



THA OTTER HUNT

Tis haight a'clock, a bright May marn,
An down tha vlow'ry mead;
A crowd a voke, we yelpin hounds,
Be Nadders bainks is zeed.

Var marnen pray'r; church bell da toll,
Tha dooer is aupen wide;
Bit ony two'r dree totterin voke
Is zeed ta goo inzide.

Var tis tha annal Otter hunt,
An za vine tha weather,
Spourtsmin, vrim town , an thay aroun
Be hurryen tagether.

Maing crazy-bets, and cuckoo vlowers,

An, maing dewy grasses;
Come spourtsmin in ther jackets green,
Along we gaiter'd lasses.

Tha Cuckoo's ever welcome note,
Za meller vills tha grove;
An vrim yan copse, a Nightingale,
Za sweetly trills he's love.

Tha zun shines vrim a cloudless sky,
Zoft winds waffs gentle gales;
Tha hounds begin ta snuff tha scent,
Their yelpen vills tha vales.

Tha Maaster blows he's zilver harn;
Hounds, knaa tha welcome call,
An headlong in tha zilvery stream,
Tha laders rush asprawl.

Ael up an down, tha streamlet thay;
We hager eyes da look.
Thay poke their leetle noses in
Ta every leetle nook.

Tha brillent Kingvisher's loud wail,
Vloats on tha marnen air,
As maingst the willer roots, the hounds
Disturbs his pacevul lair.

An to an vro, on hache baink go,
Thase merry huntin voke;
We poles, ta leap tha ditches wide,
An inta shallers poke.

On, on, thay go, we skip an jump

O'er hedges, ditches, stiles,
We out ado; the lasses too;
Behold we artless smiles.

The flooded mead, noan o'm da mine,
Nar muddied; nar wet veet,
Zich leetle things, thay trate we scarn,
When Otter Hounds da meet.

Now to the withy bade thame come:
Ael hearts goo pit a pat,
A bwoy da swear: a Otters there,
Zome zed, praps twur a rat.

A village yokel, looken on,
Bawls out, "Iar bless me zawl:
If I did'n zee a vurry thing
Rin into this girt hawl."

An leetle Lucy, vows she zeed,
A Otter near the drawin;
Zoo huntsman puts the hounds ta wirk
A yelpen an a pawen.

He's hiden in the trunk var zure,
The hager spourtsmin cry:
If zoo; we zoon ull have un out,
Ar knaa the razon why.

Jack ; bring the leetle spanniel here;
He'll zoon the trunk azend;
Now spourtsmin ael, look purty sharp,
He'll bolt out tother end.

The leetle spanniel did bow wow,

Ta scare poor leetle Otter,
An Jack, zoon at tha tother end,
Zings out, begar I've got her.

We zitemint ael, turn'd var ta zee;
Ther's no mistake in that,
There wur tho: var Jack in he's yarms,
Jeld vast a *Tabby Cat*.

A roar a laffen then went up,
Vrim thay as rin'd ta zee;
Poor puss wur vreed; an zoon wur perch'd,
Up in a willer tree.

“Well! well!” zays ael tha spourtin voke;
“Dear me,” zays leetle Lucy,
“How coold I zoo mistaken be,
Not ta know a pussy.”

Her brother, he mist teak tha blame,
Cos he hadden taught her;
To discern a *Tabby Cat*
Vrim a river Otter.

Ael laff'd, but nooan look'd merrier,
Then tha good woold Maaster,
Who wur za glad; Puss hadden met,
We any cruel disaster.

Tha hounds look'd on, we tearvul eyes,
Ael on em convounded;
Ta zee thic cat rin up tha tree,
Thay look'd up astounded.

On topmwoast branch, we gleamin eyes;

Puss watch'd tha dreaded voe,
Yelpen an racin vuriously,
Aroun tha tree below,

Var Otter vlesh an blood thay wur
Ael crazy to get at,
An velt disgusted when thay voun:
Twur nuthen bit a cat.

The day wore on; no luck at ael,
Thay cooden vine ther quarry;
Zoo hungry back ta kennels went,
Tha hounds, looken main zorry.

Tha spurten men, an lasses too;
No vurder keer'd ta roam,
Zoo gather'd up ther skirts an staves,
An zoon mead tracks vor whoam.

An thus did end, thic Otter Hunt,
In merrie month a May,
When Tom the drowners *Tabby Cat*
Led ael tha vield astray.

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Now spurten voke, when next ya hunt
Tha Nadders windin water;
Look up yer Nateril Histery,
Ta tell ee Cat vrim Otter.

May, 189-