

ZUMMERZET RHYMES
By "O. P. Q. Philander Smiff" & "Tommy Nutty"
By Tony Woolrich
Revised
24/07/2025

The mid nineteenth century was a time in English studies when the study of philology and dictionary-making burgeoned. The Philological Society, or London Philological Society, was established in 1842 and from 1857 proposed to create an up-to-date dictionary of the English language. This culminated in the publication on the Oxford English Dictionary.

Numerous local antiquarians recorded dialect. A shop-keeper, James Jennings (1772-1833) recorded the speech from round the Highbridge area, which he published in the pages of the *Monthly Magazine* in 1825 and also as a book in the same year. An enlarged version was edited by James Knight Jennings and published in 1869.

Frederick Elworthy, of Wellington, antiquary and cloth manufacturer, presented papers on Somerset dialect to the Philological Society, including *West Somerset Word – book* (1866) and another on in *The Dialect of West Somerset*. 1877

According to the introduction, the poems first appeared as supplements to the annual *Old Moore's Almanack* to which "Tommy Nutty" and "Philander Smiff" were contributing. "O. P. Q. Philander Smiff", was the pseudonym of Aglen A Dowty. Tommy Nutty", has not been traced, but the catalogue entry for the copy in the Somerset Studies library identified Tommy Nutty as a W Cook who has not been so far identified. No W. Cook is noted by Green, in his *Bibliotheca Somersetensis* (1903). It is not known when *Zummerset Rhymes* was first published in book form. Although the title page of the second edition has no date. Green has the date as 1889. The second edition has added a number of poems first published by Jennings.

The verses are not a true record of Somerset speech sounds, but a "Mummerzet" version, being written for humour and to be recited. Dowty did the same in quoted speech (usually of servants and rustics) in his short stories,

The page size was 4 1/2 in by 5 in, so smaller than A5.

“ ZUMMERZET ” RHYMES.

P O E M S

BY

“ JAN,” (“ O. P. Q. PHILANDER SMIFF,”)

AND

“ TOMMY NUTTY.”

—
Second Edition Enlarged.
—

ALSO A SELECTION FROM

“ POEMS IN THE DIALECT OF THE WEST
OF ENGLAND,”

BY THE LATE

JAMES JENNINGS.

LONDON :

HOULSTON & SONS, 7, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.

BRIDGWATER :

E. T. PAGE, FORE STREET.

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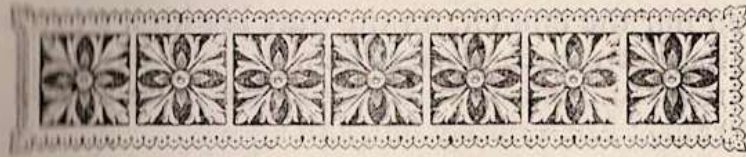
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All the Smiff poems concern events in Bridgwater, so are reproduced in full here



"ZUMMERZETZHIRE" RHYMES.

Jan's Visit to Bridgwater Fair.

'TWAR about eight o'clock on a vine Thursday morning,
When the wagin druv up to the geate,
And voath I did come, when they gied me the warning,
Detarmined I oud'nt be leate.
Then the wagin war vull, zo we no longer weated,
But started for Burgewater Vayer,
Nor stopped till at Knowle Inn the hosses we baited,
Zo by ten we all had got there.
There war vifteen in all that comed to Burgewater,
We war all on us rigged in our best,
Blue irbons war tied round the whep o' the carter,
A gilawfur in ivery vest.
Then o' coose thar war zum o' the veminine gender,
In the wagin, or else 'twud been slaw,
An as we rode on, we talked zoft and tender,
Vor we war thar volliers you know.
Well when we onlighted, down to the White Hart,
We tramped off in doos and in drees,
An I and my Vanny (vor she war my sweetheart),
Detarmined we'd teake our ease.
I zhawed hur the housen all clinged up together,
An zhe gazed on the winders zo gay ;

Zhe lookt all astunn'd an zhe cuden speake ether,
 Vor zhe'd never comed in till that day.
 I zhawed hur the church, an the gurt big high steeple,
 An the market-pleace close to han,
 Au the rever and zhips, an the drongs o' vine peple,
 An zhe zaid, 'Lor a mussy me, Jan!'
 We vollered at laast the swarms that had hasted
 Along the road to the vayer ;
 The zun war zo hot, we war amoost a basted,
 Avaur we got healfe way there.
 When we comed to the vield, Vanny got so delited,
 Zhe ded'nt knaw war to go vust.
 Zo I clapsed hold her arm, and sed, doont be excited,
 'Volly I, an doont meake a dust.'
 We went by the stannins, whar vairings was zet out,
 An biskeys an gingurbred nuts ;
 'Come Vanny,' zays I, 'vrom here let us get out,
 Lets goo to the pleace whar they shuts.'
 Zo when we comed there I vlinged down a copper,
 Zhut my eyes, and tookt up a gun ;
 'Aw! doont 'ee,' zaid Vanny, 'O Jan do'ee drop her,'
 Zays I, 'Van, tes only in vun!'
 I kep my eyes vast, and tugged to the trigger,
 The naise simed tremendous to me.
 But I het the plum cinter, and out popt a nigger,
 Zays the man, 'Well zhot zur,' zays he.
 He giv'd me the prize, sixty nuts twar in all,
 An axed me agin to let vly :
 'Now Jan, oh doont ee' my Vanny did call,
 'Zuppose he zhud bust in your eye !'
 Zo I lift well alone, an on we was vocatin.
 Tramping vrom pleace to pleace.
 Houlding our pusses, vor veer of pick pocketin ;
 When I zeed a chap urd in the vace.
 He war stud in a wagin a shouting like mad,
 A bawling an zcreaming war he,
 'Come here an have soverans vor shellins,' he said,
 'Come hether ah listen to me.'
 Right auver we went, an then zure enuff,
 He war gevin o' Brooches away.
 An Pins an Gold Lockets, an zich zart o' stuff ;
 Zays I, 'Vanny, here let us stay.'

