny's leetle mound.

An now tha woold church bells have done,
Tha mornin zarvice is begun;
Tha congregation, modestly,
Rades an responds mwoast reverently;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An choir, up in tha gallery,
Da play an zing mwoast heartily;
Ael zarts a insterments are there.
We childern's voices high in air,
An earnestly, wie zolemn face,
Men in white smocks a zingen bass.
O you who lives in polished towns,
Who be za used ta viner zounds,
Dwoant ee look down we cool disdain,
Upon thease choristers za plaain;
Var tho ther med he zom discord,
Heaven doth ther yarest praise regard.

[285]

Tha passon in his desk da rade,
An tha psalms a David lade
He prays an praches yarestly,
An taks of Heaven joyously;
Wur ael that zarve tha Lord arright
Will shine we lustre sparklin bright;
Wur ael is happiness provound,
An purity da reign around;
Wur every biddys vree vrim stain,
An pure equality da reign;
Wur toil an hardship cease ta be,
An tha poor leabourer is vree;
Wur ael is pace, an love, an joy,
An praises do tha tongue employ;
Wur tha Lamb zits on tha throne,
Who var poor zidders do atone;
An we wat a holy smile He

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Is sated in girt Majesty;
Ther He da zit an bid ess com
Ta his eternal blessed wom.
An thus tha good man do appeal,
An many a zilent tear ull steal
Ael down tha leabourer's burly veace,
Ta know var he that there is greace;
An tears like thase be prayers breave'd
Var thay as cannot words conceive;
Tho zometimes shed wie zorroin moan,
Thay zure be witnessed vrim tha throne.
An meekly now ael bow the yead,
While tha last benediction's zaid.

[286]

Tha marnin zarvice now is o'er,
Wie zolemn step a laves tha door;
Wie childern, seeks agean his cot,
An thinks how happy is his lot;
While busy wife da quick prepare
Tha Sabbath meal of humble fare;
A piece of bwiled beakon hot,
An vegetables vrim gierden plot;
An zuety dumplins, roun an plump,
Which meaks tha hager childern jump.
Ta tha leabourer tis indeed a treat
That he zich vare as this can greet;
Var on wirken days out in tha viel,
On brade an cheese he makes his meal.
An who shall say these voke be zinner
Ta zit down to cook'd Zundy dinners.

* * * * *

An now, wie zolemn up turned veace,
Tha childern zing aloud their greace;
Ax var a blessin on tha vood,
Ta da their zouls and bodies good.
An in quick time, a never vear,
Tha good things provided disappear;
Thay once agean gies thanks ta heaven,
Var ael tha marcies God hath given.
An sweet contentment vills their cot,
Thay'm happy, an thay murmer not.
Ay! much above tha wordle's scornnen
Is tha leabourer's cot on Zundy marnin.

[287]

THA WOOLD ZEXTON.

Close ta ower leetle village church,
Under a girt big yew;
Who's spredden yarms da shelter greaves,
Of sleepers not a vew.

Ther stans ower Zexton's leetle cot,
Ael auver ivy green;
Wie honeyzuckles roun tha pouch,
An roses in between.

An in thease pouch in zummer time,
Wen it is balmy weather,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Tha poor woold man da zit an think,
 Var hours an hours together.

[288]

One day, we wary heart I zat,
 Apon a tomb stoune woold;
A geazin on the zilent dade,
 Vast crumblen inta mwould.

An as I zat, za quiet like,
 In ruminatin mood,
Vootsteps did rouse my pensive ears.
 An he avore I stood.

His peal thin cheeks wur vurrow'd deep,
 His look wur zad an greave,
His eyes wur rid, an bleer'd, an wake,
 An long zighs he did heave.

His vlowin hair vill down his poll,
 White as the driven snow;
An like a patriarch of woold,
 Did look his revern'd brow.

Wie totterin step a rach'd tha stoune,
 An zat down be me zide,
An girt tear drops vills down his cheek,
 Wich oft a tried ta bide.

A stopped a minet ta regain
 His vast short vleeten breath;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Then said "Young man, ya zeems ta dwell

Apon thease scenes a death."

Var haughty years, in yander eot,

I've liv'd a bwoy an man,

An fifty years ta marrer marn,

My zextonship began.

[289]

My fiather he var vorty years,

Tha office did hold too;

A mouleren slab da mark his greave,

Under yon spredden yew.

Eece, many be tha scenes I've zeed,

Many stouries I cood tell,

Of tha underds I av zeed

Laid in ther narrer cell.

I've zeed tha ag'd an statly tree,

Many times laid in tha tomb,

An oft I've zeed tha tender bud

Cut down avore did bloom.

D'ye zee yan grave jist newly mead?

A rose bud zweet lays there;

Heet she yeant there, ony her clay,

Her zoul's wie hangels vair.

Ower Vicar's ony chile she wur,

Born wen a lost he's wife,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An she grow'd up a lovely maid,
His girttest joy in life.

Sweet, generous chile, me tongue caant tell,
Haaf tha good that she done;
If ever an hangel wur on earth,
I'm zure that she wur one.

Vain, silly pride she never know'd,
Na bigotry nar sham,
Aelways tha zeam ta rich an poor
An gentle as a lamb.

[290]

Ower village voke tells of her deeds,
Wie tears an sorrowen heart,
Vor her kind look an gentle voice,
Jay aelways cood impart.

Her beauty an her innocence
Won ower young Squire's heart,
An she wur gwain ta be his bride,
Wen death their loves cut shart.

Skierce haighteen zummers had she zeed.
Wen com'd tha vatal blow,
Wich vill'd tha country roun var miles
Wie zarrer an wie woe.

An skierce a month had pass'd away,
Tha Vicar too a died,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

His daater's death had broke his heart,

His loss a cooden bide.

Thease zenes a woe, cut deep tha hearts

Of village voke aroun,

Thay wept, lamented, an bewail'd,

Grief did ther zouls zurroun.

An young an woold still mworns tha loss,

Of Vicar an his chile;

Wie a zarrer well ni of despair,

Wich thay caant reckincile.

Bit ah, young man, aelthough we miss

Ther well know'd feacin here,

Quite zure we be ther zouls da reign,

Up bove yan starry sphere

[291]

How vast is time, how short thease life,

Tis bit a leetle span;

Tha helpless chile, then joyous youth,

An then tha zober man.

Along we goo droo life's rough path,

Ache on ess his own way;

Time vleys along, an every hour

Brings on ower latter day.

A eece, I too, who's bwony hans

Av dug vull many a cell;

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Not long till be, before for I
Thay'll toll tha passin bell.

Me journeys end is cloas at han,
Me life it is at stake;
Bit shill die in pace, an trust,
I shill in glory wake."

* * * * *

Tha zummer's zun wur zinkin vast,
Beyond tha stretchen plain,
I bid varewell an promised he
I zoon hood caal again.

Bit wen again I bent me way
Towards his cottage door,
I met a villager, who zed,
"He died tha day avore."

His mortal frame now rastes in pace,
Be his vore-fiathers laid;
A leetle stoune da mark tha spot,
Under tha yew trees shade.

[292]

THA SNOW.

Tha snow, tha snow, is vallen,
An my good deam, she be callen,
"Be quick, good man, hie out a tha starm,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An com to yer snug leetle cottage, za warm."

Tha snow, tha snow, ael droo tha snow,
Away to his wirk tha poor man mist go;
Bit, ah, wen at nite a greets his snug cot,
An smells his hot zupper, his keers be vargot.

When tha snow lays deep and vrost da bite,
An tha vields an downs be covered quite,
Tha leabourer sturdy, up in the vield barn,
Be-leabours ael day tha russet brown carn.

Tha vrost an tha snow tho cheerless they zeems,
Tha zweets that thay avs ther roughness redeems;
Var where will ee vine a cozier zite
Than a leabourer's cot on a cwold winter's nite.

[293]

ADDRESS TO A MIZER.

Poor misryyable skinny wretch,
Jist like a wirm, thee'se crawl and stretch,
Of a skilinton thee beest a sketch,
Woold skin an bwone;
Wat'ever doost think thee oots vetch?
Ya leazy drone.

Bout thee bist creapen, yer an there.
Wie look a pityvull dispair,
As tho thee wurst vill'd vull a keer;
Thy artvull plan;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Ta baig vrim thay thee'se know caant speer,

Jist wur thee can.

How many voke thee hast took in,

Wie tha valse tales thee doost spin,

An thic picked veace za thin;

An ael tha while

In thy hypocrisy da grin

A wicked smile.

How many a penny thee hast took,

Wie thic ar vile an haggerd look,

Vrim thousands who have thee mistook

Var wat thee beant;

Eece, many a pocket thee hast shook

Of poor, well meant.

[294]

Every day thee hist zom where zeen,

Craalin about in rags za mean,

Eyes peepin everywhere za keen,

Wie dirt thee'se stink;

Anasty smill, raink and unclean,

Voke vrim thee shrink.

Vrim house ta house thee'se baig ael day,

An pityvully thee doost pray

Var grub, thy stummick's seak ta stay,

Bit goold's thy aim;

Ael tho ta nuthen thee'se zay nay,

Money's thy game.

Then when thy baig is vull, at nite,
Thee doost limp wom, vull a delight,
An wie tha aid of thy rushlite,
 Thy pockets drain;
An like a vile unearthly sprite,
 Thee'se count tha gain.

An wen it turns out a zuccess,
Thy veelins thee doost well express;
Delighten in bhy artvulness,
 Wie devilish grin;
Thy unrighteous wirk thee ther doost bless,
 Thou man a zin.

Tha vittles then, thee doost turn out,
An turn tha stale an vresh about,
An wat dwoant zuit thee, thee doost scout,
 And drow away;
On dainty bits then doost blow out,
 Unger ta stay.

[295]

Zeafly then thee, doost bar thy door,
An thy money chest explore,
To add agean a leetle mwore;
 An droo tha nite
Thee'se zit an count it oer an oer
 Till marnin's lite.

Then vastened wie stout lock and key,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Hides it wur no biddy shill zee.

Under tha vloor za zacritly,

Eece, ther it lays,

That which is ael tha wordle ta thee,

Ael droo thy days.

Poor vool, ta live in zich a steat,

In thic ar hut za desilate,

Wur na one can communicate

Ta thee a wurd;

Thy death thee doost accelerate

Thou vool absurd.

Bit I zapoose thee doost veel zure

Thy wealth an thee be ael zecure;

And miseries thee caanst endure

Ta muck up goold;

Dwoant tha thought, thy mine once lure?

Thee bist gettin woold.

Tha grave, I spoose thee doosen veer,

Nar ta vailen nater, len a ear;

Tho thee hast had a long career,

Thee doosen heed;

Nar hoot thee zee thy end is near,

Comin we speed.

[296]

Ah wretched man, wur is thy mind?

Thee mist be zummit wuss than blind

Var zure zim day zom o'm ull vind

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Thy hidden goold;
An ael ull goo like as tha wind
When thee bist mwould.

Vor zure disease ull lay thee low,
An thee oot groan wie pain an woe,
Aloane, var nooan will of it know,
Ta com ta thee;
Ah misry then, thee't undergo,
Wen death thee'se zee.

A thy vollie then, wen tis ta late,
Thee oot begin ta meditate,
An bitterly thee't rue thy vate,
As thee diss lie
Aloane, wie none ta help thy state,
Ar zee thee die.

Eece, there aloane in death thee't lie,
Till voke da miss thee, bye an bye,
An vill thy abzense do imply —
Ther's zummit wrong;
An to thy wretched hul thay'll hie,
An roun un drong.

An open they ull bust tha door,
An thy wretched hut explore,
An vine thee laid apon tha vloor,
Ael stiff an dead;
Bit thy zad end noon will deplore,
No tear thay'll shed.

[297]

A crowner's quest thay'll hold on thee,
Tha caas a death trace out an zee,
An ael tha jury will agree,
 An will decree —
"He did die droo sheer misery; "
 An zo till be.

An quick, thay ull putt thee out a zite,
An Passin rade tha las zad rite;
Bit nar bit a pity thee't excite,
 No vrens ta mwourn,
Not one a kine wurd will recite,
 Thy life they'll scorn.

And wat da then of thee remain,
Thy goods and all thy hoarded gain,
Men of tha laa ull soon obtain,
 An they will zay —
"Vool, to av lived a life za vain,
 Where's now his stay?"

* * * * *

How zom voke tries to hoard up wealth,
Eece, een ta zacrificin health,
How worship thay tha dazzlin pelf,
 Nar stops ta think;
Woold death is creapen on be stealth,
 Thame on tha brink.

[298]

Then let a gen'rous heart be mine,

If wealth an riches on I shine,

Zo's to tha poor I med consign

 Wat God av given;

Then shall I wen in life's decline

 Have hope a heaven.

[299]

CHARMIN LASSES.

Charmin lasses, will ee goo?

 Will ee goo? will ee goo?

Charmin lasses, will ee goo

 A gipsyen ta Grovely?

'Tis vlowry June, an ael tha woods

 Zo gaily now be draste;

An leetle birds on every bough

 Be zingin out ther baste.

 Charmin lasses, will ee goo?

Come, we'ull wander droo tha glades,

 An pick wild roses there,

Along we honeyzuckles zweet,

 Twinin mmost everywhere.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Charmin lasses, will ee goo?

An ael down tha mossy rides
 We will rove za merry,
And peep amang tha wavy ferns
 Var tha zweet straaberry.

Charmin lasses, will ee goo?

An underneath tha spreaden beech,
 In yarmless vun an glee,
We will dance, and zing ower zongs
 We vaices heartily.

Charmin lasses, will ee goo?

[300]

Until tha zun zinks in tha wace
 We'll dance an zing away,
Then wom ache swain shill lade tha lass,
 Tha lass a loves zo gay.

Charmin lasses, will ee goo?

Charmin lasses, come along,
 Come along, come along;
Charmin lasses, come along,
 A gipsyen ta Grovely!

[301]

COORTIN THA BLACKSMITH'S DAATER.

Twur on a Zundy aternoon,
In tha merry month a May,
Ater marnin church hoff I did goo
Ta Woodvird village gay.

Ael up tha girt lang avenue
I trudged along wie speed,
An down Camp hill, and droo tha path.
Ael by tha vlow'ry mead.

Tha birds wur twittern to an vro.
Up in tha elem's high,
An vrum tha copse offen I yeard
Tha cuckoo's welcom cry.

Apon tha brudge across tha stream
I zat a bit ta raste,
When zoon com'd bye a purty maid
Whose zweet look charm'd me braste.

Var zich a veace I nevir zeed,
Za lovely and za vair;
Zich rosey cheeks, zich light blue eyes,
Zich shiny vlaxen hair.

Lore! what a veelen sized me heart,
Wie zich a lovin fleam;
Oh I will spe-ak unto her now,
An know what be her neam.

[302]

Zays I "zweet lass, ull ee goo we I
Var a waak along thease brook?
Var maiden, dear, me heart is charm'd
Wie that ar smilen look."

