

MEAKEN OUT THA ZENSUS PEAPER



HUSBAN TO WIFE

“What's thic blue peaper there: top a teable?”

WIFE

“A puzzler, Jarge: explain un I beant yeable;
Woold Vowler bought un in here tother day,
An zed nex Monday, he's be vetch'd away.
When ax'd about it, he cut zich a keaper,
Drat tha ooman; tis tha Zensus Peaper.
Zensus, I zays What, do em want to rob
Poor voke a what leetle there's in their nob
A zart a grin'd, an zed twerden no joke;
King Edderd wants tha number of he's voke.
I zays, nuthen we hant yeard about it;
A zays, rade tha peaper if ya dout it.
An then a axed if arn a we cood write,
O eece, I zays, we can. Then thats ael right;
Struictions be printed on tha peaper plain,
Zoo mine he's ready gean I caals agean,

Var time da vlee, main lot I got ta do,
An mist be Monday night tha job get droo.
Right droo thease Parish a Langvird Steeple,
I've got ta get tha number a tha people.

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Ael right, I zays, Jarge ull sure ta do it,
When he've rade tha peaper, an zees droo it.”

HUSBAN

“Well, han tha peaper here, get pen an ink,
Let's vill un up, whiles on it I da think;
Var Monday marn I med be in a clit,
An goo ta wirk vargetten ael about it;
Var if teant done, gean Vowler he coms round,
I zees that thay can vine ess quite a pound.
Zoo stop tha childern's prattle now a bit,
An roun tha kitchen teable ael o'ee zit.

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Vust line: is var my neam; well that's Jarge Brown,
Ael da know that, as lives in thease yer town;
Next: Head of a vamly; a coose I be,
Ant I got a wife, an me childern dree?
Tha next is M, or F, ooman ar man,
A leetle question I dwoant unnerstan;
I aelwys thought a husban wur a man,
A wife a ooman, diden you, me Nan?
Cos it da zeem ta I mwoast martil quare,
To ax a zilly question like that are.
Next item, Age: well that I zoon ull do,
Vust a August las, I wur thirty two.

Then as to my perfession, ar me wirk,
A question too, I beant agwain ta shirk.
Fi'ather wur a Carter, an I'm a Carter too,
Var Varmer Vincin, an lives down Bell Vue.
Ta be a varmer's man yeant no disgrease:
Zom starchier voke av got a wusser pleace.
Wur wur I barn: why voke da knaa Jarge Brown,
Wur barn'd an bred in thease yer leetle town;
An wur I av a lived ael droo me life,
Christen'd, convirm'd, an married to a wife.
As to condition, dumb, zilly, ar blind,
Thank god, me zite is good, an zoos me mind;
Aelthough me wife zometimes caals I ninny,
An I she, at which bouath oance da grinny;
I'm zoun in lim, nar beant gone off me hook,
Nar neet praps zich a vool as I da look;
Tho zometimes I'll own, when things gets out a rut,
A chap's clin'd ta think, a must be off he's nut.

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Well now, I've vinish'd up thease yer vust line,
An what's put down is true, I'll swear, an zign.

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Now Missus, you comes nex; What's yer rite neam?
Anser vair an square, ya needen be a sheam.”

WIFE

“Why Jarge! ya knows tis Frances Annie,
Tho zometimes I'm caaled Nan, an zometimes Fanny.”

HUSBAN

“Frances Annie. Well, I've put that down,
Male or female: well that tha lot da crown,
Ael as ever I did hear, ar ever zee;
As tho a She cood be put down as He.
Well, now yer age: now Nancy, tell it true,
When we wur married, you wur twenty-two;
That's zix year agoo, if you remember,
Come tha twenty-haighth a nex Zeptember.
Zoo I'll putt it down here, ael vair an straight,
That Frances Annie Brown is twenty-haight.”

WIFE

“Now that's a fib, var zartin, Jargy Brown,
Zoo dwoant get putten zich a cracker down;
I know, when we wur wed, I zed ta you,
I thought me age wur ard on twenty-two;
Bit sister Zal, who's years woolder then I,
Zays she's bit twenty-zeven nex July.
Zoo if that's het, as true as I'm alive,
Las birthday I wur ony twenty-vive;
Zoo putt that down, and dwoant bother no mwore,
About my age, var that be right I'm zure.”

