

JANNY RAA ON THA
CHARTER ZELEBRATION

Zeptember 9th 1885

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

Var zich a start there hadden bin
Zunce 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 vover 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.
An zome long wreaths did stretch across

Right auver tha roadway.

Devices gran, an motters vine,
Met ee in every quarter,
An here an there wur painted up
Zuccess ta ower new Charter.

An nayshin purty ael did look
Be mid-day I assure ee,
Wich wur tha time vix'd ta begin
Thease glad vestivity.

Then Marshall Carse on his white hoss,
Like a Ginril at review,
Wur riden here, and riden there,
Tell'un voke wur ta go.

Var a gran percession wur ta be
Of ael tha clubs in town,
To march in raink, ael droo hache street,
Like men a girt renown.

Precisely at tha hour vixed
Tha ban begun ta play,
Var ael wur in good order now
An vit ta march away.

In vront a banner ther wur car'd
On which wur painted new,
The neames a Kings who charters gied
Haight under'd year agoo.

Vrim Hin tha vust to Victorier
Twelve charters you cud zee
At different times be royal voke

Had bin granted ta we.

Ael on em mwoast, in pervect steat
In Town Hall as ya know,
An ony two mwore plazin can
Zich hankshint charters show.

Then com tha Wilton band a brass
A blowin long an loud
An well, poor chaps, thay kep it up
Wie martial ardour proud.

Then come tha Waver's hankshint club,
Tha wooldest of tha lot;
An nex tha Good Zamaritans
Who had a donkey got,

An on un "Georgy Binden" zat
Look un as proud's a king
'Till tha neddy lifted up behind
An Georgy off did vling.

Up went a jolly hearty laff,
Vrim thic ar merry crowd,
Ta zee thic zaccy leetle make
Dethrone a king za proud.

Bit Georgy diden zeem ta keer,
Jist gied his pants a rub,
Then did remount, an off a went
Ta lead tha donkey club.

The Wilton branch a tha Wilsheer club
Nex in percession keam
An "Jonny Passens" weav'd tha vlaig

A Estcourts noble feam.

Oddfellers nex, wie zaish an star,
Vine banner, to unfird,
Ta represent tha biggest club
There is in ael tha wordle.

An then the merry Voresters
In Robbin Hood attire,
Wie leetle Jan, an Scarlet Will,
An woold Tuck ther vriar.

An then tha two girt Vire Brigades,
Wie engines in good trim,
An poor woold "Zam" wie waater cart
Lookin za laink an slim.

An ael tha schools brought up tha rare
Led wie tha fife an drum,
An long an loud tha young uns cheer'd
Till nearly auvercome.

Wen ael wur jist a gwain ta start,
Tha Mayer did appear,
An wen tha voke kotch zite a he
Thay zet up zich a cheer.

Var as a stood a Town Hall dooer
Ta wish ess ael good-bye
It raaly wur a fectin zite
An mead me heave a zigh.

Var, a hankshint institutions I
Aelwys av girt respect,
An wen they be abolished

Me heart aelwys da fect.

Bit as thease wordle jogs along
Minoplies mist be broke,
An, laas, they mist be alterd zo's
Ta zuit tha wirkin voke.

Zoo, wen we'd wish'd tha Mayer good-bye
An cheer'd un long an loud,
Off went thease girt percession gran
Jist like a harmy proud.

Droo every street thay took ther way,
Ban's playin, an bells ringin,
An voke a shoutin long an loud
An bwoys an maidens zingin.

An wen tha town wur done, ael march'd
Ta reckcreashin ground,
An there varm'd up in a girt ring,
Twur a zite ta look around.

An atter we had gie dree cheers
Var Queen an Carperation,
We ael broke up var ta parteak
Of a nice girt colleration.

An in a girt lang tent cloas bye
Tha nuncheon wur laid out,
Girt jints a beef, an piles a brade,
An barrels a yale, an stout.

At two a'clock, wich wur tha time
Var haaf tha voke ta veed,
In thay did come vive underd strong,

Zich a zite ya never zeed;

Ta zee em there za jolly like
Hache one be cheervul veace
Stan auveright ther well-vill'd plate
An heartily zing ther grace.

An then ta zee tha knives an varks
Za merrily at wirk,
I'm dang if there wur one on em
Who did thic ar job shirk.

Had you bin there I'm zure yer heart
Much sympathy hood veel
Ta zee ower toilen leabern voke
Enjoyin thic ar meal.

I ony wish I wur a king
An had things me own way
I'm drat if poor voke shudden have
Zich a tuck out every day.

Zoo atter thease had had ther vill,
Wich diden teak em long,
In come tha tother haaf an thay
Wur quite vive underd strong.

An like tha totherem thay had
As much as thay cood ate,
An no mistake thay joy'd it much,
Ta zee ther empty plate.

Zoo wen tha big uns had ael done,
Wich wur be vower a'clock,
Underds a childern roun tha tent

Mwoast hagerly did vlock.

Var a good tay thay wur taav,
Brade, butter, an plum keak,
An heartily tha young uns too
Of ael o't did parteak.

Dozens a willin waiters kind
Did wait upon em there
Zo's hache on em bouth big an small
Shid av ther proper sheare.

