

WOM RULE

Or - what do it mean?

A DISCUSSION ON IRISH HOME RULE BY FRED AND BOB

FRED

“Good evenin, Robert, ow be you?
Ows missus an tha young uns too?
Zunce last we met, tis a longish time,
I hopes ya ael be nice an prime!
I raaly dwont think on reflection,
That I've a zeed ee zunce tha lection;
An var a chat, dwont think begar,
We've had one zunce tha Gipshun war,
Bout which ya know we diden gree,
Aelthough good vrens we aelwys be;
Howzemdever, thats ael passed away,
An mmost vargot like, now-a-day;
Var now ya zee in ower own lan
Thers nuff ta tract a wirken man,
An a wom consarns we must teak note,
Zunce we leabourers av got a vote.

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Lar massy, wot a botheration
Thame kickin up ael droo tha nayshun,
Vokes yeads an mines zeems brimmen vull
Of these yer job about Wom Rule;

Goo wur ya med, tak ta who ya will,
Tis nuthun bit thick Wom Rule bill;
I'm nearly zick on it, begar,
An hope a act thay zoon ull car,
An quickly pass un inta laa,
Zoo as ta stop ael this yer jaa.
Thay Tories bleams tha Gran Woold Man,
Becaws a did bring in a plan,
An twould em strait twur his intent
Ta zet up a Irish Parleyment;
Tha Liberals av split up we zee,
Caws we thick plan thay caant agree,
An as youm one, I have yeard zay,
Wat do ee think on it now, pray?"

BOB

"Well my opinion is then Fred,
Thick Wom Rule scheme var ever's dead,
An he'll av ta vind another plan,
An car it droo, that's if a can;
Bit dang me buttons, I caant zee
Why Irish voke thay wunt agree,
An zettle down we one konzent,
Under one British Parleyment;
An which, begar, thay'd do poor craters,
If twurden var thay agitaters,
Whos paid za well var it ya zee,
Wie money vrim Americky;
Tis a pity that thay be za blind,
Ta let zich voke pwyson their mind."

FRED

"That med be true, bit you mist look
Wats put down in tha histry book;
You'll vind tis near a centery

Zunce Ireland wur jined ta we,
An ever zunce on that are zoil,
Ther bin no pace, nought bit turmoil,
An revolution now an then
Da brake out mangst thay Irishmen;
An ta I, var one, zeems purty plaain
That pace ther wunt be there agaain,
Until ower voke thay do konzent
Ta gie em back a Parleyment;
An I, vren Bob, da hope thay'll do it,
Aelthough zom zay we zoon hood rue it;
Heet still I thinks we ought ta try,
Ther just demands ta zatisfy.”

BOB

“O eece, I've rade tha history
Of Ireland an her misery,
Bit dwont ee think ael owt's caas
Droo ther been under ower laas;
I owns that many years agoo,
Thay ad good caas their fates ta rue,
Var then tha laas wur dredful bad,
An nearly drove tha poor things mad,
Wat we vamin ael droo out tha lan,
An starvin voke on every han,
Smaal wonder that tha people rose
An took we English for their voes,
Bit then if thee diss rade arrite,
Ower country help'd em in their plite,
An zent to em millions a pounds,
Zides good zeed var their teatie grounds;
Ther crops ad vail'd, that wur tha caas,
An not bein under our laas;
Zoo teant no use at that bewailen,
Noon caant help tha crops a vailen;

Why, at houame yer, when I wur a bwoy,
Var poor men ther wurden no employ,
An brade wur up at zich a rate,
Barley bannicks, mmostly we'd ta ate,
An a bit a mate we never zeed,
Thout zim biddy chaanc'd ta kill a pig,
Then we med we ardish screapen,
Manage ta get a bit a beaken;
Ah ! thay wur terryable times,
An tha caas of a good many crimes;
Zo English voke, ya med depen,
Have suffered well's as Irishmen.”

