

SMILIN JACK

A True Stowry Of A

Midnight Adventer

Thease stowry I be gwain ta tell
Is zartin true, I mines un well,
It happened wen I wur a bwoy,
In pinnyfores an carderoy;
Var broad cloth wurden wore much then
Be leetle bwoys, nar neet be men.
Well ! in thease town ther lived a chap
Who kept a donkey an a trap,
Wich he used in his hawkin trade
An, be wich he lots a money made;
Tha voke ael caal'd un Smilin Jack
Because a ad a happy knack
Wen buyin ar zillen anything
Ta laff an whistle, joke ar zing,
Voke zed it wur his artvul craff
Ta teak em in, then meak em laff
Cos a vunny tale he'd always spin
Wen their good graces he hood win;
Howzemdever, wur twur zo or not
A proper good trade he'd a got,
Var twenty miles, he wur vound
In every village, ael around
At markits too, an country vairs,
There he wur zeed, hawkin his wares.
Anything amwoast he'd buy an zill
Zo's it did bring grist to his mill
An tho wie voke a bargin'd hard,
They looked upon un wie regard
Aelthoough wie wit, an joke, za vunny

A wiggled em out a ther money.

Now it come ta pass, one Whitzuntide
Jack he wur ax'd vor to perzide
At a club veast, near Huminten
Cos auver there liv'd mwoast his kin.
Good customers there did rezide
And twur his neative wom bezide
Zoo a zent to zay a hood be thayre
In weather vowl, ar weather vair.

Tha day arrived an Smilen Jack
Mounted upon his donkey's back
Ael rig'd in one of his best suits
Wie spurs a stickin vrum his boots,
Went gallopin ael droo tha town
Like zom girt hero of renown,
And many wur tha shouts an cheers
As he rode off, did greet his ears;
Var everybidy it wur plain
Wanted ta knaa wur he wur gwain.
Bit a thay, ower hero took no heed
Bit galloped on his way we speed.
At tha girt hill caal'd Bishopstone
He there dsmounted vrim his throne
An led his Neddy up tha steep,
Vor'd got a heart as cood veel deep
Tho' in zom things a wur abused
His vaithvul donk, he neer ill-used
Zom zed Ned ad a aiseyer life
An knaa'd mwore kindness than his wife.

Tha top zoon rached, donkey an he,
Did rache tha village speedily.
An as thay jog'd ael down tha street

Tha village voke turn'd out ta greet
An welcom Jack we cheervul smile
Var a adden bin ther, zich a while.
Tha bells thay rung, tha ban did play
Acos it wur tha club veast day.
An clubmen ael drest in their best
Hasten'd ta sheak hand we ther guest.
Then down along ta "Vox an Goose"
He hies, ta zet his donkey loose
An to refresh his parched inzide
Atter thic lang an dusty ride.

Then atter church, tha veast is spread,
An ower hero at tha teables yead
Caals down a blessin on tha vood
Ta do ther zouls an bodies good.
Justice wur done, I need'n state
Ta every man's well laden plate,
Var ael who've dined at a country club
Knaas purty well, how vleys tha grub
Var thease poor men not every day
Vrim a prime jint can cut away.
As var tha drink I cooden zay
How many quarts wur stowed away
Be ache an every club man there,
Who drunk till's eyes begun ta stare.

Time vlew along, still at the head,
Ower hero, Jack, maintains tha lead.
He cracks his jokes, swigs ael an grog,
An issues vorth a droll prologue.
Glass atter glass da disappear
Tha teables groan we grog an beer.
Boozin an smokin on thay go
We yeads a bobbin to an vro,

An like a zombre vunerel pall
Tha thick smoke hangs aroun tha wall,
Zweethearts, an wives, an childern young,
Like sheep at vair be ael among,
Nigh chokin we tha fumes a baccy,
Yet mang tha din zeeminly happy.
A snatch of a song, a chorus or two
Tha hours away like lighnin vlew,
Jack, like tha king, zits ael tha while
An skierce thinks on, tha vive lang mile,
Nar thic drary ride across tha plain
Avore he can rache wom again.
We drink an smoke he neer is blind,
A total blank da zeem his mind,
He've lost ael power ta stan upright,
Prostrate, an auvercom he's quite.

Tis nearly twelve, tha Host coms in
An baals out mang tha noisy din
“Tha time is up ya ael mist go
Ar I'll lose me licence as ya know,”
Another zong, thay ael did shout,
We'll av, avore we do turn out.
One vrim tha cheerman thay did baal,
An Jack tried to ablidg ther caal.
But he wur done, gone wur his pow'r,
An up a got, nettled an zower.
An blarin out this yer wunt do,
I mist me journey now pursue.
Here Ossler Tom, bring roun me ass,
An Lanlard here, jist one mwore glass.
He drained another, vill ta ground,
Var he wur drunk, an that vull zound,
His donk jist then appeared in zite,
He mounts an wish em ael “goodnight,”

Then gallop'd vast ael down tha street
Like a scalded pig a did retreat.
Tha toll geat swung back in a trice,
Tha toll man baal'd out var tha price,
Bit Jack vur up tha road wur gone,
Tha geat man cooden vollie on
Bit swore that Jack another day
Double tha toll hood av ta pay.
Tha vaithvul donkey up tha hill
Did trot away we right good will.
Poor brute he wur a honest ass,
An well know'd his rider had a glass;
Ta Jack tha road appear'd ta waak
He sway'd like to a tender staak
He'd lost tha power his donk ta guide
An tha usual track he missed wide.
Aware of thease unusual route
Ned o'er tha down an vields did scout,
Way down ta water medders green,
Where Jack got conscious of tha scene,
Zoo gien he a sharp pull round
He drow'd his rider to tha ground
An be tha zide of a muddy ditch,
Ower muddled hero he did pitch;
He scrabbled up, wen zummat new,
A ghost-like varm appeared in view,
It vlitted here, it vlitted there,
Then zeem'd ta vanish in tha air.
Quite dazed, a now begun ta think
That he must be tha wuss var drink.

