

Ole Bood

(From an incident at Waterloo Station)

I went to London and Mother too.
Us zeed the Thames. the Tower, the Zoo,
Us did'n know then what more ver do,
So us traapsed away to Waterloo
Ver home to Bood

Our 'eads was addled with sights and sounds
Our 'earts was sick and tired of towns,
Our veet was achin' ver Zummerleaze Downs
In dear ole Bood.

There was crowds of voiks in the Bookin' 'all,
But of volks us knawed there wad'n a sawl
So I sticked me 'cad in a pigeon awl--
'Two tickets ver Bood.'

I looked to Mother, 'er face was red,
'Hush Jan, be maazed? 'tis Bude,' 'er said,
But then the Clerk 'ee shawed 'ces 'ead,
And—'Good Old Bood!'

All eager-like I says to 'un
'Be you from Bood, then, too, my son?'
'Ees, father, fey I be—no fun,
I be from Bood.'

'And up ta "Street" where I was born
Could yer the sea and the coachman's horn,
And I tell 'ee London's cruel forlorn
Beside ole Bood.'

'I wad'n a-born ta Bood' says I,
'But Bood I live and there I'll die,
'Tis a place where a-body can see the sky
Is dear ole Bood.'

'And the streets by clayn and the houses too,
And the Station beateth Waterloo,
And even poor volks gets a voo,
Home there to Bood.'

'So sonny, I'll see ole Rood to day,
And the Ceres sailin' in the Bay
And the beaudiful sunset o'er the zay,
And when I sees yer volks I'll say
Yer love to Bood.'

*This characteristic piece, printed from a MS. Copy of these verses as recited forty or fifty years ago

by the late Mr. Morgan Antony, of St Ives, will be welcome to Cornish Dialect reciters everywhere. Ed. (1925)