FRED

“That's true enuff, what you da zay
Bout hardships in tha woolden day;
An English voke av ad ther sheare,
Wen work wur slack, an brade wur dear;
Bit tha Irish Lanlards, wur wur thay?
Why in Lunnen or Paris gay,
A vreeley spendin ard earn'd rent
In luxury an merrymment;
Why diden em stop on Irish zoil,
Amang tha starvin zons a toil,
An lend ta thay a helpen han,
Insteeds a claren out tha lan,
An leavin ther poor tenantry
Ta tha marcy of zom cruel Bailee,
Ta grind em wie a iren han,
An rack rent em droo out tha lan.
Another thing, if you de zerch,
Thay ad ta keep another church;
Tho Roman Catholics mmost om wur,
Thay paid var a church minister;
Twur nuff, begar, their tempers rile,

An meak their very heart's blood bwile;
No wonder that their children now
Is still continnyen the row;
An pen on it thay wunt gie in
Till a Parleyment's gied back agean.”

BOB

“Eece but that ye know is swept away,
An av bin now var many a day;
Var rale good Lan Laas thay av got,
An ach man's mwore seaf on his plot;
An church rates now thay needn't pay,
Var years thay have bin swept away;
An if ony they'll keep bit quiet,
An not commit outrage an riot,
Depen on it ower Goverment,
Ta grant em mwore is their intent,
Bit as var gien a Parleyment,
I'm zartin zure thay wunt konzent,
Var if thay did thay zoon hood rue,
An zoo hood ael tha Irish too,
Unless it be thay agitators,
Who gets money vrim tha zilly craters;
Who aims at total zeparation
Vrim thease glorious English nayshun;
Who'd like ta zee ower empire, girt,
Come down an grovel in tha dirt;
Bit that, my vren, thay'll nevir zee,
Var ael true Englishmen agree
Thay nevir will zee zeparation
Tween English an tha Irish nayshun.”

FRED

“That's jist wur you be wrong, me vren,
Thay dwont want ta peart, ya may depen,

Var their leaden men, in spaches loud,
Geanst zeparation long av vow'd,
An zaays twur never ther intent,
Bit jist a Irish Parleyment
Ta strickly deal wie Irish things,
An this is raaly wat thay means;
Thame willin aelways ta be bown,
An live under tha British Crown,
If this be zo, I dwont zee why
Their wish we shudden gratify.”

BOB

“Ah Fred, tis very well for thay
Ta tak zo nicely in thease way;
Na doubt zom on em means it too,
Var there be zom good men an true;
Bit 'tis thay behine tha scenes, me vren,
Who nevir ull stop, thee midst depen,
Ta cry var total zeparation,
When backed up by thic agitation
That is za powerful we zee,
Auver there in girt Americky;
Wur nearly ael tha money's vound
Ta keep tha geam alive, I'm bound;
A poor Irish voke thay meaks a tool,
Ta show their spite at woold Jan Bull;
Anything thay'd do var to displeas un,
Bit dang if I can zee tha reazon;
Var tha Irish people now a day
In Englan's trated we vair play;
I own that many years agoo
Thay ad good caas ta grumble too;
Their very neam then wur enuff
Var English voke ta trate em gruff;
In peapers oft it met yer eye,

No use var Irish to apply,
Wen a zarvant any one did want,
An course it wur enuff ta dant,
An put tha poor voke on their mettle,
Var any bidy it hood nettle;
Bit now ael that is quite vargot,
An if we us thay cast their lot,
Thame trated we respect we zee,
Wur ever thay med chaance ta be;
Look at em now in any town,
How appy zom om's zettled down;
No bidy now dwont interfere,
Tho thousands on em's zettled here;
Nice quiet plazin zom om got,
An no English dwont envy their lot;
An mworn that, lots, I'll be bown,
Av got good berths under tha Crown;
Look at em here in ower county,
Mwost ael excisemen, Irish be,
Therefore to-day no one can sneer
At tha way in which thame trated here.

