

Dick and Sal; or Jack and Joanses Fair

1. The bailiff's boy had overslept,
 The cows were not put in;
 But rosy Mary cheerly stept
 To milk them on the green
2. Dick stagger'd with a calf of hay
 To feed the bleating sheep,
 Proud thus to usher in the day,
 While half the world's asleep.
3. And meeting Mary with her pail,
 He said, "If yow will stay,
 I'll tell ya jest a funny tale,
 About my holiday"
4. 'Twas then by some auspicious hap,
 That I was passing near him,
 And as he seem'd a likely chap,
 Thinks I, I'll stop and hear him.
5. Now Mary broke her steady pace,
 And down she set her pail;
 Dick brush'd the hay seeds off his face,
 And thus began his tale:
6. "Ya see when Middlemas a come roun,
 I thought dat Sal and I,
 Ud go to Canterbury town,
 To see what we cud buy.
7. For when I liv'd at Challock Leys,
 Our secont-man had bin;
 An wonce when we was carrin peas,
 He told me what he'd sin.
8. He sed dare was a teejus fair,
 Dat lasted fer a wick;
 An all de ploughmen dat went dare,
 Must car dair shinnin stick.

9. An how dat dare was nable rigs,
An merriander's jokes,
Snuffboxes, shows, an whirligigs
An houged sights a folks.
10. But what queer'd me he sed 'twas kep
All roun about de church;
An how dey had him up de steps,
An left him in de lurch.
11. At last he got into de street,
An den he lost his road;
An Bet and he come to a gate,
Where all de soadger's stood.
12. Den she ketcht fast hold av his han,
Fer she was rather scared;
Tom sed when fust he see 'em stan,
He thought she'd be afared.
13. But won dat had a gurt broad sword,
Did "left wheel" loudly cry;
An all de men scared at his word,
Flew roun ta let dem by.
14. An den de drums dey beet ya know,
De soadgers dey was prancin;
Tom told me dat it pleas'd 'em so,
They cou'den keep from dancin.
15. So I told father what I thought,
'Bout gooin to de fair,
An den he told me what he bought,
When mother and he was dare.
16. He bought our Jack a leather cap,
An Sal a money puss,
An Tom an Jem a spinnin tap,
An me a little hoss.
17. Den mother drummin in my ears,
Told all dat she see done;
Fer doe she liv'd fer fifty years,
She'd never sin sudge fun.

18. So Sal and I was mighty glad,
 Ta hear sudge news as dat;
 An I set off ta neighbour Head,
 Ta get a new stra hat.
19. An Thursday mornin Sal an I
 Set out ta goo ta fair;
 An mother an dey wish't us good bye,
 An told Sal ta taak care.
20. But just as o'er de stile we got,
 She call'd har back again,
 An sed, "you taak your milking coat,
 Fer I're afared 'twill rain.
21. Salgot de coat, an we again,
 Did both an us set sail;
 An she sed, was she sure 'twou'd rain,
 She never would turn tail.
22. De clover was granable wet,
 But when we crast de medder,
 We both apan de hardle set,
 An den begun consider.
23. De Folkstone gals look'd houged black,
 Old wallerd roar'd about:
 Says I ta Sal, "shall we go back?"
 "No no," says she "keep out.
24. Ya see de lark is mountin high,
 De clouds ta undermine,
 I lay a graat he clears de sky,
 And den it will be fine."
25. An sure enough old Sal was right,
 De Folkstone gals was missing;
 De sun an sky begun look bright,
 An wallerd stopt his hissin.
26. An so we sasselsail'd along,
 An crass de fields we stiver'd,
 While dicky lark kep up his song,
 An at de clouds conniver'd.

27. De rain and wind we left behind,
De clouds was scared away,
Bright pebus he shetfisted shined,
An 'twas a lightful day.
28. We tore like mad through Perry wood,
An jest beyand stone stile,
We got into de turnpike road,
An kep it all de while.
29. An den we went through Shanford street,
An over Chartham down;
My wig! how many did we meet,
A comin fram de town.
30. An some sung out dare's Moll and Jan,
But we ne'er cared for it,
Through thick an thin we blunder'd an,
An got ta Wincheap street.
31. I sed we'r got here sure enough,
Will keep apan the causeway,
But Sal sed 'tis sa plagued rough,
Less get inta de hossway.
32. An so we slagger'd den ya know,
An gaap't an stared about;
Ta see de houses all a row,
An signs a hangin out.
33. An when a goodish bit we'd bin,
We tum'd ta de right han;
An den we turn'd about agen,
An see an alis stan.
34. Sal thought it was de goat or hine,
I diden know fer my part;
But when we look't apan de sign,
De readin was de White Hart.
35. Den we went through a gate ya see,
An down a gravel walk;
An's we stood undernead a tree,
We heard de people talk.

