

JOE AN TOM : A TEETOTAL YARN

JOE

Good grayshus, Tummas, ow de do?
Why, hoo'd a thought a zeein you?
Voke thinks you'm in a voreign clime,
Ya hant bin zeed, ver zich a time.
In Austilyer or Americky,
We zurely thought ya now hood be;
Bit raaly, Tom, ya looks main well,
An bissen too, a girt big swell,
Wie that vine clothes, an thic goold chain
Thee beant a leabourer now, that's plain;
Ya've had a wind vall I allow,
Thee zurely now dwont vollie plough.

TOM

Well! ya med steer at I vren Joe,
Za different ta zom time ago,
Bit let me gie ee ta unnerstan
I hant a zeed nar voreign lan,
Tis zartin true, var zom time now,
That I've a gied up vollein plough,
Bit I've ad nar wind vall as ya think,
Bit this is het; I've gied up *drink*.

JOE

What!!! Tom Whissler turn'd teetotaler,
What ever nex will my ears hear;
Var ael I knowd in my time past
Ta turn, I thought thee'st be tha last,

What, Tom Whissler, tha merry chap
As var nuthen diden keer a rap,
Who every night down at tha Bear,
Wur tha jolliest veller there,
Who cood joke, an smoke, an drink beer,
An zing a zong za nice an clear,
An in winter, gean tha vire warm
Wie ael tha chaps apun tha varm,
Cood'st crack a joke an tell a tale,
We any on'em in thease vale,
Who at dice, an cards, a reglar ard'un,
A dapster, too, at cork an varden,
Who were look'd to, be ael tha bwoys,
Ta zettle up any leetle naise,
Who's very look, ar nod wur laa,
Ta quickly stop ther clammern jaa;
Eece, an carry off wie thee mwore beer
Than any oance wieout bein queer.
Why, I never dram'd thee'st com ta this,
Unless thee'st jin'd tha Methodis,
Who var varty years an mwore, I think,
Av bin runnin down a drap a drink.

TOM

Eece, an honner to em, good vren Joe,
That thay at drink av struck a blow,
Tis right enuff wot you've a zed
Bout me young days, wat a life I led
When you thought I a jolly veller
Bekaws I wur a leetle meller
Wen I wur on a drunken bout
An cud carry twice as much about
A dale a yarm it done, I know it
Ony, begar, I never show it.

Nuthen but drink I then did crave,
Ta drink, vren Joe, I wur a slave,
But now I've done, I'll tell ee plain
Tha stuff I'll never touch again;
An if, vren Joe, you'm in tha mine
I'll tell ee how twur I did zign.

JOE

Well, as I've a leetle time ta speer,
Tha stawry, Tom, I;d like ta hear
Var zeems ta I za martil queer
Thot thee shid'st gie up drinken beer,
I wur gwain ta ax thee, I declare,
Ta goo we I down to tha Bear,
Bekaws I thought thee kine woold heart
Var vrenships zeak hood stan a quart,
Howzemdever, lets tha stawry hear
How twer thee'st turn'd teetotaler.

TOM

Wen zix years agoo I lav'd thease pleace
I didn know where ta turn me veace,
Me clothes an boots wur martil bad,
An dree an zix wur ael I had,
An as I trudged along tha road
At me heart there led a heavy load;
Var I raaly didn zeem ta know
Which way ta steer ar wur ta go,
Zoo on I plodded wor'd an wary,
Var miles miles apon tha highway drary,
Till at a Pub apon tha way
Tired out, I wur obliged ta stay,
An there me money zoon did shrink

The time I'd paid var lodge an drink
Tho var any job me hands wur willin,
I vound my zelf wieout a shillin.
Zo I resolved at tha nex town
That com what hood, I'd zettle down.

Vull thirty miles it wur quite
Avore I rach'd a town thic night,
An then I vown that I'd a com
Nearly a underd miles vrim wom.
Zoo wen twur light nex marnin I
Ael bout thic town var wirk did try,
An nearly gied up in dispear
Till, I vill in wie a gierdener
Who ax'd if I cood dig an plant
As chap var that he wur in want.
Za I took tha job wieout delay
Var dree months at haf-a-crown a day.

Tha time had nearly slipp'd away,
Wen measter comes ta I one day
An zays young man yer quarter's gone,
Bit if ya like ya can stop on,
An if var twelve months you'll agree
Steeds haf-a-crown I'll gie ee dree.
O, thankee, zir, I zoon replies
While tears a joy rin'd out me eyes,
Ya zartinly be very kine,
Ta lave ee I hant got no mine.
Bit, ah, friend Joe, I'm vexed ta zay
It done no good ta rise me pay,
Var every night when work wur done
Ta public house I hoff did run
Companion toppers zoon I vound,
Notorious drinkers ael around.

