

Gramfers Crismis

Eece! Crismis in me gramfer's time

Wur a proper zart a randy

Var he invited ael tha voke

As liv'd aroun un handy.

Uncles, an aunts, and cuzzens too,

Nevvys an neices fair

A did invite em every one

Ta teast his Crismis vare.

Twur ael tha taak var many a day,

Wur gramfer's Crismis pearty

Amang the people who went up

To greet the woold man hearty.

Var ael wur equal in his eyes

When zated at his bouard

An narm o'm ever hood er slight

Tho much, thay cooden avoord.

A proper good woold zart wur he

An lov'd be rich an poor,

I warn nar ungary man neer went

Away vrim gramfer's door.

On Crismis eve, tha woold varm house

Wur trim'd up high an low

We evergreens an hollies bright

An boughs a mizzletoe.

An vrom tha kitchen ael tha things

Wur cleared out var a ball;

An ony cheers an stools wur left
Var sates aroun tha wall.

A blazin vire wur mead up
Apon tha kitchen dogs;
An gramfer's varm men did bring in
Tha girt big Crismis logs.

At haight a clock tha Mummers come,
Ten a tha village chaps,
Dressed up as zawljers, bright an gay
In girt tall peapern caps.

An hooden zwoords mwoast ad a got
One we a blunderbuss,
An Fiather Crismis car'd a staff,
Man Jack, tha money puss.

An thay did act a girt long piece,
An a battle tend ta vite,
An run hache other droo tha hearts
Wich mead tha maids turn white.

Bit tha chap as acted doctor
Zoon rais'd em vrim tha ground
An quick, we a drap a brandy,
Very zoon did bring em round.

An atter every man o'm there
Had bin wounded in tha vray
Thay ael begun ta zing za nice
Tha ditties a tha day.

Than Fiather Crismis mead a spache
A wishen ael good cheer,

Likewise a merry Crismis-tide,
An a happy, bright new year.

An atter that thay ate an drunk
As much as thay wur willin,
Then out coms grammer, an she gies
Ta every man a shillin.

An leetle Jack we's money bag
Went roun tha company
An lots a pennies wur drow'd in
Var's own zelf, dwoant ee zee.

At midnight then did com tha Waits,
Ower village music pearty,
An thay het up there praizes sweet
A Crismis carols hearty.

Two viddles, an a double bease,
Two brassen things ta blow;
We maids ta zing tha hayre high,
An men ta zing down low.

An thay did play an zing za sweet
Round gramfer's kitchen vire;
While grammer quarts a gin hot brew'd
A wich thay diden tire.

Zides that, a goolden guinea bright,
Woold gramfer ne'er vargot,
Ta gie ta em avore thay went,
Ta shaire amang tha lot.

On Crismis marn then down ta chirch
Tha varmhouse pearty went

Ta thank God var thic blessed day
Tha heavenly Beabe wur zent.

An lore! ta hear tha zingen bright
Girt tears a joy did bring
Down gramfer's an down grammer's cheeks
Praizen tha New born King.

Var thay wur times, wen good chirch voke
Ther praises zung together;
Tha choir wur bit ta lead em on,
Noo zarplices ta zever.

Ah eece, thame zounds I hant vargot,
Still in me ears, da ring,
Thic well know'd tune "While Sheppherds Watch"
An "Hark the Angels Zing."

Then ael tha compny atter church,
Ta gramfer's did repair;
To zit down in his speacious hall,
An enjoy his Crismis vare.

Varty ar fifty voke there wur,
Countin tha young an woold;
An twur a zite, thic vestive bouard,
Var a body to behold.

Var at tha top a piece a beef
Bout vive an thirty poun;
Zides hams, an two girt turkeys vat,
Done up za nice an brown.

An vlow'ry teaties beak'd an bwil'd,
Pasmets an carrits too;

Cabbage an smaish'd per turnets white,
In piles there wur ta view.

Figgetty poodens roun an plump,
As bigs a waishen pot;
Mince pies an tearts a every zart,
Lore! wurden there a lot.

An yale an zider, in quart mugs,
Wur putted here an there.
Var hache ta help therselves wen dry,
An waish down tha wholzum vare.

An lore! ta zee how hearty like,
Hache let in we's his might,
Ta tackle gramfer's Crismis cheer,
Var mworn a nower quite.

Wen everyone had had ther vill,
Tha cloth wur clar'd away,
An roun ael zat be vire za bright,
Ael happy like an gay.

Then out comes grammer's wom mead wine,
Sparklin, an bright's a cherry;
Which in harnen cups wur handed roun,
Rare stuff ta meak ee merry.

An trays a nice ripe oranges,
We apples russet brown;
An hazzel nuts an walnuts too,
Wich last vall wur shook down.

An gramfer he drink'd ael ower healths,
A wur glad, ta zee ess there,

An hoped a shood as long as heav'n
His life wur plaz'd ta spare.

An then tha men voke every one,
We feazin rid an happy,
Went out in kitchen var ta av
A lettlet bit a baccy.

We young uns, an tha coortin voke,
Went out ta av a run,
In archet ar in gramfer's vields,
Var a leetlet bit a vun.

An if twur vrosty weather, we,
Down pond did meak a slide;
An jine han's on tha glassen vloer
An swift along did glide.

Ar if tha snow wur thic on groun,
We ael zet up snow ballin;
An twur rare vun ta hear tha maids,
A screechen an a squallen.

An wen twur dark, back to tha varm,
We purty zoon did hie;
Ta tittyvate ourzelves a bit,
Var tha girt ball bim by.

At haight a clock tha dance begun,
Out in tha kitchen wide;
Tha musickers, they wur perch'd up,
On a teable tother zide.

There wur viddler Joe, an carnet Jack,
An Steve wie his bazoon;

An Zammy we tha double bease,
An Jim ta beat tha tune.

Vull twenty couple did stan up,
In tha vust country dance;
Led off be gramfer an his deam,
Lore! how we ael did prance.

Vull haaf a nower we kep on,
Gwain up an down tha middle,
Till nearly ael tha ban gied out,
Cept Joe, wie leaden viddle.

Bit he kep on a screapin zo,
Till ower laigs begun to yeak;
An grammer then she did baal out,
“Do'ee stop var goodness zeak.”

Then gramfer he did zing a zong,
Bout days, A woold lang syne;
An in chorus everybidy there,
Mwoast heartily did jine.

An grammer too, we wirk'd her up,
Ta zing a leetle ditty;
An var a lass a zeventy two,
Her voice wur strong an purty.

A geam a varvits then we had,
Ael zat down in a row;
An thay as lost had to be kiss'd,
Under tha mizzletoe.

Zoo we dancin, and wie zingin too,
Away tha hours did vlee;

An wen twur twelve tha ban struck up,
Roger de Coverley.

An hache pair danc'd ael down tha line
Wie feazin ael aglow,
Tha young men kiss'd their pierdeners
Under tha mizzletoe.

Tha woold uns too, then vollied zuit
An kiss'd hache other too,
Thay wurden gwain to be done out
A what they used ta do.

Var gramfer kiss'd tha maidens sweet,
An grammer kiss'd tha bwoys,
Lar what a fectin zite it wur
Amang tha vun an naise.

At one a clock tha ban begun
Ta play "God seave tha King,"
An fifty voices purty zoon,
Mead thic woold roof tree ring.

Then come varewells, an sheakin hans,
Tho ael wur louath ta peart,
An as thay went they loud did cheer,
Gramfer, we ael their heart.

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An thus did gramfer every year,
Ax vrens ta dine an zup;
An med I live ta do tha zeam,
An keep woold Crismis up.