She smiled agean, an then we waak'd
Ael by tha river's zide;
A thousand charms vill'd up me heart,
Var she I cood a died.

Zaays I, "zweet maid, O tell I true,
tell I be thease waater,
If you be she, bout who I've yeard,
Tha village blacksmith's daater?"

"Well, yes," she zays, "you have guess'd right,
I am tha blacksmith's daater;
Me fiather's cot between them trees,
Jist tother zide tha waater.

An ther in happiness I dwell
Along wie parents kine;
No keers have I, me jays be zweet,
True happiness be mine.

Ower squire's daater lives in steat,
In yander mansion gran:
Bit shee's noo happier than I,
Tha happiest in tha lan."

"Now zich a noble mind is thine,
 Me lovely village maid,
An if I tells ee I love you,
 Dwoant ee me love upbraid."

[303]

Bit we a blush apon her brow,
 She zed, "I know ee not,
Bit if yer love var me's zincere
 Wie ee, I'll shear me lot."

Zim purty vlowers then I pull'd,
 A growin zide tha river;
"Teak thease" I zed, "as a true pledge
 That I'll prove vaithvul ever."

Var hours ael aloone we waak'd,
 An taak'd of nought bit love,
Until tha zun zunk in tha wace,
 An stars shone out above.

I rung her han, I kissed her brow,
 Tha tear stood in her eye;
"Good bye, me dear, till Zundy next,"
 "Good bye," zays she, "good bye! "

Bit atter, oft ta Woodvird gay,
 I rambled be tha waater,
Wie thic dear maid who won me heart,
 Tha village blacksmith's daater.

An neer will I varget tha day
Wen by tha brudge I zought her;
She's now me bride, an ael me pride,
Tha village blacksmith's daater!

[304]

FAITHVUL DOLLY.

Ower Jack a vill in love wie Doll,
Las Crismis, up at varmer's ball,
Complate his heart she did enthal,
A zed she wur his life, his all.

Zo he zat down an rote a letter,
An tell'd her ever zunce he met her
His heart wur bound in a girt fetter,
An every hour wur lovin her better.

Dear Doll, a then went on ta zay,
Will ee accept me love, I pray?
If zo, lets knaa thease very day,
An dwoant vor goodness zeak delay?

Be zure dwoant keep I in zuspence,
Nor trate I wie indifference;
Var O me love burns zo intense,
Dear Doll, quick, grant a converence.

Zoo Doll rote back, wieout delay,
An to our love-zick Jack did zay —

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Me Love has bin won var many a day

Be a zailor lad, var, var away.

An I pledg'd me wurd, true I'd be

Ta me young zailor now on tha sea;

Therefore, Jonny dear, you zurely can zee

Love, or ta meet you, I cannot agree.

To Love-zick Jack it wurt a girt blow

Ta vind that a must ta lass vorego;

Bit like a true man, a vargot his woe,

An elsewhere a coortin zoon did go.

[305]

VARMER WUR TOOK IN.

A smearthish young damsel com'd to ower town,

Draste up in tha highest of vayshun;

A charmer she look'd, a charmer she zeem'd,

An liv'd like a leady a stayshun;

She quite won the hearts of ael tha young chaps

As liv'd roun var many a mile;

What a beauty, zed thay, did ee ever zee zich

Perfection, and in zich vine style?

A dashen young craater in truth she now wur,

An her neam it wur Ethelinder;

As a leady a raink she pass'd in tha town.

Kept by her papa out in Inder;

An many wur thay who zought her zo gay,

Charm'd by her good looks an zweet smile,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An many a heart she nearly did brake,
Vor ta ael she gied a denial.

Bit at last com'd a day, a lover turned up,
A lucky man, one Varmer Wright; .
Lore ow tha young chaps did swear an did stare,
Ta zee em wak out every nite;
A varmer he wur, who own'd a girt varm,
An wur zed ta be rollin in goold;
This wur tha young man Ethelinder had trap'd,
Aelthough a wur vorty years woold.

[306]

Ther coortin went on vor two or dree months,
It wur ael tha tak a tha town;
Everybiddy a axin wen tha weddin hood be,
Var shay zed he'd bought her tha gown;
Bit zoon ael at once come a terrable blow,
Ethelinder, she wurnt to be vound;
An poor Varmer Wright wur in a girt plight,
For he'd lent her a underd pound.

The townsvoke did laff, the varmer he swore,
An zed she wur a reglar zell;
Bit wat could er do? he'd lent her tha goold,
An she wur gone, wur noone om cud tell;
A vaithless young ooman, decaitvul, tho vair,
A good lesson I larned by thee;
Tho dear tha instruction da zeem ta me new.
Me vollie I ever shall zee.

MORAL.

Now a lesson in this, young chaps you med zee,

Dwoant ee, never be carried away

By a leady a vayshun, watever her charms,

Var live ba repent it ya may;

If ya want a wife, zeek one who is nate,

In yer own stayshun, lovin, an true;

Dwoant let tha outzide win auver yer heart,

Ar tha day ya zurely ull rue.

[307]

THA CHILDERN'S TRATE.

Wen tha carn is ard an brown,

An heavy ears is hangin down,

In vields near to our leetle town;

Then tha children in ache street

Runs about wie feacin zweet,

Zoon, zoon, we'll av our joyous treat.

An var days an weeks avore,

Nuthun bit tha trate in store,

Gooes about vrim door ta door;

An wen, as is, tha custom'd rule

Ta neam tha day at Zundy school,

Ache leetle heart wie joy is vull.

How thay long then var that day,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Wen ael tha vale keeps hallerday,
An every young heart will be gay;
Ta tha school wie feacin brite,
Var once thay gooes wie glad delight,
An in a girt long train unite.

Marchen to tha ban's loud notes,
Vlags an banners gaily vloats,
An rough be ther leetle droats,
Cheerin, shoutin, long an loud,
Thay da march ael droo tha crowd,
Like a leetle army proud.

[308]

An in tha park apon tha green,
Wat a plazin, temptin zene
Greets ther leetle eyes za keen;
Long rows of stools an teables there,
Bearin loads of wholesim vare,
Anuff var ael an lots ta spare.

Wie wat appetites thay do parteak
Of tha bounteous tay an keake,
An many a leetle heart da queak.
Tha noble vamily everywhere,
Waits on tha childern wie such care,
Nuthun is ever wantin there.

Wen every one av had ther vill,
Up gooes a cheer, za clare an shrill,
Wie a joyous, hearty will,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Ta noble Pembroke's vamily,
Ache one jines in mwoast heartily,
Var this, tha childern' s annual tea.

Then spourts of every kine teak pleace,
Tha zack jumpin, tha speedy race,
An blindman's buff, wie masked veace.
An many a leetle urchin tries,
Wie hager veace an longin eyes,
Ta carry wom zom leetle prize.

Then to tha village ban's loud strains,
Tha chaps an maidens in long train's
Tha merry dance till night maintains.
An 'tis a joyous zite ta zee
Tha noble ones join in tha glee,
At this tha childern's annual tea.

[309]

Long may tha zons a Pembroke's line,
This leetle vestive treat conzine,
Var tha young uns will tha boon enshrine;
An in atter life ull off repeat
Bout tha joyous pleadures zweet,
Wen a chile at tha annual treat.

[310]

THA SQUIRE'S CRISMIS GREETIN.

Bring in, bring in, tha yule logs bwoys,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Ta pile apon tha vire;
Vor now I'll keep tha vestive time
As did of woold, me zire;
Bring in, bring in, tha holly bright,
Likewise tha mizzletoe,
An gaily trim tha woold house up,
Tha baste way that ya know.

Come stir yerzelves me zarvants ael,
Prepare var thease glad time;
An let your hearts be merry now,
Like as tha bells da chime;
Var Crismis coms bit wonce a year,
I'll gie ta vren or voe,
Me fiather did wen I wur young,
Zom vorty years ago.

An mine prepare tha joyous veast
Of tha primest in tha land;
Mwoast bountiful tha bouard zupply,
Ya know tis my command;
An zee tha poor thay beant vargot,
Gie vrim my plenteous store;
Var tis a custom I'll keep up
As me fiathers did a yore.

[311]

Away down to tha village quick,
My zon an datter hie;
An tell me tenantry I shall
Expect em up bim bye;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An then vind out tha village Waits,
 An bid em com ta zup,
Var I inten right merrily,
 Ta keep woold Crismis up.

Now ael is done, tha faste's begun,
 An come is every guest;
Tha woold house is deck'd up za gay,
 Wie holly brightly drest;
Tha bouard is spread we mighty jints,
 An girt big poodens vine;
Wie everything tha heart can wish,
 Brown yale an sparklin wine.

Aten an drinken, laffen an jokein,
 Tha time za glides away;
Tha woold vokes nod, tha youngens shout,
 Tha wine it meaks em gay;
An vrim tha beam da hang tha bough,
 A mizzletoe za green;
An many a smack is yeard beneath.
 An many a latf between.

At night tha merry dance begins,
 Tha Squire lades tha way;
An woold an young well voot it out,
 Till marnen brings tha day;

[312]

Tha Waits aroun tha teable zings
 Their ditties loud an long;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An tha jolly Squire warbles out,
Vull many a ancient zong.

An thus, een thus, is Crismis spent,
In tha Squire's ancient hall;
No vain distinction's ever zeed,
At thic merry vestival:
Var zoo it wur in his fiather's time,
Tha happy days a yore;
An thus tis every year tha zeam,
An may't be evermore.

[313]

THA PRENTICE'S ADVENTER.

Not long agoo, in a leetle town,
her liv'd a youth neam'd Harry Brown;
A smart young chap as ere wur zeen,
Tho in zom spect's wur raather green;
In spite a this, I mist maintain,
A wur possessed a skill an brain.
Music an draain he lik'd well,
In thease he mwoast bwoys did excel;
Tha viddle, too, a nice cood play,
An scraped apon un haaf tha day;
Ar we a brush, ar pencil he
Cood draa things very purtyly;
Var thease he ad a teast, tis plain,
Bit a notion vill'd his brain —
Zom day a girt man he hood be,
An zoar above his pedigree.

Bit zoon, alas, tha day com'd round,
An Harry to a trade wur bound;
To a carpender var zeven years,
Tha thought it vill'd his eyes we tears;
An offen in a woevul mood,
On his misvortunes he hood brood,
Ta be a chopper an sheaver a wood,
Our hero vowed a nevir hood;
Why shooden I av a hockypation
Accordin to my inclination,

[314]

Var a girt hartist I be made,
An nevir will I larn thease trade.

He mead a vow he'd rin vrim whoam;
An droo tha countery he hood roam;
As zoon as ere tha chaance comes roun,
Missin thay'll vind young Harry Brown.
Now Harry's sire a rum woold blade,
As ever wirk'd at any trade,
Zich chastizemints apon his zon,
Did lavish we a bitter tongue;
In hot wirts ud try his zon persuade
To think a nuthun bit his trade;
He swore he'd smaish his violin.
If he kept up thic horrid din;
An if a took his brush to paint,
Tha woold man he wur like ta vaint;
An in high wrath, a did declare—

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

A shudden paint ar viddle there
Nuthun wur right that Harry did,
An oft tha house a wur vorbid:
An zoo this ere continal strife,
Did meak un wary of his life.

Tha mother she a kine woold zoul
Did try her wretched zon conzole;
Var offen wen tha fiather wild
Hood strike her dear, bit wayward child,
Var marcy loud she hood implore,
An promises meak be tha scour—
That Harry shooden fend again,
Bit vrim his bwoyish vaats abstain.

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Jist haighteen years ther course had sped
Apon ower hero's youthful yead,
An matters wur about tha zeam,
Young Harry's mind glowin var feam;
Aelways disheartened wie his trade,
He, bit leetle progress ever made,
Var ta loftier things a did aspire,
Of which his mind hood never tire.

At shop one day, rapt up in gloom,
Wie thoughtvul mind a paced tha room,
His measter he had gone away,
And left his prentice var tha day,
Aloane ta do zim ardish wirk.
That idle bout a shooden lurk:

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Bit skiercly he is back did turn,
Wen Harry's quick eye did discern
A picter, which he'd long begun,
"Ah now," zayz be, "I'll get it done,
An here I'll nail it ta tha wall,
Jist ta be zeed by one an all;
I'll vinish it wicout delay,
An thease very nite I'll cut away,
A appertunity I ave, tis plain,
Wich I med never get again; "
A zet about tha plazin job,
Aelthough his heart did beat and drob.
Thinkin tha measter med return,
An his purty wirk discern;
But nuthin diden intervere,
Var ael thic day tha cwoast wur cleer,

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An zoo a vinish'd un at last,
An bove his binch a nail'd un vast.

It wur a draain of hiszelf,
In tha hact a lavin as be stealth,
An underneath he'd rited down,
"This is yer prentice, 'Harry Brown:'
Good bye, Gaffer, an shop meats too,
When you zees this I'm vur vrim you.
My runnin off you'll never rue,
Ya needun therevore meak adoo;
Varewell, var I be zick an wary
A vollieun a trade za drary."

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Zoo wen twur dark a left tha pleace,
Wie ael his tools pack'd in a keace,
Ad to his fiather's cot a stole
An hided em in t ha dark coal hole.
Nice ael wis plan'd, an ael zeem'd rite,
An his young heart a did heat light,
He chuckled much, - yeant it a lark
Ta keep em ael zoo in tha, dark;
Thay leetle thinks wat I'm about,
Bit ta marrer thay'll vind it out."

Now one thing mwore he'd got ta do,
It, wur ta bid his Gal adieu;
Zoo sacriactly a left tha house
An craped along jist like a mouse,
An ther beside her cottage gate
Waiten, there stood his vaitlhvul Kate;

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Wie open yarms she did resave
Her Harry, who hood ne'er desave,
An zich zweet tales a love wur twould,
An vows wur mead, zich vows za bwould —
That zoon thay hood zure meet again,
Tho pearten now thay mist zustain;
"Thervore, me Kate, keep true ta I,
Var my wife you shall be bim bye."
Wie a kiss, a tore hiszelf away,
"Good bye, good bye," a yeard her zay;
His heart wur zad, thought bright his hope,
As droo tha dark lean he did grope.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Then zoftly crapen down tha street,
No light a zeed, no zound a veet,
Till out tha church clock did het one,
Ower hero mead a steart ta run;
An zoon a rach'd his fiather's door
An stole in, as he'd oft bevore.
Tha woold voke ad long gone ta bade,
And wur as quiet as tha dade;
Ther drames no doubt ad well begun.
Zoo diden hear ther wayward zon.

"No bade," zays he, "var I ta nite,"
Then took a match to strike a lite;
Now var a crust a braden cheese,
Tha last, dear fiather if ya pleeze;
An wen a that a ad partook,
Around tha house a gied a look,
Ta zee wat things a ther cood vind,
Var nuthin a hood leave behind:

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"Ther's my girt cwoat," he is up stair,
Tha thought it vill'd un we dispair;
If I goes up, a naise I'll make,
An praphs the woold man will awake;
Bit I mist try, till never doo,
Ta lave un here, he's nearly new;
Tha stair dooer then a opened wide,
An up tha steps zofty did glide;
He reach'd un, wisper'd, I've a got un,
Bit miss'd his step, vill to tha bottom.

