THE FIFTH SERIES OF WILTSHIRE RHYMES AND TALES IN THE WILTSHIRE DIALECT
EDWARD SLOW

THE FIFTH SERIES OF WILTSHIRE RHYMES AND TALES IN THE WILTSHIRE DIALECT
THE FIFTH SERIES
OF
WILTSHIRE RHYMES
AND
TALES
IN THE
WILTSHIRE + DIALECT
BY
EDWARD SLOW,
WILTON.
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

WILTON:
E. SLOW, WEST END.

SALISBURY:
R. R. EDWARDS, CASTLE STREET.

GILLINGHAM:
JAMES RIDOUT & Co., Ltd.

WILTON:
WILTON PRINTING WORKS, NORTH STREET.
In presenting this, my fifth series of Wiltshire Rhymes, I have, as promised, incorporated some few original Wiltshire tales, also many quaint sayings and stories which I believe have never before appeared in print. The majority of them have been gleaned from our peasantry, and every one founded upon fact. "Tha caird pearty an tha Chimley Sweep," the hero of which was mistaken for his Satanic Majesty, only passed away some three years since, his nephew making a special journey to Wilton to acquaint me with the facts of the story. In my little glossary of Wiltshire words, published some two years ago, I expressed a hope that steps would be taken to preserve, as far as possible, the language of our forefathers; since that date a very comprehensive and useful glossary of Wiltshire has been published by the English Dialect Society, which reflects great credit upon the compilers, G. E. DARTNELL, Esq., and the Rev. E. H. GODDARD. As a work of reference it will prove most valuable, and more so, as time goes on. I find also some of the most successful novelists of the day use the various county dialects with good effect in their most popular works, what indeed would that charming novel "Lorna Doone" be, without the home-spun phrases of "John Fry?" and many others may be mentioned. Indeed, it does not seem possible to depict certain traits of character without the use of the vernacular; dialects, to the novelist, and story writer, are as pigments to be used in producing life like pictures of the people. Alas! the good old fashioned Wiltshire folk who use the dialect
in all its simplicity, and purity, are becoming scarce. What with the vigilance of the School Attendance Officer the facility of inter-communication, in these days, when our labouring people think no more of a trip to London than their forefathers used to the neighbouring town; and last but not least the boarding out of London children among our rural cottagers for their summer holiday, the time is not far distant when our good old county patois, as a language, will be blotted out. During the past summer I have been highly amused listening to these London children’s prattle, while their country playmates looked on in amazement, wondering at their so-called fine talk. I give one specimen from a little bright-eyed girl, “hailing from Bloomsbury,” to a country boy who had taken her stick, “I zoy, hco-ah, I sawr yah take that stick and if yah dawnt put heet daawn I’ll come and hit yah one on tha naa-wse.” I leave my readers to imagine what sort of jarcon ‘twill be in another decade.

I take this opportunity of thanking the residents of Wiltshire and adjoining counties for their kind appreciation of my rustic effusions, my first three series being exhausted and a few copies only of the last on hand. I wish also to record a tribute of sincere respect to the memory of my late publisher, Mr. F. A. Blake, to whose sound advice and untiring exertions must be mainly attributed the success of my previous publications.

Wilton, December, 1894.                 THE AUTHOR.
CONTENTS

JANNY RAA ON THA CHARTER ZELERBATION 1
JOE AN TOM: A TERTOTAL YARN 15
GRAMPER SIAAHT GOO INTA WIRKHOUSE 28
SECOND EPISSIE TO J—I— NOW OP CALGARY, CANADA 32
THA HARD WINTER A NINETY ONE 42
AN APPEAL VAR THA POOR ATTER BADEN BOUT THA DISTRESS IN OWER GIBT TOWNS 48
THA VUST SNOW STARM 51
GRAMPER'S CRISMS 51
SMILIN JACK: A TRUE STORRY OF A MIDNIGHT ADVENTER 60
THA PARISH COUNCIL BILL: A DISCUSSION TWIX TQM AN PHIL, TWO LEANDER FAM 69
ROERID AN STRAVENT: A MUSICAL CONFLASH ATWEN TWO FARMER 76
WOOLD TROTTERS ZAAVINS: His Likas an Dislikes 80
GOOD VRIDY LAS 84
ME GIRTEST DELIGHT 87
A NIGGARDLY TRADESMAN 90
HOSSELER JOE 92
THA HURCOTT HUNT 94
THA WOOD GROVELY VOX 97
JACK'S POLL: A ZEA ZONG 100
REEANS AN BEAKIN 102
HAYMEAKIN ZONG 107
THE WILTSHIRE MOONRAKERS 109
THA GIRL BIG FIGGETTY POODEN 116
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ZACHERIHER CHAABEAKIN, AN HIS VISIT TA WARMISTER TA XEE</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THA PRINCE A WAILES</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MY VUST BIT A GUNPOWDER</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A UNDERD ZUR</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EVERY GNERATION GETS WISER</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COUNTIN THA SHEEP</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHEARE THAT AMANGST EE</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NOT A DRAP TOO MUCH</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ZAL SLLATTER</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THA COMICK</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THA RASTE JUMPER</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THA RASTE COW</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THA CRAFTY POACHER</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DOCTOR WELCH</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THA MEANIN A DITTO</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HOW THA MYSTERY WUR CLARED UP</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BIN AN BIT APAST IT</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HOW TA MEAK APETH A CHEESE</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MIX EM TA BE XURE</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THA CAIRD PEARTY AN THA CHIMLEY SWEEP</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
JANNY RAA ON THA CHARTER ZELEBRATION.

Lore! wurden there a start last week
In thease yer leettle town,
Dang if tha voke an pleace did'n zeem
Agean turn'd upzide down.

Var zieh a start there hadden bin
Zunce Pembrook come a age
An no misteak tha people ael
In't hearty like, did geage.

Var one an ael bonth giv' an small
Jin'd in tha jollification
Ta zelebrate tha grantiu o'
A bran new Carperation.

Twurden becaas tha woold'un wur dade
Tha voke did zo rejoice
It wur becaas in thease ta come
Hache one shid av a voice.

Var dree long years ower people had
Bin tryin hard tagether
Tho' many a draaback thay did have
Thay stuck ta it like leather.

Var ael that time thease Charter scheme
Zart a hung upon a dread.
Tha knowin ones ael prophesied
Tood be knock'd on tha yead.
At last, ael dout wur zet a raste,
   Tha Queen zent down ta zay
A Charter shood be granted we
   That too wieout delay.

Tha Mayer then a quick did hold
   A meetin in Town Hall
An a strong committee zoon wur choos’d
   Ta get up a westival.

Zubscriptions too wur promised vree
   An zoon enuff wur vound
Var rich an poor did gie their mite
   Vrim zixpence to a pound.

An zoo tha time wur vixed ta be
   Tha ninth day of Zeptember
An I’ll warn tha childern ael
   Thic ar day will remember.

At vower a’clock on thic ar marn
   Wur busslen zigns a life
Tha young chaps ban a marchen out
   Ta zound a drum an fife;

An boomin cannins wur let off
   Avore tha clock het vive
Be six, begar, mwoast every street,
   Like bees wur ael alive,

A decoratin up their house
   Wie vlaigs an vlowers gay.