

**THE MANX WITCH,  
AND OTHER POEMS**

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The Manx witch, and other poems by T. E. Brown

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**T. E. BROWN**

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# THE MANX WITCH

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

T. E. BROWN

AUTHOR OF 'BETSY LEE,' 'FO'C'S'LE YARNS,' ETC.

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AND NEW YORK

1889

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First comes Tom Baynes among these sorted quills,  
In asynartete octosyllables.

Methinks you see the "fo'c's'le" squat, the squirt  
Nicotian, various interval of shirt,  
Enlarged, contract—keen swordsman, cut-and-thrust :  
Old salt, old rip, old friend, Tom Baynes comes *fast*.

Succeeds our Curate, innocent and good,  
The growth of Oxford in her sanest mood ;  
Dame Nature's child, though bred among the Stoics,  
And, if he gush, he gushes in heroics.  
Forgive the youth if sometimes he relax  
In extra gush of pseudo-dochmiacs.

Last hear our Pazon, reverend and meek ;  
In unadornéd verse I make him speak,  
As is most fit. To him Tom Baynes' rude style  
Were "simply barbarous"—I see him smile  
*His* smile—"Poor Tom has thoughts beyond his station,  
But language ! sir—unfit for publication."  
The Curate's rhymes he haply thinks audacious,  
Emphatic, overwrought. "But 'twere ungracious  
Of me to criticise a gentleman  
That is so kind and clever." There again  
You have our *Pazon*. So he says his say,  
And all my dreams of Manxland fade away.

T. E. B.

*Clifton*, April 1889.



## THE MANX WITCH

### A STORY OF THE LAXDALE MINES

THE Pazon that overtook her there  
Comin home from Hollantide fair—  
The Pazon? No, but Nussy Brew—  
Overtook her at Follicu,  
Past Bibaloe—aye, man, aye—  
Middlin near the Never-say-die—  
Toplisses—you'll know the spot—  
Nussy Brew though, whether or not—  
Nussy—her of coorse that had been  
At the fair—The Pazon? navar was seen,  
Nor navar could be at the like of yandhar—  
Pazon Gale! you goosie-gandhar—

What are you thinkin of? Navar! navar!  
 Some people's got a notion they're clavar—  
 Witty—eh? But navar mind.  
 Cryin? most despard! cryin, cryin,  
 Cryin fit to break her heart,  
 The Pazon was sayin; and her that smart,  
 Of a rule, and noways apt to be freckened<sup>1</sup>  
 Night or day.

So the Pazon reckoned  
 She must have got in some trouble, and hauls  
 Ould Smiler back in the breeches, and calls;  
 And "Nessy," he says, "is that you?"  
 It's Nessy, isn't it? Nessy Brew?"  
 Dark, you know, and drizzlin rain—  
 But Nessy wouldn answer again  
 For a bit—don't ye see? lck didn want  
 The Pazon to know her, and made a slant,  
 And stoopin there, and in on the ditch.  
 But the Pazon gave a little *skitch*,  
 And got in front, and pinned her as nate  
 As pozzible, and—

"You're very late

<sup>1</sup> Frightened.

On the road," he says—and *wacin and woin*—  
And—"How are you on the road alone?  
Extrom'ry!" says the Pazon—"What!  
Alone!" he says—and this and that,  
But kind—aw bless ye! kind thallure<sup>1</sup>—  
And—"Nessy, Nessy, to be sure!"  
And—"Get up, and tell me all aburrit."<sup>2</sup>  
So Nessy seen there was nothin for it  
But up she must in the Pazon's gig:  
And then she tould him all the rig—  
Well—maybe not all—not reasonable—  
A gel, you know—they're hardly able—  
Aisy! aisy with the lek!  
All! God bless ye! you musn expeck—  
And talkin to a Pazon—eh?  
And didn know hardly what to say,  
But tould him—Says she, "I didn lave Doolish<sup>3</sup>  
Alone at all;" and rather foolish  
She was feelin of coorse, aw sartinly—  
"There was two people tuk the road with me,"  
Says Nessy. "Two," says the Pazon, "aw dear!  
And did you meet them in the feer?"<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Enough.<sup>2</sup> About it.<sup>3</sup> Douglas.<sup>4</sup> Fair.