Tha woold man woke, rush'd to tha stair,
An baalin out a cried "who's there;
Tis robbers, wife, rache down me gun,
I'll vire if thay attempt ta run; "
Bit she wur vrited near ta death,
An cooden var sometime vetch breath;
At las zays she "caal Harry out,
An goo an zee wat tis about;?"
"Harry! wake up" tha woold man bawls,
Bit nar anser, to his loud caals;
He zarch'd his room, grop'd aroun tha wall,
A villan, he's tha caas of ael.
Hi struck a light, then went below,
Wie reage his veace an eyes did glow;
An swore he'd let the rascal know,
If he did get un once in tow.

To consciousness, Harry restored,
"Oh dear," zays he, "how I be bored;"

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Then lookun up in wild dispair,
A zeed his fiather on the stair;
Droo tha back door he mead a rush,
Down gierden, then behine a bush.
Tha woold man vollied wie a light,
Graspen a stick wie ael his might;
Poor Harry zeed tha fiather wild,
An knew'd we reage he ne'er did bwile;
Zoo a bolted vrim his hiden pleace,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An down tha gierden path did race;
A river deep rush'd on below,
An droo he in his clothes mist go;
A stood agean the steppen stoune,
Then baal'd out in a woeful tone;
An in a nick, in he did dash
Thic ar girt stone, ah! twur a craish!
An vore the fiather well cud zee,
He'd darted to another tree.

The woold man yeard tha dismal splaish,
An thought twur Harry mead tha craish;
A then zet up a piteous zound—
"O dear! O dear! a will be drown'd;
Wife! wife! get up," zoon did rezound,
"Var our bwoy a will be drown'd;
I zeed un jump vrim off tha stoune,
An in tha waater yeard un groan;
O dear! dear! wat shill I do?
Thease nite var ever I shill rue;
Misrible wretched man be I,"
While his poor wife did zob an cry.

[320]

Tha naise zoon weaked tha naybours all,
Who vrim ther winders loud did baal —
"Why, wats the matter, Naybour Brown?
Begar you'll wake up ael tha town; "
"O do ee look shearp and come down,
Ar my poor Harry zure ull drown.
An zoon tha street wur ael alive

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

We naybours who did quick arrive;
"Wat shill ess do?" zed one ta tother,
Var ael lik'd Harry as a brother;
"Unhook tha boat," zays one or two,
"An let ess zee wat we can do;
He med be got out, perhaps, alive,
If purty quick we ael da strive; "
Off ta tha boat-house zom o'm view,
Zoon he wur man'd be a brave crew;
"Stop! stop!" zays one, "lar wat a plague,
We'm gwain off thout a zingle draig; "
Zoon one wur vound shov'd in tha boat,
An down tha strame thay gun ta vloat;
Thay row'd an pull'd, an drag'd away,
Ael droo thic nite, till break a day;
Thay every nook an tree zought round,
Bit neet nar body cood be vound;
Thay went rite to tha vourteen hatches,
Covered we sweat, an mud, an scratches;
Undaanted, up tha strame again
Thay row'd, an drag'd, but twur in vain;
An wen about ta gie it oer,
A chap thay zeed standid on shore;

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A mainly thay hung thur yeeds down,
Ta zee stan there, young Harry Brown!
"Well I be blow'd," zed ael tha dree,
If this yer baint a purty spree;
Ta zee tha trouble we av took
In draigen var thee in thease brook.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Bit Harry he begun ta laff,
An riled em mainly be his chaff;
"I tell ee wur I've bin," he zed,
"An ad a stunnin cozy bed;
Wen you wur gettin out the boat,
I droo tha shrubs an trees did grope,
An craped as quiet as a mouse,
Up gierden an droo fiather's house,
Then mead me way ta Bulbrudge varm
An slept up in a hay rick warm.
An yer I be, zee, zeaf an zound.
Not as you thought, ta vind I drown'd."

Now zom om grin'd, an zom did swear,
An zed it wur a rum affair,
Ta draig a river ael tha night,
In vain ta wear out straingth and might;
"Look, eers a trim, zee eers a plight,
If ad bin drown'd, tid zor'd un right;
Var every biddy now ull laff,
An we shill av ta beare ther chaff;

Smear pay var ael tha pains we've took,
In draggen var thee in thease brook."

[322]

Ower hero voun twur gettin hot,
Zoo off he purty quick did trot,
Var they all vow'd wie one conzent
They'd gie un a ducken, vore a went.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Bit zoon woold Brown a did appear,
An gied ache a bob ta buy em beer,
Wich zeemed ta slack a bit ther wroth,
Am one by one they all slunk off.

* * * * *

Now wen ya visit thease yer town,
Ya mussen menshun Harry Brown,
Ar thease boatmen's anger soom'll rise,
Zoo doont ee vex em, tidden wise,
Thay'll neer varget tha night, I'm bound
They drag'd var one they thought wur drown'd.

MORAL.

To prentice bwoys jist let me zay.
Dwoant never plan ta rin away;
Bit vaithvully zarve out yer time,
If you hood clim, then you can clime;
You'll av vree course then to perzue,
Wat ere yer mines mid lade ee too;
Bere up yer trials wieout dismay,
Like dark clouds thay'll zoon pass away.

[323]

GROVELY BARN.

How I da like on a zummer's marn,
An wen tha zun is nice and warm,
Ta zit down by woold Grovely Barn,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

An raste a bit;

An look about on everything,
An hear tha birds za zweetly zing,
Vor pleadure ta me heart da bring.
As I da zit.

Var brings ta I tha woolden day,
Wen offen I av come thease way
Wie my dear girl, vair an gay,

But now she's gone;

Ah! now she's gone, an laved I here
To shed vor she tha zilent tear;
Her mem'ry I da hold mwoast dear
Wen I'm alone.

Vor offen we inzide the hood
Av wak'd about in zolitude,
Wen we wur in our lovin mood,
Ah! happy time!

Wen we did wander yarm in yarm,
An pick the roses vrom the thorn,
An vlowers that za thick da swarm
In zummer prime.

[324]

An wen tha nuts wur gettin brown
On leetle bushes on tha down,
We ower crooks we'd sheak em down,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

An av zich vun;

A scramblin zo up in tha tree,
Wen a good cluster we cood zee,
Ah! happy days wur thay ta we,
Now ael o'ts done.

An yon is thick ar girt beech tree
Wur many times we've had our tea,
An zat us down and had zich glee,

My gal an I;

How offen vrom his limbs we've zwung,
An oft the merry dance begun,
Wen our work wur ael a done —

An putted by.

An wen tha evenin did come roun,
Be some girt tree we'd zit ess down,
An roun bur weace me yarms I vlung,

As we zat there,

An yeard tha nightingale, za vine,
Pour out hur zong in ael hur prime —
Wie love it did vill up our mine,
We coortin pair.

Eece, zarrer to me heart it brings,
Wen I da think of ael thase things,
Vor gies me young heart bitter stings
To think on she;

[325]

Ah, she that I za well did like,
That wur ta be me wedded wife;
O, wat ta I is thease yer life,
Bit misery?

Ah Meary, canst thou zee I here
A shedden out tha zilent tear,
Vor thee who I did love za dear?

Now ael's dispair;
Bit ever till thease life da lest,
I'll hold thy mem'ry in my breast,
Now thou beest gone away ta rest
In Heaven za vair.

An still though thou art pass'd away,
In thease woold woods I'll offen stray,
An think apon tha appy days
That we spent here;

An wen thease wordle crowns an scarns,
A passin droo thease life a starms,
I'll come an zit be these woold barns,
An drap a tear.

[326]

A FIATHER'S REBUKE TO A LEAZY ZON.

A sheam ya leazy, loppin villin,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Mischief thee aelways bist vilvillin,

But dooin good thee't never willin,

Ya idle chap.

Thee never hoot be woth a shillin,

No not a rap.

Wat ever doost thee think ta do

Thase stormy wordle to get droo,

It thee dwoant now ta wirk zet to,

As hard as I.

Thee belly thee mist pinch an screw,

An beggar die.

Eere thee doost bide, loppin about,

We thee elbers stickin out,

Jist like one of tha trampin lout,

Ar gipsy kine.

Wi doosen goo? we can do athout,

Tha likes a thine.

A purty conscience thee hast got

Da bide about like any zot,

An wen thee's know ow ards me lot

A leabourer poor.

Tho we character we'out a blot,

Var zartin zure.

[327]

Thy mother she da zit an cry

Ta zee thee bout za idle lie,

Thee't shurley break hur heart bim by,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

If thee dwoant mine.

Her health thee zadly now dist try,

An undermine.

I cant maintain thee ael thee days

Loppin about in idle ways,

Thee beest zo clin'd ta goo astray,

An not ta wirk.

In everything thee'st disobey,

An duty shirk.

Why didsen stop we varmer Brown?

He gied thee keep an haf-a-crown,

In haf thee clothes, thee too wurts voun,

Ael he left off.

Thee't rue thee's left un, I'll be boun,

Tho' thee's midst scoff.

If varmer's wirk thee doosen like,

Why doosen do as cuzzin Mike,

List vor a zodger, goo an vite,

That's wat I'd doo.

But there; thee'ts av to act uprite,

An do drill too.

If a zodger's life wunt do,

Then vor a zailer thee canst goo;

An, if thee's like ta stick to't true,

Thee ther midst rise,

An gain a place amang tha crew,

An av a prize.

[328]

Why doosen now at wonce decide?
Aelwys I dwoant want thee ta chide;
I wish thee var thee good, bezide
 If thee's bide here,
Thee nevir oot av bit a pride;
 Voke will thee jeer.

Tha wirkhouse steers thee in tha feace,
Ther thee hoot av ta vine a pleace,
Which thee's know'll be a girt disgrace,
 Bit thy faat quite.

No biddy'll pity there thy kease,
 An zor thee right.

Meak up thee mine ta marrer mam,
Vor's true as ever I be barn,
My will thee purty quick shill larn;
 Cos if thee's mean
Ta trate I we contrmp an scarn,
 Thee shat goo clean.

Nar nother day I'll keep thee here,
If thee doosen gean ta persever,
Zo now thee's know me purpose clear,
 Then zet about
An vix thy futer life's career,
 Ar else turn out.

[329]

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)
THA CARTER'S WINTER ZONG.

Tha leaves be turnin yaller,
 Cwold winds begin ta blow,
An zoon Jan vrost u'll com along
 An bring ess ice an snow.
But let un com, we dwoant dislike
 Ta zee his feace at ael,
Vor droo tha nites of winter cwold
 We keeps high vestival.

CHORUS.

Vor roun tha blazin kitchen vire
 We drink an smoke away,
We tell ower tales, an zing ower zongs,
 An kiss tha maidens gay.

At nite, ow nice ta lay in bade
 An hear tha storm outzide,
An shrug yer showders at tha zound,
 An wish ya there cud bide.
But offen we outzide mist be
 Apon tha wintry road,
But then we knows wat jay twill be
 Wen we gets wom our load.

Vor roun the blazin kitchen vire, &c.

[330]

Ta get up of a winter's marn

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An zee snaw on tha groun,
It raaly is a purty zite
Ta zee it ael aroun,
Ta zee tha girt big flakes za white
Za thick up in tha air,
Ta vind tha ponds ael vrozen up
An everything za bare.

Vor roun tha blazen kitchen vire, &c.

Then in tha barn, zich times as thease,
We likes ta dresh ael day,
Vor warm an jolly we da get
Jist zo twur zummer gay.
Let winter be as sharp as t'will,
Right jolly chaps be we;
Vor glad delight we avs at nite,
Za merry an za vree.

Vor roun tha blazin kitchen vire
We drink an smoke away,
We zing ower zongs, an kiss tha maids,
We jolly carters gay.

[331]

DRESHEN OUT THA CARN.

Tha steamers comin ta marrer marn
Ta dresh out measters ricks a carn,
Za mine ya be ael up ta varm
At zix a clock, ta clare tha barn.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

CHORUS.

Vor then we ael za busy be,
We'll wirk an zing right merrily,
We'll zing gee ho, wen she da blow,
An roun the vlowin yale shall go.

At zix a clock we ael appear
We rite good will tha barn ta clear,
Ta len a han, out coms tha Squire,
While Zam da lite tha engine vire.

Vor then we ael za busy be, &c.

Now Jim da get on top a rick
Ta clare away tha thatch za thick,
An then we draas the sheen one zide,
An on da clap tha strap za wide.

Vor then we ael za busy be, &c.

Tha steam da hiss, roun she da go,
And Zam tha whistle loud da blow,
"Ael rite," he cries, "steams up za tite,
Zo dresh away we ael yer mite."

Vor then we ael za busy be, &c.

[332]

Jim hans tha sheaves vrim off a rick,
We heavy ears za vine an thick,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An Tom da put em in tha drum,
Which roun da goo we naisy hum.

Vor then we ael za busy be, &c.

Tha straw vleys out on sheakystair,
Tha chaff is blow'd out we the air,
But tha clane carn coms rattlin down
In girt zack baigs za ard and brown.

Vor then we ael za busy be, &c.

Thus merrily we ael tha day
Da wirk we rite good will away,
While swiftly roun tha sheen da goo
Until tha rick we av dresh'd droo.

Vor then we ael za busy be, &c.

Then we da haul away ta barn
Tha heavy zacks a goolden carn,
That done, we avs a good kick up
And drains off many a vlowin cup.

Vor then we ael za merry be
Zich jolly chaps, hardy an vree,
We zing heigh ho, and loud da cheer,
God bless tha jolly leabourer.

Wen October along da draa,
Wen tha long nites be gettin raa,
Wen rooks in aternoon da caa,
An jack vrost jist begins ta knaa,
Then fiather zays, "tis now quite time
Ta dig ower te'a-tees up za prime."

Zo in tha marn we baig an prong,
Wen it is lite, we jogs along,
Dree jolly chaps, ardy and strong,
To te'a-tee groun away we drong;
While mother, she bides in tha cot
Ta get, an bring ess breakfast hot.

Fiather an I, an Jack, an Will,
Zoon at tha rinks da show ower skill,
An zet ta wirk we rite good will,
To zee ow many baigs we'll vill,
Ar else who vust ull dig a lug,
Vore mother, she da bring tha grub.

Jack is be-ast man, we zoon da zee,
Ta use tha prong, ther's nam like he:
He'll dig vive rinks ta ower dree,
An leave behin un nar te'a-tee;
A zack, in no time he ull vill,
An turn an laff at I an Will.

[334]

A diggin te'a-tees ael thay ad

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Rite merrily we wirk away,
While ache his utmwoast do display,
Which Jack da zay is purty play.
Fifteen or zixteen zacks we dig,
Zides leetle uns vit vor tha pig.

Then wen we've done, a vire we make
An scrawl tha ham up we tha rake.
Then we zets down ta av a bake,
On roasted te'a-tees do partake;
Zometimes a bit a butter we
Da av if mother she dwoant zee.

