

**JIM AND NELL: A
DRAMATIC POEM
IN THE DIALECT
OF NORTH DEVON**

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Jim and Nell: a dramatic poem in the dialect of north Devon by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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IN THE DIALECT
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JIM AND NELL:

A Dramatic Poem

IN THE

DIALECT OF NORTH DEVON.

BY

A DEVONSHIRE MAN.

London:

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JIM AN' NELL.

PEART I.

Scene, Guenever Varm.

“**C**UM I dang et Will—Ott ar't about?
An' dithn't muve, I'll gie th' a clout—

Yen ma thick Cris'mus brawn :
An' dra' thick settle nigh tha clock,
An' auff tha brandis tak' tha crock,
Yer's Maister a-cum haum.

“Doant strake about tha house, bit muve,
Tha stinpole lout!—'Od rat it you've
Smál time to git things vitty :
Cum, doo be peart a-bit—tha mux
A-tap the draxel's up ta lux,
I'm vexed tha keaks be clitty.

“We've hailed tha neck, torded pegs ta arish,
We'm gwain ta zee up haff tha parish,
Fegs, they'll be yer azoon ;
Ott a gurt busker toad thee art !
I thort thee'st got et all by heart,
Where have 'e clapped tha spüne ?

" Jan, clare tha 'cess in t'other houze,
 Vrom they old kex, an' bring tha browze,
 And cricks vrom Cockhedge plat ;
 Muve, blogggy, clopping blindego !
 Whare is voaks docity a-go ?
 They doant know ot be at.

" Giles, git zum stroyl out o' tha shippen,
 And carr et down to tha bee-lippen ;
 Tha bee-butts be all bare :
 An' whare tha busks an' barras be,
 Tie a bullbagger to tha tree,
 I zeed tha ackmals there."

" Lord, dame, doant egg an' argy zo,
 Bin' 'e wur aprilled hours ago,
 'E've crensled vur tha day ;
 I niver zeed 'e zo vore-wained,
 Avore tha cock-leart all wur clained,
 Zo ott's tha use vor zay."

" I don't drill time in thease gude place,
 Wangéd or no, mine's tutwork pace,
 Zo ott's this hackle vor ?
 Chewers bán't gwain to crick my back,
 Britting o' thick an crazing thack,
 But yet I'll do my coure."

" Yer be tha voaks ! I'm glad vor zee-em,
An brórt Jan Scrape tha Crowder wi' 'em :

Well, Gaffer Voord, how be ?

And Gammer too ! Dame, how d'ye doo ?

And Scrimmit Joe, an' lanky Loo,

We'me cruel glad vor zee.

" An' leetle Bob ! tha daps o's veather,
(Hoi, wull, us did count on un, reather :)

Yer Bobby yer's tha crickett,

Tha chield's avroared, tha conkerbells

Be hangin' to un—Yett theesel,

Bob—Yen thick anther thicket.

" Ah, Bob, thee wisn't biver there,
Thee cricket kip by Granny's chair ;

How all at home d'ye laive ?"

" Why Zukey's pinswell's going wrang,

An' Nance 's got a nimpingang,

An' Urchy tha bone-sheave."

" Ay, wull, ther always is a summet,

Laist Zinday wi' a drap o' runnet

I jist a junket made,

An' whe'r twur wort or mazzard pie,

Ur whe'r it wur tha junket, I

Zem 't hurt my leetle maid."

" Why, now you mine ma, wan vornoon,
 Hur mitched vro' schule, an' I'll be boun'
 Hur ait zum greenish trade.
 Sloans, bullans, and haigles be about,
 I'll warney now as el turn out
 'Twur they that harmed tha maid."

" Jist put her tooties in hot watter,
 An' gie'r a few strang argans arter,
 Or else zum featherfowl;
 I zarve my man zo when he is sick,
 Et dith more gude than kautehy vizzick,
 'Tes gude vor young an' oul' !

" Well, Giles tha hatch as well may hapse :
 Cum, cum you buoys, hitch up yer caps,
 We'll try vor pick a bit.
 Cum, naybors, doo dra nigh tha board,
 Tha very best us can avoord—
 Cum, all know whare vor zit.

" Vrens, yer's a squab-pie ; there's a guse ;
 Zum laver ; whitpot ; o't d'ye chuse ?
 Zee, yer's zum yerly chibbol.
 Doant look vor lathing, limmers. Be
 Them taties cladgy ? Rabbin, zee ;
 Doo hayt if 'e be ibble.

"Us killed a peg laist Munday, but
Tha natlings an' tha bliddy-pot

Both turned out gude vor nort.
But howmsomdever us ded wull,
The corbetts be wi' beacon vull,
Bezides dree stanes o' mort.

"Doo let me help 'e, Varmer Hayl,
Vrom thease yer dibben o' roast vayl,
Or vrom thease muggett pie."

"No, I've a-doo, but if 'e please,
I'll ha a crub wi' viuhed chaise,
'Tis 'most too gude vor I.

"Yer, eetle Bobby's plate's aslat ;
Till un a traunchard vrom the tack
Wi' zum nice doucet pie.
Bobby, doant ait them trade o' crumplings,
Shalt ha' thee vill o' appul dumplings
An' clotted crayme bam-bye.

"Lewy, hell Bet a cup o' zider ;
Or, Jan, thee zitt'st tha naist o' zide her,
And doattiest 'pon the gurl.
Why, buoy, art bosky, or scootchy-pawed ?
Thee'st slottered all thee drink abroad,
Ott maks the luke sa thurl ?