' Look here, zays the vellah, ' look here, looky zee,
 Here's a brooch wuth several pounds,
 Now watch what I put in the box long wi he,
 Youll all want un then, I'll be boun'
 Wi that he zimmed to put lots of quine in,
 Healf-crowns, an shellins, and zitch ;
 An he zays, ' now a shellin I'll teake vor to buy un,'
 Zays Vanny, ' he must be a witch.'
 ' I'll have un zur, han un to me if you please,'
 Zays I, detarmined to win.
 ' Tes yours, zur he zed, ' now do teake your ease,'
 ' Teake un home avour you look in.'
 But I cudden weate long, so I off wi the cöver,
 Zights o money expecting to view,
 But twar all a teake in, I cud nothing discover,
 But the Brooch an a hapenny or two.
 ' Ah Jan,' ses my Vanny, ' what a gawkum theest be,
 To be hoaxt by a sharper like that ;
 If theest only a waited, an gived heed to me,
 ' Theest wouden ha been zitch a vlat.'
 ' Now Vanny,' said I, ' doont ee be quite so cross,
 I thoft the money was there ;
 Arter all it aint sich a very gurt loss,
 An the brooch shall be yourne to weare '
 By then we veeled hungred, so in we did turn,
 ' To a booth war dinners war sold,
 Zays the ooman to me what kept the concern,
 ' Will you teake ot meat sur, or cold ?'
 ' Cold missus, vor me ;' says Vanny, ' Vor I
 You mud bring some muggets and tay ;'
 Then figged pudden vor both I did buy,
 So we had a fine dinner that day.
 When dinner war auver, we sat vor a spell,
 To watch the drongs that trapsed by ;
 While the fiddle an horgan war playing as well,
 Which plased both Vanny an I.
 But we dednt set long, vor agen we went out,
 Zum more o the wonders to see ;
 An the theayter chancing jist then to be out,
 Zays Vanny, ' let's goo into he,'
 In we went, an sat vor an healfe hour or so,
 ' Till the curtin were drawed up, an then—

Aw ! my ! what a sight,—I'd neer seen zich a show,
 When the players to acty began.
 There were rale lords and leadies, all glistening wi gold,
 Kengs an Queans, wi butiful crowns,
 An sojers wi sords that made me urn cold,
 An gints in urd velvet gouns ;
 They walked up an down, as natral as life,
 An the urd coats ded vight wi their sords,
 An one struck the keng wi a brutal big knife,
 An a vell down dead on the boords.
 I war creamy all auver, I veeled very bad,
 An Vanny were trembling an sighing,
 An the sojers war still a fiten like mad,
 While the quean wi grief war a dying.
 But the vust play war auver an done wi at last,
 An when the zecond begun,
 Twar wuth vifty times the one that war past,
 Vor twar a rale bit o' vun,
 But I cant tell he alf that I zaw that ere day,
 If I did I shud vessy all night,
 Vor we stayed there vor hours and neer comed away
 Till we'd seen ivery wundervul sight.
 The wax wurx o'coose we seed an twar prime
 To watch all the imagees there,
 An the small lurned pony what touled us the time ;
 Aw sure ! twar a wundervul vayer.
 I had too a zhy at Aunt Zally's pipe,
 An I got a knife of cheap Jack,
 An I bought some peers which were not auver ripe,
 An some goodies to carr wi me back.
 Ab the fat gurl we zeed an the ooman zo strong,
 What could heft gurt weights wi her hair ;
 An we hurd a vellah a zinging a zong,
 All about St. Mathese's vayer.
 We seed lots o' gipsies all dressed up like mommicks,
 An beggers an tramps by the score,
 Zome blind, an some lamiger, all reglar slommicks,
 In rags behind an avore.
 But at last I zays—' Van, 'tes near vive o'clock,
 Tes time we war down to the inn,
 An homeards the vokes are beginnin to vlock,
 Lets go lass vore dark do set in.'

Zo we went, an when to the inn we got down,
'The wagin wur ready to goo ;
But not healf the load had come I'll be boun,
'They war dramlatching still at the zhow.
In coose of an healf-hour or zo they did come,
Zam war in a terrible plite,
All covered wi dirt and dust, an begum !
Bill Verrier 'd been having a fite.
'The last to come down war young Tommy Nutty,
He war a zight to be zeen,
His coate it war broke, all davered his tutty,
Zays I,—' Tommy, wherever has been ?
But Tommy war drinkey, an he'd got in a crowd,
His pockets war turned inside out,
'They'd prigged his gurt watch of which he war zo proud,
We all veeled for the poor voolish lout.
Zo we got un inside the wagin, although
On the zharps he wanted to be ;
'Then crack went the whep, an off we did goo
An no keng war happier than me.
'The hosses war vresh, an on they ded urn,
We a zinging zongs all the while.
An tellin our ventures each en his turn,
We zoon got droo the eaght mile,
Zo theazamy vesses I've writ vor to tell,
How we comed to Burgewater Vayer,
Next year I do hope if all do goo well,
I zhall meet all my kind readers there !



Jan's Visit to Bridgewater Election.

'TWAR on one mearket marning, least June as ever war,
 That I comed to Burgewater an put up to 'The Ztar,'
 The road war mortal dowsty, an I war tarable dry,
 Zo a quart of beer we called vor, did Tommy Trot an I.
 We'd drunkt it up twar rale good, we boath war goin to
 trudge

When loud we yeerd a drummin, an Tommy ouldnt budge.
 'Tes sojers, Jan! Oh mussy me! Tes urd coates I'll be boun,
 Lets weate an zee em, aint I glad that we be comed to town.'
 'Git out thee gawcum,' then zed I 'sojers how dost thee know?
 Moast likely tes a zircus, chap! or zome wild beaste's zhow.'
 There war a man a stanning nigh, he gurned an zed to we,
 Taint nither wun nor tother o' it, just weate and you'll zee.'
 An zur enuff, he knawed it, vor zoon our eyes did meate,
 The muzic an a desperd croud, a commin up the ztreet.
 An vust in lines across the road, the liddle bwoys ded urn,
 An then a banner, blew an wite, ded roun the karner turn,
 An then a zight more banners, an then the music chaps.
 Oh did'nt em pleay au my! they ded, the drum had vearful
 raps,

Arter the band comed zcores o' volk, all walking line by line,
 Wi heaps o' vlags an blew rozettes, Aw me, twar glarin vine.
 Zays I to he, what gurned avore 'Law measter what's the
 row?'