Smokin' an boozen every night
Wur me whole an zole delight,
Till turn out time, then wom did slink,
An roll ta bade zoak'd out wie drink.
Me wirk I zoon begun ta glect,
An ta be zack'd I did expect,
Za I should, but tha rason why
Measter got drunk as well as I.
An za at I a cooden sneer
Wen a zeed I wur tha wust var beer.
Well, things went on vrim bad ta wuss,
Var nuthen I diden keer a cuss,
Drinken an spenden wie ael me might
Ruinin me zoul an body quite,
Till dree year agoo las Crismis eve
Zumm't happ'd thee ardly hoot believe
Wich I shaant varget, ah never veer
If I da live a underd year.
A young chap who I caal'd me chum,
Who a drap a drink zoon auvercom,
Perposed that he an I shid spen
Crismis eve in gwain ta zee a vren
Var a adden zeed un zich a while,
An twerden vur, about zix mile,
We'll av a hoss an trap, zays he,
Zo's we can teak it haisely.
O, eece, I'm one wie thee, zays I,
An on me gwain thee mid'st rely.
Za wen ower wirk wur done thic day,
Hoff bouath oance went wie sperits gay,
Well laden wie a drap a prime
Cos doosen zee twer Crismis time,
An purty well we did carouse
Avore we got ta his vren's house
Wich wur a Public on tha green

Tha neam on it tha King an Queen.
Bout haite a clock we did arrive
An tha house wie voke wur ael alive,
Var tha Host wur one, who did believe
In being jolly on Crismis eve;
An zo ta keep tha sazon up
Customers wur vited in ta sup,
An na mistake grub ther wur plenty
Ta satisfy tha haite an twenty,
Wich wur tha number that zat down
Bezides me chum an I vrim town.
An na mistake var a nower quite
Hache oance did ate wie ael his mite.
An ater that we did carouse,
As cheermain zed var good'th house.
Var wen tha cloth wur clared away
Hache one var his own drink mist pay.
Gallons a beer wur zoon brought in
Then bottles a brandy, rum and gin;
An merrily on tha time did jog,
As we zat there an drunk ower grog
Hache zung his zong, hache crack'd his joke
Tha room wur vill'd wie naise, and smoke.
Then quarts a nice gin hot wur brew'd
Till haf tha company wur screw'd.
Tha drink went down, zom vill asleep,
Zom manag'd out tha door ta creep,
Like lunatics, we ael wur dazed,
Zom zilly, zullen, an amazed;
When landlord he out loud did shout
Tis twelve a clock, ya must turn out,
Zo good chaps ael, wieout delay
Quietly I trust ya'll goo away.
Well, up I gets ta vind me vriend,
Who wur asleep the tother end.

Com Jack, zays I, com stir about,
Tis twelve o'clock, we mist turn out.
Wie that I haul'd un to his veet,
An got un out into the street.
Wur trap and pony bouth wur ready,
An hoff we went not auver steady;
Var Jack 'e zeem'd mwore dade 'n alive,
Zo I took hold tha reins ta drive.
“Let goo,” zays he, ”diss think I'm tite?
Thee mine thee zelf, I be ael rite.”
Then wie tha whip, tha pony he
Did lash away; we zeem'd ta vlee.
“Var God zeak do pull up,” zays I,
'Thee't drave ess up tha baink, bim bye.”
Bit no, a diden, nar hooden heed,
Bit, Jehu like, kept up tha speed.

There wur no moon, we had no lamp,
Tha road, dark as a dismal swamp,
An vore we had got skierce a mile
Mi blood wur up an like ta bwile,
Vor I velt zure that zom mishap
Hood auverteak ess in thic trap.
“Var heav'n's zeak do let I drave,
If thee tonight our necks oot save.”
Bit , no; mwore stubborn than a pig,
Declared a did enjoy tha jig,
An grunted out in mumblin talk,
If I like I cood get out an walk.
Bit, no, I cudden lave me mate,
Aloane, an draven in thic state.
And zo I let un av his way,
Tho' I rue it till thease very day;
Var bout a mile vrim tha town,
As a steep hill we wur rattlin' down,

Like lightenin along dash'd we;
Tha leetle pony zeem'd ta vlee,
Bit, skiercly we had got haf way,
Var his volly ee had dear to pay,
Var ael at once tha pony stumbled,
An out bouth on ess zoom wur tumbled.
A hair-breath eskeap. I met no harm,
Seave a bruised nose an broken yarm;
An to myzelf, when I'd a com,
I zet ta work ta help me chum.
Eece, there he wur, just wur he vill,
Stretch'd out upon thic road quite still,
Wie his veace downurds in tha mud,
Ael covered up wie dirt and blood.
Var he'd a pitch'd rite on his yead,
And there e lay like one that's dead.
I lissened hard ta hear un breath;
Bit ah, his buzzom zeaced ta heave.
Eece, gone vur ever wur that breath,
An there a lay in tha hands a death.
Ah, Joe, ya never can zurmize
My veelins at tha glassy eyes
Of thic young man, who zuddenly
Wur hurried to eternity.
It nearly drove I to despair
To zee his bleeden body there.
Just picter to yerzef, vriend Joe,
My steat a mind, my bitter woe,
Ta be in zich a awful plight,
An in tha middle of tha night.
Ah, twur a terryable warnin',
Ta I, on thic ar Crismis marnin'.