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Another thing, spoose Goverment,
Ta gie em Wom Rule, did conzent,
A revolution zoon ther'd be,
In tha Northern peart of thic country;
Vor Ulster voke av long declared,
An in hot spaches thay av sweared
That thay nevir will conzent
Ta av a Irish Parleyment;
Thay vows thay'll nevir zettle down
Under nuthen bit tha British crown;
Wat a purty steat a things tid be,

A civil war in thic country;
Awful tid be, thee med'st depen,
Tween Catholicks an Orangemen;
Eece, dreadful bloodshed it hood be,
As bad as any in history;
On this ground aloane, Fred, you mist zee,
A Parleyment ther mussen be.

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Zides, ther's another argyment
Against a Irish Parleyment;
If thay ad one, not long tid be,
Before we owers they'd disagree,
Praphs gie ess saace an imperdence,
An zay ta meddle we'd no bince,
An praphs we should wake up zim day,
An vine taxes thay hooden pay,
Ta keep ower ships an army gwaain,
An zay thay diden want em, plaain;
Praphs tell ess straitte thay did inten
Ta av ships man'd wie Irishmen;
An praphs a Irish army, too,
No knowin min wat thay hood do;
Var thay Irish Yankees zartin zure,
Lots of tha money hood procure;
Thee'st know thay caant abeer Jan Bull,
His ears a bit thay'd like ta pull,
An hood glory in a leetle squabble,
Jist var ta get un in a hobble;
Var thay be jealous of his power,
Thats wat da meak em look za zour.

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An then zapoose we wur at war,
Wie zom girt countery afar,
A purty thing tood be ta zee
Thase Irish help tha enemy;
An we shid vind out wen too late,
Wat vools we wur ta zeparate;
No, no, my vren, it mussen be,
Var Ireland ta peart vrim we;
Union is strength, passin da prache,
An every one its truths da tache;
Goo wur ya will, hear who ya med,
Ael om's agreed apon thic head;
In temprince or in mission hall,
Tha lecturer out loud da bawl,
Union is strength, com jine tha caas,
An tha wirds is met wie girt applaws;
Union is strength, club voke da zay,
Come, jine, put by var a rainy day;
An zo it is var zartin true,
Union is strength tha wordle droo.”

FRED

Eece, bit Measter Gladstone, he da zay-
His plan ull drave ill-will away,
An Irish voke ull zettle down,
In pace under tha British Crown;
A Union then of hearts till be,
“Insteeds a peaper one,” zays he.

BOB

Eece, I knaa wat Gladstone, he've a zed,
Bit let me ax ee this here, Fred,
Ya knaas he is a wooldish man,
And caant live ta zee ow wirks his plan;
A wunt be here tha job ta rue,

Wen voke da vind out it wunt do;
Much as I mires tha Gran Woold Man,
I caant agree we'n in thease plan;
Var I veels zure zoon ael'd repent
Zettin up a Irish Parleyment;
Var if thay'd one, not long tid be,
Vore totherm hood zet up a plea;
An Scottish voke zoon hood begin
Ta zet up another Wom Rule din;
Not long, begar, vore thay hood stir
Var a Parleyment in Edinburr;
Then leetle Wales, wie counties twelve,
Not long the question hooden shelve;
Bit we her mite, hood come it stiff
Var a Parleyment down in Cardiff;
And then, begar, wieout a joke,
Why shudden we Wace countery voke
Ax var tha Heptarky again,
Zeven Parleyments, an Kings ta reign;
Tis jist as razonable, begar,
As wat thay now be axin var.

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Bit no! var one I caant konzent
Ta split tha British Parleyment;
Let English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh
Varget ther prejudices, or else
Ther wunt be pace; lets zay, we cheers-
We ael be loyal Britishers;
An twoast, when we da wet our whissle,
Tha Rose, tha Shamrock, an tha Thissle.

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Let equal laas govern tha lot,
Let ael past evils be vargot;
Join hans as Britons an agree
Ta live in parfict unity;
In pace we then shill zettle down,
Under one Parleyment and Crown.