

OWER GIRT ZEPTEMBER VAIR



Of ael naizes an zenes in tha country that are,
Ther's nuthen ta beat ower girt Zeptember vair;
Var hussle, an bussle, an tussle, we man an wie be-ast,
It can vie wie any in tha country at least.
Now if ya da dout it, com an zee var yer-zelf,
An be here day avore, Zeptember tha twelth;
When about dinner time ya zure will begin,
Ta hear indycashions of the vorth comin din.
Then on tha vair marn of tha clock about two,
Outzid a yer dwoor ye'll hear much ado;
That is, if you'm sleepen in tha nayberhood too,
An beant zunk too deep in a girt snorin stew.
You'll turn, an you'll twis, an mutter what's this?
An agean try to zink in slumberin bliss;
Then praps var a nower, you med get a snooze,
Ael depens, ta wither much naise you've been used.
But wither or not, agean about vour, you'll zadly deplore,
That vor tha naize at yer door,
Tha bussle an roar, ya raaly caant snore,
An praps in a bore you'll turn oer an oer,
Ta get a wink more.
But you'll vind tis useless, an that you'll convess, as ya
jump up an dress in half drowsiness.

Wen dress'd, about vive,
In tha street you arrive;
Which is ael alive,
Like bees in a hive;
An mabby you'll contrive
At tha vair to arrive;
If hardly ya strive,
Mang tha bussle ta dive;
An goo in an out, like a rickety wheel,
Ar like country chaps a dancen a reel.
But wen wonce at tha vair,
Dang if you wunt declare;
You wurd'nt aware,
Twur zich an affair.
An mainly you'll stare,
To zee voke here an there,
Run like mad everywhere,
As tho in a scare,
Be tha steat of their hair,
An ther eyes wen they stare;
Tis a terryable glare,
Nuthun can we it compare.

Ta hear varmers a shoutin, an scoutin, an poutin,
Especially fat ones, that have got tha gout in;
An shepperds a tearin, an swearin, an blarin,
An dogs a prowlin, an howlin, an growlin;
At ther poor leetle vlock, ta get em in dock, avore zix o'clock,
Ar vore there's a block.
Jist hark at their slang,
In ther neative twaing;
Well, I'm dang, if there the beant, ael amang.

Poor gentle sheep, var you I veels deep, as tho I cood weep,

Ta zee ee zo huddled ael up in a heap,
That too wie out keep;
An there to remain var howrs in yer pain,
I knaa you hood fain be away on tha plain,
We nuthun to restrain on tha grassy domain;
Wie no hurry, or skurry, or strainge curs ta wurry.

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Wat a rum zite is thease vair at its hite;
Wat things ta ex-zite'ee, wat zouns ta a-vrite'ee;
Wat feacin ya zee, zom beamin wie glee,
An on others ther be lines a adversety;
An ael zems bent on, business intent on.

Tha gennelmin varmer here ya da meet,
In tha latest fayshun, nate an compleate;
An tha woold fayshun yoman,
Who'd av ya know, man,
That he beant a show man;
Be his plain zimple dress,
Yer mine he'll himpress
That he do possess
Much straitte foridness.
Zee thay yander together,
In ther laggins a leather
Hearts lite as a veather,
Discussen tha weather;
Tha sheep, an ther keep;
Tha carn, in the barn;
Tha steat a tha crops,
An tha price a new hops;
Tha steat a tha nayshun,
An tha leaborour's agitation.
How thay roar an thay laff,
At ache others chaff;

Then goo off an quaff zim mild haff-an-haff.

If thame com yer ta buy, wie wat a quick eye,
Any vaat they'll descry, jist like a Poll Pry;
How tha sheep they'll veel, avore they'll deal,
An ta tha zeller appeal, his price ta reveal,
Zoo an zoo, he'll zay, now I want vor thay,
Nooan better or chaper any money I'll lay.
There beant ta be voun in tha vair groun ta day,
Bit tother ull zay nay, wie accustom'd dismay.

Zich a price I shaant pay,

Zoo I wish ee good day,

An to another lot he'll be off like a shot,
An tha zeam question agen he'll put to tha men

Who stan roun tha pen.

An then he'll propoun,

Can ee warrant em zoun?

While tha men do expoun

Ther qualities roun;

Nooan better ta be voun

In tha vair, they'll be boun.

At las he da buy,

An hoff ull zoon hie,

Tha deal ta ratify,

Be whettin tha eye;

While to zom ragged drover

A trifle's mead over,

To take them to Andover;

Where they mid revel in clover,

On the varm of Jan Glover.