Zoo when tha veedin wur ael done
An voke well primed wee in
Ta reckreashin groun they gooes
Tha spourts var ta begin.

An here tha voke wur thick as hops,
Tha zene, jist like a vair,
Ael zarts a pastimes wur gwain on,
An musements everywhere.

A Punch an Judy show ther wur
Wich plazed tha young uns mainly,
Tha woold uns too wur tickled much
If I mist tell ee plainly.

Racen var bwoys, an maidens too,
Jumpin in girt zack baigs,
An battledore an shuttlecark,
An racen we dree laigs.

An then come on a tug a war
Across tha Wiley river,
An lore tha zitement that it caas'd

Did make tha people quiver.

Haight Oddfellers, haight Voresters,
Girt chaps lusty an strong,
Stood on hache baink a holden tight
A rope za thick an long.

An atter they had midger'd out
Hache zide ther proper laingth
At bugle zound thay did let in
An pull wie ael ther straingth.

Bit skierce two minutes had gone by
Tha rope began ta bivver
An Voresters head auver heels
Went vloundern in tha river.

Tha people roared wie laffin then
Ta zee em tumble in,
Var thay girt stups, steeds lettin goo
Got wet droo ta tha skin.

As long's I live I shaant varget
Thic ar girt tug a war,
Var I back'd up tha Voresters
An drippence lost, begar.

Then ael at wonce a bell did ring
An eyes wur turned ta zee
A conzart now wur ta begin
A nigger minstrelsy.

Ten wooly-headed chaps ther wur,
Wie feacin black as ink,
Wie eyes za rid an mouth za wide,

Vrim Mericky I think.

An on a girt high hooden steage,
 Bout vive veet vrim tha groun,
Thay took ther sates an then tha voke
 Be underds vlock'd aroun.

Ael zarts a insterments they'd got
 Bezides a gran pianner.
A auverture that zoon het up
 Begar, twur woth a tanner.

An thay did play, and dance, an zing
 Hache one a leetle ditty
While bounes and tamberine did crack
 Ther vunny jokes za witty.

Ta zee tha keapers zom o'n cut
 As up ther thay did zit
It raaly tickled zo tha voke
 Zom o'm wur like ta split.

Bounes zung a zong, an twur about
 Tha grantin o' tha charter,
An mainly he did muse tha voke
 Cheers come vrim every quarter.

Zoo wen tha niggers had a done
 Ther entertainment droll
A rush wur mead across tha groun
 Tawards tha gracy pole.

An ther a chap caal'd "Jumbeler"
 His jacket did unbutton
Var he wur gwain to clim tha pole

An get thic laig a mutton.

Zoo up a got, we pluck za fess

Ta try an rache tha top.

But vore a had got many veet

Down he come zich a vlop.

Undaanted, up agean he gooes

Wie zich determined veace,

Bit zoon wur bliged ta gie it up

A wur dab'd zo we greace.

A chap neam'd Vincent then come up

An took tha job in hand,

An well his clothes a' auver rub'd

Wie zawdoust an we zand.

An var a nower nearly he

Did try we ael his might,

Ta rache thic laig, a hangen there

Bit cooden do it quite.

At las! be persyverance hard,

An pluck, an courage bwold,

Begar, a got up high enough

Tha end on en ta hold.

Tha crowd thay cheer'd, an cried hold hard,

Wich zeem'd ta gie un pow'r.

Then we his knife a cut zom string

An loos'd a baig a vlow'r.

Zoon, like a millard down a come,

His yead an veace ael white,

An roun his wrist, hetch'd on we string,

He'd got tha laig za tight.

An zich a cheer, tha people gied,
Wen thay zeed he'd got un,
An purty quick a scarperd off
Wie thick girt laig a mutton.

Zoo now twur getting on ta dark
An luminations grand
A gas, an Chinese lanterns
Wur lit on every hand.

An virewirks, we hissen naise,
Girt rockets, zich a hite.
We wheels, an squibs, an crackers loud,
The voke twur nuff to vrite.

An vire baloons, za big an roun,
Wur let up in tha sky
An like a spec amang tha clouds
Wur zoon lost ta neak'd eye.

An atter thease gran virewirks
Tha band begun ta play,
An woold an young an girt an small
Begun ta dance away.

An zich a taingled mass a voke
A bobbin here an there
Beat everything I ever zeed
At Whitzuntide ar vair;

Var everybiddy I cood zee
On pleasure wur intent
Ta zee how thay did romp about

In jayous merriment.

An vast an vurious did goo on
Thease merry lively zene
Till ten on em tha clock het out
Then ael zung out, tha Queen.

An loud an hearty cheers wur gied
Var tha woold Carperation,
Likewise var tha committee who
Got up tha jollification.

An var tha house a Pemberook
Dree cheers wur gied bezide,
Caas var tha peoples good we knaa
Ther hearts be open wide.

Thus closed thease memerable day
Tha girt big Zelebration
On tha grantin of a Charter var
A lected Carperation.

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May thease Charter be var ower weal,
It's power lets rightly use,
An show tha wordle thease priveleges
We never will abuse.

May heav'n bless an prasper ael
In thease yer hankshint town,
An like our vore fiathers "its neam"
Untarnish'd, we'll hand down.