

BLONDIN AT WILTON PARK

Bank Holiday, August 4th, 1873.

Once mwore ya zee yer fren Jan Brown,
Tha rustic rhymer of yon town,
Is gwain ta tell ee wat he did zee
At Wilton Park Bank Hallerdy.
Tha us'd ta keep Crownashun day
Bit now we that they've done away
An keeps Bank Hallerdy in place
An wich ya know is much the base;
Var on a Monday tha da com
An voke ver two days can laave wom
An goo an zee ther frens away
Which tha cudden do wen twur one day.
Well, thick hallerdy in August last
Beat everything as wur gone past;
Zuch a day wur never zeed avore,
An spoose it never will no mwore.
Tha Voresters sich lucky elves,
Had got tha day ael to ther selves;
An they mead up ther minds outrite,
They ood get up a tidy zite.
An zummit that should tract tha voke,
An which they did wiout a joke;
Zo we a man neam'd Blondin they,
Did gree ta com here on thick day;
Ta wak upon a rope za high,
That he ood nearly touch the sky.
A undered poun they greed ta gie un,
Ver they wur zure ael voke u'd zee un.
Zo bout a month avore tha day,
They zent bouth near an vur away;
Girt bills an spicters sich a lot,

Wur stuck about in every spot.
Var miles an miles, an miles aroun,
Thease bills in every pleace wur voun;
Go wur ya med in every pleace,
Blondin did steer ee in tha veace;
Twur ael the tak an ael the zay,
Bout Blondin on Bank Hallerdy.
An ael that zeem'd on peoples mine,
Wur hope the weather ood be vine.

Zo zoon tha day it did arrive,
An zoon tha streets wur all alive;
Wie vans and brakes an waggon louads,
That did chock up tha very roads.
At ten a clock ael down tha street,
Ya cudden zee tha peoples veet;
Twur like a mass, of hats an bonnets,
Zo thick they wur depen upon it.
An outside tha Park upon tha green,
My cracky wurden there a zene;
Tak about a countery vair,
It no ways coud wie that compare.
Ver booths and stalls a stannin here,
Wie voke a ballin ginger beer;
An rows of carriages an hosses,
Ael down ta were tha road it crosses.
An at the geat ta zee tha crowd,
A shoutin an a bawlin loud;
To be let quick into tha Park,
Ar else tha ooden be there till dark.
I stood an gap'd at they awhile,
As they went droo tha turnun style;
An rally sich a crow'd as that,
Beat ael I'd zeed in Lunnen pat.
Vrom twelve until tha clock het vower,

They went as vast as they cud pauer;
Vull twenty thousand voke thick day,
Into thick Park did vine ther way.
An there upon that spongy green,
Wur a ne'er to be vergotten zene;
Voke wakin dress'd in every way,
In every color, bright an gay;
In every sheap, in every vashun,
That you cud vine out in the nayshun.
Tak about vine Rotten Row,
It whack'd it ael ta vits I know;
Ta zee ow yer thay cut the dash,
Dress'd out in ther vine things za flash;
Of every cut an style thick day,
Wur thur shawls an gowns so gay;
An bonnets, too, of every hue,
Trim'd we rid, or green, or blue;
Not like tha wur zom time agoo,
Ver now ael oet's altered new;
Insteeds a wearin a tidy gown,
That in one piece a odd rach roun;
Thay wears a kine a skirt in place,
An then a thing hatch roun the waste;
Ael notch an fring'd an puckered out,
Which roun tha skirt da hang about;
Wie bows and strings an other gear,
Ta keep in pleave their pannier.
Wether in zilks or zatins vine,
Ar muslins ar bombazine;
Ar if tis but a linsy vrock,
Tha wearer do tha vashun mock.
An there hats did zo attract attention,
I dwont know ardly ow ta menshun
Tha diffent sheaps and styles there,
Wich they did car on top their hair.