Zays he, 'Tes 'lection, they be goin to nomination now.'
 'Come Tommy,' then says I, my bwoy, 'lets go an zee the
 spree.'

Zo Tom an I jined on behind, as bould as bould could be.
 Wi that a chap wi yards o' blew, about his hat and coat;
 Comed up to me and zays, zed he, 'Ha you two got a
 wote?'

We gurned, an then he gurned an zed 'I zpose true blue
 you be,

Zo I not knowing what he ment, zed, 'Ees Zur, blue as thee.'
 Zo then he tootk two purnted ceards an stuck em in our hats,
 Twar 'Patton' on em, what it ment, we knawed no more
 than vlats.

Zo on we marched in many a cheer while loud ded play
 the band

'Till we had crossed the Burge an comed on Cornhill to a
 stand,
 Then right avore me there was stuck, a scaffold made
 o' ood,
 Wi a tarpawlin for a roof, and volks on un a stood.
 But zuddenly another tune I yeerd strike up. Bless me !
 If there war not another band, pleaying as loud as we.
 They comed from down another ztreet, wi purple vlags an
 buff,
 An zights of chaps in buff rozettes, a yellin loud enuff.
 Roun ded em turn an vormed a vlock, close handy unto me,
 An ded'nt em squat, ' O gracious Tom,' says I ' cleng hold
 o' me '
 But soon upon the boards I saw a man appear to view,
 With a urd smock on, staring urd, upon my word tes true ;
 An wi a vur all roun his neck (I spoze he veared the could),
 While by his zide a cocked hat chap, hollered aloud quite
 bould,
 ' Zilence!' said he, ' now zilence, now arder vor the Mayor,'
 An then the urd smocked fellow got a up from off his chear.
 What a ded zay, I couden stud, but when a had zat down,
 Then on his lift a gint got up, a 'Turney o' the town.
 Zays he, ' A mimber I propose, who es well known to vame,
 A man wuth dree of tuther one, which Patton es his neame.'
 He let em have it jist about, zays he, ' you be too large,
 Your Measter Bagehot we will send, to Langport in a barge'
 He vinished off, he jawed em well, then some one else
 begun,
 An let em have it wuss again, aw me, twar despurd vun,
 The other zide stood up in turn, an said twar crams we told,
 That theer man war the best by far, an wuth his weate in
 gold
 When vun had spokt the zecond chap got up an had hes zay ;
 But twernt much count we hist un well an zoon he ded gi way
 Zo then the Mayor called on our man, twar Patton as
 I zed,
 To 'dress the 'lectors, up he got, urd faced an white o' head.
 An didn't he speechy, jist about, he let em know ! Zed he
 ' Men of Burgewater, you be blue an therefore you'll ha me !
 Vote vor your church an vor your quean upon her throne
 to zit.'
 Wi that a Buff zed, ' mind old bwoy, or else thee'st ha a vit.'

But I can't mind one half he zed, he ded'nt duty shirk,
He worked his arms an ducked hes head, twar zurely
warmish work.

We cheared un well when a zat down an then we groned
like mad

Vor tother mimber had got up, he war a reglar Rad.
He zhut hes eyes put up hes glass and then he lookt at we,
But lots of Blues had tinnen ones, zo they quizzed up at he,
But what he spokt of I don't knaw twar sich a despred din,
The more he spake, the more we'd yell, zo zoon he did
gie in.

One zide ould hiss and tother yell, an both ould squat
like mad,

An zome chap het me on the back, an meade me veel
rale bad.

But now the Mayor agen got up all zolemn like he stands,
Zays he, 'all that's vor Patton must plase howld up their
hands.'

Up went our vists by thousands then, both hands up in
the air,

An then we clapt wi all our might, a awful row it ware.
Then twar 'hands down, now Bagehot's zide up wi your
hands,' ses he.'

Up went their dirty paws, twar vain, we'd won the victoree,
Then zed the Mayor 'the zhaw a hands is Patton's I declare,'
Huroar, huroar, our zide did zay, the Buffs war vit to sware,
An now twar auver, off we went, to trapse down ivery street,
An all the marning thus we spent, to me it war a treet.
They gied us beer an all vor naught to Patton' helth we
drinked,

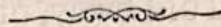
I zed a Tory I ould be, and raley zo I thinked.

An when the zhades o night had valled, we to the Ztar
did cum

An got the hoss in, then ourselves, an then we ztarded
whoam.

An as we rode, along, zays I, 'Tommy, my boy, look yeer,
We boath be Blues, now beant us?' Zays he, 'Jan, never
vear.'

'An always will be too' zays I, Then Tommy dropt a tear,
An murmured, '*Ees Jan, if the Buffs don't gi away more beer.*'



Jan's Courtship and Marriage.

YEERS ago, I thinks I told ee, how I trapsed to
 Matthy's Vare,
 How I tookt my zweetheart wi me, all the games wot we
 zeed there,
 Now I thoft you ooden mind it, if I vessy in my way.
 How I courted her vor summers, how I married her
 least May ;
 Aw ! zhe es a bonny maiden,—yees ! I've knawed her from
 a child,
 We grawed up an pleayed together, urned about an cried
 an smiled ;
 Gathered hazel nuts and blackberries, meade girt tisty
 tosty balls,
 Went out nesting in the copses—dedn't I get lots of valls ?
 Watched the vishes in the mill-pond, tried wi pins to
 catch em too.
 Picked the vlowers, an meade zich tutties,—primrosen an
 vilets blew,
 Ragged Robins, Daffy Dillys, Zoger's Caps, zweet honeysuck
 An to vind a 'Lard an Leady' that we thaught war rale
 good luck,
 Then we boath got all our zchooling, zide by zide a
 Mother Gray's,
 Larned to rade an larned to vessy, sometimes meached
 whul zummer days :
 Till I gits a ztrapping veller, then I gooe to Varmer Heard's
 There at vust I yearned my vittels, zcaring off the grubby
 birds.
 Vanny too, as luck ood have it, went there too as dairy-mead,
 And in corse o'time from plow-boy, I as cheafest plowman
 stayed.
 Well ! as you ma easy vancy, us two met whene'er we cood,
 An a zight o' Vanny's urd cheeks, zimmed to me uncommon
 good ;
 I war allays ztudding arrands, that I to the house med get,
 On beleef o zeeing Measter, ralely twar to zee my pet,
 Zundays war our gurttest pleasure,—Vanny's arternoon was
 vree,—

