



THE....

# TRANSVAAL WAR

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**Who's to Blame ?**

**Boer or Briton,**

A Dialogue by the Author of the  
Wiltshire Rhymes and Tales.

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SALISBURY  
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## THE TRANSVAAL WAR

### WILLUM

“Well Edderd, how be gettin on?  
Is tha influenzer pains ael gone?  
Ya zartinly be looken better,  
Yer missus, too, when last I met her.  
What a terryable scourge it be  
Ael droo out ower countery ;  
Mwoast ael o'm who I be acquaint,  
Have had a touch a thase complaint ;  
An very glad I be that you  
Za nicely vrom it av pull'd droo.”

### EDDERD

“O thank ee Will, I'm tarblish now  
Regards me health, I mist allow,  
Bit thinkin bout thease awvul war,  
Da quite upzet I, do begar ;  
Var atter raden bout tha vights,  
Caant zeem ta get no sleep at nights ;  
What ower poor zoljers do goo droo,  
Za many on em pris'ners too ;  
An underds on em must be slain,  
We zeed las tear upon tha Plaain.  
An Car'line she ael day da zob,  
Thinkin about ower poor young Bob ;  
Who, as you've yeard, wur order't out,  
Ta jine his Reg'ment, var tha South.  
Not bit a wur, main plaz'd ta goo,  
Var he's a plucky chap, an true ;  
An raaly did zeem vull a glee,  
Ta goo an vight for's countery.

Bit then ya zee, a lovin mother,  
Caant za zoon her veelin's smother ;  
An she da wonder, day an night,  
If he'll come out on it aelright ;  
Zoo I da hope tha Lord ull speer  
His life, var seek a parents dear.”

#### WILLUM

“Ah, Ned! too truly ya da say,  
A dreadvul business is thease fray ;  
It nevir ought bin brought about,  
Var 'tis ower vaat, ther yeant a dout,  
Ower Goverment be ael ta bleam,  
Bringin zich evil on ower neam.  
Tho every true heart mist be zad,  
At tha reverses that we've had ;  
Heet, pen on it, 'tis Heav'n's will,  
A just chastizement vur ower ill.  
In warren we two leetle States,  
Who envious rich men vairly hates,  
Var pen on it, thay brave Boers be,  
Ony vighten var their Country.”

#### EDDERD

“Wie that, vren Will, I caant agree ;  
*The Boers, they did meak war on we,*  
An dreatened thay hood presently  
Drave British voke inta tha sea,  
If we did'n teak our troops away,  
An clare out vore a zartin day.  
If this be zo, an is quite true,  
Whatever else cood Englind do?  
Bit fend herself, as she wur bound

Ta keep tha voemen vrom her ground.  
Ta taak zich nonzense meaks I zick ;  
What Country hood abide zich cheek?”

#### WILLUM

“Well, coose me vren, I caant deny,  
Britanniar's power thay did defy ;  
Much I wish, thay had know'd better,  
Then zendin zich a hasty letter,  
Bit dwoant varget what led to it,  
An tha rason thay did do it.  
Ya zee, atter thic Jameson's Raid,  
Tha Transvaal people wur avraid  
We coveteed their country,  
Zoo thay begun ta arm ta zee,  
Var they velt zure, come hood tha day,  
Englind hood try an konker thay.  
Kruger had got it in his yead,  
Thic raid, in high placin, wur bred ;  
A diden minch tha matter much,  
In blamin Goverment var zuch.  
Ta tha wordle, he've zed quite bwould,  
We coveteed his Mines an Goold ;  
And this led he and Steyn ta vight,  
An I var one thinks thay be right.”