Tis nice, wen diggin time comes round,
Ta turn em out thick vrom tha ground;
Tis nice ta dig em, when thame zound,
Wen vine an thick thay do abound.
Tis poor vokes staff tha winter droo,
Thout em, what hood poor leabourers do?

[335]

THA PUZZLED VOTER.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HUSBAN AN WIFE.

Husban just come in vrim Work.

WIFE.

"Why Bob! who's think bin yer ta-day? "

HUSBAN.

"Well, raly Polly, I ca'ant zay."

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)
WIFE.

"Why Squire Jinkins an he's daater,
As da live down at Blackwater."

HUSBAN.

"Well, and what do em want a we?
Teant oft poor voke thay comes ta zee."

WIFE.

"Thats true Bob; I'll tell ee presently,
What var thay come ta visit we.
Doo'st know? a Lections purty near,
An thay da want yer vote, me dear.
Thay ax'd if you wur Red ar Blue,
Be drat if I did know, thats true,

[336]

Pollyticks, thay didn trouble you,
Ya didn keer var Red nar Blue.
At that tha Squire rais'd his peepers
An zays: 'what! dwoant er rade tha peapers,
Ta zee whats done in Parleyment,
Be gennelmen who there be zent?'
O eece, I zays: 'Bob rades tha news,
Bit twixt em, there yeant much ta choose.
He zays, bouth zides in pollyticks
Cars on a lot a artvul tricks,
Bouath on ems tar'd we tha seam brush,
An ta wirkin voke beant woth a rush.
Zoo raly, I caant tell ee, Squire,
Which on em Bob da mwoastly mire."

HUSBAN.

"Well Poll, tis right what you've a zed,
I beant a Blue, nar neet a Red,
Becos, as vur as I can zee,
Narn on em beant no good ta we.
'Tis job ta tell which o'm vrim tother,
Thay'm bout as bad as one another;
Thay bouath da promise this an that,
But tis a lot a bosh, thats pat,
Var when thay gets in Parleyment,
Their mines on other things be bent,
An thay vargets when thame up there,
Ael there nice promises za vair.
As var meakin laas, var we poor voke,
Till ael goo off in empty smoke."

[337]

WIFE.

"Well Bob, Squire zays tha Blues be right,
An var we poor da aelways fight,
Zoo I twould'n strait if that wur true
I'd zee my Bob shood vote var Blue.
Madam a zays, 'tis zartin vacts;
Jist rade yerself tha many acts
That they've a pass'd var ael tha poor,
An blessins brought ta every door.'
Thease gran woold Englin he did zay,
Wur neer in zich a prosperous way,
You, as a wirkin man's good wife,
Wur never better off in yer life.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Brade is chep, an groceries too,
Var ael this you must thank tha Blue;
Agean, jist look and zee, he zays
Tha good thay've done in many ways,
If yer husban ony looks ta zee,
What benefits thay've done var he.
If be accident, a now gets hurt,
An meets wie mishap at his wirk,
His employer he'll have ta pay
His wages, long as he's away.
Yeant that, yer grievances redressin?
An to ache wirkin man a blessin?"

* * * * *

Coose Bob, I cooden well deny
Ael that tha Squire zed ta I.
"Zoo then I ax'd un bout thase war,
An what ower voke wur vi'tin var?"

[338]

A zed, bout twenty yer agoo,
We tha Boers we had a fillyloo,
An at a place caal'd Juber Hill
A regiment nearly thay did kill;
Gladstin, who wur in power then,
Insteeds a zendin out mwore men
Vargeed em, and ever zunce thic day,
Thav've bused our voke in every way,
And swear'd that every Britisher,
Thay'd zoon drave out a Africker;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An coose we had ta let em know

Jan Bull a hood'nt be trated so.

* * * * *

O well I zed, if that be true

I'll zee my Bob shill vote var Blue.

* * * * *

Zoo in a book he mead a note,
As Robert Spencer, Blue, hood vote."

HUSBAN.

"Well Poll, ya shooden twould un that,
I dwoant knaa now what to be at,
Va'r I wur comin wom ta-night,
Who shid I zee bit Captin Wright,
A passen in he's hoss and trap;
A zays, 'Well Bob, you'm jist tha chap.
As I'm a draven out ta zee,
I wants a leetle chat we ee;
I'm putten up ta Parleyment,
An hopes as how ya will conzent,
Ta vote var I on pollen day,
An that you will, me vren, now zay.

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We Reds, be ael vor wirkin men,
An'll do well vor em you may depen,
An nuthen shill thase course prevent,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

When we da get in Parleyment.
Zee, what tha peartys done var you!
An their good Acts, jist rim em droo!
We Reds, tha corn laas did repeal,
An now, poor men can av a meal
A braden mate, ar braden cheese,
When vore their bellies thay mist squeeze,
An barley bannicks live apon.
That's zartin true upon me zong,
Tha Reds bin wirkin ael their life
Var tha poor leabourer and he's wife.'

If thats zoo Captin out I zed,
Be drat if I dwoant vote var Red.
An then I menshind bout tha war,
An what ower voke wur vi'tin var?
I zays, tha Boers be a rum lot,
An zars em right jist what they've got.
Var's I da rade tha truth on't wur.
Thay dreaten'd we in Africker,
If we diden gree wieout delay!
Purty quick thay'd drave ess in tha sac,
I hopes if I da vote var you,
Zich bwoastin you'll meak em rue,
An never trust to em agen,
To rule auver any Englishmen."

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WIFE.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

"An what did Captin zay ta that?
I'm glad ya putt it to un pat,
Cos Squire zed tha Lib'rils zure
Nearly ael zided we tha Boer."

HUSBAN.

"O no a zays, tha Boers agen
Ull never rule o'er Englishmen,
Their geam is up, thay mist zit down
In pace under tha British crown.
Although tha Reds be geanst tha Blues,
We mwoastly holds imperial views;
An now tha Boers be konker'd quite,
We Reds ull zoon meak things ael right.
If this be zo; then Captin Wright,
I promise ee my vote thease night:
An vaithvul stick ta what I've zed,
On pollen day be voten Red.

* * * * *

Then in he's book he mead a note
As Robert Spenser, Red, hood vote"

WIFE.

"Well Bob, we'm in a purty stew!
I promis'd Squire ya shoud vote Blue;
He's zich a nice man, an young Miss
Avore she went gied Beab a kiss;
An zed she purty zoon did mean,
Ta come an zee ess ael agean.

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Var my zeak Bob, I hopes as you,
On pollen day ull vote var Blue;
An if you'll ony promise this,
I'll gie ee zich a lovin kiss;
An praps Miss Jinkins she med too,
No knowen what she medden do.
Now zay you will; now there's a dear;
Bout Captin Wright ya need'n vear.

HUSBAN.

"Why Poll ya do get auver I,
Var what ya ax, who can deny;
Thay eyes a yourn, da pierce I droo,
Anything amwoast thay'll meak I do.
Bit dang it, what ull Captin zay?
If I votes Blue on pollen day."

WIFE.

Why he wunt knaa, ya zilly elf,
Unless ya tell's un zo yerzelf;
Tha votens done in sacrit now,
No one ull vind it out, I vow."

HUSBAN.

"Ael right me dear, anuffs bin zed,
I'm tired out, an longs var bed;
When there, praps I med drame a bit
How to get out a thase yer clit.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Pollen day. Husban just returned.

WIFE.

"Well now dear Bob, now tell I true,
Did'ee ar didn'ee vote var Blue

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Come zay, an zet me mine at rest,
I'll keep it sacrit in me breast.
No biddys about, and nooan'll hear.
Now do ee tell I, there's a dear."

HUSBAN.

"Well Poll, I do believe ya'd draa
A sacrit out a ower Jack Daa.
Well then, jist hear how I did vote,
An mine on it teak proper note:
Twix Reds and Blues, tid beat tha Devil!
Ta vind who's right; I mead em level:
At bouath o'ms neam, I put a cross,
An zoo var I, thame Hoss, and Hoss,
As we da zay in skiddle alley,
"When tha scorin it da tally.
Zoo if Squire he da caal on we,
Tell un I mead a cross war he.
An if Captin should tha subject neam,
I'll zay, I zard un jist tha seam."

WIFE.

"Well Bob, ya bin an done it now,
A purty artvul trick I vow:

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Var goodness seek dwoant let it out,
Ar vine neam we shood av about;
Var zartin zure, you an yer wife,
Hood be twitted we't ael our life.
I hopes till be a underd year
Vore noher Lection, we avs here."

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MEAKEN OUT THA ZENSUS PEAPER.

HUSBAN TO WIFE.

"What's thic blue peaper there: top a teable?"

WIFE.

"A puzzler, Jarge: explain un I beant yeable;
Woold Vowler brought un in here tother day.
An zed nex Monday, he'd be vetch'd away.
When ax'd about it, he cut zich a keaper,
Drat tha ooman; tis tha Zensus Peaper.
Zensus, I zays: What, do em want ta rob
Poor voke a what leetle there's in their nob
A zart a grin'd, an zed twerden no joke;
King Edderd wants tha number of he's voke.
I zays, nuthen we hant yeard about it;
A zays, rade tha peaper if ya dout it.
An then a axed if arn a we cood write,
O eece, I zays, we can. Then thats ael right;

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Structions be printed on tha peaper plain,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Zoo mine he's ready gean I caals again,
Var time da vlee, main ot I got ta do,
An mist be Monday night tha job get droo.
Right droo thease Parish a Langvird Steeple,
I've got to get tha number a tha people.

* * * * *

Ael right, I zays, Jarge ull sure ta do it,
When he've rade tha peaper, an zees droo it."

HUSBAN.

"Well, han tha peaper here, get pen an ink,
Let's vill un up, whiles on it I da think;
Var Monday marn I med be in a clit,
An goo ta wirk vargetten ael about it;
Var it teant done, gean Vowler he coms round,
I zees that thay can vine ess quite a pound.
Zoo stop the childern's prattle now a bit,
An roun tha kitchen teable ael o'ee zit.

Vust line is var my neam; well, that's Jarge Brown,
Ael da know that, as lives in thease here town;
Next: Head of a vamly; a coose I be,
Ant I got a wife, an me childern dree?
Tha next is M, or F, ooman ar man,
A leetle question I dwoant unnerstan;
I aelwys thought a husban wur a man,
A wife a ooman, diden you, me Nan?
Cos it da zeem ta I mwoast martil quare,
To ax a zilly question like that are.

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Next item, Age: well that I zoon ull do,
Vust a August las, I wur thirty two.
Then as to my perfession, ar me wirk,
A question too, I beant agwain ta shirk.
Fi'ather wur a Carter, an I'm a Carter too,
Var Varmer Vincin, as lives down Bell Vue.
Ta be a varmer's man yeant no disgrease:
Zom starchier yoke av got a wusser pleace.
Wur wur I barn: why voke da knaa Jarge Brown,
Wur barn'd an bred in thease yer leetle town;
An wur I av a lived ael droo me life,
Christen'd, convirm'd, and married to a wife.
As to condition, dumb, zilly, ar blind,
Thank God, me zite is good, an zoos me mind;
Aelthough me wife zometimes caals I ninny,
An I she, at which boath oance da grinny;
I'm zoun in lim, nar beant gone off me hook,
Nar neet praps zich a vool as I da look;
Tho zometimes I'll own, when things gets out a rut,
A chap's clin'd ta think, a mist be off he's nut.

* * * * *

Well now, I've vnish'd up thease yer vust line,
An what's put down is true, I'll swear, an zign.

* * * * *

Now Missus, you comes nex; What's yer rite neam?
Anser vair an square, ya needen be a sheam."

WIFE.

"Why, Jarge! ya knows tis Frances Annie,
Tho zometimes I'm caaled Nan, an zometimes Fanny."

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HUSBAN.

"Frances Annie. Well, I've putt that down,
Male or female: well that tha lot da crown,
Ael as ever I did hear, ar ever zee;
As tho a She cood be putt down as He.
Well, now yer age: now Nancy, tell it true,
When we wur married, you wur twenty-two;
That's zix year agoo, if you remember,
Come tha twenty-haighth a nex Zeptember.
Zoo I'll putt it down here, ael vair and straight,
That Frances Annie Brown is twenty-haight."

WIFE.

"Now that's a fib, var zartin, Jargy Brown,
Zoo dwoant get putten zich a cracker down;
I know, when we wur wed, I zed ta you,
I thought me age wur ard on twenty-two;
Bit sister Zal, who's years woolder then I,
Zays she's bit twenty-zeven nex July.
Zoo if that's het, as true as I'm alive,
Las birthday I wur ony twenty-vive;
Zoo putt that down, and dwoant bodder no mwore,
About my age, var that be right I'm zure."

HUSBAN.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

"Now look here, Nan, I'll draa tha line an vix,
Yer age las birthday as jist tweny zix;
I'm zure twunt never do var you to try,
An pass as zeven year younger than I.
Var tood be notic'd quick, an I'll be bound,
Var written fibs thay'd vine ess thic thar pound;

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As I zees be raden thay've power ta do.
If we da write down here what idden true.

Now, Nancy, wur wur ee barn: zay me dear,
Ya av twould I, twur no where handy here;
What County wur't, Village, ar tha Town?
Cos it da zay it mist be ael putt down."

WIFE.

"Why shood em know, Jarge! what dicklus stuff:
Putt down Lunnen, thats plenty near anuff.
Zackly tha pleave: I cooden mine it now,
Bit twur zome peart a Lunnen, that I vow.
Var that's wur mother liv'd when I come down.
An took a pleave near thease yer leetle town,
As parlour maid, up there at Wincom Grove,
And were we I ya know ya vill in love."

HUSBAN.

"Eece, I'll put that down, till do main stunnen,
An let em zee me wife come vrim Lunnen;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Tho I be elined ta think 'tis ony fancy,
Var yer taak beant like a cockney, Nancy.
As ta condition, ya beant blind, nar diff,
Nar dumb I swear; not when we avs a miff.

* * * * *

Zoo that da vinish up tha second line,
An ael I've put is true; I swear an zign.

Well, now about the childern, let me zee;
Two strappen bwoys, a beaby maid, that's dree;

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Ther's Jack an Jim, now what's tha Beab ta be?
She hant bin neam'd ar christen'd heet ya zee.
We must put zummat, spoose we zay Fanny,
Ar atter you me dear, an neam her Annie."

WIFE.

"Begar, no Jarge: that shaant never be;
One neam's anuff in one vamily.
If she's neam'd Annie, till be auver town,
Which o'm de mane: woold Nance, ar young Nance Brown;

Ower nayburs too, tid mainly bother,
To tell which vrim thic, ar thease vrim tother.
We'll av it Haignes, ar else Dorothy;
Tha last is a sweet purty name, ya zee."

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

HUSBAN.

"Eece, an thay'd caal her Doll ael droo her life;
No, no, we mussen av that ar me wife.
Now, what about Lizer, we caant beat that."

WIFE.

"Why, then thay'd call her Lize, ya zee girt vlat."