An you med be zure that I war allays punctual arter zhe.
 Aw! what plesent times them were, when all droo the
 yields we walkt,
 When us clunged our arms together, aw! how purty
 Vanny talked?
 We ood cross the 'Leven yacres,' droo the paddick by
 the brook,
 Auver Chapman's plot an Nutties, till we comed to 'Clover
 Nook.'
 Ther we used to rest in zummer, right athirt the church-
 yard geate,
 Till the bell dropt, then we went in, vor us never ood be
 leate.
 Van an me was bits o zingers, zo up in the quire we zat,
 An we boath veeled aw! zo happy, you may be zure o' that,
 Zarvice auver, twar rale plesent, to zit on the tombs & zee.
 All the grand voke trudging home'ards, wi a word vor Van
 an me.
 This went on vor years till I thaught twar quite time that
 we shuld wed,
 Zo one Zunday out wi Vanny, I my maneing to her zed;
 'Van,' zays I, 'tes time we married,'—'Law Jan, doant
 thee voolish man'
 'Yes, I'm going to rent the cottage down Love Lane,
 dost unnerstan?
 I will goo to marrer marning, an jist let thee missus know,'
 Vanny only blushed an zmiled like,—zo I knawed that I
 coold go!
 I must zay that missus acted downright hansum all right droo,
 'I spose Jan! that you must ha her, tho I zhan't know
 what to do.
 Van's a very handy maiden, you should be amazing proud,
 That you've winned her, taint her ekal that yould vind in
 ivery croud.'
 Zo at last the day war zettled, twar the twentieth of last May,
 An I never zhall vorget it, naw, not to me dying day!
 Missus was zo kind, and Measter, he war more than good
 to us,
 An Miss Jeane an deer Miss Lucy gied themselves no end
 o vuss;
 Every zoul droout the village, zimmed to wish us rale
 good speed,

Rarely it ded quite overcome us, when zich kindly hearts
 we zeed.
 I manetime had drored my zavins from Burgewater Zavins
 Bank,
 An had vurnished up the cottage, quite compleat like,
 vor me rank :
 An I thaut tho now you're unket, yet Jan ! thee'slt not
 grudge the Squire,
 When wi Vanny on the zettle, the'ult zit by the girt
 hood vire !
 Then o' nights I got the gearden into quite a tidy steate,
 Got the pegsty all in order, and trained creepers up the
 geate.
 I must own I veeled rale vunny, when the marning trooly
 came,
 'Twar not altogether singler, Vanny zays zhe velt the same.
 I war up and drest by seven, rigged out in my very best,
 Zunday coat and clane white breeches, bran new hankacher
 and vest ;
 Then I ztarted out quite trembling, on my way to reach
 the varm,
 Pon my word avore I reached there, zimmed to me twar
 aiful warm.
 Vanny zhe war weating ready, au my eye ! but zhe war vine !
 Zitch a bonnet, an zitch vlounces, thinks I, Jan can zhe
 be thine ?
 Measter zhook my hand quite hearty zo did Missus and
 Miss Jeane,
 Then em zed, how all was ready, an we'd better start again.
 Zo I lays hold o the bridesmaid, an we all vormed two
 an two,
 'Twar seven cupple, reckoning measter, who 'ood goo to
 zee us droo.
 Now there aint no need to tell 'ee how at church we got
 along,
 You knaws well how vokes git marred, zo I wont dror out
 my song.
 I'll jest zay that Vanny ded'nt zay her part out very loud,
 But I knawed zhe meened it vully, zo I veeled moast auvul
 proud.
 Well at last we all got droo it, and I kissed her when
 twar done,

An the bells bust out a ringing, an out zhining broke
the zun,

Aw! how happy war my veelins, as we trudged back to
the varm,

How I talked to zmling Vanny, leaning loving on my arm.
When we'd all got back to measter's, why it almost turned
my head,

When he tookt us in the kitching, and I zaw the splendid
spread,

Zitch a table vull of goodies, zitch a monster rump of beef,
Zitch cold fowls, and zich a fat ham, an a cake far past
beleef.

Then to think that I an Vanny had to zit on his right hand,
Wi the table full of people, aw my ztars, it ded zimm grand.

What a brekfuss, zurely never had I zitch a one avore,

Now I veels a leetle zorry that I ded'nt eat zum more—

Then I had to cut the caake up, and gie roun a piece
to each.

Anthen measter gied our toastest, an I had to make a speech!
Like all else tho, it got auver, an my vriends had gone away,

An I thaut that me an Vanny ooden any longer ztay;

Zo we wished our deer good measter, an his family
good-bye,

An do what she ood, my Vanny, cooden go wiout a cry!

Then we zet off vor our cottage, happy an yet zad at heart,
Vit to cry amid our laffing, veeling it war hard to part.

Once tho' in our little kitching, I ded veel oncommon glad,
An deer Vanny dried her tears up, an no longer lookt
zo zad.

Vor upon the clane deal table, war a prime an girt old
cheese,

Wi a jar of virgen honey, Missus twar had gied us these;

There war too a zack of vlower, up agin one carner ztuck,
That war Measter's present to us, were'nt us coming in
for luck?

An avore we'd time to zit down, 'cluck, cluck, cluck' we
plainly heard,

An out in the back yard, zurely wer a cock,—a lovely bird—
Wi dree hens as vine as ever laid an egg, or hatched
a chick,

These had come from Jeane and Lucy, warent our good
things valling thick?

Then there wer a stool an washtub from Van's brother,—
 his own make,
 An a lot of yerbs vrom mother, vit vor every pain an ache,
 An that war not all we vound there, but I ont tell any more,
 Vor I veel I've vessied zo long, that you'll think I be a bore !
 I'll jest tell ee we be happy, and I hopes we ever may,
 We ha never zed a cross word, zince our happy wedding day.
 You zould zee us zome vine evening, when my day's
 work es all done,
 Zetting in our poorch an watching, droo the helems, at
 the zun ;
 Wi the roses climbin lovely, all about the cottage door,
 Wi the honeyzucks above us, and the olly-hocks avore !
 When we've zaired our pig, and vastened up the hen-roosts
 vor the night,
 When it gets all still and unket, an the moon zhines clear
 an bright,
 Then we veel we are contented wi our lot in this hard life,
 An I veel I'll be the best o' husbands to my zweet young wife ;
 Vor I never want to leave her vor the Keng's Arms or
 Blue Boar,
 An I never goo dramlatching, bout the village as avore ;
 Na ! I loves her, an I tells her, zure as zhe is zitting there,
 Zhe zhall ha a handsum vairing when we goo to Matthy's
 Vare !