#### EDDERD

“Stop, stop me vren, I'm much avraid,  
You'm wrong about thic Jameson Raid ;  
Ta zay thay ony gun ta arm  
Atter thic ar voolish alarm ;  
Var now it comes out purty plain,  
Var twenty years t'ave bin their aim

Ta auverdrow tha British pow'r,  
An've ony waited var tha hour  
When thay hoped, we should begar,  
Wie zom girt countery be at war,  
Zich as Rooshy, Garminy, ar Vrance,  
Then thay thought hood be their chance.  
Lots o'm, we know, av zed as much,  
That Africker shood ael be Dutch ;  
Thay hates tha British as ya know,  
Looks on ess as their girtest voe ;  
An this tha upshot now we zee,  
A Measter Gladstin's policy ;  
In knucklen to em years agoo,  
Insteeds a carrin tha job droo.  
Zur Bartle Frere, then twould em plain,  
If thay Boers had their way again,  
Tood be a Dutch Holigarchy,  
As bad, ar wuss, then Hannerchy.  
His advice thay hooden lissen to,  
An now var it we've got ta rue ;  
Var steeds a yarnin ower good will,  
Atter thic vight - Majuber Hill.  
Be girt inzults thay do repay,  
An jeer ower voke in every way ;  
Bwoastin thay beat tha British nation,  
An will agean when comes occasion.  
An zunce thic day, 'tis my belief,  
Thay av bin armin to tha teeth ;  
Zo 'tis ageanst ael common zense,  
Ta zay twur done in zelf defence ;  
Var every town in tha Transvaal  
*Is like a girt big Arsenal.*  
A coose I own, thic voolish Raid  
Did zart a meak em bit avraid ;  
Bit then I nevir will conzent,

Ta bleam tha British Government.  
That thay zent on a wild goose chase,  
Zix underd men ta teak thic pleace.  
'Tis madness, var ta think on't zure,  
Knowin what shots thay Boers wur ;  
An I be zure it is ael rot,  
Bleamin owers var, thic crazy plot.  
Zides, when tha Raiders wur ael took,  
Ower Goverment brought em ta book,  
An put em every one on trial,  
An mwoast on em wur zent ta jail.  
Zoo var raiden thic ar countery,  
However, Will, can ya bleam we.”

#### WILLUM

“That med be zo, bit now 'tis plain  
Twur wink'd at be, Ja Chamberlain,  
Who, as ower Colonial Secrety,  
Tha drift a thic ar job cood zee,  
An he, mwore than ar nodder man  
Is mwoast ta bleam that war began.  
Cos, when Kruger a did agree,  
Outlanders ael, shid vote ya zee,  
Atter thay'd liv'd there zeven year,  
He shood agreed, thout any vear,  
An nobly trusted to their word ;  
Insteeds a zayin twur absurd,  
An tellen on em purty gruff ;  
Ony vive year, wur long enuff,  
An if thay diden gree ta that,  
Englind hood know what to be at.  
A coose, this had a bad effect,  
Kruger zed twur, a dreat direct,  
That if thay diden zoon gie in,

Englind a war hood then begin.  
An zo a coose, tha war cloud bust ;  
An who cood bleam em var being vust?  
An Steyn, he zeed their caas wur just  
Ar else a hooden jin'd em vust.  
Zoo if thay did, begin tha war,  
We urg'd em on, we did begar.  
'Tis zartin true, I zays it bwould,  
Owers coveteed their Mines a Goold ;  
Thic Vbranchise job, wur ael a sham  
Got up, tha British voke ta cram ;  
An pen on it, 'tis Heaven's blow,  
What we be now, a veelin zo ;  
Tha Boers be poor relegious voke,  
An do that Higher Pow'r invoke.  
Var droo tha din an naise an rattle,  
Thame prayen ta tha God a Battle  
Ta shield, an vight, apon their zide,  
Cos in His pow'r thay do convide.  
An this, me vren, we must convess,  
Is tha sacrit of their girt zuccess.  
Their caas is just, an you mist zee,  
Thame vighten var their liberty,  
Their vamilies, an their country.  
An I da think, that you vren Ned,  
If tha poor Boer's caase you've read,  
Mist now be what I've zed agree,  
An bleam ower guilty country.  
Dwoant let thic ar, one zided *Mail*  
Auver yer zoun judgement pervail.  
Thic jingo peaper is to bleam,  
Var zettin Englind in a fleam ;  
Thay'll rue var it zom day I'm zure,  
A runnin down tha honest Boer.”