HUSBAN.

"Well, I spoose thay hood, now, what do ee zay?
Var ta av her neam'd and christen'd May.

WIFE.

Well I shood like that; look sharp, put it down,
Thay wunt be yeable ta nickneam "May Brown,"
Her age, zix weeks ony las Zadderdy;
Zoo mine tis zettled: Beaby's neam is May."

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HUSBAN.

"Ael right, I very zoon ull putt that down,
May, the daater a Jarge an Annie Brown.

* * * * *

"Well, now I've vinish'd up; an every line
Is zartin true; zoo here Jarge Brown I'll zign."

WIFE.

"Jist stop a minit, let I look it droo;

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Why tha bwoys age, ya av lave'd out that's true."

HUSBAN.

"An zoo I av; Well, Jack a will be vive
In August nex, if then he be alive;
Zoo, I mist putt un vawer, dwoant ee zee;
An leetle Jimmy he is hard on dree,
Zoo I mist ony putt two year var he.
Nuthen's tha matter we narn o'ms noddle,
Main cute thay wur vore thay cood toddle.
Ther zites be good, thame zound in wind an lim,
Two strappen youngsters be our Jack and Jim."

* * * * *

"Zoo now I think that's ael ther is ta do,
Bit praps you, Nan agean, had baste look droo."

WIFE.

"Eece Jarge I will; well, purty rite da zeam,
Zoo now I thinks as you can zign yer neam."

HUSBAN.

"Gie me tha pen, an in me baste roun han,
I'll zign Jarge Brown in girt bwould letters gran;
An let Vowler zee I be a schollard,
Aelthough tha plough I ael me life av voller'd;
Zoo when a caals, a need'nt rant nar keaper,
Nar zay as ow we spwil'd tha Zensus Peaper."

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)
NOTICE TO QUIT.

A DIALOGUE ON THA LEABOUR QUESTION,
BY JARGE AND FRED: TWO VARM LEABOURERS.

FRED.

"Well, Jarge, how be you this marnen?
Teant true I hopes, you've had warnen
Var to clave out yer leetle cot,
An to gie up yer te'atie plot?
Cos eecesterdy, I did hear zay,
Ya'd shurley av ta goo away;
If zoo, I be main zorry var ee,
Var to ee mist be, zart a wurry."

JARGE.

"Eece, Naybour Fred, tis zartin true,
Vrim here I zoon ull have ta goo:
Notice, come be pwoast this marnen,
Gie un I a vartnight's warnen;
Var to clare out me leetle cot,
An gie up too, me gierden plot.
Tis wanteed var anodder man,
An I mist shift jist wur I can."

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FRED.

"Well, dally Jarge, thats nayshun hard,
Varmer vor you got no regard;
You, who av wirk'd apon his lan
Var vorty year, I unnerstan:
An in thic cot wur bred an barn,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An yer fiather too avore, I larn;
Ther mist be zummat much amiss
Vor he ta zarve ee jist like this.
An dwoant ee know what tis about,
That he shood waant to turn ee out,
At zich a leetle notice, too;
Why, Jarge: whatever will ee do?":

JARGE.

"Tha vact on't is vren, dwoant ee zee,
My two big bwoys is leavin he;
Ther time wur up at Micklemis,
An varmer zays it comes ta this:
If thay da lave, I mist goo too;
An zoo whatever can ess do?
Girt strappen chaps my zons now be,
An got a bit a larnin, zee,
An thay twould measter purty plain
Thay wurden gwain ta gree again.
Thay'd had anuff a varm wirk now,
An longer hooden vollie plough.
It zeems a zed, if that be zoo,
Yer fiather he ull av ta goo;
Var I mist av a man wie bwoys,
An ael on em be my employees:

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Ya'd baste consider what you'm doin,
Var on yer parents twill bring ruin
If you intends to goo away,
An longer on my varm wunt stay;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

At once thay'll av ta lave ther cot,
An gie up, too, tha te'atie plot."

FRED.

"A, Jarge: I can zee droo it now.
A zart a ticklish job I vow;
No dout, upzets yerzelf an wife,
Especially at your time a life:
Var spoose ya ha'nt a got much heart
Vrim yer own neative pleace to peart?
Tho coose, me vren, it stans to razon,
Varmer wants chaps ta gree tha sazoon.
Ar lan mid zoon get out a tillage,
Var want a leabour in tha village:
Ya zee, you've got to suffer now,
Cos your bwoys wunt stick to tha plough,
As ael ther fiathers av avore,
An ther hard lots in payshins bore:
It sims varm wirk, bwoys be scornen;
Now they've got a bit a larnin.
Gret pity this yer eddication,
Shood caas zich sturbince in tha nayshen;
Our village bwoys wunt zettle down,
Ael longs ta get ta zom girt town,
Thinken ta yarn a bit mwore money;
Bit there, thay'll vind teant ael honey.

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Vrim marn till nite thay'll av ta wirk,
Noo gadden bout, an duties shirk;
Lots o'm ull miss when thay be thayre

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Ther wholesome grub and pure vresh hayer,
An wish therzelves back wom agean,
Unless ta stick it thay da mean.
Bit what da your bwoys mean ta do?
I hope their leavin thay wunt rue."

JARGE.

"Ta stop em Fred, main hard I've tried,
Their mother too, she zob'd an cried;
A thinkin bout their gwain away,
Bit teant no good, narn o'm ull stay.
Thay zays, thame off to Lunnen town,
An up there gwain ta zettle down,
As Porters on zome Railway
Startin at vawer bob a day.
Car'line I'm zure ull brake her heart,
When the time comes var we ta peart.
Ony las night as ever wur,
We baig'd em ta stop anodder year.
Bit no, thay'd promis'd young Tom Chown
Who've got em plazin up in town.
An av zent passes vor their vare.
On Monday nex thay hood be there.
It sims he've got em logins too
An zoo ya zee what can ess doo?
We needen vret ther gwain away —
Tha zays: nor think thay'll rue tha day,

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An if varmer, da turn ess out,
Zummat ull turn up thay dwoant dout.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

An if it dwoant thay'll zoon come down
An teak ess back ta Lunnen town.
Bit coose, at ower time a life,
Dwoant want ta goo, nar neet me wife."

FRED.

"I be main zorry Jarge var you,
Bit as ya zays, what can ee do.
Yer zons be up strappen young men,
An'll turn out well ya may depen,
Bouath on em be purty steady
An var any work be ready.
An'll get on well I can bit think.
Thay've never bused therzelves we drink,
An mabby, bim bye will come down,
Like gennelmen vrim Lunnen town.
Look at Tom Chown; when he went off,
His village chums did laff and scoff,
Declarin zoon a hood be down
Wie a zickener a Lunnen town,
Bit thay wur wrong, a stuck ta wirk,
An diden drink, nar duties shirk;
An now he's like a gennelman
In a pleave a trust I unnerstan.
Did ee notice un at Whitzuntide
How ael he's voke wur vull a pride,
Ta zee their Tom draste out za smart?
An many a maid ad yeaken heart

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When a zed tha last good bye ta thay,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Tha marnen as a went away.
Ower voke wunt zoon varget Tom Chown,
Las time a com vrim Lunnen town.
Zee, what Percyverance it ull do
If you sticks hard, honest an true;
An I dwoant dout bit what yer bwoys
In yer woold years ull bring ee joys."

JARGE.

"I'm much ablig'd, an thank ee, Fred,
Var tha kind wirds, you av a zed;
Doant dout bit what me bwoys ull do,
Var bouath on em be just an true:
I've brought em up as baste I cood,
Evils to shun, an hold whats good,
Thay aelways wur good bwoys an happy,
Ant bused therzelves we drink nar baccy.
An that bouath on em will turn out
A credit to ess I dwoant dout,
Tho coose we veels, tis ardish lot
Ta av ta lave ower leetle cot;
Tha thoughts on't vills ower eyes wie tears,
Atter biden there za many years.
Tis a trial zoar, bit never mind,
Another whoam tha Lord ull vind,
Med er, gie ess straingth ta here ower lot,
When we da lave ower leetle cot."

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TIT VAR TAT:

OR

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)
THA LAMPLIGHTER AN THA BANDSMEN

Tom Light, he wur a Lamplighter,
 In ower leetle town;
Wur nearly ael he's life he'd bin
 A runnen up an down.

He wur a leetle dapper man,
 His age, jist vifty two;
Vond of he's glass, likewise he's pipe,
 An merry compny too.

Ta zee un of a winter's night,
 Dart swiftly to an vro;
We he's ladder on his showder,
 An vlamen torch aglow.

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It wur a zite, var like a sprite,
 Ar zom imp ar ghost;
He'd up he's ladder run ta light
 Ache lamp on wall ar pwest.

Twur in tha days, when lamps wur lit
 We cotton wick an oil;
An not ta be compared we thase
 Var now, teant haaf tha toil.

Caas now ya zee, tha Lamplighters
 Does weout ladders quite,
Thay cars a rod, an turns a tap,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Then zets tha gas alight.

Their ups an downs, beant nuthen like,
As in them days thay were,
Var now a ladders ony used,
Var clanen ar repair.

Ower hero, Tom, var thirty years,
Tha town lamps had lighteed,
An bwoasted oft, in ael that time,
A never had bin vrighteed.

Till one dark night, bout Crismis time,
Atter a heavy snow;
He on he's rounds, zuddenly met
We a terryable blow.

Zummat bad struck un in tha yead,
Bit what a didden know,
Bit he we ladder, torch, an ael,
Went sprawlen in tha snow.

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An there he led, till consciousness
Return'd to un agean;
Then look'd aroun ta zee who twur,
Bit thay had bolteed clean.

Pitch dark it wur; nar be he's torch
Cood he a voot print vind;
Ael wur as quiet as tha dade,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Seave tha keen whistlin wind.

Poor Tom wis in a zorry plight,
Tha blow, it mead 'n stagger;
A swore a oath what he hood do,
When a cotch'd tha baiger.

That day, Tom had bin drinken,
We his vren Zammy Chubb,
An caas twur Crismis time ache had
Vive gooes a Rum an Shrub.

A plodded whoam as baste a cood,
His wife wur vull a vright,
When she cotch'd zite tha Lamplighter,
Looken za ghashtly white.

"Why man alive!" zays she ta Tom,
"Whatever is tha matter?"
Zays Tom, "I thinks *Woold Nick*, jist now.
Try'd hard me yead ta batter."

Var's I come whoam, droo Buncom Lean,
I met we zich a blow;
Which like a rabbit knock'd me down
Amang tha ice an snow .

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An as nar martil man wur bout,
Ar I'd bin on un quick;
Thay mist a vanish 'd unnergroun,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Var zartin: twur *Woold Nick*.

Tha good wife laff'd, an thought Tom's brain
Must zurely be affected;
An heet, she thought it very strainge
No martil wur detected.

If twur zomebiddy who'd a got
A grudge ageanst poor Tom:
How wurt that a diden zee
Which way tha blow come vrom?

She know'd her usbin when in drink,
Aelways wur za meller;
Espicilly when a com'd across,
Another jovial feller.

He own'd that Zammy Chubb an he,
Thic night had bin together;
An two'r dree extry draps had had,
Cos it wur cwoold weather.

Ael night poor Tom was very queer,
An giddy in he's yead;
Zoo in tha marn, he's wife zet off
Ta zee woold Doctor Stead.

Tha good man smil'd when she twould he,
About her usbin's plight;
Zoo he perscribed a draat, an pills,
That zoon hood put un right.

[360]

Tom took tha draat, likewise tha pills,
Which aised un purty quick:
Bit still swore he wur zet apon,
Be nooan less then *Woold Nick*.

Var as a zed: "to ael tha voke
About here I've bin civil;
Zoo who hood drame ta zar me zo,
If twerden thic *Woold Devil*?

Zoon atter, at he's vaverit Pub,
A caal'd ta av he's beer;
Tha Lanlard says: "Why, Mister Light,
I hear you've bin main queer."

"Eece, zoo I have," zays Tom; "bit now
I'm veelin purty right;
Tha vaet on twur, tha *Devil* he
Zet at me tother night."

"Ya mines thic day we had tha snow?
Well, commin vrim me round,
Thy sly woold baiger come behine
An vell'd me ta tha ground.

An there I led, like one who's dade,
We not a zawl about;
Nor neet a vootprint on tha snow .
Zoo twur he, ther's no doubt."

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Tha Lanlard laff'd, an zed "now Tom,

 If you'll a sacrit keep,

I'll tell ee bout a leetle plot

 A'll bet ee in a heap."

[361]

Tom promis'd un apon he's oath,

 Be that a hood be bound,

Ta keep tha sacrit tight as wex,

 An not let out a zound.

"Tha vact o't is then, tother night,

 When snow wur vallen down,

Ower Bandchaps who had bin ta play

 At zom veast out a town;

Wur commin whoam, be Buncom lean,

 An zeed you eommin, zee,

One on em zays, 'yers woold Tom Light.

 Lets av a bit a spree.'

A lot a snowballs thay mead up,

 Za ard an big an round;

Nar wonce thought a tha atterclaps,

 Ael be'n in drink vull zound.

Zoo in tha woold cart shed thay hod,

 An when ya did goo bye,

Ache on em, a girt big snowball

 At you thay did let vly.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

It seems thay knock'd ee sprawlin,
 An when on groun ya lay,
Thay repented o their volly,
 An cuss'd their vowl play.

Bit when in time ya did come to,
 An stan on groun agean,
Ael o'm zed, thay wur za thankvul,
 As yarm thay diden mean.

[362]

Twur a nasty shabby business,
 Playen on ee zich a trick;
An ael on em too, yer townsmen,
 Zoo dwoant ee bleam "*Woold Nick*."

Now mine what I've a twould ee,
 Dwoant let thase sacrit out,
You'll come up zides we em zom day,
 There idden tha least doubt."

* * * * *

Poor Tom wur struck we meazemint,
 At what tha Lanlard zed;
Var a nevir dram'd twur snowballs
 As knock'd un off he's yead.

He own'd he'd had a drap a drink,
 Cos it wur za chilly,
Bit twurden nuff ta stagger un,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

A werden drunk nar zilly.

He roll'd he's eyes, he shook his vist,
 He drow'd he's yarms about;
An swore a oath, he'd meak em rue,
 Avore tha week wur out.

Zo he voun out that Zadderdy,
 The Band wur gwain to play,
To a Club veast at Humbledon,
 About dree mile away.

An well a know'd ta get there thay,
 Mist goo droo Buncom lean,
An tood be ard on midnight,
 Vore thay return'd agean.

[363]

Well prim'd thay be, var zartin sure,
 Var ael o'm lik'd their beer;
Zays Tom, "I'll bet I'll stagger em,
 An meak em quake var vear."

Zoo Zadderdy, when he had done,
 A douten of he's lamps,
At tha dark shed in Buncom lean,
 A waiteed var tha scamps.

A girt sheeps skin a had got on,
 Auver a girt white clout,
A Devil's mask cover'd he's veace,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

We harns a sticken out.