Jan's Visit to London.

LAW Zur ! zince this time least year, goodness me !
 I've zeed zich things as I never did zee ;
 I've been to Lunnon town, jest think o' that,
 It droved me moast mazed rampant zur, that's vlat.
 'Twar mighty quare too how I comed to go,
 All along o' Measter, an the Cattle Zhou.
 This Zhou is held in Lunnon, in a Hall,
 Which they do call the "Haggriculatorall."

Our measter 'tarmined vor to zend a beaste,
 He weighed cloase on to zeventy zcore at leaste.
 'Now, Jan,' zes Measter, 'thee'st a zarved me well,
 I'll teake thee up to Lunnon vor a zpell.
 Ye'll have to zar the beaste, and all that there,
 Now git an tell thee wive, and dos'n ztare!
 As you med vancy, I war martal plazed,
 My Vanny zays, 'Why, so'ce, Jan, thee'rt a mazed.
 But to meake matters zhort, the vollering day,
 The beaste, an I, and Measter ztaamed away;
 I'd ben avore vrom Shap'ick by the train,
 To Burgewater, and back to home again.
 But mussy me! to goo to Lunnon Town,
 It took't us hours an hours, I'll be boun.
 The tunnels raly, I a couden beer,
 It meade me veel zo unket like and dreer,
 I 'ont describe my journey tho, vor I,
 Zhould vessy all the night, if I zhould try,
 We got to Lunnon, and I went moast wild,
 To heer the row, and zee the luggidge piled,
 The busses too an vlies, and one hoss chairs,*
 I lost my zenses quite an zed my prayers,
 But then as luck 'ood have it, measter came,
 An led me like a child, the very zame.
 He zaw the beaste put zafely in a van,
 An then he axed a most owdashus man,
 Wher twar we went to git the 'underground'
 Zes he, 'tes up them zsteps an then turn roun.'
 'Well, so'ce,' zes Measter, 'man, thee'st need'nt chaff,
 I'm vrom the country, but I be too wise by half,
 To goo upzstairs to git down underground,
 You be a poking vun, I wull be boun!
 But arter all, bless me, and blow me tight,
 The man war quite curreckt an in the right!
 But I zhant tell 'ee all the zights I zeed,
 'Twould teake too long, an you'd be tired indeed.
 I'll only tell 'ee jist a thing or two,
 I zaw in vocketing all Lunnon droo.
 Talk about churches, why there's zcores I bet,
 Zich buties too, I never can vorget,
 Zaint Mary's cant a candel to em hold,
 Nor yet our Parish Church, tho tis zo old.

* *We presume Jan means "Hansoms."*

But when I went into Zaint Paul's, law me !
 It war the biggest church I ever zee,
 The doom's tremendius, of a hegg-cup zhape,
 I only coud look up, I knaw, and gape.
 Then I trapesed up zome ztairs, and zat me down,
 Wher quite a whesper meade a vearvul zoun !
 I then went on, an climbed a despurd height,
 But all me labour war a useless quite :
 Vor bless 'ee, twar all vog, ther wer no views,
 Barring a heap o' zmoke, an lots of vlues.
 The way them bwoys goes on at in the ztreet,
 Is awvul,—zich rude chaps I ne'er ded meet.
 'I'll have your hat !' they kepted a hollaring out,
 Which war a bran new beaver, wiout doubt.
 An when I urned to clout em, off they go,
 Grinning like mad, and bawling, 'Not vor Joe.'
 Dozens o' varmint's too, the ragged vrights,
 Keep zaying, 'Guvnor, buy a box o' lights.'
 'Git along, ye ragamuffins do,' I zed,
 But dash my wig, they ztood upon their head !
 I climbed a top a bus one arternoon to go,
 Vrom Cheering X back to the Cattle Zhou,
 I zat up by the driver, proud as Patty,
 An I must zay he war extramely chatty,
 'Zummerzet House, that place is called' zed he,
 'Is it now Zur?' it doant a zim to me,
 'To be much like the housen down our way.
 Even our Squire's house isnt healf so gay,—
 Vor I be comed vrom Zummerzet,'—zes he 'Wo lass !
 You'd better lave your card, Zur, when you pass.'
 'That's Temple Bar,' he adds, 'the City Gate,
 They zhuts it ivery night at half-past Eight,
 After that hour no one can goo droo theer,
 Except the pot-boys wi the zupper beer.'—
 'Indade,' zes I, 'an if I beant too bold,
 What are these buildings, zur, I ood be told ?'
 'Linkin's Inn Vields, that place,' zes he, 'be named.'
 Zes I, 'thee'rt poking vun, theest zhood be zhamed,
 To meake a Zummerzethire man a hass,
 By zaying vields are housen and not grass !'
 We rode by miles of housen, I'll be boun,
 The voaks zimmed dramlatching about the town,

Zich zwarms as I ded look on everywhere,
 The ztreet war all like West Ztreet at the Vair!
 A Garmant Band war pleaying in one ztreet,
 Jist like the ones we down at Shap'ick meet.
 The driver zed, zays he, 'they're mighty grand,
 They vrom the Hoproar come they do, that band,
 The very ones as zure as I'm a zinner,
 What pleays wilst Quane Victoria chaws her dinner!'

