

THA PUZZLED VOTER

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HUSBAN AN WIFE

Husban just come in vrim Work

WIFE

“Why Bob! who's think bin yer ta-day?”

HUSBAN

“Well, raly Polly, I ca'ant zay.”

WIFE

“Why, Squire Jinkins an he's daater,
As da live down at Blackwater.”

HUSBAN

“Well, an what do em want a we?
Teant oft poor voke thay comes ta zee.”

WIFE

“That's true Bob; I'll tell ee presently,
What var thay com ta visit we.
Doo'st know? a Lections purty near,
An thay da want yer vote, me dear.
Thay ax'd if you wur Red ar Blue,
Be drat if I did know, thats true,
Pollyticks, thay diden trouble you,
Ya diden keer var Red nar Blue.
At that tha Squire rais'd his peepers
An zays: “what! dwoant er rade tha peapers,
Ta zee whats done in Parleymint,
Be gennelmen who there be zent?”

O eece, I zaays: “Bob rades tha news,
Bit twixt em, there yeant much ta choose.
He zays, bouth zides in pollyticks
Cars on a lot a artvul tricks,
Bouath on ems tar'd we tha seam brush,
An ta wirkin voke beant woth a rush,
Zoo raly, I caant tell ee, Squire,
Which on em Bob da mwoastly mire.”

HUSBAN

“Well Poll, tis right what you've a zed,
I beant a Blue, nar neet a Red,
Becos, as vur as I can zee,
Narn on em beant no good ta we.
'Tis job ta tell which o'm vrim tother,
Thay'm bout as bad as one another;
Thay bouath da promise this an that,
But tis a lot a bosh, thats pat,
Var when thay gets in Parleyment,
Their mines on other things be bent,
An thay vargets when thame up there,
Ael there nice promises za vair.
As var meakin laas, var we poor voke,
Till ael goo off in empty smoke.”

WIFE

“Well Bob, Squire zays tha Blues be right,
An var we poor da aelways fight,
Zoo I twould'n strait if that wur true
I'd zee my Bob shood vote var Blue.
Madam a zays, 'tis zartin vacts;
Jist rade yerzelf tha many acts
That thay've a pass'd var ael tha poor,
An blessins brought ta every door,'
Thease gran woold Englin he did zay,

Wur neer in zich a prosperous way,
You, as a wirkin man's good wife,
Wur never better off in yer life.
Brade is chep, an groceries too,
Var ael this you must thank tha Blue;
Agean, jist look an zee, he zays,
Tha good thay've done in many ways,
If yer husban ony looks ta zee,
What benefits thay've done var he.
If be accident, a now gets hurt,
An meets wie mishap at his wirk,
His employer he'll have ta pay
His wages, long as he's away,
Yeant that, yer grievances redressin?
An to ache wirkin man a blessin?"

* * * * *

Coose Bob, I cooden well deny
Ael that tha Squire zed ta I.
“Zoo then I ax'd un bout thase war,
An what ower voke wur vi'tin var?
A zed, bout twenty yer agoo,
We tha Boers we had a fillyloo,
An at a place caal'd Juber Hill
A regiment nearly thay did kill;
Gladstin, sho wur in power then,
Insteeds a zendin out mwore men
Vargeed em, and ever zunce thic day,
Thay've bused our voke in every way,
And swear'd that every Britisher,
Thay'd zoon drave out a Africker;
An coose we had ta let em know
Jan Bull a hood'nt be trated so.

* * * * *

O well I zed, if that be true
I'll zee my Bob shill vote var Blue.

* * * * *

Zoo in a book he mead a note,
As Robert Spencer, Blue, hood vote.”

HUSBAN

“Well Poll, ya shooden twould un that,
I dwoant knaa now what to be at,
Var's I wur comin wom ta night,
Who shid I zee bit Captin Wright,
A passen in he's hoss and trap;
A zays, “Well Bob, you'm jist tha chap,
As I'm a draven out ta zee,
I wants a leetle chat we ee;
I'm putten up var Parleymint,
An hopes as how ya will conzent,
Ta vote var I on pollen day,
An that you will, me vren, now zay.
We Reds, be ael vor wirkin men,
An'll do well vor em you may depen,
An nuthen shill thase course prevent,
When we da get in Parleyment.
Zee, what tha peartys done var you!
An their good Acts, jist rin em droo!
We Reds, tha corn laas did repeal,
An now, poor men can av a meal
A braden meat, ar braden cheese,
When vore their bellies thay mist squeeze,
An barley bannicks live apon.
That's zartin true upon me zong,

Tha Reds bin wirkin ael their life
Var tha poor leabourer and he's wife.

