

GIPSYUN AT STOUNEHENGE

One day ower Dick, an I, an Tom,
Wie Cousin Jean an Meary Ann,
An two ar dree mwore vrim up tha hill
Did het apon a goodish plan.

Vor we agreed we'd goo an zee
Tha girt big stounes out at Stounehenge,
An av a proper jolly spree,
An jay owerzelves wie ael ower vrens.

Zo ache o's wur ta 'vite a vren,
Ta meak a purty leetle pearty,
An ael agreed ta pay za much,
Ta meak tha day zo nice an harty.

Zo wen ael o't wur zettled down,
Away we zent ower Meary Ann,
Ta ax woold Uncle if he'd lend
His hosses an his girt spring van.

An Uncle wur za martil plazed,
He zed he'd drave ess wur we mind,
An hooden charge ess not a vig,
Var his woold heart be true an kind.

Zo wen tha day wur drawin ni,
There wur zich fussen mang tha maids,
A meaken zich girt pies an cakes,
Ta want we wur nar bit afraid.

A girt big piece of beef they'd cook'd,
An zich a woppen ham had bought,
They wur obliged ta cut un droo,
Ta get un in tha biggest pot.

An Tom, tha hostler, vrom tha "Boot",
Ad brought a cask of frothen beer,
An one a leetle less than he,
Sim stingo that ud meak ee queer.

Zo auver nite we put it ael
In readiness ta com ta han,
Vor Uncle zed he shud be here
At nine o'clock wie hoss an van.

Nar bit a sleep we ad thic nite,
A thinkin bout tha comin day,
An vore tha zun we bundled up,
Vor longer there we couden lay.

Zo bye an bye we zoon did spy
Woold Uncle comin on tha rouad,
An by tha time tha clock struck ten,
We ad got up mmost ael ower louad.

An we ad deck'd up Uncle's van
Wie vlowers an ribbons ael about,
An off we went wie hearts za lite,
An mang tha people's cheers an shouts.

An we did ride alang za vine,
Apon tha rouad towards tha Stounes,
An ony stopp'd apon tha hills
Ta raste a bit tha hosses bounes.

An bye an bye tha Stounes appeared,
Jist like tha trunks a holler trees,
Vor ta look at they a girt way off,
Tis a nation curious zite ta zee.

An wen we draad a leetle nier,
Like giants they did zeem ta stan,
Var every sheap an varm they looks,
A stanin on thick piece a lan.

Zoo ater joggetten about
Auver tha roads an auver mounds,
By tha Stounes we hatched tha hosses out
An let em run about tha downs.

Come now, zed Uncle, lets a zee
Wat ye av brought vor we ta ate,
Var I da veel most mortil lear,
An zo get out tha brade an mate.

Zo Fan did spread a girt big cloth
Apon tha grass, an we zat down,
An mead shart wirk of beef an ham,
Vor appetites we ael ad voun.

An we did ate an drink za long,
Till nothin skierce wur left bit bounes,
Then up we got ta look about,
An zee tha girt big hankshint Stounes.

An Fan an I, wie nub a chalk,
Did meak a mark za big an white,
Ta zee if we cud count em ael--
Dang if cud count em twice alike.

Then Uncle zed as ow thase Stounes

Wur stuck up yere in midnight revel,
Bit zom da zay they must av bin
Stuck up here by Woold Nick, tha D---l.

An zom da think it wur tha sae
Wur our leetle lan da bide,
An that thase Stounes wur drifted up
Ta where they be we ocean's tide.

An zom da zay thay wur put up
Like martar, ael za slack an soft,
An ardened wie tha han a time,
An winds, an starms, an girt hard vrost.

But I da think as Uncle zed-
They mist av com wie thick woold fellar,
Vor, zomehow, I da zeem ta think
I yeard un under one o'm bellar.

But, howsemdever, ther they stans,
A nayshin hard an stubborn group,
An even they girt Archeyoligist,
I'm dang if they can meak em out.

Zo ater we ad gap'd about,
An zeed ael that ther wur ta zee,
Ache one did teak his peertener
Ta av a leetle bit a spree.

Then cousin Tom began a teun
On a viddle stuck below his chin,
An we begun ta jump about-
Lore, how we mead woold Uncle grin.

Tid mead ee laff, ad you bin there,
Ta zee tha ceapers we did cut;
'Twur nuff ta meak a passin laff
Ta zee ess in thic vine kick up.

An when wie wur mmost tired out,
We zat down in tha stounen ring,
An Fan an I began a teun,
An ael het in ta help an zing.

An then Jem Smith, a artful chap,
Did zing about a chap in Lunnen,
Who did get rob'd of ael a had
Up there we voke za martil cunnin.

An twur a proper vunny zong,
It nearly mead wie split ower zides,
Ta hear tha things he did goo droo,

Vor, girt vool, he believed ther lies.

Zo ache a wie did zing a zong,
An merrily did pass tha time,
An uncle he did finish up
Be zingin "Days a Woold Lang Syne."

At dark we put tha hosses in,
An jogged along athirt tha plaain;
'Twur twelve a'clock avore we ael
Ad got back to our woms again.

An jolly plazed wur every one,
I do assure ee, my good vrens,
An I do hope next hallerday
You'll go wie I ta woold Stounehenge.