

**THE FIFTH SERIES OF
WILTSHIRE
RHYMES AND TALES IN
THE WILTSHIRE DIALECT**

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The fifth series of Wiltshire rhymes and tales in the Wiltshire dialect by Edward Slow

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OF
WILTSHIRE RHYMES
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→‡ TALES ‡←
IN THE
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BY
EDWARD SLOW,
WILTON.

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MAIN

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 childrens' 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, hce-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^d 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.

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JANNY RAA ON THA CHARTER ZELEBRATION.

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

Var zick a start there hadden bin
Zuuce Pembroke come a age
An no mistake tha people ael
In't hearty like, did geage.

Var one an ael bouth girt an small
Jin'd in tha jollification
Ta zelebrate tha grantin o'
A bran new Carperation.

Twurden becaas tha woold'n 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 together
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 las, 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 vestival.

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 zix, begar, mwoast every street,
 Like bees wur ael alive,

A decoratin up their house
 Wie vlaigs an vlowers gay.