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Of shepperds what a harmy is here,
An ow different zom on em appear;
Zom looks ta av lots a good cheer;

Zom looks main queer an zincere.
Var a minet ta yan stall,
Now jist gie a call;
An teak stock of the company all.
Zee em doin a veed,
Ah, they enjoy it indeed,
Zich appetites wat can exceed;
An tha fare, zee it there,
As much as tha table is yeable ta bear.
A huge jint a zalt beef,
Ya zee head an chief:
Rare stuff, ta gie relief,
Is a shepperds belief.
An yon woppen girt ham,
Wat huge slices they cram;
Zom voke it hood zicken,
Bit they ate it wie out chicken,
An smack ther lips at tha picken;
Tripe, an mince meat,
Vaggots, an pig's veet,
An black puddens stale, on which to regale,
An waish it ael down wie watery ale.

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Now jist take a stride to the other zide, wat a difference wide.
Jist gie a glance at this Restaurance,
As they caal em in Vrance.
If you incline, ya here may dine, of daintees vine,
An waish em down wie sparklin wine.

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'Tis twelve o'clock, an in vull swing is tha Auctioneer's ring,
Round his box voke cram, as he baals out ta Zam,

Ta bring in tha vust ram;
Now gents, wieout any sham, or epigram,
What shall I zay, vor this beautiful ram?
While the waitin man Zam, hans roun a dram,
Two guineas I hear, in a voice not very clear,
That man he must jeer, or else be in beer;
He cant be zincere, to offer a price zo queer, vor a ram like this here:
Dree, Vower, Vive, well gents if ya strive,
No doubt you'll contrive, at his vair price ta arrive:
Zix is bid; well, if ever I did;
Look at tha price, he's wuth it drice, com be concise,
 an not za nice; wat a zacrifice.
Zam! To tha bidders roun pass another glass, thay require more brass;
Tha grog an wine da sparkle an shine, an goes down ache line,
Zom decline, bit mmostly incline;
Another spurr, zeven I yer;
Then vrum a woold pate, coms out plump an strait,
Here, I'll gie ee haite, ta en tha debate.
Dally knock un down, zays a countery clown,
An the seller rewards un, wie a terryable vrown.
Than ta nine, another gies tha sign,
 Whose eyes da sparkle an shine;
 No doubt, effects of tha wine.
 Going! Going! Have ye done? Have ya done?
 Then roun his quick eyes da run;
 Have ya done, wonce again?
 Mine I shill not long detain
 In pleadings vain;
He looks agen at tha men, who vlock roun tha pen,
Up goes his hand; a voice baals out ten;
An mang ael tha clammer, down goes tha hammer,
An tha lam is zoon hurried out a tha pen,
Ta meak room var another, jist like tha other, one hood
 think 'twas a brother.
Then ael tha zeam bother is gone droo agen.

If ya've any regard var tha implement yard,
Jist teak a glimpse, but be on yer gard;
Var straps an wheels are continually runnin
An tha naise too is stunnin.
Here be hoers, an mowers, an blowers,
Draigs an jaigs, tha lan ta scarify, and poor vield mice to terrify.
Mills an drills, elevators and cultevators,
Dressers an pressers, barrers, an larrers, an things ta ketch sparrers;
Mill stounes an wet stounes.
Rakers an graters, rapers an crapers,
Lifters an zifters, machines for dippin and clippin,
In fact ael things that are out, you zee's laid about,
Ta cultivate lan, by team or by han;
An lots too stan in girt deman,
But raaly var what use I dwoant understan;
Every vair their's zure to be implements newer,
All tha pertickulars of which, you can get vrim vren Brewer. *(a local machinist)
To tha hoss vair advance, an jist gie a glance,
Bit wie girt vigilance, var thay rear an thay prance, as though touched wie a lance,
Especially thay, vrim Erin ar Vrance;
Any zart a steed, you med zee yer indeed,
Any zart a breed, ta jog, ar var speed;
Bit if ya one need, you mist teak girt heed,
An main caushious prozeed, if ya hood zucceed.
Var thease dealers, be zich consalers, an knowin veelers,
An I've yeard tha Peelers, zay zom on em be girt stalers;
 Now jist zee ow ther busines is done,
 Jist look at thic woold Dun,
 Who's wirk vor ever zeems done,
 Wat a scare to get un ta run,
 How a tries his owner ta shun,
 As much as a dog do a gun.

Then look at yon sprightly mare,
Brissillin with martial air,
How she gallops wie speed droo tha vair,
While her owner da swear an declare
Zich a gooer never was there;
Bit if you ud have her, teak care,
Var she medden turn out quite square:
Zo I'd advise ee, look well, and beware,
Wen ya purchase a hoss at a vair.