Wie velvet ribbon tulle an leace,
An bows an ends around ther feace;
An veathers, too, stuck up za high,
Vrim every bird that wings tha sky.
An lore ta zee zom on'ms hair,
Like girt bee pots a hanging there;
Wich they da call in Vrance *chignon*,
Tha hair vrom they that's dade an gone.
How ever wimmen voke da like
Ta wear sich things da whack I quite;
Avore sich things as that I'd try,
I thinks I'd zooner lay an die.
Mwost aelways I shid drame a they,
An that me hair wur turnin grey;
However any thing they'll do,
If 'tis the vashun an the goo.
Zom's feace ya cudden zee at ael.
Wur hided up we vail or vall;
Ya cudden zee a bit ther veatures,
Skierce tell if they wur wimmen creatures.
Zich things as that why do em wear,
Ta cover up ther veaces fair;
I raaly don't think 'tis disgrace,
Var wimmen voke to show ther veace.
'Tis very well of a winter's nite,
When snow da blow, an vrost da bite;
To wear a vail or a vall,
Then I doont bleam em not at all.
Bit on a day like this so brite,
I do think that tis pride outrite;
Ar else they must be ugly ones,
An men's eyes da try an shun.
Bit lar tha needun be za shy,
Var they'll be vast enough bine bye.
Tha boots, too, that zom on em wore,

I never zeed sich boots avore;
How ever they did stan uprite,
It raaly did whack I outrite.
Wie out a joke, upon me zong,
Tha heels wur ni' two inches long;
Wie zoles as thin almmost as peaper,
An fine tops za limp an teaper.
An fancy bits ael stitch'd in pleaces,
An tied about we fine rid leaces.
Wen will em leave theas things za vain,
An dress like I za nate and plain;
Bit there cos no good I can zee it,
Tha trades voke gets thur livin we it.

Well ther tha bid wakin about,
Till dree a clock the bell het out;
Then every eye wur turn'd ta zee,
Thase Blondin act so cleverly.
An there down gean the rivers zide,
Wur two girt poles za hi an wide;
Apeart a ndered feet well ni,
An zixty two nearly wur hi.
An there up auver these girt hite,
A girt strong rope wur strain'd za tite;
It zeemd ta vill ee up we dread,
Ver up there a look'd just like a thread.
Zo bout a minute ater dree,
Ael eyes wur turn'd Blondin ta zee;
An out he very soon did pop,
An in a twink wur on tha top,
Vrom tha crowd below out went a cheer,
Whose like I ne'er before did hear;
Jist didem hollie out an shout,
Wen Blondin he did vust show out.
An he kept bowin to tha crowd,

When they did shout at he so loud.
Then wie a girt long slender pole,
He started ver a leetle stroll;
Ael down his leetle narrer rope,
Along he measterly did grope.
An wen a got unto tha end,
Tha voke tha air near did rend;
An he jist var a bit a vun,
Rite back agean did nearly run.
Zo quick his nimble legs did go,
They kept time to the band below;
An then to ael tha vokes zurprise,
He tied a bandage roun his eyes.
An ael his head an half his back,
He put into a girt thick zack;
An once agean took pole in han,
An tried upon tha rope ta stan.
Pretendin two ar dree times ta slip,
Bit that wur ael a bit a flip;
Var on a went as blind a bat,
An steady as a mouse or cat.
An zom did cry, "Sure, sure, he'll vall,
Var he cant zee a glimpse at all;"
Zom look zo white tho they wur dade,
To zee he blinded wak thick dread.
In breathless zilence ael look on,
To zee thick blind man goo along;
And wen he got unto tha end,
Voke sich a cheer out loud did zend.
"Well done, well done," all om did cry,
To thick are man twix earth an sky.
Blindfolded still he did run back,
An took vrim off his yead tha sack.
A chap then run up in a crack,
And jump'd upon thease Blondin's back;

An he did jolt un to an vro,
As tho he ood un auver drow.
Bit a diden tumble nor relax,
Bit stuck as tite as cobbler's wax;
And wen a got about half way,
Thease chap he hollered out, "Hooray";
Then took off his beaver hat,
An weaved un out as ther a sat.
Tha voke did shout agean, "Bravo",
When thick are chap did holler zo;
Then back he car'd the chap ael rite,
And chang'd his dress ver one za tite.
An on his rope again did goo,
Zom mwore preformance to goo droo;
An wen a got about half way,
He look'd about un every way;
An vore tha voke cud look around,
Upon tha rope a wur laid down.
Well, he laid there like one thats dade,
Then ael at once stood on his hade;
An wen tha voke did cheer an clap,
He on his hade his veet did rap.
An then a stood rite up agean,
An tumbled then rite auver clane;
Then he went back an got a chair,
An balanc'd un jist to a hair;
Upon two laigs za vair an square,
As tho a wur a fixed there.
Then down a zat to av a raste,
An gap a bit about tha place;
Bit ther a diden bide very long,
But got an stood upon tha rong.
I never should have thought he deer,
Ta stan like that upon a cheer.
He raaly is of men a bwold un,

An mist be link'd in wie tha wold un.