An in one han he held he's torch,
In tother a girt prong.
Wie light ta zet tha torch ablaze,
Zoo as thay come along.

He yeard tha woold Church clock het twelve,
As he peep'd out tha shed;
Bit not a zoun a vootsteps heet,
Twur quiet as tha dead.

Anodder wait, then as tha chimes
Clang'd out tha haaf atter,
Down vur end of tha lean he yeard
Tha returnen Bandsmen's chatter.

On, on thay com'd, a jovial crew,
Zom staiggenen to an vro,
Shouten, zingin, an zom tryen
Their insterments ta blow.

[364]

Twur plaain, that mwoast on em wur tight,
Be their unsteady tread;
Thay leetle thought a that which wur
Awaiten em ahead.

Pitch dark it wur, there wur no moon,
An lamps wur ael put out,
Tha leetle town wur wrapp'd in gloom,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

No zawl there wur about.

Then as thay near'd the vatevul shed,
 In road, Tom took he's stan,
An we uplifteed vlamín torch,
 Waiteed tha comen Ban.

Tha vust ta zee, a halteed shart,
 A cooden waig no vurder;
Bit like a madman heller'd out,
 O cracky, murder! murder!!

Tha girt trumboon, vill vrim he's hans,
 His hair stood bolt upright:
He's laigs shook like a aspen leaf,
 As he look'd at tha zight.

Tha tothers zoon com amblin on,
 Ael o'm we drink wur daz'd,
Thay zeed tha apperition stan,
 An we sheer vright wur maz'd.

It be tha Devil ar he's ghost,
 Tha leetle Drummer zed;
Zom on ee come and hold me tight.
 Else I shall zoon be dead.

[365]

He vlung tha drum apon tha groun,
 Behine un tried ta hide,
An wish'd ther'd bin a hawl in un,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Var to a crope inzide.

Zom vew on em, vill on their knees,
An loud begun ta pray;
Tha zoberer ones, bolted an drow'd
Their insterments away.

Tom hiss'd, then bellerd like a bull.
An we he's dree grain'd prong,
Beckon'd tha vrighteed musickers,
We he ta goo along.

"Dear Devil; do ee let ess goo,"
Zays the lader o tha Ban,
"We'll promise never to do yarm,
To ooman, child, ar man.

We owns we ael av zinner's bin,
An unkind to our wives;
Bit nevir agean; nar neet get drunk,
If you'll speer ower lives."

Tom thought that now, he'd had revenge,
Appearin as *Woold Nick*,
He better zoon meak hiszelf skierce,
Vore thay voun out tha trick.

He weav'd tha torch, then put un out,
An we a awvul groan,
Took to he's heels like lightenen;
An lav'd tha Ban aloane.

[366]

Tha skin an clout a zoon drow'd off,
 Tha harn'd mask vrim he's yead;
Ael unperceived a rach'd he's cot,
 An zoon wur snug in bade.

As var tha Ban, when thay'd regain 'd
 Their veet an zenses quite;
To their girt jay, thay voun *Woold Nick*
 Had vanish'd out a zite.

Ael mead var whoam as vast they cood,
 Thic vatevul Zundy marn;
An their zad vright, an wretched plight,
 Thay wunt varget I warn.

Ache swore a sacrit shood be kep,
 Not one should tell he's wife;
Var it twur know'd, a laft'en stock
 Thay hood be ael droo life.

Twur years avore thay voun it out,
 Thay even now da dout it:
Aelthough Tom an tha Lanlard too,
 Have twould em ael about it.

[367]

MORAL.

Now good vrens, if ya plays a joke,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Ar trick, on vren ar voe,
Ya mussen be zaprised zom day,
If they da zar ee zo.

If you caant stummick zich like things.
Tho, tended var a geam,
You adden better practis em,
Less you can glitch tha seam.

[368]

Tis haight a'clock, a bright May marn,
An down tha vlow'ry mead;
A crowd a voke, we yelpin hounds,
Be Nadders bainks is zeed.

Var marnen pray'r; church bell da toll,
Tha dooer is aupen wide;
Bit ony two'r dree totterin voke
Is zeed ta goo inzide.

Var tis tha annal Otter Hunt,
An za vine tha weather,
Spourtsmin, vrim town, an thay aroun
Be hurryen tagether.

[369]

Maing crazy-bets, and cuckoo vlowers,
An, maing dewy grasses;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

Come spourtsmin in ther jackets green,
Along we gaiter'd lasses.

Tha Cuckoo's ever welcome note
Za mellar vills tha grove;
An vrim yan copse, a Nightingale,
Za sweetly trills he's love.

Tha zun shines vrim a cloudless sky,
Zoft winds waffs gentle gales;
Tha hounds begin ta snuff tha scent,
Their yelpen vills tha vales.

Tha Maaster blows he's zilver barn;
Hounds, knaa tha welcome call,
An headlong in tha zilvery stream,
Tha laders rush asprawl.

Ael up an down, tha streamlet thay:
We hager eyes da look,
Thay poke their leetle noses in
Ta every leetle nook.

Tha brillent Kingvisher's loud wail.
Vloats on tha marnen air,
As maingst the willer roots, the hounds
Disturbs his pacevul lair.

An to an vro, on hache baink go,
Thase merry huntin voke;
We poles, ta leap tha ditches wide,
An inta shallers poke.

[370]

On, on, thay go, we skip an jump
O'er hedges, ditches, stiles.

Weout ado; tha lasses too;
Beamin we artless smiles.

Tha vlooded mead, nooan o'm da mine,
Nar muddied; nar wet veet,
Zich leetle things, thay trate we scam,
When Otter Hounds da meet.

Now to tha withy bade thame come:
Ael hearts goo pit a pat,
A bwoy da swear: a Otters there,
Zome zed, praps twur a rat.

A village yokel, looken on,
Bawls out, "Iar bless me zawl:
If I did'n zee a vurry thing
Rin inta thic girt hawl."

An leetle Lucy, vows she zeed,
A Otter near tha drawin;
Zoo huntsman puts tha hounds ta wirk
A yelpen an a pawen.

He's hiden in tha trunk var zure.
Tha hager spourtsmin cry;
If zoo; we zoon ull have un out,
Ar knaa tha razon why.

Jack: bring tha leetle spanniel here;
He'll zoon the trunk azend:
Now spourtsmin ael, look purty sharp,
He'll bolt out tother end.

[371]

The leetle spanniel did bow wow,
Ta scare poor leetle Otter,
An Jack, zoon at tha tother end,
Zings out, begar I've got her.

We zitemint ael, turn'd var ta zee:
Ther's no mistake in that,
There wur tho: var Jack in he's yarms,
Held vast a *Tabby Cat*.

A roar a laffen then went up,
Vrim thay as rin'd ta zee;
Poor puss wur vreed; an zoon wur perch'd.
Up in a willer tree.

"Well! well"! zays ael tha spourtin voke;
"Dear me," zays leetle Lucy,
"How coold I zoo mistaken be,
Not ta know a pussy."

Her brother, he mist teak tha blame,
Cos he hadden taught her;
To discern a *Tabby Cat*
Vrim a river Otter.

Ael laff'd, but nooan look'd merrier,
Then tha good woold Maaster,
Who wur za glad; Puss hadden met,
We any cruel disaster.

Tha hounds look'd on, we tearvul eyes,
Ael on em convounded;
Ta zee thic cat rin up tha tree,
Thay look'd up astounded.

[372]

On topmwoast branch, we gleamin eyes;
Puss watch'd tha dreaded voe,
Yelpen an racin vuriously,
Aroun tha tree below.

Var Otter vlesh an blood thay wur
Ael crazy to get at,
An veit disgusted when thay voun:
Twur nuthen bit a cat.

The day wore on; no luck at ael,
Thay cooden vine ther quarry;
Zoo hungry back ta kennels went,
Tha hounds, looken main zorry.

Tha spurten men, an lasses too:
No vurder keer'd ta roam,
Zoo gather'd up ther skirts an staves,
An zoon mead tracks vor whoam.

An thus did end, thic Otter Hunt,
In merrie month a May,
When Tom the drowners *Tabby Cat*
Led ael tha vield astray.

* * * * *

Now spourten voke, when next ya hunt
Tha Nadders windin water;
Look up yer Nateril Histery .
Ta tell ee Cat vrim Otter.

May, 189—.

[NP]

GLOSSARY

OF

WILTSHIRE DIALECT WORDS

SPOKEN IN THE

NEIGHBOURHOOD OF SALISBURY.

*Compiled by E. SLOW,
Author of the Wiltshire Rhymes and Tales.*

SALISBURY:
R. R. EDWARDS. CASTLE STREET,
79,146.

[3]

INTRODUCTION.

The most prominent features of the Wiltshire Dialect (as indeed it is in all the counties comprising the ancient kingdom of Wessex) is the substitution of the letter Z for S, V for F, and often Y for H, thus: "*Zam* for Sam, *Varmer* for Farmer and *Yead* for Head, &c." For instance (Zi Gabblet wur draven a drove a pigs ta Zalsbury market one Tuesday, an a strainger ax'd un who tha leetle pigs belonged to? "Why thicky thar woold zow," zays Zi, yes; but I mean who's the owner? "Why Varmer Zimkins" zays Zi. "How much do you expect to get for them in the market" zays strainger? "Well, as things da goo in tha pig line" zays Zi, "I specs thay'll vetch haight ar nine shillins a *yead*."

To those not resident in this immediate neighbourhood some of these words will no doubt appear foreign and misgivings may arise as to their being genuine dialect, but every word here set down I have heard from the mouths of our labouring folk, not be it observed, by those residing in, or near to, our country towns where the good old patois is fast disappearing; but by the old fashioned peasantry dwelling in remote villages and hamlets scattered here and there over our Wiltshire downs, and who rarely come in contact with the "Arrys and Arriets" from town with their jaw breaking jargon.

In my many long rambles, I have purposely engaged in conversation with the Shepherd on the down, the Ploughman in the field, the Woodman and Keeper in the copse, and the General Labourer about the farm, in order to glean from their own mouths words in their purest simplicity. On these occasions I invariably used the broadest vernacular I am capable of, so that it never once entered their minds, or had they the remotest suspicion (A chiel was amangst them taken notes). I have had the great pleasure of hearing from their own lips most of the Dialect Tales already published.

[4]

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Wiltshire Moonraker's* (1903)

I make no pretence whatever to give the etymology of the words contained in this Glossary, that happily has now been accomplished by abler pens than mine.*

The pronunciation is a somewhat difficult matter, different localities have different pronunciations. Take the word Home, pronounced *Wom*, *Whoam* and *Wimm*. For instance (Bob says "I'd got a good mine to goo *Wom*, Zunday," "Why, whats want ta goo *Wimm* var," zays Jarge? "Why, hassen yeard, Jarge," zays Dan? "Why Bob there, 's gwain ta be *caal'd Whoam* on Zunday, an I specs he wants to goo an yer if Passen rades it out aelright.")

Cold is also pronounced *Cwoold* or *Cawuld*. Pudding, *Pudden* or *Pooden*, &c.

Philologists and writers of CountyDialects are one and all lamenting the decadence of the language of our forefathers as a speech. But it is gratifying to know that the English Dialect Society has done a grand and noble work in preserving for all time our various County Dialects in their inimitable publications. I trust my humble efforts have in some measure assisted this preservation.

The Author of the Wiltshire Rhymes and Tales.

Wilton, 1908.

* See the English Dialect Society's Publications.

[5]

GLOSSARY
OF
WILTSHIRE WORDS.

A.

Abeare, to endure

Ackerdish, awkward

Acoose, of course

Ache, each

Ael, all

Ael-a-mang, all among

Ael-in-a-charrn, all talking together

Ael-a-skew, all on one side

Agg, to hack

Agean, again

Agog, eager

Ails, the beards of barley

Alius, always

Amwoast, almost

Amper, to hinder

Anighst, near to

Anchor, the chape of a buckle

Anotomy, a very thin person

Apast, after

Apse, a door fastener

Archet, the orchard

Arnery, plain looking

Arra-one, never a one

Arg, to contradict

Arn, one, the converse of narn

Ashen, made of ash

Ast, ask

Athout, without

Atterclaps, consequences

Athirt, across

Atter, after

Auver, over

Auver-drow'd un, upset it

Auerrachen, unfair dealing

Avore, before

Aveard, afraid

Awun, own

Ax, to ask

B.

Ballyrag, abuse

Baig, bag

Barm, yeast

Bavin, an untrimmed faggot

Bandy, a crooked stick

Bandy-laiged, bow legged

Barnicles, spectacles

Baignet, bayonet

Baiger, a beggar

Bailee, the bailiff

Bannicks, barley cakes

Backur, tobacco

Barken, a rick yard

Bee-hackle, straw, hive covering

Bellar, to cry like a bull

Beest, are you

Beant, am not

Bezom, a broom

Begar, an exclamation

Becaal, to abuse

Backzide, the back yard

Bennetts, withered stalks of grass

Bist, art thou

Bivver, to tremble

Bide, to stay

Bissen, you are not

Binch, bench

Bird-battenen, catching birds at night

Bird-squoilin, killing birds with stones

Bin, been

Bime bwy, bye and bye

Bill-hook, a chopper with hooked point

Bloomin-hot, excessive heat

Boys love, the herb southernwood

[6]

Brow or Brash, brittle

Burrow, a rabbit's hole

Billis, bellows

Bibbity-bobbin, jumping up and down

Blades, waggon shafts

Blooens, blossoms

Blab, to tell secrets

Blood-alley, the taw marble

Blackbob, a cockroach

Black pooden, pudding made of pig's blood

Blackymoor. a Negro

Bloody-warriors, the dark wallflower

Blare, to bellow

Blurt, to speak bluntly

Bobbish, pretty well in health

Bouarden, made of board

Boreshores, hurdle stakes

Brise, to press

Browbeat, to bully
Bran-new, quite new
Bruckly, brittle
Bread-an-cheese, mallow seeds
Breacers, braces
Bramstickle, a stickleback minnow
Brack, an opening
Brudge, the bridge
Butty, a mate
Bust, to burst
Busters, large ones
Burlin, removing knots from cloth of felt
Bunch-a-vives, the fist
Bumbailee, the sheriff's officer
Bundle-off, go off
Bwytle, a large mallet
Bwoy, boy
Bwoold, bold
Bwile, to boil
Bwony, bony
Bynd-bye, later on

C.