A thunder storm now gathered thick
An in tha gloom a zeed woold Nick
Wie harns, an hoofs, an hissen tail,
Tha zite o't mead un quake an quail.

Eyes big as saacers, rid as vire,
Wie awe their victim, did inspire,
His claas held ard a two grain'd prong
An a beckon'd Jack ta come along.
Ower hero's hair stood on an end
As he look'd at thick foul fiend,
Wie vrite a vairly stood agast
An tried ta run, bit's laigs stuck vast.
Trimblin a stood like a broken reed
Var zich a zite he'd never zeed,
His poor woold ass he loud did bray,
While Jack vill on his knees ta pray,
An promisin what 'ee hood do
In futur, if he'd let un goo.
As var tha drink, dear zur, I mean
Never ta touch tha stuff agean,
Var tis me ony bane in life,
An gets me inta endless strife
Zides wurryin, me poor dear wife.

Tha thunder now begun ta roar,
Lightnin tha clouds azunder tore,
An big rain drops begun ta vall
Vrim murky clouds, as black's a pall.
Wis ever man in zich a plight
As ower hero, on thick dreadvul night.
Prayin ta heavin fervently
Vrum thease enemy to zet un vree,
Vull haaf a nower there a knelt,
Till down amain tha storm did pelt,
An as it wash'd his parched brow,
New life zeem'd to poor Jack endow.
Then up a got an peer'd around,
Ole Nick had vanish'd under ground.
Loudly Jack baaled out vor his ass

Who unconcerned ved on tha grass.
At last, Ned answers to his beck,
Jack cuddles un aroun tha neck,
Then mounts agean, hopein that he
Vrim vurther mishap shood be vree,
Droo mead a rach'd tha turnpike track,
Thank God I'm seaf zaays Smilin Jack.
Once mwore, zays he, I be aelright,
As tha well know'd Park appear'd in zite.
Then joggin ael down by tha wall
Holden Ned's ears zo's not ta vall.
Grazed be tha trees, an bramble scratches,
A neer had rach'd tha vourteen hatches
When ah, another trouble zore
Did meet un, wuss than he avore.
His donk on nearen tha long brudge
Zuddenly to tha stream did trudge,
An vore his tention, Jack cood drame
He'd shook un off, right in tha strame;
Then way did scamper quick as thought
As tho he hooden agean be caught,
Nar did er slack his pace avore
A stood in vront his owner's door.

Vloundern an splashen in tha wave,
Jack struggled ard dear life ta save,
He rach'd tha edge, vill on tha baink
Cussin his donkey's purty praink.
Coold an wet droo to tha skin,
An veelin vaint an bad within,
He tried ta waak but vill ta ground
An pray'd that soon a med be vound.

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His wife stopped up var in thick night,
Bit went ta bade dreamt ael wis right,
Thinkin he'd drain'd an extry cup
An till nex day hooden turn up.
Bit at marn, wen she undid tha door
Tha loanly donkey stood avore,
Wieout measter, bridle, or bit,
Wurden she jist in a purty clit,
“Wurs thy measter, woold vool,” she zed,
“Hast thee a left un, alive or dead?”
Bit tha donkey shook his yead, an bray'd,
Much as to zay a idden slay'd.
Betty, zoon rais'd a hue an cry,
An naybours purty quick did hie.
O dear! O dear! alack! alack!
What is become a' Smilen Jack?
Tha hunted here, tha hunted there,
Ta huminton zom did repair.
Vrens an relayshins vill'd tha cot,
Ael o'm lamentin poor Jack's lot,
Var zure ta hear he'd broke his neck
Mmost every one o'm did expec.
Poor Betty, she did heave a zigh,
An purty zoon did pipe her eye.
“An is er now var ever gone,
An must I widder's weeds put on?
Poor Jack, wat ever shill I do,
Thee wurst a usbin kind, an true.”
An as her loss she did deplore
She yeard zim shoutin at tha door,
Var up did drive woold Tommy Bawter
Who'd vound our Jack down be tha water,
Close to tha brudge at vourteen hatches,
Ael cover'd oer we blood an scratches.
He'd brought un wom, snug in his trap,

An baalin out cried, "rouse up Jack."
Ower hero woke, then rushed in doors
Amid tha people's laffin roars,
He rolled ta bade an slep vull zound,
An dram'd a wur in water drown'd.

It done un good, var zunce thick day
Vrim strong drink, he have kept away,
Aelthough a offen gets a rub,
Bout wen a din'd at Huminten club,
An thick are awful night za drear
Wen woold Nick to un, did appear.