A panceak then he nex did vry,

In a pan upon his rope za hi;

He'd got a range a mead a iron,

And a grate ta put into the viren;

A pleat, a spoon, a leetle can,

Wie knife an vork an vryin pan.

An quick a zoon did meak a vire,

An zoon tha smoke it did aspire;

Then wee zum vlower, egg, an vat,

He mixed it ael into a pat.

An out a poured it in a pan,

An then ta frizz it zoon began;

An then when under he wur done,

Ta zee un turn un twur sich fun;

I never zeed such in me life,

He wur as andy as a wife.

Zo wen the ceak he wur done brown,

He to tha voke did chuck un down;

Wich mead a rush amang the rabble,

Who ater thick ther ceak did scrabble.

Then he pack'd up an back did goo,

His vamous ride ver to go droo.

Then on his two wheel'd hobby hoss,

Jist like a jock he got across;

An off a went wie out delay,

An didn stop once ael tha way.

Then backurds he did run a bit,

While he zo verm on un did zit;

How ever he keeps zo uprite,

It raaly do whack I outrite,

He zeams as seaf ther I'll be boun,

As you ar I do on tha groun;

And as ver ridden hobby hoss,

I rally did once get a cross;

And purty quick I did come down,
An got up we a sheaky crown.
An how ever he upon thick thread,
Cud ride wie out movin his yead;
I never can nar shall meak out,
Unless he's link'd in wie old clout.
Var lots declares that thick wold Nick,
Must av larn'd un thase yer trick.
Bit lore I doont knaw wat ta zay,
Var voke does strange things now a day;
It zeems na mwore trouble to he,
Than ower wurk do ta arn a wie.
No doubt he is a stiffish chuck,
And mist av got a lot a pluck;
He is a stiffish chap we know,
To zee that vine limbs he can show;
An must av ad a lot a tryun,
To do thase things there's no denyin.
However ael I've tould to you,
He zartainly on thick rope did do;
He diden meet wie one mishap,
Which mead the voke so cheer an clap.
He diden worry up yer heart,
Var everything he done za smart;
An confidence ya ad in he,
As zoon as ever you did zee.
How he upon thick rope did stan,
As aisy as a hood on lan;
Twur woth tha money wieout doubt,
Var every thing he well car'd out.

An wen he'd done down he did com,
An voke begun ta start for wom;
Bit mmost on em about did stay,
To hear that band zo nicely play.

An zom did wak about tha green,
A viewun on the splendid zene;
An zom did shoot wie archery,
As they us'd in tha oulden day.
An zom did dance, and zom did zing,
An zom jine in a kissen ring;
An maidens they mead purty noise,
A runnin roun ater the bwoys.
An then to zee em kiss em zo,
An nar a bit a shyness show;
Zich bouldness ought never to be,
In a girt lightened countery,
I'll bet a crown yer fren Jan Brown,
'Neer kiss'd a maid a kneelen down;
He doont believe in that are stuff,
Ver tis za brazen an za rough;
To tear an race about like this,
An jist to get a leetle kiss,
I tell ee plain, an wie out joke,
I neer ood kiss zome a tha voke;
Bit this much I'll confess ta you,
Of gals there wur a tidy vew;
That raaly I shid like ta kiss,
That is if they thought no amiss.
An course if no biddy wur lookin,
Nor noticin jist wen I took un;
A kiss zeems aelwys baste ta I,
Wen you da catch un on tha sly.
Bit there they diden zeem ta veer,
An var vokes lookin diden keer.
Well there they kiss'd and danced away,
Till nine o'clock thick blessed day;
An then as twur got nearly dark,
Tha band did play em out tha park.
An every one wur ael agreed,

Twur the best zite that they ever zeed;
Auver twenty thousand voke they zay,
Into thik park did goo thik day.