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'Tis past mid-day, an they who da stray
Ta every pleace upon tha highway,
Begin ther wares to display;
Zee yonder Quack begins his clack,
Like a maniac he spouts till he's black;
Zays he, mines tha tack,
If ya've pains in tha back,
Ar any wur else, I'll cure tha attack;
Why do ee remain za long in yer pain,
Wen I stoutly maintain
That if you obtain my medicenes plain,
Good health you'll regain, yes! an retain,
An never agean complain;
Dwont think ta meak wills,
Bit teak my pills, and be rid of yer ills,
Eece an 'tis zarprisan, wieout disguisin,
Ow many putts vaith in thease Quacks advisin,
Ta thease Quack nex door,
Another vellar da roar.
If ya'm troubled wie a carn,
As true as I'm barn,

Ar a bunyon, or wart, drap two draps on tha part,
An if it dwoant hase impart wieout a pang ar a smart,

I'll ate yon hoss an cart;
On its merrits I wunt dwell,
Var 'tis knaw'd now too well,
Nuthen can it exzell,
It hacks like a spell,
Here! zixpince a bottle I zell.

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Chep Jack begins now to prate,
On his voot bouard a state,
An a crowd a da zoon captivate;
I zay! I zay! I zay!
Good voke jist look this way,
Ya zee I'm cum yer ta day,
Vor I caant stay away;
Now behold my extensive display,
Wich I means ta gie ee ta-day,
That is, var a leetle outlay;
Goods ael new, ya zee on view,
Vrum Brummagem an Lunnen too;
Zo at wonce wieout ado,
Wot vust shill I offer you;
Ah! here's a tay-pot, tha ony one I've got,
Ther beant another in stock,
Tha last of a splendid lot;
Ya zee he's zilver pure,
Of that ya med be zure,
An ya caant one like un procure,
In a zilver smith's shop, I'll be boun,
Var less than a poun,
That is, like thease pure an zoun;
Yer! I shaant zay a poun or a half,
Ah! you med laff an think it chaff;
Yer! nine, eight, zeven, zix;

Yer! as true as I'm alive, an in a bit of a fix,
You shell av un var vive,
Ya wunt; very well, I'll putt un by.
Yer! wonce mwoar a gooes var vour,
Yer! hang me, as I'm out on tha spree,
Ya shill av un vor dree;
Yer! two an eleven, two an nine,
Last time, now mine,
Well, as I'm com ta thase town,
Ta get a little renown;
Tho I know I'm done brown,
Zounds, here a gooes var half a crown;
An a knocks un down to a countery clown,
Wie a giggle between a laff an a vrown.
Then his store, he agean do explore,
An brings out wie a roar,
One more, jist like the one before.

Now Ballard zingers begin,
Ther charmin verses ta zing,
In anything bit a clear ring;
Here's well-known Bob an Bet,
Well match'd in ther scramy duet;
Anuff ta gie ee tha vret,
Tha zouns you'll never varget.
Anyow, ther vaices da charm,
Tha rustic bwoys of tha varm,
Who vlock roun em, likes bees in a swarm;
An hager ther penny thay pay,
Var tha newest zongs a tha day.

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Here ya ar, as long as thers any,
Vor tha price of one penny;

Tha newest zongs out, an what they're about;
Here's "Tha zoldier's joy,"
An "Tha varmer's bwoy;"
"A zailer bwold var me,"
"In a cottage be tha sea;"
"Comin droo tha rye,"
Wie "Tha spider an tha fly;"
"Belly Maloone,"
"Come, lave I aloone;"
"Me lads a warrior bwold,"
"Zilver dreads amang tha gwold,"
"Alice Gray," wie, "Nellie Ray;"
"Wilt thou be mine,"
"Tha good Rhine wine;"
"Auver tha waater,:"
Wie "Tha ratcatchers' daater;"
"Out in tha snow,"
"Bit not var Joe;"
"Here stans a pwost,"
"Bill Scroggin's ghost;"
"Cheer bwoy cheer,"
"Vor wie likes a drap a good beer;"
"Brite zunny days," an many mwore lays,
Too numerous ta menshyn,
Ta attract yer attenshin;
An on again, they strike up tha strains,
While tha shepperd's swains,
Join in tha refrains.
Recrutin Zargeants now,
Wie martial brow;
An pleazin bow,
To tha zons of tha plough;
Declare an avow,
That how, thay mist allow;
A zoldiers life, wie tha drum an fife;

An scarlit couat, is one on which ta doat;
Com, jine tha line,
Be a zodger vine,
An cut a shine;
Ya'll nevir repent,
Ya did conzent;
Ta teak tha shillin,
Com, ar ya willin;
An many a swain he elevates,
An captivates, be wat he states.

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'Tis vower a'clock, an there's a lull,
Things be getten dull;
Vor wom again,
Is gone tha main,
Be road ar train;
A few remain,
To teak a drain;
Var till next year
Thay wunt meet again.