'Spaking o' her, Zur, pray is zhe in town?
 I promised Van to try an zee her crown;
 Vor they tell I her crown is martal rum,
 A zort o' metal one, they zes, by Gum!
 But why her head aint vlesh an blood like ours,
 I can't ztud out, I can't now, by the powers!
 When I'd zed this, I thaut he'd tumble off,
 He laft that vilent, till he zpit and cough.
 But jist then at the Hangel we drors up,
 An I got down an went to have a sup.
 I went one day to zee the Wax Wurk Zhou,
 It bate the Matthy's Vair one, high an low;
 Vor what wi kings an quanes, what now is dead,
 An viggurs what kep turning round their head;
 An orrid raskals, what been hung, they zed,
 Wi music pleaying, an the kurtains red,
 Twar glaring vine; an zoffies zure enuff,
 Wi a wax man on one a taking znuff.
 But law, I must zhut up, vor zure I knaw,
 To teake up too much room is agen the law,
 Zo I cant tell 'ee now what else I zeed,
 The Wild Beast Zhaw,—I zaw the Lions veed.
 The Polly-Teck-Nick, and the Picturs gay,
 The vine Muzeum that's down Brumpton way.
 The Theayters, the Crystial Palliss too,
 Bout these zome other time I may tell you,
 But now Zur, wishing you good luck I'm zure,
 I must cloase up this vessying zo poor.
 Beleeve me, Zur, I've done the best I can,
 An am your moast obadient Zarvant,—JAN.



Dan before the Bridgwater Election Commission.

QUONE night least August, jest as Van an me
 War zettin down to rest zoon arter tea,
 A man comes to our geate, zays he to me,
 'Be thee Jan Martin?' 'Zur,' zays I, 'I be.'
 'Wal then teake this yeer draft, an hav good kear,
 Thee'rt at Burgewater, when they mentions theer.'
 Wi that he hans a paper vull o print,
 An vore I cood ax moor, away he wint,
 I beant no despurd zcholar, nor is Van,
 We ztud in vain the zense to understan.
 'Twar law I zeed, zome purnted an zome rote
 Zays I to zettle it, 'Van vetch my coate,
 I'll urn down to the Cock, and Billy Vry
 Wull zoon expline the dockymnt to I.'
 The kitching at the Cock war villed wi vawk,
 An when they zeed my draft ther war a tawk.
 Zays Vry, 'Be gummers, why they've zummoned Jan,
 As witness, though he's no Burgewater man.'
 The Zexton, he war zittin next, zays he,
 'You'll have to goo about the briberee,
 At Patton's lection, when you rote them vesses,
 You poats always zure to get in messes.'
 Then they all laft, and I veeled rayther queer,
 As thoft I ralely had zome cause vor veer.
 'Wull, never mind, my bwoy, zays Vry, 'weel goo,
 Or zome of us, wi thee, to elp 'ee droo!'
 Zo on the morrer, rayther zick at heart,
 We ztartet for Burgewater, in Vry's cart.
 We got there cloase on ten o'clock and strate
 Trudged up to High Street, there my turn to wait.
 I war examined wunce, that war a case,
 Whaur young Tom Nutty got into disgrace,
 An I war in the box to do my best,
 To zay a word vor Tommy wi the rest;
 But ztill I veeled quite in a martel dred,
 Vor these war despurd judges, zo em zed.

I knaw I must ha been like arry ghost,
 When I wint in the Hall—twar chuck vull moast,
 Up steers, the leadies zat rigged out quite gay,
 But I lookt vust moor towards the platvorm way.
 Theer the Commisshyners war, ees, zure enuff,
 Not drest in wigs, or vurs, nor zitch like ztuff,
 But zittin vree an easy like, upon dree cheers,
 An drest like other gints, this zoothed my veers.
 Below em war the Mayer, wiout his gown,
 An several lading gentry in the town ;
 An at a table, looking verry zad,
 War six young men a zcribbling like mad.
 Bill Vry zed how he'd keep quite cloase to me,
 An Pike our Zexton, he clinged on to he.
 But so'ce, avore I'd time to gawk about,
 I heerd my name bawled out wi quite a zhout,
 'Prezent, your wartchip,' zed I, as they tould me,
 I trembled zo, it wanted two to hould me,—
 'Ztep up man,' zed the middle gint.—I zhook,
 Zo tarable that I moast dropped the book,—
 'Now, Zur, you coom vrom Cuzziton, I think,'
 Continued he,—heer Vry gies me a wink,—
 They zeed un tho,—and zays the kid-gloved one,
 'Remove that idyot, pleece!' an zure twar done.
 'Be cearevul man,' zays he to me, 'or you
 Wull goo to prison too ; now tell us true,
 Ded you in zixty-zix coom to this town
 An arter walking up the ztreetz an down,
 Hould up thee hands vor Patton as you wrote
 In Ould Moore's Almanack, tho you'd no vote ?
 'I ded, your honers,' anzwered I, 'you zee,
 I ded'nt mane no harm, twaur all a zpree !'
 'A zpree, Zur,' zed Q. C. 'owadacious man !
 You war quite drinkey, as I understan.'
 'No pon my simmy ! no my Lard, not me,
 Twar Tommy Trott twar ralely,'—'Let Trot be.'
 Zed Mr. Caulredge,—as I vound out zince,—
 'Tom Trott indeed ! that's like your impidence.
 You can't deny man, that you zwigged zome beer,
 You zed zo in theaze vesses, that is clear !'
 'A pot' zes I, 'it war, not less nor moor,
 Vor tween ourzelves, my Lards, twar rayther poor.'

'Have done, man!' zhouted t'other, on that day,
 Who ztood you that there drink, who paid, I zay?'
 'Lor, Zur, how can I tell?' Zes he, 'Look yeer,
 Your on yer woath, who ztood vor that theer beer?'
 I scratched my nut, my wits war in a zpin,
 An zed, 'I zpose the mimber what got in.'
 'Whaur ded ee ha the tiipple, neame the pleece?'
 'Twar at the Flour de Loose, I think, your grace,'—
 'Who axed you vor to teake it, neame the man?'
 'Blow me,' zes I, 'your wortchips if I can,'
 'Your langwidge,' zays Judge Price, 'is very zad,
 Zitch evidence is ralely much too bad.'
 'Wal, zave your wortchip's presents' on I wint,
 'The man that axed me had a tarable squint,
 But who a war, I trooly cannot tell,
 My zhip-dog Rover, he ood know as well.'—
 'You had no money gied you, then,' zes they,
 Nor nothing bar the pot o beer that day?'
 'As to the quine that they ded gie to me,
 A blind pig wi his eyes zhut, that cood zee.'—
 'What meade you then ztick irbons in your hat,
 An cheer, an push, a zhove, an zitch as that,
 If you had nothin vor it?' zed to me,
 The one that zlmmed the crossest of the dree—
 'Twar jist a lark,' zes I, 'Tom Trott an me;
 Had nothin much to do, an zo d'ye zee,
 We thaut so'ce, that we'd hollar like the croud,
 I ded'nt knaw that it war not alloud!'
 Zo then they drored up closer in theer cheers,
 An whispurd like into each other's yeers.
 Then em left off theer little private chat,
 An wi a laff, a zhoving back his hat.
 'We've ztudded on your case, Zur, an we vancy,
 Your not the man we want,' zes Mr. Ancey,
 'You may go back I think, to Cuzziton,'
 Zes Mr. Price, 'an thank ee vor your vun.'—
 'Don't mention it,' zed I, an meade me bow,
 An wiped the zstreamin zweat vrom off my brow;
 'Good day Zurs all, an narry mind vor me,
 I'm very glad that you I've chanced to zee!
 If you be passing by my way look in,
 Vor Van an I—' wi that they gied a grin.

