

ZAMMY AN ZUSAN A COURTIN

Zammy zittin on tha Varm Yard Geat,  
waiten for Zusan ta come.

She appears.

ZAMMY

“Well, Zusan, I be glad you'm com,  
I thought you cooden lave yer wom,  
But I be martil glad ta zee ee,  
An hope ye'll stop a nower we me,  
Vor I av got a lot ta zay  
About thic are zweet happy day.”

ZUSAN

“Well, Zam, ya know'd wen last we met  
I zed I'd meet ee, vine ar wet;  
Y've aelways vound I ta me wird,  
An constent, too, as any bird.”

ZAMMY

“Eece, zo I av, me Zusan dear,  
An I ant got no caas ta veer,  
Vor I be zure ya do like I,  
Aelthough betimes ya zeems main shy;  
But let's get up upon tha nap,  
Then you can zet down in me lap,  
Zo put yer leetle yarm droo mine,  
I'll lead ee on za gran an vine.  
How nice tha craps do look ael roun,  
An zee tha corn is turning brown;  
Zoon harvust time agean will com,  
We jolly cheer an harvust wom.

Well, here we be upon tha hill,  
An everything is nice an still,  
Zo let's zit down upon tha grass,  
Vor a pleasant nower we will pass,  
Zo put yer yarms around me weast,  
Oh, Zusan, I da like ee baste,  
And zummit I da want ta zay  
About our happy weddin day.”

ZUSAN

“Lor, Zammy, doon't ee taak sich stuff,  
Ya nows I beant ni woold enuff;  
I shoulden never think ta marry,  
A good deal longer I shall tarry.”

ZAMMY

“Not woold enuff, why raaly, Zusan,  
Tis no excuse you now be usin,  
Vor you tells I as how you be  
Next January twenty-dree,  
An I, ya know, be twenty-five  
In August next if I'm alive;  
An vor two years we've wak'd about  
An never once av we vell out.”

ZUSAN

“Well, mother zays I'm but a child,  
Specially wen she's ar bit wild;  
She zays ther's lots a time vor I  
Ta think ov men-voke bye an bye;  
Wen she wur young she nevir wak'd  
Nor heet ta any young man tak'd;  
Till she wur turned ni thirty-two  
Tha men she diden lissen to.”

ZAMMY

“Well, we yer mother I doon't hold,  
Vor I da think that's mmost to woold;  
I doon't dispute wat she da zay,  
But zummit, praphs, stood in tha way;  
Praphs Cupid's darts thay diden pierce,  
Ar praphs young men wur raethur skierce;  
But raaly Zue, twix you an I,  
Ya've know'd I long enuff ta try;  
An I av tak'd ov this avore,  
Wen stannin at yer mother's door;  
Aelthough ya did hang down yer yead,  
Heet not a wurd you nevir zed;  
An I thought zilence gied consent,  
Zo off ta get tha ring I went;  
An I av got un in me pockit,  
An a leetle thing they caals a lockit.”

ZUSAN

“Well, Zammy, that's a purty thing,  
Ta goo away an buy a ring;  
I zeems ta think you'm tellin lies,  
Vor how com you ta know tha zize?”

ZAMMY

“Ah, Zusan, I be zure he'll vit,  
As zure as down yer I be zit,  
Vor one nite, we a bit a string,  
I mead a leetle slip-not zling,  
We that I did yer vinger ring,  
'Twur done as quick as any thing;  
Ya diden know wat I wur bout,  
Till now ya zee I've let it out.”

ZUSAN

“Do teak un out, an let me zee,  
How much vor'n, Zammy, did he gie?  
He looks ta I a leetle woold,  
An is er, Zammy, mead a goold?  
Praphs he wants shinin up a bit,  
Now let me zee if he da vit;  
Just like a trivet he gooes on,  
An vits za nice, apon me zong;  
I shooden thought we that ar string  
Ya cud midger I vor thase yer ring.”

ZAMMY

“I tould ee, Zusan, he hood doo,  
He's mead a goold an is quite new;  
Ten zilver shillins I paid down,  
An tha man zed, he wur woth a poun;  
A bargin vine he zed I'd got  
Wen I did goo ta lave his shop.”

ZUSAN

“Now let me zee thick are vine lockit,  
You zed you'd got un in yer pockit;  
An is yer liteness in un zet  
Vor I ta wear around me neck?”

ZAMMY

“Eece, me liteness is in un, Zusan,  
An mine, I hope you'll nevir looze un,

Cos 'tis a present vrom yer Zam  
Wen you did gie away yer han;  
An now, me Zusan, vix tha day  
Wen ta church I shall lead ee away;  
A appy chap I then shall be,  
An thease yer heart a will be vree.

ZUSAN

“Well, Zammy, I da think you'm true,  
An dwoant think I shall ever rue  
If I da gie meself ta you,  
Cos, zammy, I da like ee too;  
An zo I now will be yer wife,  
Yours ever, Zammy, ael droo life;  
An if ya dwoant think 'tis ta quick,  
We'll be axed in church a Zundy week.”

ZAMMY

“Oh, Zusan, let me kiss thick cheek,  
Me dear, me dear, 'teant noon ta quick;  
Ther's a empty cot apon tha hill,  
Another one agean tha mill,  
An ta marrer you can goo an zee  
Wich o'm our leetle wom shall be;  
Next week I off ta town ull goo,  
Ta buy our furniture ael new.  
A girt vat pig I got in stye,  
No meat we shaant want for ta buy,  
An teaty groun I've got a lot;  
An hope ta have a tidy crop;  
Zo we thase things, if we contrive,  
We'll be tha happiest voke alive;  
Vor za happy, Zusan, I da zeem,  
I hoden chenge plazin we tha Queen.”

ZUSAN

“Na mwore hood I, me Zammy dear,  
Vor nobiddy livin we doon't veer;  
But, zee, tha nite is comin on,  
Zo we ad better get along;  
Be zure you buys tha things ael right,  
An meet I agean ta marrer nite;  
An dwoant varget about tha banns,  
Var nuthin shill alter ower plans.”