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[2]

NOTES ON THE COMING ELECTION

[BY R. GILES.]

ZUR,—Laest week yer press ov nuse was sitch

I did but hinterdoose the witch,

Hopin this week yu'd vend the rume,

Vor me the storey tu resume.

But hot is shore tu be the kase,

Wen tew or moar rin in a rase,

Zo 'tis tu-day I luke tu vind,

Thit in the rase I'm left beehind.

'Tis Lib'ral wan an Tory tew,

Wile Gude Old Times is not in vue;

Seekfish an Dewus be the pare,

Justice an Bolus in ther rare.

Wan aw min's hot thay kal Q. C.,

Tether, no dowt, wud like tu be;

I may zay, zur, thay've boath bin yer,
Thare komin made but littel ster,
Thay mus hadmit thit hess be quiet,
Thare was no fiten, row, nor riot,
Well then yu trayt us tu a change,
Yong Lipinton's down vrom the Grange,
An jist tu vill the time between,
He's tratted owt hupon the grean.
He an Dabuses jump an prance,
An nex purform a kuntry danse,
An then, like thay wis vallin owt,
Thay "Wallop" wan the tether howt.
This thing reminds me ov the kase
Ov tu men livin in wan plase;
Thay hoften tuke a mornin walk,
An past the time in plessant talk.
Wan day, as thay was owt arown
Together, thay a hoyster vownd;
Jones was the fust tu zee the prize,
Brown snatched it hup avaur his hies.
Thay got tu words abowt the fish,
Tu take it hoam thay boath wud wish;
Tu kut it short, pon thare way hoam,
Thay kald tu zee wan Torney Brome,
Stated thare kase, axed his hadvise,
Ses Brome, "I'll settel't in a trice.
Now, gentlemen, this is my plan,
It shall be fare 'twixt man an man,"
Plasin wan man on ayther zide,
He dith the hoyster shell deevide,
Then in a twink, tu thare surprize,
He bolts the hoyster vaur thare hies.

(Yu've zeed the picter, zur, no dowt,
Ov how he suped the hoyster owt.)
Ses he, "It hath no skin nor bones,
Yer Mr. Brown and Mr. Jones,
A shell vor thou, a shell vor thee,
The hoyster is the lawyer's fee."
Thay laffed it hoff, an both agreed,
Twas fun tu zee the lawyer feed.
Wanse thay had differ'd, twassen long
Aaur thay boath agen went rong,
Brown vownd a sheap mangst Jones's lot,
An zed, "A splendid prize I've got,
An zinse it was on common grownd,
I'll keep the sheap thit I hev vownd."
Jones zed, "'Twas vownd amangst my flock,
I claym it, 'twill himpruve my stock."
Agen thay quarrell'd, wen tu corte,
(Vor lawyers this was comely sporte.)
Brown zed, "We'll fite it, fase tu fase."
Thare vengeful bosoms burned like fire,
An aich wan did a lawyer hire.
Boath ov mun playded well an long,
Aich held the tether's client rong.
Thare anger way thare playdin raise,
Wan time twas feerd thay'd kom tu blows.
Wen they had awl thare fury spent,
An still no sine ov settelment,
The judge revude the hevidense,
Wich cleerly shaw'd malise *prepense*,
Sitch kases he had seldom tride,
Rayley, he'd rather not deeside,
If thay cude settel't he shude zay,

'Twud be a much moar plessant way,
Wan Lawyer to the tether bends,
As if he wanted to make frends,
An wisper'd somthin in his ear,
But hot he zed, wis not quite cleer.
Then he raise hup an ses "My Lord,
Will yu allow anether word"?
His Lordship zed thare skase was need,
That he shude zay he was agreed.
The Lawyer zed, "Hot I suggest
Is that hess think, it wude be best,
Way owt discussin poynts ov law
Hess boath will vrom the kase withdraw."
His Lordship zed, "I du happrove,
Go live my men in payse an love,
As naythur zide has won nor lost,
'Tis as avaur hexcept the cost."
Zo wen thare costely kase has hended,
Thay boath the cortely stares deesended,
Wen wan the fules wis shock'd tu vend,
His Lawyer spaykin tu his frend.
So he goes auver, an ses he,
"Lawyer, how's this, hexplayn't tu me,
I'm vexed that yume on talkin bent,
I thort yu wud his smiles resent,"
The Lawyer ses, "Thares no hoffense,
Owr seemin anger's awl pretense,
Lawyers like sissors be a made,
Wan zide, aloan, cude du no trade.
My frend and I, aich git a flat,
I take this zide, and he takes that,
Hess awlways squeeze, and wo beetide,

Hotever chance tu git inside,
An then aich time hess com together,
Kut awl betwayn, but not wan tether."
Rownd Bideford thay muss be flats,
Tu brayk abraud wan tether's hats,
An push an draw wan tether down,
An lye vull length hupon the grownd.
Tis an old tale well hunderstude,
"Muss be bad win that blows no gude."
Wen hats be brauk, som wan's the gayner,
Or if yu wish, I'll put it playner,
If lots ov hats be taur to shatters,
Thare shorely muss be trade vor Hatters,
Wan Hatter smiled, when towld the spree,
An zed, "put down one Chalk to me."
Wen ivery boddy is in baid,
Wan mite go hoam, way naked hed,
But in the mornin wen tis lite,
A hatless hed wud be a frite,
Zo hoff tu hatters, thay muss hie,
The daily needed hat to by,
The hatter dith his greaf hexpress,
"Zorry his frend got in the mess,"
The kustomer his tale believes,
The hatter laffs hup both his sleeves.
Wy is it thay be hup an down,
Wan day in village nex in town?
It taketh a longful time no dowt,
Way sitch bad rawds, to git abowt,
Muss thare be yuman dogs tu bark,
Tu git a man to make his mark,
Or dith it take months tu persuade,

A man wich way a mark is made.
How is it Zur thares zo much fuss?
It sims tu me the kase stands thus,
Tew men, both gude, stan vor wan plase,
Tis cleer thay cant boath win the rase,
Tu keep back aythur I'd beloath,
Zorry thare issen rume vor boath,
Wan tells oo Aygypt and Red Say,
But boath oo Queen an Hoam kuntery,
Hess shude hadmit that boath be rite,
Tho thay zee things in different lite,
Then wy shude nayburs disagree,
If boath alike thay may not zee?
Or wy shude I my brither press,
Tu vote the way that I think best;
If wan his fellow's vote controls,
Is he the awner oo tew sawls?
The liberty I'm proud tu veel,
I wud not vrom anether steel,
Wen the day comes will be the pinch,
Vrom duty no true man will flinch.
At moast 'tis but a game oo chance,
Wan man may niver gain but wanse,
The man thit gits moast marks will win,
Tether muss wayt wile he is in.

Welcombe 17th October, 1885

The Witch tale will be resumed next week.