

JEALOUSY ;

OR, LIZER AND JEAMES

JEAMES

“Well, Lizer, zeed ee getting auver style,
An za I thought I'd stop a while,
Vor I be gwain seam way a mile,
An as I ant zeed ee zich a while,
Zapose we waks along together,
On tha road this here vine weather.”

LIZER

Ya can goo on we yerzelf, Jim Pain,
I shaant goo we ee, there, that's plain;
Ya be a good vor nothin chap,
An I doont keer vor ee not a rap;
I did think you wur true an zealous,
But I da vind you'm awful jealous.”

JEAMES

“Now then Lizer, dwont tak za vast,
Ar else yer breath ull never last,
Dwont use thic ar rid rag za vree,
An then I'll tell ee, presently,
Wur you ant gied I caas ta be
A leetle touch'd we jealousy.”

LIZER

“No, that I ant, now measter Jim,
'Tis nothin bit yer nasty whim,
You'd better goo wur you be gwain
I shaant wak out we you again;
Wat did ee zay ta young Tom Chown?
Did'nee zay you'd het un down,
An at un like a mastiff vly,
If he did ony look at I?
An did'nee tell thic ar young Tupper,
That you ood het in tha gutter,
If at any time, wen I went by,
He wur ta nod or wink his eye?
Now Jeames, wat do ee zay ta that,
Beant ee a purty jealous flat?”

JEAMES

“Now then, Lizer, wen you've a done
Becallin I, with thic are tongue,
Jist zee if you can caal ta mine
How you went on at Crismis time;
Ya mine, wen we an nayburs all
Wur vited up ta Varmer's ball,
Yer haviour on thic are occasion

Wur anythin ta I but plazin;
Ya know wen we zat down ta zupper,
You zat agean thick are young Tupper,
An wen things you did want ta ate,
Ta he ya anded up yer plate,
An diden even notice I,
As wur a zitten andy by.
An doont ee mine wen you did drink
How you did turn ta he an wink,
An once he did rache vrim his pleace
An put his yarm aroun yer weace;
Me veelins I cud ardly smudder
Ta zee ee act zo, one ta todder;
It raaly, Lizer, wur ta bad,
An very near did drive I mad.”

LIZER

“Why wat a girt big stupid flat
Ta teak notice a things like that,
Ya knows young Tupper is me couzin,
I've tould ee zo, times half a dozen;
An if a did zit down we I,
Ya shudden be za martel shy;
As vor winkin wen we did drink,
Wat yarm in that now do ee think?
An bout his yarm agean me weace,
You wur mistaken there, I gace;
He ony put his yarm aroun
Ta rache his vork that wur vill down.”

JEAMES

“That do explain, but med I hast
Why we Tom chown ya wur za vast?
Dooce mine ow you did romp an prance
When thay got up to av a dance?
Ya diden ax I wunce thic nite
Ta dance we you, now wur that rite?
But we thick chap ya swung about
Till ater tothers ad gied out;
An wen ya'd done, wat did ee do?
Why hetch up yarms, an hoff did goo
To wur tha mizzletoe did hang,
An he kiss'd ee vor I yeard un plain;
It vill'd I zo we violent pain,
Me rage I ardly coud restrain;
Now then, wat do ee zay ta this?
I thinks ther's pretty much amiss.”

LIZER

“I doont keer, Jeames, wat yo da zay,
Vor I da gie ee up thase day;
Vor I can zee you beant a man,

Ar else ya ood this understan;
I tell'ee, Jeames, we out much sheam,
That wat took pleace ya wur ta bleam;
Vor wen tha dancin did begin
Why did'nec come and hand I in?
Insteeds a that, you, lika a ghost,
Did stick agean tha kitchen pwest;
An I, insteeds a stannin there,
Did goo an get a piertener;
As vor kissen underneath tha bough
He diden kiss but wonce, I vow,
An every biddy, at Crismis time,
Sich things as that doont nevir mine;
Then ael expects good frens ta be
We out sich fits a jealousy;
But as I zed avore, mine Jim,
Tis nothin but a nasty whim
Vor you ta act as you av done
When twur nothin but a bit a fun;
An zince you've show'd yer sperrit zo
You can goo an get another beau,
Vor I've a done we you, that's plain,
An zays it vrim me heart, Jeames Pain.”