* * * * *

If thats zoo Captin out I zed,
Be drat if I dwoant vote var Red.
An then I menshind bout tha war,
An what ower voke wur vi'tin var?
I zays, tha Boers be a rum lot,
An zars em right jist what they've got.
Var's I da rade tha truth on't wur,
Thay dreaten'd we in Africker,
If we diden gree wieout delay!
Purty quick thay'd drave ess in tha sae,
I hopes if I da vote var you,
Zich bwoastin you'll meak em rue,
An never trust to em agen,
To rule auver any Englishmen.”

WIFE

“An what did Captin zay ta that?
I'm glad ya putt it to un pat,
Cos Squire zed tha Lib'rils zure
Nearly ael zided we tha Boer.”

HUSBAN

“O no a zays, tha Boers agen
Ull never rule o'er Englishmen,
Their geam is up, thay mist zit down
In pace under tha British crown.
Although tha Reds be geanst tha Blues,
We mwoastly holds imperial views;

An now tha Boers be konker'd quite,
We Reds ull zoon meak things ael right.
If this be zo; then Captin Wright,
I promise ee my vote thease night:
An vaithvul stick ta what I've zed,
On pollen day be voten Red.

* * * * *

Then in he's book he mead a note
As Robert Spenser, Red, hood vote.”

WIFE

“Well Bob, we'm in a purty stew!
I promis'd Squire ya shoud vote Blue;
He's zich a nice man, an young Miss
Avore she went gied Beab a kiss;
An zed she purty zoon did mean,
Ta come an zee ess ael agean.
Var my zeak Bob, I hopes as you,
On pollen day ull vote var Blue;
An if you'll ony promise this,
I'll gie ee zich a lovin kiss;
An praps Miss Jinkins she med too,
No knowen what she medden do.
Now zay you will; now there's a dear;
Bout Captin Wright ya need'n vear.

HUSBAN

“Why Poll ya do get auver I,
Var what ya ax, who can deny;
Thay eyes a yourn, da pierce I droo,
Anything amwoast thay'll meak I do,

Bit dang it, what ull Captin zay?
If I votes Blue on pollen day.”

WIFE

Why he wunt knaa, ya zilly elf,
Unless ya tell's un zo yerzef;
Tha votens done in sacrit now,
No one ull vind it out, I vow.”

HUSBAN

“Ael right me dear, anuffs bin zed,
I'm tired out, an longs var bed;
When there, praps I med drame a bit
How to get out a thase yer clit.

Pollen day. Husban just returned

WIFE

“Well now dear Bob, now tell I true,
Did'ee ar didn'ee vote var Blue
Come zay, an zet me mine at rest,
I'll keep it sacrit in me breast.
No biddys about, an nooan'll hear,
Now do ee tell I, there's a dear.”

HUSBAN

“Well Poll, I do believe ya'd draa
A sacrit out a ower Jack Daa.
Well then, jist hear how I did vote,
An mine on it teak proper note:

Twix Reds an Blues, tud beat tha Devil!
Ta vind who's right; I mead em level:
At bouath o'ms neam, I put a cross,
An zoo var I, thame Hoss, and Hoss,
As we da zay in skiddle alley,
When tha scorin it da tally.
Zoo if Squire he da caal on we,
Tell un I mead a cross war he.
An if Captin should tha subject neam,
I'll zay, I zard un jist tha seam.”

WIFE

“Well Bob, ya bin an done it now,
A purty artvul trick I vow:
Var goodness seak dwoant let it out,
Ar vine neam we shood av about;
Var zartin zure, you an yer wife,
Hood be twitted we't ael our life.
I hopes till be a underd year
Vore nother Lection, we avs here.”