An zhouted 'Zilence, hush ! remove that man.'
 Zo that war all they'd listen to from Jan.
 I vound Bill Vry a waiting in the lobby,
 Under the chearge of a Burgewater bobby,
 He let un goo though, an we boath ded zay
 How glad we war we had comed droo the vray,
 As well as twar ; it might ha bin much wuss,
 Thease polly-tics does kick up zitch a vuss.
 Thinks I as I war riding home that night,
 Praps me to vessy they'll once more invite,
 An if they do—although no pollytishun,
 I'll tell em what I zaid at the Commisshun.



Jan relates how Bridgewater was
 besieged but not taken.

I CAN'T ztud when it war, but zhouts comed loud across
 the moor
 An then a lot of neighbours came a crowdin round the door,
 Zome war in turf carts, zome on voot, an all zeemed aful
 dazed ;
 ' Law Jan ! what is it ? ' zed my Van, ' why every one zeems
 crazed.'
 It war a tarable row indeed, as all the vokes went by—
 ' Come Jan ! ' called out young Teddy Vear, ' wi us you'd
 better vly.
 The Proosians are a coming vast, they're cloase on Burtle now,
 ' O mussy me ! ' zed Vanny ' Jan I cannot leave our cow ! '
 Well, twar but a very few minutes work, avore we meade a
 ztart,
 An driving poor old Dolly vust, wi well nigh broken heart,
 We leaved our little cottage, with its gearden all zo neat,
 An tords Burgewater tookt our way wi quick an vearful veet.
 Oh what a zorrowing croud we war, an how we trudged an
 talkt,

I never thinkt avore that day, Van could zo vast have walked.

Jest as we come athirt Knowle Inn, we heard a vearful roar,
'There, that's a cannon!' zed young Vear, 'I've heerd one once avore'

It meade us trapse yet quicker, an in healfe an hour or less,
We'd reachad Burgewater, an right glad we veeled, I must confess.

Oh goodness me it war a zight, the ztreet was aful crammed
An carts, an carriages, an puts was altogether jammed.

The country voke wer pouring in the town vrom all directions,
'Twar wuss than twenty Matthy's Vairs, or even two Elections!
'Twer hard to hear the rights o what the people alleded zay,
It zimmed the Proosian zoldiers war a coming every way;
An was advancing on the town, North East, & South & West,
I tookt my Vanny in the Ztar, to have a bit o rest.

An then, thought I, I'll goo an zee what meazures is been taken,

To 'nihilate the Jarment Voe, an zave our Burrow's bacon.
Upon the Carnhill, zure enuff, twer ztill moor crowded there,
An on the Clarence Balkony there ztud the wuthy Mare!

All in his scarlet gownd you know, wi vur about it bound,
While all the Corpyration too wer in theer robes around.

Avore the Mearket House I zeed the galliant Rifle Core,
Wi Captain Vord aheadin it—it meade me zhout 'Hurroar.'
In High Ztreet, tother Core was varmed, the twent-sixth
I mean,

A lookin very anxhus like, to vight vor home an Queen!

The Mare war talking though—I think I'd better try an tell,
What twer he was a zaying of, zo wisely an zo well.

'My yellow townsmen,' thus he zed, 'the voe is at our geate!
An tho we've zhut the turnpikes, yet they'll come as zure
as vate.

The question is how can us best prepare to zave the town,
'To meake Burgewater evermoor, a Burrow of renown?

I've had a conseltation with those two brave captains theer,
(A pointin to the Rifle Cores—we gied a hearty cheer!)

'We think it better that we zhould thiszide the bridge retreat,
An leave Eastover to its vate,'—I thought o Vanny zweet.—

'We'll bring the Roosian gun, o coose, an on the burge
will place it,

In hopes the Vurrin enemy will be aveared to vace it.

Unfortunately we avent got the means to vire the gun,
 But never mind, the look's enuff, to zhow we beant in vun.
 An then the Lumpers on the Burge zhall varm like any wall,
 To line the key on either zide, an if they vall they vall !
 The galliant Fifth zhall mearch, an in the Pigcross varm in
 rank,
 To ztop the voe vrom coming down and plunderin Ztuckey's
 Bank ;
 The twenty-sixth zhall gard the church, an rally round the
 zpire,
 An vor the clock an tenor bell pour in a deadly vire.
 The Vire Brigade wi zcouring bricks an other missiles armed
 Zhall ztand upon the Mearket House ; the Voresters when
 varmed,
 Zhall jine their littel vingers, an rush headlong in the vray,
 Wherever moast theyre wanted droo-out the despurd day !
 The Yeomenry—there's zeventeen whats heerd the bugal's
 note,—
 Zhall hover on the Proosian's vlank, an drive em in the
 Vloat.
 The zteam tugs gettin up ther zteam zhall do their very wust,
 An if the voe will not keep back, why let their bilers bust.
 As vor myself an Council men, each in his best new gown,
 Attended by the Burrow Pleece. we'll mearch about the
 town,
 To annymate the bold defence, and cheer the warriors brave,
 To read the Ryot Act, and meake the little boys behave,
 While Dr. Morgan's boys will goo an ztationed on the
 Mump,
 Will pour a vire of catepults upon the Jarments plump !
 I hopes, my vellow burgesses, these measures you will plaze.'
 A zhout of 'Yes' comed louder than I'd heard in all my days ;
 An every mouth war on the grin, an gay war every veace,
 To vind how cleverly the Mare ad resolved to zave the pleace
 An all war in a bussel, an a trapesing here an theer,
 Men marching to their posts wi many a ringing cheer !
 Jest then the Mare ztepped back an zed, 'A few moor
 words zed he,
 Ther's lots o men bezides they named, as vighting men
 must be.
 Let them teake up the vire irns, the cheers, an dree-legged
 ztools,

An vight like lions vor theer town against the Tutun vools.
 'We will,' cried we, 'we will,' those near to I zed 'Bravo,
 Jan!'

