

**THE DOCTOR,
A MANX POEM**

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The doctor, a Manx poem by T. E. Brown

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A MANX POEM**

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THE DOCTOR

A Many Poem

BY

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THE DOCTOR.

STORIES! stories! nothin but stories!
Spinnin away to the height of your glories!
And if I must, I suppose I must,
And you suspectin, I wouldn' trust,¹
And sittin there all the time, and thinkin—
Is it true he's tellin? and nudgin and winkin.
Now, bless my soul! what for would I go
To tell you lies? You're foolish though!
And there's odds of lies, for the matter of that,
For there's lies that's skinny, and lies that's fat;
And lies in fustian, and lies in silk,
And lies like verjuice, and lies like milk;
And lies that's free, and lies for sale,

¹ I rather think.

And rumpy lies, without a tail ;
Grew in the garden and picked in the woods,
Bubbles blew with the divil's suds ;
Lies that's sweet, and lies with a stink at¹ them ;
Lies like the dew that'll go if you wink at them,
And some as hard you couldn' break them
With a sledge²—aw, my lad knows well how to make
them !

Haven' he got the tools to his hand
Down there? And the fire! Aw, he works them
grand !

For it isn' every fool that's fit
To make a rael good lie, that'll sit
On her keel, and answer her helm—no ! no !
Just try it, Bob ! Just try it though !
Well put together ! you're took on the sudden ?
You couldn'? Didn't I tell ye ye couldn'?
Lies ! what lies ! the things I'm tellin
Is the abslit³ truth—ax Neddy Crellin !

¹ Of.² Hammer.³ Absolute.

Ears is ears, and eyes is eyes,
And fax is fax, and that's the lies!

The Docthor! *The Docthor!* well, well, well!
The Docthor! poor ould Docthor Bell!
Aw, I liked that man—I did though, for sure!¹
Uncommon good he was to the poor!
And free and hearty, but never much
Of a quality Docthor, nor regardin for such;
Nor buckin up,² the way he might,
But proud to the lek, and very quite;³
And keepin back—aw, keepin back
Reglar, and allis very slack,
Such times that they'd be sendin the gig,
Or the horse, aw, he didn' care a fig,
But take his own time, and the coachman swearin
At the door, for an hour, and the Docthor hearin,
And takin no notice, but readin the paper,
And "Doctors is chape, but time is chaper."

¹ Really.

² Pushing.

³ Quiet.

And rap-rap-rap, and ring-ring-ring !
And the Doctor as happy as a king !

And—"The missis is took very bad with them,
sir !

And you're wanted most partikkiler !"

And—"I got the gig," and "are you asleep?"

"Aw, she'll keep," said the Docthor, "she'll keep !
she'll keep !"

Aw, middlin rough, I tell ye, eh ?

Rough and careless lek that way.

For he didn' want their company

Nor their money neither, aw, he'd let them see !

But if a poor man's wife was shoutin,

Or some ould granny's innards routin,

Or fever, or fits, or tight in the breathin,

Or a child screwed up agate o'¹ the teethin,

Or drowned, or run over—no matter what !

Out on the door, and off like a shot !

¹ On account of.

Rich he wasn', nor never could be.
 Savin he wasn', nor never would be—
 Aw, the hand in the pocket, and out with it all—
 As natheral, as natheral!
 But the all wasn' much—aw 'deed¹ it wasn',
 Maybe only a key, or a lump of rosin,
 Or a bit of string, and pokin and pokin,
 And heisin,² and divin, and allis jokin;
 But gettin very red in the face,
 And divil a screw. And the shamed he was!
 And—"Never mind, Docthor! aw, never mind!"
 And—*Wasn' he kind, and wasn' he kind!*
 And—*The will was as good as the deed, for all;*³
 But bless ye! of coorse there wasn' no call,
 Nor the one of us wanted a penny of him,
 Faith! it's a deuced sight rather we'd gav him.⁴
 A Docthor! aw, it's right no doubt—
 Somethin just to be haulin out

¹ Indeed.² Hoisting = lifting.³ After all.⁴ We would have given to him.

For the kids—a lozenger or the lek—
Of coorse! of coorse! one might expec'—
But money! We warn' that poor! Didn' Peter
Find it in the haddock? And hav'n' the crayther
Got the mark of the ould chap's thum
Where he squoze it? But as for a drop of rum,
Or whatever was goin—gin, or brandy,
Or jough,¹ or the lek, it come very handy
To the Docthor, I tell ye; aw, never say no!
“Thank you, kindly,” and down you go!
Aw, he could do well with it, he could!
And 'deed I'm thinkin it run in the blood.
And nice it was to see him takin it,
Smilin that way, and suckin and slakin it
Sweet in his throat, and the very belly of him
Risin to meet it, and warming the jelly of him!
And—“My cumplimans!” and the twist of the
hand!
Aw, the rael fine ould gentleman!

¹ Ale.