36. So Sal ya know heav'd up her face.
An see em all stan roun,
Apan a gurt high bank an place,
An we apan de groun.
37. Den I gaap't up an see 'em all,
An wonder'd what cud be;
So I turns roun an says to Sal,
Less clamber up an see.
38. But she was rather scared at first
Fer fear a tumblin down;
An dey at top made game of us,
An told us ta goo roun.
39. Jigger I wouden give it up,
So took her roun de nick;
An haul'd har pattens to de top,
An dragg'd her through de quick.
40. An den she turn'd 'erself about,
An sed 'twas rather rough;
But when we foun de futway out,
We went up safe enough.
41. An when we got ta de tip top,
We see a marble mountain;
A gurt high stone thing histed up,
Jest like a steeple countin.
42. An dare we see, ah! all de town,
Houses, an windmills grindin;
An gospels feedin on de groun,
An boys de dunnocks mindin.
43. How we was scared! why dam my skin!
I lay dat dare was more
Houses an churches den we'd sin
In all 'ur lives afore.
44. An when we'd stared and gaap't all roun,
An thought we'd sin 'em all;
We turn'd about far ta come down,
But got apan a wall.

45. An Sal look't over as we past,
To see de ivy stick,
An if I had'en held har fast,
She would a broke 'er nick.
46. Den on we went, an soon we see
A brick place, where instead,
A bein at top, as't ought ta be,
De road run undernead.
47. An dare we pook't an peer'd about,
Ta see what made it stick up;
But narn oance couden find it out,
What keep de middle brick up.
48. An Sal sung out, "why dis here wall,
It looks sa old an hagged;
I'm mortally afared 'twill fall
An I was deadly shagged.
49. An when we got into de street,
A coach dat come fram Dover,
Did gran nigh tread us under feet,
An Sal was most run over.
50. An so we stiver'd right acrass,
An went up by a mason's;
An come down to a gurt big house,
I lay it was de Pason's!
51. An den we turn'd to de left han,
An down into de street,
An see a gurt fat butcher stan,
Wid shop chuck full a meat.
52. Den all at once we made a stop,
I thought Sal would a fainted;
When lookin in a barber's shop,
Sa fine de dolls was painted.
53. An dare war one of dem I'll swear,
Jest like de pason's wife;
Wid nose, an eyes, an teath, an hair,
As natural as life.

54. So dare we stopt a little space,
 An sed how queer it looks;
 But soon we see another place,
 An dat was cramm'd wid books.
55. I sed ta har what books dare be,
 Dare's supm ta be sin;
 Den she turn'd roun, an sed ta me
 Suppose we do go in.
56. Now Sal ya see had bin ta school
 She went to old aunt Kite;
 An so she was'en quite a fool,
 But cud read pretty tight.
57. She larnt her A B C ya know,
 Wid D for dunce an dame,
 An all dat's in de criss-crass row,
 An how ta spell her name,
58. So in we went, an down we squot
 An look't in every corner,
 Den ax't de uman if she'd got
 De book about Tom Horner.
59. It put Sal almost out of breath,
 When fust we went in dare;
 De uman was sa pluaged death,
 She cou'den maake 'er ear.
60. At last de man he heard us ball,
 So out ya know he come;
 An brought de book, an gen't ta Sal,
 An so we carr'd it home.
61. An Sal has red it through an through
 An lent it to her brother;
 An father lackt to have it too,
 An wish't we'd bought another.
62. Den we come to another street,
 Where all was butchers' shops;
 Dare was a tarnel sight a meat,
 An stakes, an mutton chops.

63. An dare was alises by swarms,
I lay dare was a dozen!
An he dat kep de Butchers' Arms
Was old Jan Hillses cousin.
64. An so as Sal lookt pretty flue,
We thought we'd goo in dare,
An have a sup a beer or two,
Afore we went ta fair.
65. De landlord he lookt mighty brave,
Wid his gurt rosy cheeks;
An axt us if we likt ta have
A poun or two a steaks.
66. So when we'd lickt de platters out,
An yoffled down de beer;
I sed ta Sal, less walk about,
An try an find de fair.
67. An's we went prolin down de street,
We me met old Simon Cole;
He claa'd hold an 'er roun de nick,
An'gun ta suck har jole.
68. Now dash my wig dat put me out,
Fer dare was Sal a squallin;
I fedge him sudge a tarnel clout,
Dat down I knockt him sprawlin.
69. Dare he laid grumblin in de gutter,
De folks dey gather'd round us,
An crowded in wid such a clutter,
De same as if dey'd pound us.
70. An dis was jest aside de shop,
Where all de pictures hung;
An books an such like mabbled up,
An now an tan a song.
71. An dare we strain'd, an stared, an blous'd,
An tried ta get away;
But more we strain'd, de more dey scroug'd,
An sung out give 'em play.