## EDDERD

“Ah Will, I wish what you've a zed,  
Wur ael true, bit, be what I've read,  
Thay Boers beant zich a zaintly lot,  
Var on their neame ther's many a blot.  
If history da zay arright,  
Thay've car'd on many a dredvul vight  
We they poor Blacks, vrim time ta time,  
Out in Zouth Afric's zunny clime.  
Thousands on em thay av a slain,  
Zoo that thay med thic countery gain.  
Var Transvaal and Vree State ya zee,  
*Wonce wur the Kaffer's countery.*  
Tha Boers did rob em of their land,  
An slay'd em when they mead a stand.  
An what be left, mwoast o'm at laste,  
Be trated jist like ta wild baste ;  
Var tis a well-know'd vact, me vren,  
Thay dwoant consider Black voke men,  
We zouls ta seave, like we White voke ;  
An this ower Missionaries do pervoke ;  
An when thay do denounce em vor it  
Thay zay tha Scriptor do declar it  
That Black voke be tha *Ishmelites*,  
An long we White men got no rights ;  
As slaves thay trates em, an ya ze,  
Thase Boers ull nevir meak em vree ;  
Ther conduct, can ee reckinzile,  
Who Scriptor quotes jist to beguile,  
An meak tha wordle think thay be  
Za vull a Christian Charity?  
I tell ee what it is, me vren,  
I hant got vaith in thay there men,  
Who prays, an groans, quote Scriptor vree,



Var oft tis vile hypocrizy.  
You've zeed it, an I've zeed it too ;  
An you da knaa tis zartin true,  
Ther's thay about, ull prache an pray,  
An plan ta rob ee night an day.  
A rale good Christian man, ta I,  
Is he, who might an main da try  
Ta live, an let live, an ta do  
Ta ael as he'd be done unto.  
If rich, help vatherless an widder,  
An what he's liven var consider ;  
Help on ache good wirk aroun un,  
Meak wordle better than a voun un ;  
An hact ta every biddy right,  
No matter wur thame Black ar White.  
Then bout thay there Outlanders' vote,  
Much on't, me vren, ya diden note ;  
Ya know var nearly twenty year  
Thay've liv'd in tremblin an vear,  
Under tha yoke a thease yer Dutch,  
We tratement as no man can glutch.  
Thay've show'd ther inserlence an spite  
Ever zunce thic Majuber vight ;  
An every Britisher thay scorn,  
An do inzult em, night an morn ;  
He dwoant deer ta car a vire arm  
Var ta perfect hiszelf vrim yarm ;  
Trated as tho a wur a thief,  
While thay be arm'd up ta tha teeth.  
Zuch cheek as this who'd ever glutch,  
Specilly vrim low, an ig'nant Dutch?  
Their childern too, if zent ta school,  
Is bound var to obey Their rule,  
Discard their own languidge, an larn  
Tha Dutchmins Lingo, ar else narn.

I hast ee Will, how you hood glitch,  
Yer zons be fooc'd ta larn tha Dutch ;  
Their aim it is, we now can zee,  
*Banish English vrim tha Countery.*  
Then look at thay girt Forts an Guns,  
That roun Joannersburg, as runs ;  
Ready to vire upon tha voke,  
If bout their greviances thay spoke.  
Wurnt this enuff var to pervoke?  
What Briton cood abide zich yoke?  
An if tha rason on't thay axes,  
Replies, be doublein their taxes ;  
An now we know that it wur var,  
*Ta arm theselves var thease yer war.*  
An then da swear 'tis their intention  
Ta abide, be thic convention,  
What Kruger sign'd in Lunnen Town,  
When Gladstin to un knuckl'd down.  
Why dwoant em then, abay its letter?  
Trate Outlanders and Black voke better.  
If thic convention thay'd abay'd,  
*There nevir hood bin thic thar Raid,*  
Tha vact o't, any oance can zee,  
A vote thay diden want ta gie,  
To any of tha British voke,  
Their promises wur ael a cloak.  
Ta let things goo a leetle longer  
When thay be a leetle stronger,  
Then zays thay, we'll zoon bring about  
A War, an drave tha British out.  
Zet up a Boer Republic strong,  
Wich to ael Dutchmen shall belong.  
This is tha meanin of thase war,  
An jist what they declar'd it var ;  
Tha truth on it ya must allow

