

THA MYSTERIOUS LAIG A MUTTON

A True Stwory

At Ditchempton tha tother nite,
A jolly pearty met;
A vrens in town an vrens aroun,
How many I quite varget.

Tha worthy Lanlard of tha “Bell,”
As wur his regler rule,
Thic night wur gwain ta gie a veast,
Ta ael his leetle school.

A invitations zent about,
Tha day an hour did vix;
And strickly wishun ael on em,
Ta meet ther quite by zix.

Mmost punctualy tha hour wur kept,
Be ael his vrens za kine;
Var zeems a vact wen gwain ta fe-ast,
Voke zeldom get behine.

Zo on thease nite thease jolly vrens,
To tha “Bell Inn” did repair;
I av bin twold, an thinks it true,
Every one on em wur there.

The clock het zix, tha clock het zeven,
Nar zupper diden peer;
Tha guests begun ta think it strainge,
Begar thay look'd main queer.

Var hungry thay begun ta get,

Zom om wie unger shook;
Anything bit mirth shone on ther veace,
Ael on em cross did look.

“Wur be tha Lanlard?” zom did cry,
“A hant bin zeed ta nite;
Come, goo an zee what he's about,
Come, vetch un, naybour White.”

Tha lanleady, a ooman good,
As ere on earth wur vound;
Gun ta get vrightened at tha naise,
That droo tha house did zound.

Poor ooman, she wur in a vix,
Her husban wur away;
He'd laved tha house early thick marn,
An ad mistook tha day.

“Var wen a went away,” zays he,
“Be zure meak things ael right;
I shill be back ta marrer marn,
Zupper's ta marrer nite.

Now kine vrens, ael, jist look an zee
If yer tickets be ael right;”
“Jist zo,” zays thay, “tis June tha fourth,
An tis thease very nite.

Thay zoon voun out tha girt mistake,
Var herein lay tha drift;
Tha caards wur printed June tha fourth,
Tha host vix'd June tha fifth.

Tha caws wen spread amang thease vrens

Diden plaze em very well;
Var hungry voke no one can plaze,
It be impossible.

Now zom did laff, an zom did joke,
O shocken zom did swear;
Var nevir in ther lives ad thay
Bin zarved a like affair.

An lots begun ta lave tha house,
An meak var wom again;
Var two ar dree miles thay ad come
Ta veast thic nite in vain.

Bit a vew chums did ther remain,
Who diden live vur off;
Bent on a geam which thay ther plan'd,
Ta zatisfy ther wroth.

Var thase vew chums knaa'd purty well,
Tha larder wur near bye;
An ther zim jints a mate did hang,
Thay'd got em in their eye.

A girt big laig a mutton there,
Weighun a dozen pound;
Thic nite wur missed, an noon cud tell
Wur he wur to be vound.

Bit leat thic nite went down tha street,
A pearty of dree ar vour;
One had a passel which he drow'd,
In at a zartin door.

Tha voke inzide wur vrighten'd much,

Be tha slammin a tha door;
Thay struck a lite an went ta zee,
What twur upon ther vloor.

“O fiather, come,” a young maid cried,
“Look, zee, ow very kind;
A sheep's been here, jist look an zee,
An left a laig behind.”

Her fiather laff'd, then zed, “ow kind,
I wonder who thay be;
Var if I knaa'd, I'd thank em, zure,
I hood mwost heartily.

However, zunce thease laig, za prime,
Is drow'd inzide me door,
Ta marrer we ull gie a veast
Ta about a haaf a score.”

“Zo mine ta marrer marn,” zays he,
“As zoon as you'm awake;
Ower biggest platter putten on,
An teak un off ta bake.”

Nex marn ta beaker Hockey then
Wur zent thic laig za vine;
An wurd wur zent ta ael tha chums,
At one a'clock ta dine.

A note wur zent to Lanlard B,
Ta tell un wen he came;
At a zartin pleace ta fine zim vrens,
Bent on a leetle game,

Twur zummer time, an down tha mead,

Voke caals tha Netherwell;
Tha steaming jint it wur laid out,
An savoury main did smell.

Tha clock het one, an all wur come,
An sated in a line;
An every eye did glissen much
At thic laig a mutton vine.

Then Joey F. a took tha cheer,
An atter grace wur zaid;
A gun ta carve tha mutton prime,
Ache plate a well did lade.

“Now ate away me jolly vrens,
You'm welcom here to day;
Dwoont be aveard, ael on't is vree,
Not a varden ver ta pay.”

An never did tha knife an vork
Zich girt big havoc meak
Apon a jint in sich quick time,
As that, an no mistake.

Var Joey carv'd an carv'd away,
Till nought wur left bit bwone;
An everyone on em declared
He had hisself well blown.

Tha cloth wur clared, tha cheermin rose,
An zays, “I thank ee all
Var yer girt kindness commin yer,
An at za short a call.”

Tha vact is, vrens, leatish las night

A bang com'd to me door;
I went ta zee, an ther I zeed
Thic laig upon me vloor.

An zunce zom unknown vren a did
Thic laig ta I conzine,
I thought I cudden do no less
Then ax ee ael ta dine.”

Now Lanlard B, who sacritly
Was hiden hind a tree,
Peep'd out an zed, “I spoose ya caals
This yer a purty spree

Bit I tell ee this, vine gennelmen,
You zoon shill rue tha day
That you zat down ta dine vrim mate
Ya knaa you stole away.”

Tha compny feigned girt zuprise,
An ache om did declare
Ther innocense, apon ther oaths,
Of ael thease strainge affair.

Then Joey F., zarcastically,
Zed ael ad best atone;
Ta meak amens, a hood perpose,
Landlard shid av tha bwone.

This zo enraged tha worthy host,
Vierce anger vill'd his veace,
A shook his vist, and swore that thay
Shid ten times it repleace.

An ael thic day an ael thic week,

Thease tale ael else did crown;
Var nuthun else ya cudden hear,
Ael droo thease leetle town.

Bit time tha haler wore it off,
Tho offen voke ull zay-
Mine Lanlard wen ya gie a veast,
Dwoont ee mistake tha day.