

POLL'S WEDDIN

'Twur in tha zunny month a May,
Wen birds da zweety zing,
That Jackey Bell, of yonder dell,
Ta church ower Poll did bring.
An nevir in me life av I
Enjayed mezelf za well
As wen ower Poll got married to
Young strappin Jackey Bell.

We ael got up at vower o'clock,
And bustled zo about,
Ta get things ready vor tha veast,
A proper gran turn out.
Lore ow we trim'd tha woold house up,
We evergreens an vlowers,
Girt lims we stuck agean tha door,
Ta form zim sheady bowers.

At breakfist time, lore, how we chaff'd
Poor Poll about her man,
Bit then she know'd twur ony jokes,
Vor she coud understan.
An fiather jok'd and zed "zappose
Young Jackey shudden come,
Why Poll, what ever ood ee do?
What ever hood be done?"

An Poll laughed out an zed, "zappose
Ta Church I hooden goo,
Wad shud ee think a that, now zay,
Whatever hood ee do?
But lack a day, no vear a that,
I shall be his ta day,
Vor he da like I much ta well
Ta think ta bide away."

An while we wur a chaffin so
A rap com to tha door,
An Poll rush'd up ta open un,
Twur Jackey she wur zure.
An twur, begar, an wat a zite,
He claps hur roun tha wease,
An gied hur kisses, sich a lot,
Ael bout hur rozy feace.

Lore, ow we laff'd an cried, vor joy,
Ta zee thick two together;
"God bless em bouth," zed Granny out,

“Ther love may nothin zever.”
An poor young Jan tha tears rin'd out
His eyes vor very joy,
Then poor woold Granfer hollerd out
“God bless ee, maid an bwoy.”

Zo now tha time wur getting on,
Tha maids they went up stair,
Ta put ther bran new dresses on,
An trim an plat ther hair.
An Jackey he went long a I,
Ta dress hissself za gran,
Var I wur gwain, doont ee zee, to act
As Jackey Bell's baste man.

Wen ael wur ready, out we went,
Zix couples in tha train,
An twur a nayshun purty zite,
As I shant zee again;
Tha maids they wur done up in gowns,
That shined jist like zilk,
Tha chaps in black trowjers an cwoats,
An weascoats white as milk.

Ael down tha village street we went,
Lar ow tha voke did stear,
A underd voices did cry out
“God bless ee, Polly dear;”
Tha men voke, too, they ad their zay,
As geanst tha church they stuck,
As we went droo they ael did zay
“Mine keep yer sperrits up.”

Tha Passin then begun ta rade
Tha zarvice var tha weddin,
An fiather gied poor Poll away,
While mother tears wur sheddin,
Wen Passin ax'd young Jan, if he
Hood av Poll var a wife,
In a loud voice, a zed a hood,
An stick ta she droo life.

Then joyfully we lav'd tha Church,
As appy as anything,
An ael at wonce tha bells begun
Za merrily ta ring,
An we march'd back like voke in steat,
Amang tha vok's hooray;
Zuch welcomes then voke gied thick two,
Their blessed weddin day.

Then down we zat ta dinner gran,

Roun fiather's oakun teable,
An everything wur ther ta ate,
As much as you wur yeable.
A junk a beef, a woppin ham,
A nice girt laig a mutton,
Puddens an tearts, ther wur enuff
Ta zatisvy a glutton.

An ater that wur cleard away,
Ael zarts a fruit we ad,
Vigs, Apples, Nuts, an Oranges,
An yale, ta meak ess glad,
An ther we bid var dree long hours,
An ael za jolly appy,
Tha young uns thay did dance an zing,
Tha woold uns blow'd their baccy.

Then mother did perpose a plan,
An this wat she did zay-
“Now ael o'ee teak a walk down street,
While I da clare away.”
An straiter our things we bustled on,
An march'd ael down tha street,
An ael our frends we did invite
At zix a'clock ta meet.

Zo at zix a'clock they ael did meet
In Uncle's girt lang barn,
Vor there we wur ta ave a ball,
An keep un up till marn.
An ower brass band, they did get up
In a waggon tother end,
An they did play zo nice an loud,
Zich musick out did zend.

A cask a cider an a beer
We roll'd into tha barn,
Which Uncle ad zend down ta we,
A present vrom tha varm.
Zo everything wur ready now
An vrens they ael wur com,
“Lead off tha dance,” zed fiather then,
An bang then went tha drum!

An in two rows ael down tha barn,
Tha men an maidens stood,
To've zeed ess there, I'm zure it hood
Av done yer heart much good.
Vor Jan an Poll stood on tha top,
An wen tha ban did zoun,
They did lead off in purty ztyle,
Thic woold dance, vower ans roun.

Zo we did dance, an joke, an zing,
Vor hours thick weddin nite,
An raaly there ta zee ess ael,
It wur a fectin zite.
Vor ael wur cheer an harminy
Amang ess, young an woold,
Twur jist like one big vamily,
Zich frenship we did hold.

An I da hope wen I da wed,
Ta keep me weddin zo,
Vor I da think then ael good voke
Their kindness ought ta show;
Vor 'tis a time, a time a cheer,
We girt voke an we small,
An wen I weds jist let I have
A weddin like our Poll.