'Tis plain ta ael tha wordle now.  
Then as to thic ar *Daily Mail*,  
Ya needen think a do pervail,  
Ta cloud me judgement we'ts views.  
I rades tha *Times* an *Daily News*,  
Zides, scores a letters I've a read  
Vrim Afric Ministers who've zed,  
Till be a bad and evil day  
*If Dutch voke ever holds tha sway*,  
Jist as well zay, thic *Marnen Leader*,  
Var wich I know you be a pleader ;  
Cos Steyn an Kruger he da paint,  
As tho hache on em wur a zaint,  
Zoo dwoant ee think I be misled  
Wie peapers, bouth zides I've a read.”

#### WILLUM

“Well Edderd, you've a zed a lot,  
About a underhanded plot,  
Steyn and Kruger had on hand,  
To drave tha British out tha land ;  
Zoo that theselves shood minister  
Their rule ael auver Africker.  
Bit this I cant believe is true,  
Either on em wished ta do.  
A coose, I dwoant want ta deny,  
When Outlanders begun ta try  
Ta get theirzelves tha voten power,  
Kruger did get a leetle zour.  
Var he cood plainly zee bim bye,  
Their numbers hood his power defy ;  
Cos in Joannersburg, thic town  
Wur main on em be zettled down ;  
Thay increas'd zoo, at zich a rate,

Thay'd auverpower, zoon his State ;  
An coose that, main jealous made un,  
Especialy atter Jameson's raiden,  
An I thinks he wur justified  
Vore zich a sweepen change a tried,  
To reckin what tha upshot wur ;  
Gien Vbranchise to tha voreigner,  
Var he wur zure it hood pervoke,  
An upzet ael his Transvaal voke.  
Coose, wie yerself I quite agree,  
Why Outlanders thay cooden zee  
Why thay should zich high taxes pay,  
An voten rights denied ta thay.  
No doubt it caas'd good dale dissent,  
An lots a trouble did voment ;  
Bit then thay wurden blig'd ta bide,  
If wie things thay wurden zatisfied.  
If wie tha laas thay diden gree,  
Thay cood a lav'd tha countery.  
I dwoant think that ower Government  
Had right ta fooce em to konzent ;  
To trate Outlanders as therzelves,  
Specilly when thay, their duties shelves ;  
Var now it coms out purty plain,  
A vote at wonce mwoast o'm cood gain.  
If thay hood swear twur their intent,  
Ta vight var Transvaal Government ;  
This, mwoast on em refused ta do,  
Then Kruger zed a cood zee droo,  
That bim bye it twur their intent  
Ta oust tha Transvaal Government.  
Their grievances wur ael a sham,  
Got up tha British voke ta cram ;  
An dwoant ee think Kruger wur right,  
Var independancy ta vight?

Look at Europe, every nayshin, zee,  
Wie Transvaal people do agree,  
Thay zays that Englind ael along,  
In their opinion av bin wrong.  
If this be zo, wieout delay,  
We ought ta com ta tarms wie thay,  
An stop thease terryable war,  
Wich on ower neam is zich a scar.”

### EDDERD

“Well, Willum, plainly I can zee,  
About thease war, we shaan't agree ;  
What you've a zed, zom med be true,  
Bit drat if I can gree wie you,  
An bleam var it our Goverment ;  
Ta that I nevir will konzent.  
I wunt believe that ower voke,  
Hood zich a dreadvul war pervoke ;  
'Tis plain, noan on em dram'd, begar,  
That thay upon us hood meak war,  
Specilly tha voke in thic Vree State ;  
Var thay, tis mwoast unvortunate,  
Steyn got em in ta zich a harl,  
Cos wie thay we had no quarrel.  
Their vreedom now, pend on't, thay've lost,  
An'll av ta bere lots a tha cost.  
In meakin zich a war on we,  
An invaden ower territery,  
Ael droo a stubborn Vain Woold Man ;  
Who hooden zee, or unnerstan,  
Tha British voke ull never be  
*Slaves to a Dutch Oligarchy.*  
Teant proof ta zay that we be wrong,  
Cos zom tha vorrin nayshin strong,