An all at once I thaut of how I haddent got my Van.
 Zo off I cuts to Eastover to bring her up wi me,
 My goodness zave me! law! what zights I on the way
 ded zee.

The Roosian gun, war zure enuff, a mounted on the burge,
 To varm in line, a council man the lumpers all did urge.
 While every zhutter war put up, an Superintendent Lear
 Had closed the doorway at the gaol, an zat theere in a cheer.
 I brought my Vanny up an put her in the mearket vaults,
 Zhe would have vainted but zhe zniffed at zome kind leady's
 zalts.

Then bussing her, an telling her, her Jan were et the helm,
 I vloed to do my duty like the bravest in the realm!
 Upon the Carnhill then I vound, all ztanding in a row,
 'They'd got the cannon what they virod at lection times you
 know.

An zivral anvils loaded too, pleaced in the charge of boys,
 Which if they couddent do no harm, coud make a zight o
 noise.

Down on the Muckry winder ztuck, this noose meade me
 perspire;

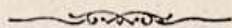
'The Proosians is at Haygrove, an the Vicarage is on vire.
 They've cut the line at Dunball at Wembdon they have bin,
 An zivral Uhlans tookt a cart close to the Bath Burge Inn.'
 The vight war coming nearer, zo I drawed my pocket knife,
 An wi popples villed my pockets up, to vight varmy dear life,
 Quite anxhus like I urned about, not knowing whar to go.
 An in the Pigcross were the Fifth awaitin vor the voe.

I veeled quite proud to zee the rows of galliant vellows ready,
 I whispurd as I walked along, 'Be zteady bwoys, be zteady!
 'How many bullets in your pouch?' I asked the voremest
 rank,

Zad they 'Each has dree cartridges, an one of them is blank!'
 The Voresters wer varmed in rank, in vull regalia too
 The wooden hands an hatchets lookt as tho they much
 ood do.

But I cant tell ee half I zeed, twod tire you all outright,
 Besides you cant expect your Jan to vussy all the night;
 Well all this while the time wer going, an prezently the zound

Of heavy guns an cannon zhots comed roaring all around.
 'Let every man goo to his post, were then the jeneral cry,'
 An all that didden vaint away, did to theer pleaces hie,
 I tookt my post up near the Lamb, behind a carrier's ceart,
 Detarmined with my life an limbs to very dearly part.
 Then comed a bombshell whizzing by wi a tremendous
 crash,
 And knocked—the Mearket House, d'ye think, into an
 utter zdash ?
 Not that,—*twar Vanny darling girl, a thumping at my head,*
An waking vrom my horrid dream,—I tumbled out of bed.



Little Zally.

YOU'VE a yeerd me talk o' our Zally, Zur,
 Our dear little bit of a Zal,
 Lor' bless me! what is it a chokin me zo?
 Zhe wur but a zhrimp of a gal!
 An yeer I'm a hact'ally goin to blub,
 I zhall blot all my writin', I zhall.

I can mind the night what zhe comed to, us,
 'Twur cloase on vour winters ago;
 A bitter cold night, as I reckolleks,
 An a tarable vall o' znow.
 I didden look arter it tho! not I,
 Vor I veeled all auver a glow.

As I walked to the doctor, to vetch un down,
 Wi my lanturn alight in my hand;
 An jest as we reached the cottage door,
 The ztarm zimmed to come to a ztand;
 An one little ztar comed a peepin' out,
 On the zilent, znow-white land.

Zo too, our ztar peeped out that night,
 An zhon in that lonely zpot,
 An I pray'd to God by my Van's bedzide,
 That whatever med be our lot,
 We med allus keep thict little ztar,
 Which had comed to our unket cot.

I ded veel proud, I can tell 'ee, Zur,
 As I by the cradle zat ;
 I coudden believe zhe belonged to I,
 That zingular, urd little brat.—
 An I zinged purty vesses to lull her to zleep,
 An tauked to her zilly, an that.

Wull, Zur, tis ztrange, but right vrom the vust,
 We meade vriends like, ded me an the kid,
 The very vust time as I tookt her up,
 Zhe kicked an zhe crowed, zhe did.
 An poked her vat vingers slap into my eye
 An her vists in my whiskers hid.

How purty zhe grawed up—bless her heart !—
 Zitch eyes I never did zee ;
 Tawk ! why zhe tawked like a purnted book,
 Avore zhe wur zcarcely dree.
 Zhe coud rade like our Passon avore zhe war vour
 Zhe read every Zunday to me.

Our cottage aint gloomy, Zur, as ye well knaw,
 It's gay vor the matter o' that,
 An in zummer time when all the vlowers are out,
 Ther's no pleasanter pleace on the Vlat,
 But 'twur ralely a thousan times cheerier, like,
 All along o' that dear little brat.

The luck that zhe brought us war zummat ztrange
 We comed upon brighter days ;
 I'm zurtin zhe meade me a better man,
 Wi hur purty innocent ways.—
 Why, Zur, zitch a infant as zhe'd do more good,
 Then many a Passun what prays.

Zhe war brightest o' all the vlowers we had ;
 Norra zong bird had zitch a zweet vice ;
 Zhe played like a zunbeam about our door,
 Meade our gearden a Paradise,
 Oh Zur ! how is it it's zure to goo,
 The thing that we vallies moast chice.

* * * * *

I had the Parish Doctor, Zur,
 An I think as he done his best ;
 But twar when I zat a holden her hand,
 That my darlin wur moast at rest ;
 An zhe died, purty pet !—with her little head,
 A leaning upon my breast.

It's hard to think that zhe's gone right off,
 An it's ztrange why zhe had to go ;
 Zhe war doin' good in this wicked world :
 Zhe war wanted yeer below.
 Why zhouldent we have zome angels yeer ?
 But I zpose, Zur, 'tis better zo !

