

THE WILTSHIRE MOONRAKERS



Down Vizes way zom years, agoo,
When smuggal'n wur nuthen new,
An people wurden nar bit shy,
Of who they did ther sperrits buy.
In a village lived a publican,
Who kept an Inn, Tha Pelican,
A man he wur, a man a merit
An his neam wur Ickey Perritt.
Ael round about tha country voke
Tha praise of thease yer landlard spoke,
Var, wen any on 'em wur took bad,
They know'd wur sperrits could be had;
An daly, it wur nice an handy,
At tha Pelican ta get yer brandy.
Twer zwold as chep as tis in Vrance,
Tho a coose, twer done in iggerance.

One winter, Crismis time about,
Thease landlards tubs ad ael run out.
Zays he, this yer's a purty goo,
Var mwore what ever shall I do;
Thic smugglin Zam's a purty chap,
Ta lave I here wieout a drap;

An wen a promised dree months back,
A hooden vail ta bring me wack.
Bit praps tha Zize voke voun his trail,
An med a pop'd un inta jail,
Howsemdever, I'll zen and zee,
Ta marrer wats becom a he.
Zoo next day at nite he off did start,
Two girt chaps wie a donkey cart.
Ta Bristil town thay took ther way,
An got there as twur getting day;
Tha smugglers house tha zoon voun out,
An tould'n wat they wur com about.
Ael rite, zays he, I've plenty bye,
Bit we mist keep a cuteish eye,
Var tha Zize voke, thay be on tha watch,
An two or dree have lately cotch.
Zoo tell woold Ikey thats tha razin
I cooden zen avore ta pleaz un.
Zoo wen twur dark thase smuggler bwold,
Got dree tubs vrim a zacrit hould;
An unobsarved he purty smart,
Zoon clap'd em in tha donkey cart;
An tha top a cover'd up we hay,
Then sent tha chaps an cart away;
Ael droo tha streets quite zeaf an zoun,
They zoon jog'd out a Bristil town.
An vore tha vull moon ad arose,
To ther neative pleace, wur draain close
Wen to ther girt astonishment,
They met wie a awkard accident,
In passin auver Cannins Brudge,
Tha stubborn donkey hooden budge;
Tha chaps thay leather'd well his back,
Bit a diden keer var ther attack;
Bit jibb'd an beller'd, shook his mean

Then kick'd bouth shafts right off za clane.
Up went tha cart, tha tubs vill out,
An in tha road zoon roll'd about;
An vore the chaps cood ardly look,
Ael dree ad roll'd strait in tha brook.
Well! here's a purty goo zays one,
Why Will, wat ever's to be done?
I'd like ta kill thic donkey quite,
If thee wurst zays Tom, tid zar un rite.
Doost knaa wot tha matter wur?
I thinks a got a vorester;
Var I nevir knaw'd un hack like this,
Unless zummit wur much amiss.
Look at un now he's in a scare,
An gwain as hard as he can tare;
We bouth shafts danglin on tha groun,
A wunt stop till he gets wom I'm boun.
Zoo let un, I dwoant keer a snap,
Var then thay'll gace thease yer mishap;
An zen zumbiddy on tha road,
Ta help ess get wom seaf the load.
Bit zoundz, while thus we do delay,
The tuns, begar, ull swim away;
We mist get em out an any price,
Tho tha water be as cwoold as ice.
Dwoant stan geapin zo, var goodness zeak,
Run to thic rick an vind a reak;
I thinks that I can reak em out,
Var ther they be swimmin about.
Two reaks wur got, an then thease two
Did reak an splaish we much ado
Bit nar a tub thay diden lan,
Thay hooden zeem ta com ta han.
Zays Tom, I'm tired a tha job
An hooden a tuck un var ten bob;

I ad a mine ta let him goo,
An zo I will if thee hoot too.
Get out, girt stup, we mist get in,
Tho we da got wet ta tha skin.
Till never do ta let em be.
Zo tuck thee pants up roun thee knee.
Tha chaps then took tha water bwould,
Tho thay wur shram'd ni we tha cwoold;
And jist as thay did heave one out,
Ael at once a feller loud did shout--
HEL'OH, me lads, wat up to there?
NIGHT POACHERS, ah, if teant I swear.
Let goo, zays Will, I'm blow'd if tent,
Vizes Excizemin on tha scent;
Push off tha tub var goodness zeak,
Get out tha brook, teak hould a reak;
Reak at tha moon a shinin zee,
An dwoant thee spake, I'll tackle he.
Under tha brudge, then out a zight,
Quickly tha tubs wur push'd aelright.

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Tha Zizemen now ad rach'd tha pleace,
An Will he draa'd a ruful veace;
We beant no poachers zur zed he,
Bit av ad a mishap as ya zee.
Comin vrim Vize we donkey cart,
On tha brudge tha donk mead zudden start;
An jirk'd, an jib'd, then gied a kick,
An het bwouth shafts off purty quick.
Out went ower things wich as ya zees,
Lays ael about, an yer's a cheese;
He roll'd rite on strait in thease brook,
An Tom's a reakun vor'un look!

Tha Zizeman swallered ael o't in,
And to zee Tom reakun, gun ta grin,
Girt vool, zays he, as true's I'm barn,
Why that's tha moon, thee beest reakun vor'n
An then a busted out agean,
An zed of ael that beat ael clean;
To zee a crazy headed coon,
Reak at the shadder of tha moon.
Will wink'd at Tom, Tom wink'd at Will,
Ta zee how nice he'd took tha pill;
Ah, Zur, you med laff as longs ya please,
Bit we be zure it be a cheese.
Zee, how he shows hissself za plain,
Com Tom, leats reak for he again.
Zoo slap an dash went on tha reakin,
While Zizemin he var vun wur sheakin
An off a went houlden his zide,
Var longer there a cooden bide.
We grinnin his eyes did auvervlow,
Ta zee thay chaps a reakin zo;
An ta think that now he'd tould em so,
Tha girt vools hooden ther frake vergo.
Zoo up a got apon his hoss,
An as tha brudge a went across,
He zet up another harty grin,
Wen a look'd an zeed em both get in;
An zed, girt vools, till sar em rite,
If they da ketch ther deaths ta nite.
Bit wen he ad got clane away,
Tha tubs wur got wieout delay;
And hid away, quite zeaf and zoun,
Var a dark nite, wen tha moon wur down.

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Then at the Pelican thease chaps,
Purty zoon wur tellin ther mishaps;
Bit ael ther troubles they vargot,
Wen a beer ache om had a pot,
An Ikey coose did pay em well
Thease little stowry not ta tell;
Zo wen tha zizemin next did com,
Woold Ikey he a coose wur mum,
An in a glass did jine wie glee,
Wen zizemin twould tha tale ta he;
Bit he laff'd mwore wen zeaf one nite,
Tha tubs wur brought wom snug an tite;
An many a bumper went around,
To think they'd beat tha Zizemin zound.

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Bit he tha tale did zoon let out
To ael tha country roun about;
An to thease day, straingers da teeze,
All Willsheer voke about the cheese.
Bit tis thay as can avour'd ta grin,
To zee ow nice a wur took in.

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Zoo, wen out thease County you da goo,
An voke da poke ther vun at you;
An caal ee a girt Willsheer coon,
As went a reakun var tha moon
Jist menshin thease yer leetle stowry,
And then bust out in ael yer glowry,
That, yer cute Excisemen vrum tha town,
Wur took in wie a Willsheer clown.

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Zoo dwoant ee mine be'n call'd a Mooney,
Twur he, ya zee, as wur tha Spooney.