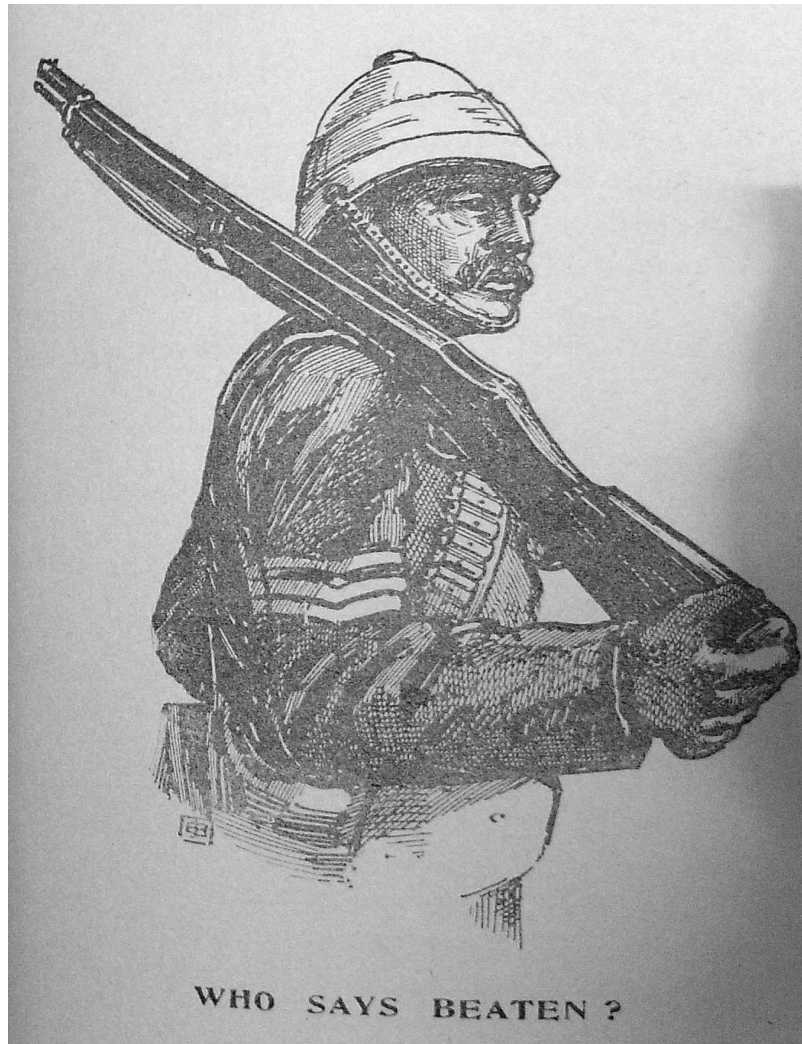
As Rooshy, Vrance, an Garminy  
Da zay zo ; Bit thame down on we,  
Cos any oance who rades can zee,  
'Tis nuthen bit their jealousy.  
Jan Bull they dwoant like var his pow'r,  
An that's what 'tis de meak em zour.  
*Tha Boers thay dwoant like mworn we,*  
Tho backen o'm ta vight ya zee ;  
Cos hopen that it zurely will,  
Waken tha pow'r a Measter Bull ;  
Var well they know ael droo tha world,  
Wur ever Britain's vlags unvirld  
Tha people be content an vree,  
An sticks ta tha Woold Country.  
Jist look, zunce thease yer war begin,  
Hache Colony under tha zun,  
As to ower Empire do belong ;  
Wie one voice, in acclimation strong,  
Have ael declar'd we'm in tha right,  
An zent their zons ta help ess vight.  
Do ee think, me vren, tid bin tha kease,  
*If we wur wrong, our motives bease?*  
As enemies try ta meak out,  
Wie their misleadin naisy shout.  
Never avore in tha history  
Of ower enlightn'd country,  
Have zich love bin show'd for England  
Be her children dear, on every hand,  
Vrom Cannerda, an Indyeer,  
New Zealand, an Austillyear,  
An every Island, big and small,  
Have zent their aid, *wieout a call.*  
An zoo I nevir will believe,  
Nar can I ever this conceive ;  
Ower Empire's zons hood com za strong,