JEAMES

“O that's het, Lizer, very well,
Praphs you'll be good enuff ta tell
If you intends ta gie I back
Me liteness an ael they nick nacks
That I've geed ee vrim time ta time
Vor now I claims em ael as mine,
An doont vorget thick leetle clock,
An thick are last new linsey vrock.”

LIZER

“Eece, Jeames, ya'll av ta zen mine vust,
An I'll zen yours, ya needen trust;
Bit as vor thick are vrock, ya know
I've wor'd un out long time ago;
'Tis meanness vor ta hast I vor'n,
Wen ya knows ow long I've wor'n.”

JEAMES

“Wat av I got a yourn, then Lizer?
Ya aelways wur a leetle mizer;
As vor yer presents, I ant got any,
Vor I nevir know'd ee spen a penny;
'Tis true yer liteness I've a got,
But av ee, Lizer, jist vorgot
Wen he wur took I paid ee vor'n,
As true as ever I be born?”

LIZER

“O Jeames, doont tell I sich a stowry,
In sich girt fibs ya zeems ta glowry;
Ya knows tha liteness I did buy,
Aelthough ya gied it back ta I;
An if ya did gie it back agean,
Do ee think 'tis rite ta caal I mean?
Ah, Jeames, I plainly now can zee
That you nar I wunt ne'er agree;
Ta marrer I'll zen back yer watch,
There's good a vish as e'er wur cotch.”

JEAMES

“I spoose ya've got one on yer hook,
An waants but draain vrim tha brook;
I spoose young Tupper, or young Chown,
If coud bit know now I'll be bown;
But never veer, ther's vish vor I,
An I've a got one in me eye,
Ther's Hangeliner, down tha lean,
Ull stick ta I droo thick ar thean.
She've got a heart that's kind an true,
An she's nayshin goodish looken too;
Ya needen look at I an steer,
Vor I da mean it, nevir veer.”

LIZER

“O Jeames, why do'ee keep on teazin?
Wat av I done? Now tell tha reazin?
Ya knows it beant no vault a mine,
Vor I da like ee ael tha time;
Wat av I done ar zed amiss
That you shud trate I jist like this?
If twur ael done at varmer's pearty,
Ya know I av explained it hearty;
You caant think that I be ta bleam,
Var any wrong I diden dream;
Now Jeames, O Jeames, now do ee let
I beg of you ael this vorget,
Vor as true as ever I be here
Ther's na biddy I da love za dear;
Ya know ow many vows I've made
Ta stick ta you till I be dade,
An Jeames, do try, vorget, vorgie,
An drown thase vit a jealousy.”

JEAMES

Yer tak now, Lizer, is mwore plazin,
An it it ther's a lot a reazin,
Vor I da veel it now we sheam
That mmostly I av bin ta bleam;
We zich remarse me heart da burn,

'Tis a good lessin I've a learn'd;
Ya may depen, me Lizer dear,
Na mwore a this you'll nevir hear;
Vor twill ony vill I up we pain
Ta hear it spoke about again;
An I've rezolved now ta be vree
Of that are hateful jealousy.

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Come, Lizer, come, an we a kiss
We will make up wats done amiss;
To day you've mead a man a me,
An cur'd a fit a jealousy."

LIZER

"O Jeames, O Jeames, I do vorgie
Ael that you've zed amiss ta me;
Av ee ever read about Otheller
An thick Iagger, a wicked veller?
Who mead his kind measter za jealous,
He kill'd his wife, tha play da tell us;
An ael tha while za pure an vree,
Wur murdered droo this jealousy.

MORAL

Let I entrate ee every won,
Thase hateful feelin ever shun;
An doont ee wie a slip a tongue,
Wether in hearnest or in vun,
Engender it ta voe or vrend,
Ya never knows wur it will end;
Vor ther be those bwoth var an wide
Who droo it av com ta zuiszide.
As you av zeed be thase yer stowry
That I've tried ta bring avore ee,
'Tis oft a hateful voolish whim,
As Lizer tould her jealous Jim;
Za kine vrens ael, who are ya be,
Ael dree yer life I wish ee vree
Of that ar dreadful jealousy.