

## NOTICE TO QUIT

A Dialogue on tha Leabour Question,  
By Jarge and Fred : Two Varm Leabourers

FRED

“Well, Jarge, how be you this marnen?  
Teant true I hopes, you've had warnen  
Var to clare out yer leetle cot,  
An to gie up yer te'atie plot?  
Cos eecesterdy, I did hear zay,  
Ya'd shurley av ta goo away;  
If zoo, I be main zorry var ee,  
Var ta ee mist be, zart a worry.”

JARGE

“Eece, Naybour Fred, tis zartin true,  
Vrim here I zoon ull av ta goo;  
Notice, come be pwost this marnen,  
Gie un I a vartnight's warnen;  
Var ta clare out me leetle cot,  
An gie up too, me gierden plot.  
Tis wanted var anodder man,  
An I mist shift jist wur I can.”

FRED

“Well, dally Jarge, thats nayshun hard,  
Varmer vor you got no regard;  
You, who av wirk'd apon his lan  
Var vorty year, I unnerstan:

An in thic cot wur bred an barn,  
An yer fiather too avore, I larn;  
Ther mist be zummat much amiss  
Vor ee ta zarve ee jist like this.  
An dwoant ee know what tis about,  
That he shood waant to turn ee out,  
At zich a leetle notice, too:  
Why, Jarge: whatever will ee do?"

### JARGE

"Tha vact on't is vren, dwoant ee zee,  
My two big bwoys is leavin he;  
Ther time wur up at Micklemiss,  
An varmer zays it comes ta this:  
If thay da lave, I mist goo too;  
An zoo whatever can ess do?  
Girt strappen chaps my zons now be,  
An got a bit a larnin, zee,  
An thay twould measter purty plain  
Thay wurden gwain ta gree agean.  
Thay'd had anuff a varm wirk now,  
An longer hooden vollie plough.  
It zeems a zed, if that be zoo,  
Yer fiather he ull av ta goo;  
Var I mist av a man wie bwoys,  
An ael on em be my employees;  
Ya'd baste consider what you'm doin,  
Var on yer parents twill bring ruin  
If you intends ta goo away,  
An longer on my varm wunt stay;  
At once thay'll av ta lave ther cot,  
An gie up, too, tha te'atie plot."

## FRED

“A Jarge: I can zee droo it now,  
A zart a ticklish job I vow;  
No dout, upzets yerzelf an wife,  
Especially at your time a life;  
Var spoose ya ha'nt a got much heart  
Vrim yer own neative pplace ta peart?  
Tho coose, me vren, it stans to razon,  
Varmer wants chaps ta gree tha sazon,  
Ar lan mid zoon get out a tillage,  
Var want a leabour in tha village;  
Ya zee, you've got to suffer now,  
Cos your bwoys wunt stick to tha plough,  
As ael ther fiathers av avore,  
An ther hard lots in payshins bore;  
It sims varm wirk, bwoys be scornen;  
Now they've got a bit a larnin.  
Girt pity this yer eddication,  
Shood caas zich sturbince in tha nayshun:  
Our village bwoys wunt zettle down,  
Ael longs ta get ta zom girt town,  
Thinken ta yarn a bit mwore money;  
Bit there, thay'll vind teant ael honey.  
Vrim marn till nite thay'll av ta wirk,  
Noo gadden bout, an duties shirk;  
Lots o'm ull miss when thay be thayre  
Ther wholesome grub and pure vresh hayer,  
An wish therzelves back wom agean,  
Unless ta stick it thay da mean.  
Bit what da your bwoys mean ta do?  
I hope their leavin thay wunt rue.”

## JARGE

“Ta stop em Fred, main hard I've tried,

Their mother too, she zob'd an cried;  
A thinkin bout their gwain away,  
Bit teant no good, narn o'm ull stay.  
Thay zays, thame off ta Lunnen town,  
An up there gwain ta zettle down,  
As Porters on zome Railway  
Startin at vawer bob a day.  
Car'line I'm zure ull brake her heart,  
When tha time comes var we ta peart.  
Ony las night as ever wur,  
We baig'd em ta stop anodder year,  
Bit no, thay'd promis'd young Tom Chown  
Who've got em plazin up in town,  
An av zent passes vor their vare.  
On Monday nex thay hood be there,  
It sims he've got em logins too  
An zoo ya zee what can ess doo?  
We needen vret ther gwain away --  
Tha zays: nor think thay'll rue tha day,  
An if varmer, da turn ess out,  
Zummat ull turn up thay dwoant dout.  
An if it dwoant thay'll zoon come down  
An teak ess back ta Lunnen town.  
Bit coose, at ower time a life,  
Dwoant want ta goo, nar neet me wife."

#### FRED

"I be main zorry Jarge var you,  
Bit as ya zays, what can ee do.  
Yer zons be up strappen young men,  
An'll turn out well ya may depen,  
Bouath on em be purty steady  
An var any work be ready.  
An'll get on well I can bit think.

Thay've never bused therzelves we drink,  
An mabby, bim bye will come down,  
Like gennelmen vrim Lunnen town.  
Look at Tom Chown; when he went off,  
His village chums did laff and scoff,  
Declarin zoon a hood be down  
Wie a zickener a Lunnen town,  
Bit thay wur wrong, a stuck ta wirk,  
An didn drink, nar duties shirk;  
An now he's like a gennelman  
In a pleace a trust I unnerstan.  
Did ee notice un at Whitzuntide  
How ael he's voke wur vull a pride,  
Ta zee their Tom draste out za smart?  
An many a maid ad yeaken heart  
When a zed tha last good bye ta thay,  
Tha marnen as a went away.  
Ower voke wunt zoon varget Tom Chown,  
Las time a com vrim Lunnen town.  
Zee, what percyverance it ull do  
If you sticks hard, honest and true;  
An I dwoant dout bit what yer bwoys  
In yer woold years ull bring ee joys.”

#### JARGE

“I'm much ablig'd, an thank ee, Fred,  
Var tha kind wirds, you av a zed;  
Dwoant dout but what me bwoys ull do,  
Var bouath on em be just an true:  
I've brought em up as baste I cood,  
Evils to shun, an hold whats good,  
Thay aelways wur good bwoys an happy,  
Ant bused therzelves we drink nar baccy.  
An that bouath on em will turn out

A credit to ess I dwoant dout,  
Tho coose we veels, tis ardish lot  
Ta av ta lave ower leetle cot;  
Tha thoughts on't vills ower eyes wie tears,  
Atter biden there za many years.  
Tis a trial zoar, bit never mind,  
Another whoam tha Lord ull vind,  
Med er, gie ess straingth ta bere ower lot,  
When we da lave ower leetle cot.”