

The Taaty Paasty

*By Morgan Antony**

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Now touch your pipe comrades says I
And niver be too hasty,
And I will make a footch to rhyme
about a Tatty-Paasty

There's mait enuf of iv'ry sort
All fillin like and taasty;
But. For a Carnish miners mait,
Give me a Taaty-Paasty.

Good-Lorl-What lots of em I've carr'd
To bal when I were little-
Baaked 'pon the brandis long with furse,
En baaker and en kittle!

Iss slabs es handy, I deer saay-
Theres piles of new things maaken-
But give me Mawther's baaker, soas!
That their's the thing for baaken!

Slabs, kitcheners, and what besides-
I'd fooch awaay them trade;
No pasties iver was sa good
As them that Mather made!

The fire-ook in her hand,
a-footchen 'bout the burnen sticks,
And doin' pasties grand!

An then she'd saay, "Tey'er ready, 'bleeve!"
Jist as the fit would take her,
And slip a knife right in between
The bake-ire and the baaker.

"Aw, they're done beautiful!" she'd saay.
"Fauwl wan se burnt a bit-
Well niver mind-'tes luch I s'pose;
We take what we can git!

Now maidens, taake they paasties up,
An' put en all you've got;

A pass'l o' hungry grawen booy
Well ait a braa big lot!"

Et may not ba sa very rech,
Nor yit sa very shawy;
But nawthen's like a pasty, soas,
To feed a grawen booy!

An ' then they aren't like pie or stew,
Or brath, or fish-an-tates,
Or fried petates; for they you must
Have baasins, dishes plates.

An' knives and farkes, an' spoons an' things
An' table, to be sure;
But for a pasty hands an' jaws
Will do, weth nawthen moore.

Jist drap'n en your handkercher,
Wan carner sticken out;
Then bite an' chow which way you mind,
You're right enough, no doubt.

You needn't have et en no room,
Nor set upon no cheer ;
Jist choose a spat of handy grass
An' setty down right theer.

Or lean your back agin a hedge,
Or quatty 'pon a board,
An' then you wudn, ef you cud,
Change denners weth a loor!

So good luck to the pasty, booy,
The aiter, and the maker;
And good luck to the baaken-ire,
The brandis, and the baaker-

Good luck to all the Carnish booy,
That niver yit was baiten;
A pasty may they niver want
Nor Stummick for to ait'n!