Cabbidge, cabbage
Caddle, confusion
Caddlin, meddling
Cass'n, can you not
Cackle, small talk
Caig-maig. inferior meat
Carr, to carry
Carriage, a drain

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Cantankerous, quarrelsome

Caavy, a childish fellow

Caal'd whoam, publishing the banns

Caakin, to cry like a hen

Carn, corn

Cestificat, certificate

Chimley, chimney

Chidlins, pigs inwards

Chop, to barter

Charrin, household work

Chuck, to throw

Chayers, chairs

Childern, children

Chile, child

Charm, confusion

Chimps, potato shoots

Chern, to churn

Chaak, chalk

Chap, a young man

Cham, to chew

Chillempton, Chillhampton

Clane, clean

Clod-hopper, a clumsy fellow

Clacker, the tongue

Clap, to put in

Clump, a knot of trees

Clakkers, pattens

Clodpole, an awkward fellow

Claps, to clasp

Clim, to climb

Clout, a blow

Clapsknife, a pocket knife

Cluster-a-vive, the fist

Clumps, awkward feet

Clit, confused

Claa, to claw

Comical, queer, curious

Coom-hidder, call to a horse

Cocksure, certain

Conk, the nose

Contrapshun, a contrivance

Coos'n, could'st not

Cooden, could not

[7]

Coathed, a peculiar sheep disease

Cow-babby, a childish fellow

Conker-berries, fruit of the dog rose

Cooch -grass, fibrous grass

Coopyhouse, a little house

Cocky, impudent

Crope, to creep

Crownd, a crown

Crumple, to squeeze rudely

Crazybet, the large butter cup

Crowner, the coroner

Crousty, cross, sour tempered

Craat, the croft

Crowdy, apple tart

Crowst, crust

Crock, an old pot

Crandum, the throat

Craater, creature

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Critch, a deep earthen jar

Croodle, to coo

Croopee, to stoop down

Crosspatch, an ill-tempered child

Crids, curds

Crick-crack, words not understood

Cubbyhole, a snug corner

Cute, knowing

Cutty, the wren

Cuss, to curse

Curdles, curls

Cuddle, to embrace

Cwoat, coat

Cwoold, cold

Daddicky, rotten

Dapster, a proficient

Daglits, icicles

Dall or dang, an exclamation

Dapper, lively, quick

Dased, stupid

Daater, daughter

Daddy-long-leg, the spider "tipula"

Dapsow'n, likeness to

Dally, an exclamation

Daffydowndilly, the dafodil

Dang-ee, bless you

Desperd, desperate

Deuce-a-bit, never a bit

Deawbit, an early breakfast

Deaw, the dew

Deawbeater, one who turns out his toes

Diff, deaf

Dilly-dally, to delay

Dish-waisher, the wagtail

Diggles, plentiful

Dibbs, sheeps knuckle-bones

Dilcup, the small butter cup

Did'ner, did he not

Dinger, a blow on the ear

Di-dapper, a dapchick

Downhaggered, disconsolate

Doff, to take off

Dowsty, dusty

Dogged, very determined

Don, to put on

Dout, to extinguish

Dowse, a blow

Down-along, down street

Downdacious, audacious

Dowdy, stunted in growth

Downarg, to contradict

Drush, the Thrush

Drink, beer or cider

Draen, drawing

Droo, to go through

Drow, to throw

Drattle, much talk

Drawt, the throat

Drout, dry, thirsty

Draats, cart shafts

Draggle-tail, an untidy woman

Drash, to thresh

Drunge, to squeeze

Drowd, thrown

Drashel, the threshold

Dree, three

Drust, to thrust

Drong, a crowd

Drang-way, a narrow parage

Drucked, fill'd to overflowing

Drubben, a beating

Drid, to thread

Drat, an imprecation

Drap, a drop

[8]

Draa-sheave, a wheelwright's draw knife

Drove, a sheep-way

Dry, thirsty

Dumbledore, the bumble bee

Dutter, to confuse

Duckstone, a game with stones

Dumpy, short and thick

Durns, doorposts

Dunner, done for

Duffer, not up to much

Dunno, don't know

Dunch-nettle, the stingless variety

Dwoant, dont

E.

Eave, to sweat

Eece, yes

Elem, made of elm

Eltrot, the wild parsnip

Elements, the atmosphere

Empt, to pour off

Emmet, the Ant

Er, he

Evelt, the newt

Exe, the axle

Etyeant, it's not

Fantaig, fluster

Fellers, fellows

Fess, proud

Feace, face

Feller, a contemptible person

Fettle, in condition

Fiather or Feyther, father

Figgetty pooden, plum pudding

Fingers and thumbs, furze flowers

Flump, to fall heavily

Flush, well stocked with cash

Flick, to flare

Flopperty, untidy

Flobberchops, an expletive

Fleck, the fat of a pig

Fluke, liver disease in sheep

Flabber-gaster, idle talk

Fowsty, mouldy

Foxy, cunning

Fooced, forced

Forrad, forward

Frizzle, to perspire freely

Froar, frozen

Fractious, quarrelsome

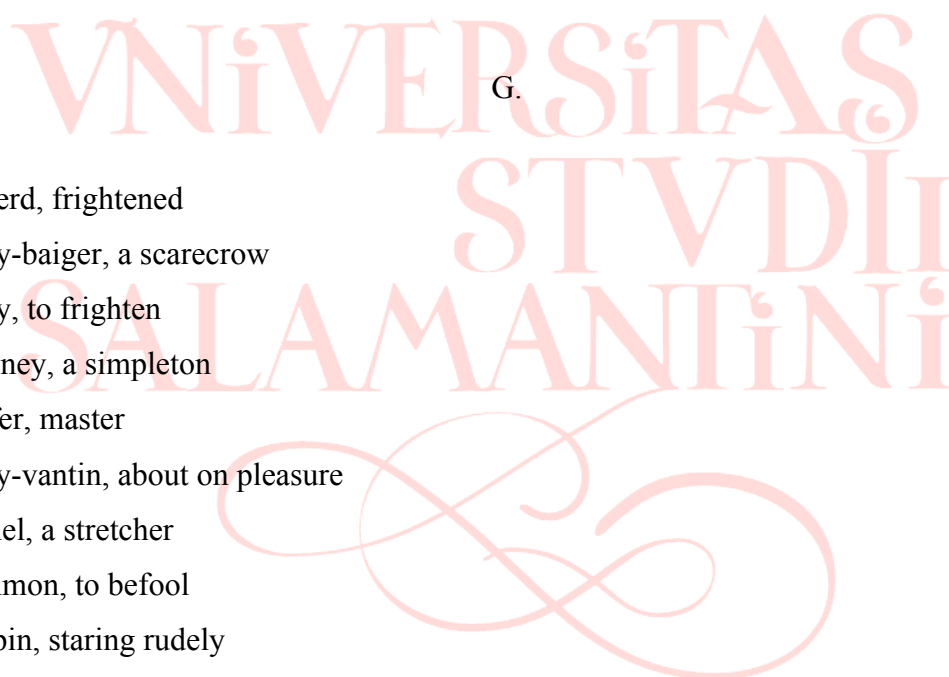
Frowten, to frighten

Fuddle, a drinking bout

Funky, timorous

Fur, far

Furder, farther



Gallerd, frightened

Gally-baiger, a scarecrow

Gally, to frighten

Gawney, a simpleton

Gaffer, master

Gally-vantin, about on pleasure

Gamel, a stretcher

Gammon, to befool

Gaapin, staring rudely

Gawky, an ungainly person

Gad, a heavy stick

Gadden about, idling about

Gearden, the garden

Geat, gate

Gee-wug, call to a horse

Gie, to give

Girt or Gurt, great, big

Girt-stup, great fool

Gigglin, romping

Gillyflowers, stocks

Glutch, to swallow

Glutcher, the throat

Gnaing, to mock

Gna-pwost, a simpleton

Goggles, spectacles

Gore, an exclamation

Gob, much talk

Goolden chain, the laburnum flowers

Goo, go

Goosgog, the gooseberry

Goodnow, an exclamation

Goosygander, a children's game

Goge, an exclamation at something repugnant

Gramfer, grandfather

Grammer, grandmother

[9]

Grasy, greasy

Grab, to seize

Grunter, a pig

Griskin, loin of a pig

Grinders, the teeth

Grounash, tough ash stick

Grouns, liquor deposits

Gumpshun, ingenuity

Guzzle, drink

Gudgeon, a barrow wheel axle

Gully, a narrow brook

Gwain, going

Harl, all in knots
Hank, dealings with
Hakker, to tremble
Handy, near to, clever
Harnen, made of horn
Ham, stalks of peas or potatoes
Hams, narrow pastures
Haggler, a pedlar
Haigraig, bewildered
Hangin, a hill side field
Hang-gallis, one who deserves hanging
Hauk, to clear the throat
Hastertide, Easter time
Hallerdy, holiday
Hanspike, a lever
Haaf, half
Handy, skilful
Haight, eight
Hamper, to disarrange
Hast, have you
Henge, pigs liver and lites
Het, to hit
Hetch off, to loosen horses from work
Heft, weight
Hern, hers
Het, heat
Here-right, this very spot
Herrin-pond, the sea
Hetter, the flat-iron
Heth, the hearth

His'n, his

Hike-off, move off

Hiden, a beating

Hice-pie, hide and seek

Hity-tity, here's a to do

Hitched up, walking arm-in-arm

Hile-a-whate, sheaves in a pile

Highst'n, hoist him

Houzen, houses

Holt, stop

Hostinger, the dragon fly

Hocks, legs

Hook-it, clear out

Hoot, wilt thou

Hollerd, hollowed

Holler, hollow

Hollie, to cry out

Hossler, ostler

Hobblehoy, a forward youth

Howsemever, however

Hopscratch, a game for boys

Hook, to gore

Huff, offence

Hud or Huddick, finger of a glove

Husband, a lazy villain

Hussey, a bad girl

Humstrum, a home-made fiddle

Hunbarrer, a tumulus

Hud, to hide

Hunk, a large piece

Humpy, cross

Hurly-gurly, a hand organ

The Salamanca Corpus: The Wiltshire Moonraker's (1903)

Hulk, a big lazy fellow
Hull-locky, here look ye
Hullabaloo, confusion
Hyn, him or he

I.

Idden, it's not
Id'no, I know
Idle, full of fun
Ile, oil
Inamwoast, nearly
Ine, hinder
Innerds, pigs entrails
Inon, onion
Ire, iron
Ivors, hanging woods
Izzard, the letter Z

J.

Jan, John
Janders, jaundice

[10]

Jan-chider, the nettle creeper
Jibbets, small pieces
Jiffey, in a moment
Jiggery-pokery, unfair dealing
Jist-a-about, out-and-out
Jiggetty, fidgety

Jist, just

Jimmy, a sheep's head

Jine, join

Jint, joint

Jonnick, fair in dealing

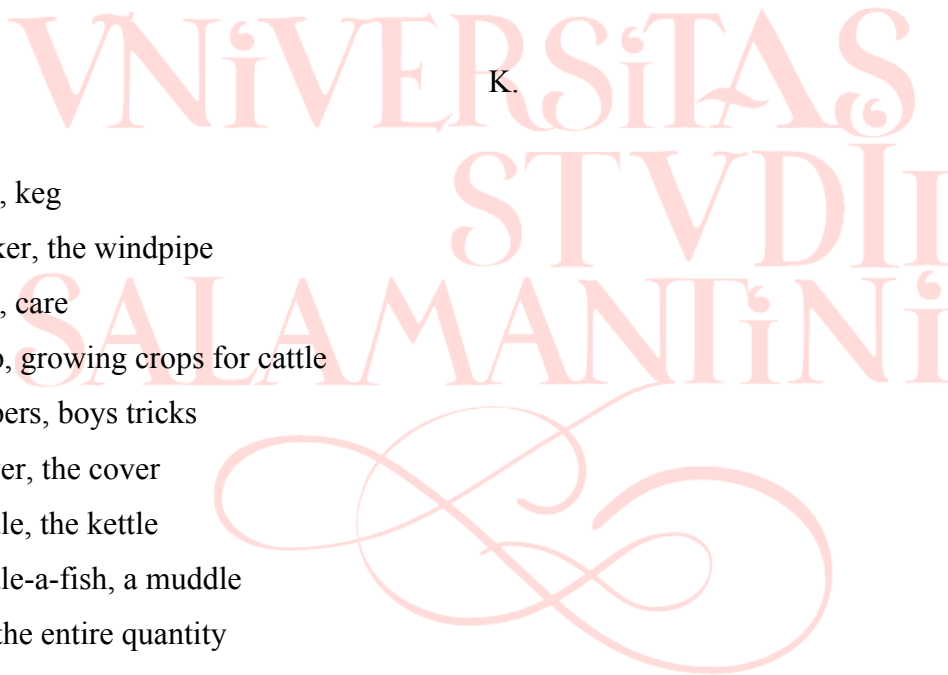
Joggetten, riding slowly

Jod, the letter J

Jut'un, touch or nudge him

Junk, a solid piece

Joggett, to trot gently



K.

Kaig, keg

Kekker, the windpipe

Keer, care

Keep, growing crops for cattle

Keapers, boys tricks

Kivver, the cover

Kiddle, the kettle

Kiddle-a-fish, a muddle

Kit, the entire quantity

Knap, a short steep road

Kotch, to catch

Koomb, grease from an axle box

L.

Lac-a-daisical, indifference

Latter-lammas, unpunctual

Laa, law

Lawks-a-massy, an exclamation

Laiggens, gaiters

Lavences, leavings

Lardy keake, cake made of lard

Lew, sheltered

Lerripen, a beating

Leer, hungry

Leazin, gleaning corn

Leetle, little

Leadies an-gennelmin, the wild arum

Leadies-vingers, the wild calceolaria

Lenth, loan of a thing

Lether, to flog

Lets, let us

Limbers, cart shafts

Linse-pin, an axle pin

Litsom, lightsom

Lissen, list to

Lief, rather

Libbets, fragments

Longful, long, tedious

Loggerheads, disagreement

Lovenidolds, the wild pansy

Loozeed, lost

Loanesom, lonely

Looby, dull headed

Lout, a lazy fellow

Loll, to lop

Lollopers, idle fellows

Lwoad, load

Louath, loth

Lug, a rod of land

Lumperin, stumbling

Lush, drink

Lunnen, London

Lumpy, heavy

Lynch, a hillside bank

M.

Maggotty, frisky, playful

Maggotten, meddling

Main, very, great.

Maig, a peg

Mabby, possibly

Marnen, morning

Mander, to crow over

Marly, streaked with fat and lean

Massy-on-ess, mercy on us

Martil, very

Mealy-mouthed, soft speech

Mear, the mare

Med, might

Metheglin, weak mead

Med'n, might not

Measter, master

Min, remember, bear in mind

Mickle, much

Miff, offence

Millard, the miller

Mixen, the dung heap

Mid, may

Mineteed, inclined
Mizmeased, stunned
Midger, to measure
Minnny, a diminutive person
Miller, a white moth
Moocher, the blackberry
More, the root
Mothery, thick, mouldy
Moke, the donkey
Mollygrubs, pains in the stomach
Mollycoddle, an effeminate man
Moonraker, native of Wiltshire
Mossel, morsel
Mouch, playing truant
Moor'n, more
Muddle, confusion
Muggy, close hot weather
Mug, the face
Muggle, disarrangement
Mus'n, must not
Mudlark, a dirty child
Mun, man
Mucker, a miserly person
Mungin, eating slowly
Mwourn, to mourn
Mwore, more
Mwould, mold

N.