*If in thease war Englind wur wrong.*

An what's tha sacrit of ower pow'r?  
'Tis greein zo, in danger's hour,  
An lettin vorrin nayshuns zee,  
Avore ael else, we patriots be ;  
An will stan zolid as a wall,  
When ower Queen an Empire call.  
Ower differences we ael can zink,  
When we be on grim danger's brink.  
We dwoant want nuthen bit what's right,  
Var that, unto tha last we'll vight,  
In every land wur we da goo ;  
We want ta hact upright an true,  
Tha Vlaig a Vreedom to unvirl,  
In ael dark plazin a tha world,  
An bring ta every heathen nayshin,  
Tha light a true civilization.  
Ta open up, Nater's resources,  
We trade ael down tha river courses ;  
Wie no begrud'g ar graspen hand,  
Nar try ta stop anodder land.  
Tha open dooer ta ael creation ;  
An god bless tha British Nation,  
An her brave zoms droo out tha wirld,  
Wherever Union Jack's unvirled.

An med tha Lord in His good time,  
Bring pace to Afric's zunny clime ;  
Zoo every man mid av his rights,  
Justice to Blacks as well as Whites.  
*Var that's what Britain's vighten var,*  
An may she triumph in thease war.”

*February, 1900.*



## SONG OF THE RESERVIST

Old Paul has slipp'd his dogs of war,  
The Empire he've invaded ;  
Our brothers' homes in far Natal,  
His ruthless Boers have raided.  
Our Country calls, and we obey,  
And every man will muster,  
To fight the foe, and stop for aye,  
His boastful brag and bluster.

Chorus: Then Bobs and Buller, lead along,  
The soldiers of Victoria ;  
The Union Jack shall soon wave o'er,  
Bloemfontein and Pretoria.



Soldier or Sailor, off we go,  
Each to his Ship or Reg'ment ;  
We'll let Paul and his friend Steyn know,  
To tackle 'em is our intent.  
Our Country calls, we hear and heed,  
For every man see muster.  
To fight the foe, and stop for aye,  
His boastful brag and bluster.

Chorus: Then Bobs and Buller, lead along,  
The soldiers of Victoria ;  
The Union Jack shall soon wave o'er,  
Bloemfontein and Pretoria.

At Majuber Hill we knuckl'd down,  
And forgied that butchery ;  
See how they pay old England back,  
For her magnanimity.  
Now once again our Country calls,  
And every man see muster ;  
To fight the foe and stop for aye,  
His boastful brag and bluster.

Chorus: Then Bobs and Buller, lead along,  
The soldiers of Victoria ;  
The Union Jack shall soon wave o'er,  
Bloemfontein and Pretoria.

Our brothers from each Colony,  
Hasten to the Mother's side ;  
For well they know Britannia's cause  
Is right fully justified.  
Without a call, they've volunteered,  
Right gallant troops they muster ;

Who, side by side, will face the foe,  
And stop his boastful bluster.

Chorus: Then Bobs and Buller, lead along,  
The soldiers of Victoria ;  
The Union Jack shall soon wave o'er,  
Bloemfontein and Pretoria.

Speed on, O speed, ye good Troop Ships,  
Out upon the foaming main ;  
And bring us quickly to the foe,  
Sure we burn for the campaign.  
With stout brave hearts we'll to the front,  
Nor flinch from battle gory ;  
But rather die a fighten for  
The Flag, and Britains glory.

Chorus: Then Bobs and Buller, lead along,  
The soldiers of Victoria ;  
The Union Jack shall soon wave o'er,  
Bloemfontein and Pretoria.

Should fate decree, we ne'er may gaze,  
On old England's shores again ;  
A grateful Country, now we know,  
Our bereav'd ones will maintain ;  
And 'tis a glorious thing to see,  
All classes in our Empire grand,  
So freely pouring out their wealth,  
With no grudging stinted hand.

Chorus: Then Bobs and Buller, lead along,  
The soldiers of Victoria ;  
The Union Jack shall soon wave o'er,  
Bloemfontein and Pretoria.