HUSBAN

“Now look here, Nan, I'll draa tha line an vix,
Yer age las birthday as jist tweny zix;
I'm zure twunt never do var you ta try,
An pass as zeven year younger than I,
Var tood be notic'd quick an I'll be bound,
Var written fibs thay'd vine ess thic thar pound;
As I zees be raden thay've power ta do,
If we da write down here what idden true.

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Now, Nancy, wur wur ee barn; zay me dear,
Ya av twould I, twur no where handy here;
What County wur't, Village, ar tha Town?
Cos it da zay it mist be ael putt down.”

WIFE

“Why shood em know, Jarge! what dicklus stuff:
Putt down Lunnen, thats plenty near anuff.
Zackly tha pleast: I cooden mine it now,
Bit twur zome peart a Lunnen, that I vow.
Var that's wur mother liv'd when I come down,
An took a pleast near thease yer leetle town,
As parlour maid, up there at Wincomb Grove,
And were we I ya know ya vill in love.”

HUSBAN

“Eece, I'll put that down, till do main stunnen,
An let em zee me wife come vrim Lunnen;
Tho I be clined ta think 'tis ony fancy,
Var yer taak beant like a cockney, Nancy.
As ta condition, ya beant blind, nar diff,
Nar dumb I swear; not when we avs a miff.

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Zoo that da vinish up tha zecond line,
An ael I've put is true; I swear an zign.

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Well, now about the childern, let me zee;
Two strappen bwoys, a beaby maid, that's dree;
Ther's Jack an Jim, now what's tha Beab ta be?
She hant bin neam'd ar christen'd heet ya zee.
We must put zummat, spoose we zay Fanny,
Ar atter you me dear, an neam her Annie.”

WIFE

“Begar, no Jarge; that shaant never be;
One neam's anuff in one vamily.
If she's neam'd Annie, till be auver town,
Which o'm da mean; woold Nance, ar young Nance
Brown;
Ower nayburs too, tid mainly bother,
To tell which vrim thic, ar thease vrim tother.
We'll av it Haignes, ar else Dorothy;
Tha last is a sweet purty name, ya zee.”

HUSBAN

“Eece, an thay'd caal her Doll ael droo her life;
No, no, we mussen av that ar me wife.
Now, what about Lizer, we caant beat that.”

WIFE

“Why, then thay'd caal her Lize, ya zee girt vlat.”

HUSBAN

“Well, I spoose thay hood, now, what do you zay?
Var ta av her neam'd and christen'd May.

WIFE

Well I shood like that; look sharp, put it down,
Thay wunt be yeable ta nickneam “May Brown,”
Her age, zix weeks ony las Zadderdy:
Zoo mine tis zettled: Beaby's neam is May.”

HUSBAN

“Ael right, I very zoon ull putt that down,
May, the daater a Jarge an Annie Brown.

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“Well, now I've vinish'd up; an every line
Is zartin true; zoo here Jarge Brown I'll zign.”

WIFE

“Jist stop a minit; let I look it droo;
Why tha bwoys age, ya av lave'd out that's true.”

HUSBAN

“An zo I av; Well, Jack a will be vive
In August nex, if then he be alive;
Zoo, I mist putt un vawer, dwoant ee zee;
An leetle Jimmy he is hard on dree,
Zoo I mist ony putt two year var he.
Nuthen's tha matter we narn o'ms noddle,
Main cute thay wur vorn thay cood toddle.
Ther zites be good, thame zound in wind an lim,
Two strappen youngsters be our Jack and Jim.”

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“Zoo now I think that's ael ther is ta do,
Bit praps you, Nan agean, had baste look droo.”

WIFE

“Eece Jarge I will; well, purty rite da zeem,
Zoo now I thinks as you can zign yer neam.”

HUSBAN

“Gie me tha pen, an in me baste roun han,
I'll zign Jarge Brown in girt bwould letters gran;
An let Vowler zee I be a schollard,
Aelthough tha plough I ael me life av voller'd;
Zoo when a caals, a needn't rant nar keaper,
Nar zay as ow we spwil'd tha Zensus Peaper.