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Then at tha inquest wich took place,
I wur rated zoundly, thee midst gace,
Var tha Coroner a diden shrink
Ta tell I that it wur droo drink.
“Young man,” zed he, “a hinstance zad
Of thease yer drinkin' bouts you've had;
Teak my advice, an vrim this day
Never touch that as leades astray.”
An vrim tha day a thic mishap,
Vren Joe, I've never teast a drap.

JOE

Well, raaly, Tummas, I mist zay,
Twur nuff ta vill ee wie dismay,
An meak ee shun a drap a drink,
When on yer vren's feate you da think.
Bit, I raaly can't think I shid stint
Acos a thic there accidint.
Not only that, very well ya know
Thers thousands in thease wordle below
That in moderation avs a drap,
An never av ad no mishap.
Bezides, diss know, a leetle cup
A' nice whoam brew'd ull cheer ee up,
An ael auver zeems ta do ee good
When you be in a dullish mood,
An a leetle drap a grog thee'st know
Da zet yer woold heart in a glow.

TUMMAS

O, eece, vren Joe, 'tis very true
Of moderate drinkers there's a vew
Who neer av bin tha wuss var drink,

Aelthough they mid bin on tha brink.
Bit this, me vren, ya must convess,
If there's no drink there's no excess.
Var zom, when once thay teast tha stuff,
Dwont never know when they've enough;
An this ya know, var zartin zure,
Teetotallers aelways be zecure;
Var if from it thay do abstain,
They can't get drunk, that's purty plain.
Bit, yer moderate drinker's never zure
Bit what zom day it med allure,
An he mid teak mwore than he meant,
Aelthough it mid be gainst his bent.
Ah, 'tis a temptin, dangerous snare,
An vrom its wiles, vren Joe, teak care.

JOE

That's true, what you've a zed, I think
Voke can't get drunk if thay dwont drink;
Bit, then, ya zee, 'tis nayshun ard
A drap a lotion to discard;
Specially when coms on tha cheep,
Who ever cood teetotaller keep.
Bezides, how nice a nower da pass
Wie a vren in avin a social glass.
'Tis very well var voke that's wake,
Who offen avs a drunken frake,
An spens ther money at tha pub;
While wife an vamily wants var grub,
An bout ael day da idle lurk,
A boozen, steeds a doin work.
Bit then, diss know, I beant like thay
Var I ony spens vourpence a day.

TUMMAS

Vourpence a day, if that's ael, Joe,
'Tis two and vower a week, diss know,
An if ya reckons var a year,
Ta zix pounds it'll come main near,
An, doosen think, it purty dear
Ta pay out var a drap a beer?
An wats a got, ta show var it?
Nuthen at ael, thee must admit.
Now, if that money thee did'st save,
A lot a comferts thee cud'st have.
Thee zoom cud'st buy a watch an chain;
An if tha landlord did complain
An at thee turn up his rid nose,
Com out in a new suit a clothes.
Woold chums at vust thee't zure ta fend,
Bit, thay'll like thee better in tha end.
Zo never mind a bit their chaff,
'Tis thee as can avoord ta laff;
Var zunce I turn'd teetotaller,
Wich is getten on var vower year,
I've seaved a tidy bit a chink
Wich ood a gone in that ar drink.
Not ony that, zunce measter died,
Tha missus do in I confide,
An now I'm manager ya zee,
An tha bussiness carries on var she.
An who knows, bit wat zom day she med
Ax I if I'm inclined ta wed,
Var bless thee heart tha wimmen voke
Zarts a leans ta a teetotal bloke.

JOE

Well, raaly Tummas, I mist own,
Zom waity rasons you've a shown,
Why I shid gie up drinken beer,
An zeave me money year by year.
I plainly zee dwont do much good
An gie it up got mi'nt I hood.

TUMMAS

Com on then, Joe, meak up thee mine,
Com down ta coffee shop an zine,
An ther we'll ave a jolly tay,
An var it ael thee vren'll pay.
I'm zartin zure thee't never regret
Bit bless tha day we bouath oance met.

JOE

Eece zo I will an now yer gooes
Ta zine tha pledge an keep vrim boose;
Good-bye, me drinken vrens, good-bye,
Shaant wet wie you nar nother eye.
Good-bye woold landlord of tha Bear,
I hant got no mwore caish ta spare,
Zo dwont ee tempt me high nar low,
I tell ee straight, no mwore var Joe.

FINIS