72. Den Simon swore by all dat's good,
He'd knock me inta tinder,
An flaad if I diden think he would
Fer'e knockt me through de winder.
73. An tore my chops most cruelly,
De blood begun ta trickle;
Yow wou'den a know'd it had been me,
I was in such a pickle.
74. Now jigger my tight, dat rais'd my fluff,
I claa'd hold av his mane;
An went ta fetch his head a cuff,
An broke another pane.
75. Den I was up, den I 'gun swear,
De chaps dey did jest laugh;
An Sal she stompt, an tore her hair,
An beller'd like a calf
76. I thought I'd fetch him one more pounce,
So heav'd my stick an meant it
Jest to a broke his precious sponce,
But through de winder sent it.
77. De books an ballets flew about,
Like thatch from off de barn;
Or like de stra dat clutters out
De 'sheen, a thrashing carn.
78. An den de chaps dey laugh't again,
As if old Nick had seiz'd 'em;
An burn my skin, if I diden grin,
A'cause I see it pleas'd 'em.
79. But paid gran dearly far my fun,
An dat ya know's de worst an't;
I sed old Simon right ta pay,
A'cause he was de fust an't.
80. But when de master come himself
He 'gun to say his prayers;
"Twas you," said he "ya stupid elf,
I'll ha ya ta de mayor's.

81. Yes, you shall pay, you trucklebed,
You buffle-headed ass;
I know 'twas your gurt pumpkin head,
Fust blundered through de glass.”
82. So den I dobb'd him down de stuff,
A plagued sight ta pay;
An Sal an I was glad enough,
At last ta get away.
83. But when we got ta de church yard,
In hopes ta find de fair,
Yow can't think how we both was scared,
A'cause it was'en dare.
84. So we was cruelly put out;
An den de head pidjector
Av some fine shop, axt what we thought
About his pretty picture.
85. Sal said she cou'den rightly tell,
An as you're dare alive;
Doe undernead dey wrot it Peel,
I're sure it was a hive.
86. I cou'd a gen de man a smack,
He thought we cou'den tell,
Sa often as ya know we baak,
A beehive fram a peel.
87. So den we stiver'd up de town,
An farn de merry fair,
Jest at de place dat we come down,
When fust we did get dare.
88. Den I took Sarar by de han,
An wou'den treat 'er scanty;
But haul'd down sixpence to de man,
An gen 'er nuts a plenty.
89. An den ya know we see de show,
An when we'd done an turn'd about,
Sal sed ta me, I think I see,
Old Glover wid his round-about;

90. An dat new boat dat Akus made,
An snuffboxes beside;
So den we went ta him, an sed,
We lack ta have a ride.
91. An up we got inta de boat,
But Sal begun ta maunder,
Fer fare de string, when we 'gun swing,
Should break an come asunder.
92. But Glover sed "it is sa tuff
'Tud bear a dozen men;"
An when he thought we'd swung enough,
He took us down again.
93. An den he lookt at me an sed,
"It seems ta please your wife;"
Sal grinn'd an sed "she never had
Sudge fun in all har life."
94. De snuff boxes dey did jest fly,
An sunder come de rem,
Dangle de skin an it sed I,
I'll have a rap at dem.
95. My nable; dare was lots a fun,
An sudge hubbub an hollar;
De donkeys dey for cheeses run,
An I grinn'd through a collar.
96. Den Sal she run for half-a-crown,
An I jumpt in a sack,
An should a won, but I fell down,
An gran nigh broke my back.
97. Den we went out into de town,
An had some gin an stuff;
An sal bought har a bran new gown,
An sed she'd sin enough.
98. Jigger! I would buy har a ribbm,
So when we'd bin an got it;
I told 'er dat 'twas almost sebbm,
An thought we'd better fut it.

99.

An somehow we mistook de road.
But axt till we got right;
So foun our way through Perry wood,
An got home safe at night.”

100.

Thus Dick his canister unpack'd,
I heard his oratory;
And my poor sides were almost crack'd,
With laughing at the story.