

**WILTSHIRE RHYMES, A  
SERIES OF POEMS IN  
THE WILTSHIRE DIALECT**

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Wiltshire Rhymes, a Series of Poems in the Wiltshire Dialect by Edward Slow

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**EDWARD SLOW**

**WILTSHIRE RHYMES, A  
SERIES OF POEMS IN  
THE WILTSHIRE DIALECT**



# WILTSHIRE RHYMES.

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A SERIES OF

# P O E M S

IN THE

# WILTSHIRE DIALECT

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BY

EDWARD SLOW, WILTON.

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NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

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## TO THA WASE COUNTRY VOKE.

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In zendin out another leetle book a Wiltshire Rhymes, I veels as how I ought ta zaay a vew wirds to ee now. I be terriyable much obliged to ee ael vor tha kindness ya've aelways show'd in buyin on em up, wen thay da com out, which I da hope ya will thase un tha zeam. Voke that dwont belong ta ower wase country av offen zed ta I, "Ya dwont mane ta zaay that tha voke about you da tak like that are." I zaays, "Thay do; an mmost ael tha leabouren voke in thease peart a Englin bezides; an if ya dwont believe it, jist spen a day wie I, an I'll teak ee wur you can hear em spake it in ther own nateral way. Tis tha lainguide," I zaays, "As girt King Offord used wen he burned tha panceakes down in Zummersetshire." An zo did ael tha girt voke, till thic ar chap vrim Normandy, caal'd Bill tha Konkerer, com an got auver tha Zaxon voke, an mead em use his new vaingled lainguide; bit we poor wase country voke av stuck to tha wold tongue till now, haighthen undered an haughty one. Tho much it da pain I ta vind that ower poor wold lainguide ater livin za long, is likely zoon ta die out. Wat we Railways, Telegraps, School Bouards, &c., &c., I'm aveard till zoon becom a thing a tha pass.

Howzendever, I'll promise ee ta keep it alive as long as I'm yeable, be zending out a leetle book a verses now an then. Thase yer vew poems wich I now zens out, av never bin publised avore as I knaas on. 'Tha be mmostly rote on hincidents tha av com under me own eyes, an I da trust, wat ever be ther vaats, ya'll vind em, if not edyfyin, amusin enough ta wile away a vew dull hours of yer speer time.

I be yer umble zervant,

THA AUTHOR.

Wilton, January, 1881.

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" Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure  
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
 The short and simple annals of the poor."

—GRAY'S ELEGY.



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## THE WILTSHIRE MOONRAKERS.

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Down Vizes way zom years agoo,  
When smuggalin wur nuthun new,  
An people wurden nar bit shy,  
Of who they did ther sperrits buy.  
In a village liv'd a Publican,  
Who kept an Inn, The Pelican.  
Ael roun about tha country voke  
Tha praise of thease yer landlard spoke ;  
Var wen any on'em wur took bad,  
They knaw'd wur sperrits could be had ;  
An raaly it wur nice an handy,  
At tha Pelican ta get yer brandy.  
Twer got as chep as twer in Vrance,  
Tho a course twer done in iggerance.