Naggle, to grumble
Nammet, victuals

Narn, not one

Napp, a hillock

Nar-a-one, never-a-one

Nayshun, extremely

Narrer, narrow

Naisy, noisy

Nawtheren, northern

Neet, not yet

Neam, name

Niest, nearest

Nineter, a skinflint

Nipper, a little fellow

Nippy, stingy

Nitch, a bundle of gleaned corn

Ninkcompoop, a silly fellow

Ninny, a soft head

Nire, nearer

Noa, no

Noghead, a blockhead

Noration, much talk

Nooan, none

Norra-one, none

No-tidden, 'tis not

Nott-cow, a cow without horns

Nuncheon, luncheon

Nuncle, uncle

Numb, cold

Nut, the nave of a wheel

O.

Oaves, eaves

Obstropolis, hard to control

O'm, them

Ongainly, awkward

Ony, only

Ooman, woman

O'en, of him

O't or O'nt, of it

Oorra-one, any

Owers or Ourn, ours

Owdacious, incorrigible

Paink, to pant

Pankeake, a pancake

Passen, the parson

Pasmets, parsnips

Paeth, pith of stalks

Passel, quantity

Panshards, broken pottery

Pasley, parsley

Pasesticken, sticks to train peas

Peaper, paper

Peapern, made of paper

Peart, impertinent

Peart, to part

Peeweet, the plover

Peckker, the nose

Peckish, hungry

Perseen, pretend to

Pegs, pigs

Piccady, to point

Picked, looking ill

Pitchin, flint paving

Pickyback, to ride on anothers shoulders

Pinney, pinafore

Pitch, to load

Pips, small seeds

[12]

Pigberries, hawthorn berries

Pippery, hot tempered

Pithole, the grave

Plim, to swell

Plaze, to please

Plock, a block

Plazen, places

Pook, a hay cock

Popplestoan, a pebble

Prise, to lever

Preamble, a long story

Pus, purse

Pummy, to pound

Putt, a dung cart

Putlug, bar used in building

Purty, pretty

Pudbaiger, the water spider

Pussyvan, in a temper

Pussy, a hare

Pussycats, hazel tree pollen

Pucker, perplexity

Pwint, a pint

Pwost, post

Q.

Quarr, a quarry

Quare, ill tempered

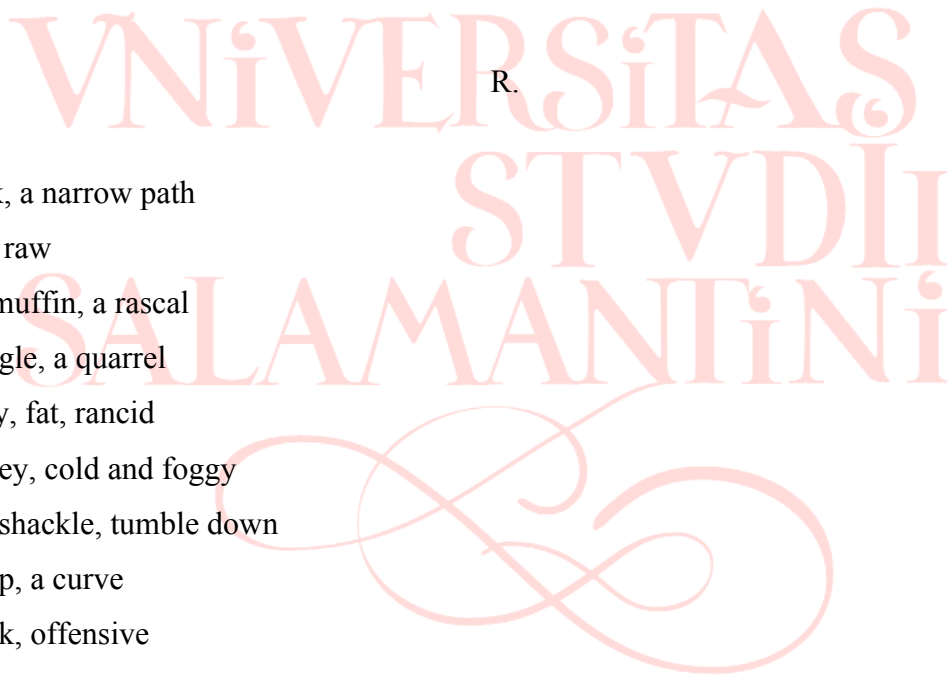
Quat, to sit

Quiddle, to make a fuss

Quine, coin

Quirk, to grunt

Quod, jail



R.

Rack, a narrow path

Raa, raw

Ragmuffin, a rascal

Raingle, a quarrel

Rafty, fat, rancid

Ramey, cold and foggy

Ramshackle, tumble down

Ramp, a curve

Raink, offensive

Randy, a merry making

Rades, to read

Rammel-cheese, cheese made of raw milk before skimming

Raste, rest

Rawney, boney

Refters, rafters

Reaves, rails of a waggon

Reed, straw reserved for thatching

Revel, village club feast

Rhaan, to eat voraciously

Rid, red

Riphook, hook for reaping

Rig, to climb about

Rowts, ruts

Rozzim, resin

Ropey, thick drink

Rungs, ladder rungs

Rusty, restive

Rumpus, a row

Rubble, rubbish

Ruddle, red ochre

Rummage, to hunt up

Rubidge, rubbish

Rumish, queer

Saace, impudence

Sack, dismissal

Sarr, to serve

Sawney, a thick head

Sard, served

Samel, Samuel

Sawl, soul

Sauf, as if

Scran, food

Scrunge, to squeeze

Scrunch, to crunch

Scraig, inferior

Scruff, back of the neck

Scrump, hard baked

Scroopedee, to make a grinding noise

Scroff, fragments of chips

Scroop, scraped

Scauf, the trick stick of a waggen

Screechety, creaking

Scramb, to scramble

Scrouge, to press

Scuff, to drag with the feet

Scamper, to run away

Scrubby, inferior, or ill shaped

Shat, wilt

Shram'd, benumbed

Sharps, shafts of a trap

[13]

Shab-off, go off

Shriggin, hunting for apples

Snugger, sugar

Shaant, will not

Sheum, shame

Shackle, loose

Shilly-shally, indecision

Shards, broken ware

Shimmy, chemise

Shitsack, oak apple and leaf

Shrowd, to trim trees

Shovapenny, a game with halfpence

Shutleck, cross bars of a waggon

Shatten, shalt not

Shirk or Slink-off, decamp

Shine, bother

Shindy, a row

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Shackles, hurdle ties

Sig, urine

Skillen, the pent house

Skyblue, watered milk

Skimmer-keake, cake made of refuse dough

Skilly, weak broth

Skeace, scarce

Skeacity, scarcity

Skimitin, a night randy

Slaish, to carve awkwardly

Slat, cracked

Slut, an untidy woman

Slack, impudence

Slent, a rent

Slewed, drunk

Slobber, to eat greedily

Slammick, a slattern

Slipgibbet, a young scapegrace

Slippty-sloppity, an untidy woman

Slouch, to walk carelessly

Slire, to look askance

Sloggen, a beating

Slew-un-roun, turn it round

Slommakin, untidy

Smaam, to plaster with the hands

Smirt, sharp pain

S'marnen, morning

Smock vrock, a canvas overgarment

Smatter, a mess

Smock, a shirt

Smeart, smart

Snaig, a sloe

Snap, to bite

Snicker, to laugh insultingly

Snooze, a nap

Snoff, snuff the candle

Snaig, wild damson

Snowl, a large piece

Snotch, a notch

Snop, a blow

Snuff-rag, the handkerchief

Soord, sword

Sog, soft ground

Sogged, wet through

Sparribils, small nails

Spainken, showy

Spatter-daishers, leggings

Sprack, lively

Spooney, a soft head

Split-vig, a short-weight grocer

Spit'o'n, just like him

Spirit, to gush out

Sploach, splutter

Spurl, to scatter

Spicey, very fine

Spuddle, to make a mess

Spuds, potatoes

Spudgel, a wooden scoop

Spreathed, inflamed skin

Speers, stalks of reed grasses

Spry, lithsome

Spwile, to spoil

Spyzon, poison

Spoose, suppose

Squailins, ungathered apples

Squat, to sit down

Squoil, to throw at

Squot, to crush

Staddles, rick stone pillars

Staid, of mature age

Stannen, a stall

Stoune, a stone

Stounen, made of stone

Stingy, mean

Stinger, a sharp frost

Stingo, strong beer

Stoated, killed by stoats

[14]

Stomachy, unbending

Stoore, to stir

Straddle, astride

Stunnen, first rate

Strainger, a stranger

Strainge, strange

Stearin, gazing rudely

Strakes, segments of iron plates for wheel binding

Stubs, stubble

Strim-strum, unmusical

Stud, a reverie

Strouter, waggon side supports

Stogged, stuck

Strachy, stiff in manner

Stem or Spell, period of time

Stawl, stole

Straa, straw

Stouls, stumps of trees

Stean, to line with stones

Straight, immediately

Snant, even, smooth

Swaakely, Swallowcliffe village

Swaller, to swallow

Swath, rows of cut grass

Swop, to barter

Swish, a hissing sound

Swab, a mop

Swaig, money

Swankey, drink

Swig, to drink

Swipes, bad drink

Sweet-worte, cider from the press

T.

Tackle, to manage

Taffety, nice in eating

Tallet, loft over stable

Tally, to match or agree

Tarblish, middling in health

Tawl, to entice

Tan, to make a noise

Tantrim, in a hurry

Taesel, agricultural implements

Tulen, refuse corn

Try-[?]iddle, broth, bread with butter soaked in hot water

Teart, sour

Teant, it's not

Terryable, terrible

Tewly, weakly

Tedd, to spread grass from the swath

Teaties, potatoes

Thic, that

Thirt, across

Theesem, these

Theesun, this one

Thern, theirs

Thingamy, not good for much

Thiller, the shaft horse in a team

Thic-thar, that one

Timmersom, timid

Tidden, it's not

Tilt, a van hood

Tiney, diminutive

Tiddle, to tickle

Ting tang, the church bell

Tippertant, a young upstart

To-do, noise, confusion

Togs, clothes

Tom-bwoy, a forward girl

Touch-weod, dry rotten wood

Toww, tough

Townd, town

Totherem, the others

Tommy, victuals

Tommy-baig, bag to carry food

Tolable, tolerable

Toot, to make a shrill noise

Trapes, a sloven

Trounce, to punish

Truckle, a small cheese

Trowjers, trousers

Trotters, boiled sheep's feet

Trimmin, very great

Trig, neat, trim

Turmets, turnips

Tut-work, piece work

Tutty, a nosegay

Twadden, 'twas not

Twerden, it was not

Twilen, toiling

Twit, reproach

Twoad, toad

Twoad-stabber, a bad knife

Twer, it was

[15]

Twilley hole, an opening made in hurdles

Twunt, it wont

Twould, told

Twig, to look

Twoadsmate, fungus

T'year, this year

U.

Uglymug, ill-looking

Ull-lockee, look d'ye see

Underds, hundreds

Un, he

Unempty, to empty

Unthaw, to thaw

Up-a-long, up street

Up-top-on-un, on the top of it

Upsides, to be even with

V.

Varmint, an imprecation

Varmin, vermin

Valee, value

Varden, a farthing

Vamp, walking

Vawer, four

Vast, fast

Vail, fall

Vallens, snow-fall

Vallers, fallows

Var, far

Veace, face

Vier, fire

Vind, to find

Vinny, blue, mouldy

Vield, field

Vize, Devizes town

Vive, five

Vire-lock, a musket

Vire-dogs, bars to burn wood logs on

Villy, fellow of a wheel

Virs, firs

Vlea, flea

Vlitch, a side of bacon

Vlitters, rags, tatters

Vlail, a threshing tool

Vlonkers, sparks of fire

Vlinters, all to pieces

Vlee, to fly

Vlint, flint

Vlint-hearted, hard-hearted

Vlamin, showy

Vlocks, flocks

Vloor, floor

Vlop, flop

Vlutter, in a hurry

Vore-spur, fore leg of a pig

Voke, folk

Vortin, fortune

Vollie, to follow

Vor't, for it

Vore-eyed, looking ahead

Vorright's, overrights, opposite

Vool, fool

Volshores, hurdle stakes

Vrim, from

Vriz, froze

Vur, far

Vurder, farther

Vuzz, furze

Vuzzen, made of furze

Vuzzhacker, the whinchat

Vust, first

W.

Wagwants, nodding grasses

Wace, west

Waant, a mole

Waaste, stye on the eye

Wag, to stir

Wallop, to flog

Warn'd, I warn

Waastern, western

Warr, beware

Werden, was not

Whay, call to a horse to stop

Wheedle, to get round

Whicker, to neigh

Whinnick, to cry like a horse

Whopper, a big one

Whipwiles, mean whiles

White-livered, pale looking

Whipper-snapper, a little upstart

Whate, wheat

Wink or Winch, handle of a grindstone

Winder, window

[16]

Winvall, good fortune

Wimm, to winnow

Withy, willow

Withwine, the wild convolvus

Withies, willow twigs

Wizzer, a big one

Wiggle, to creep in

Wirey, tough

Wisp, a tuft of hay or straw

Wivver, to nutter

Wissgigin, larking

Wizzened, shrivelled

Woak, the oak

Wopse, wasp

Wobble, to sway

Woog, call to a horse

Wom, Whoam or Wimm, home

Wordle, the world

Woold, old

Wosbird, an imprecation

Woth, worth

Wridgsty, back chain for shafts

Wropper, a coarse apron

Wunt, wont

Wuss, worse

Wussty, to get worse

War or Wuz, was or were

Wuts, oats

Y.

Yacre, an acre

Yander, yonder

Yarms, arms

Yaanbry, Yanborough

Yaller-janders, yellow-jaundice

Yale, ale

Yeppern, apron

Yeak, to ache

Yead, the head

Yeanter, is he not

Yecarns, acorns

Yeable, able

Yeamsbry, Amesbury town

Yelms, bundle of straw for thatching

Yelmstock, a stick to carry bundles of straw

Yop, to help

Yokel, a country clown

Yote, to drink greedily

Yourn, yours

Z.

Zaa, saw

Zaa-hoss, horse to saw sticks on

Zaft, soft

Zart, sort

Zartin, certain

Zand, sand

Zammy, a simpleton

Zarrer, sorrow

Zalsbry, Salisbury

Zapplin, a young tree

Zarves, serves

Zard, served

Zarvice, service

Zeed, saw

Zeven, seven

Zidelin, side long

Zive, scythe

Zim, seem

Zizes, assizes

Zingeration, a musical party

Zix, six

Zing, to sing

Ziderkin, weak cider

Zich, such

Zidlock, in hiding

Zooap, soap

Zooner, quicker

Zoun, sound

Zounds, an exclamation

Zoaker, a drunkard

Zoo, so

Zorrens, serving

Zooart, sort

Zow, the female pig

Zow, to sow

Zowlger, a soldier

Zowl, soul

Zur, sir

Zummat, something

Zuckblood, the common leech

Zucker, sprout from the root

Zundy, Sunday

Zwaing, to swing

Zwann, to swarm