

ST. AGNES BEAR HUNT.

From Mithian came a Miller sly, his name was Mealy-due,
And to St. Ann's he came to tell a tale he swore was true.

This Miller was a hoaxing blade and dearly loved a joke,
Just like the other Miller (Joe) whose books delight the folk.

The Mithian Miller now arrived began with solemn air,

To spin a most terrific yarn about a YELLOW BEAR.

A host of miners thronged around to hear the story out,
And with 'em Captain William Peard to know what 'twas about.

"The Beer," says Mealy-due to Peard, "Es laarger than a hoss,
He landed fust at Perran sands from furrin parts across,
"E must have comed right ovver say and 'tes the laargest Beer,
That ever any man ded see "Aw ! Captain Peard my dear."

"E es the ugliest, fiercest Beer of all that es of Beers,
A yallow pois'nin wann he es, "Aw! have a care my dears".
"For if he blaws hes gashly breath upon ee waunce like that (blows),
"You're gone foreffer in a wink, duffed dismal like and flat."

"You've fust five whirls aroun' and roun' exactly like a whem,
Three jumps,--and then the job is done, you're stiff in every lemb.
"He've killed two ' undred cheldrun dead that I can swear is true,

I seed'n clunk waun cheeld myself "Aw Lor!, what shall us do"?

"He took the cheeld athurt the back and weth waun dismal squat,

He tore the babby lemb from lemb then ait'n like a cat.

"The cheeld's poor faather, and two more kept shuttin' stone and bale,

But that he minded nothin' -no, he never moved hes tail."

"They might as well have fulled theer guns with daugh or like that theere,

And shut agen the hedge as 'twas to shut agen that Beer.

But now he's comin' to churchtown more cheldrun to devour,

He's such a monster he could ait five hundred in an hour."

The Captain listened to the tale with horror and affright,

And thus the gathering crowds addressed their courage to incite.

"We caan't stand this, if we be men, to see our cheldrun dear,

Toar lemb from lemb and their heart's blood sucked by a furrin' beer."

"Aw, lev us rise, Aw! lev us rise my nibours lev us rise

We'll kill the monster ef we can or teer out both his eyes.

"Let ev'ry man that es a man and ev'ry boy that es,

As large as little men git armed, tes murder as it es."

"We'll arm ourselves weth ugly things, stoanes, biddixes and boords,

And picks and gads, and showls and dags and bagonetts and swords'

"Then lev us go in millyons down to Dirtypool, and mind,

Up to Wheal Kitty arterwards where thousand we shall find.

So off to Dirtypool the throng of Cousin Jackies went,
Up to Wheal Kitty where they stopped as if by one consent.
Then Captain Peard, so eloquent, a fresh speech did commence.
Remarkable for energy and lack of common sense.

"Lev all your hinguns idle stand, lev noane to work be found,
Doan't lev a kibble down a shaft nor lev a whem go round.
Boath tutwork men and tributers and halvaners I say,
Lev ev'ry man that es a man come foath weth me today."

"Be quick and turn up ev'ry rock, lev all your buddles go,
Yours trunks and covers never mind today it must be so.
"Your cobbin' hammers weth ee bring, call up the deffurnt coors,
And ev'ry stem-man lev un come and they upon the floors".

Now when the marshalled host so strong to Goonlaze Downs did reach,
Peard, like a valiant General , made another warlike speech.
"All you what knawed what sodgering was when you belonged unto,
The great say fencibles shaw now, what Cornish blood can do.

"And tho' you're owld,-click-handed some, you'll fight, I'm sure you will,
You all be sodgers-so you wor and do be sodgers still.
Now my deer men, faall in, faall in, I main they to the right,
And keep they theree upon the lift all pleasant like and tight."

"Keep all together and be sure, lev no man run away,
We'll shaw ourselves a living waall of fightin' men today.
And now my dears, squeeze hum, squeeze hum, to t'other end now do,
A raw of faathers lev us be that nothin' can get through.

"Ten thousan' of us fightin' hard to saave our darling deers'
Be bowld cumrades ' I say be bowld and faace a thousan' beers,
When nigh the Beer shut boath your eyes (but nigh us now ee essn't).
Doan't think 'pon things what es but think 'pon things what's pleasant.

"Cheer up !, cheer up! and courage take a desmal time 'twill be.,
Some must be killed we knaw by coose and some by coose go free.

"Lev they that have got biddixes and dags and things like that.

Go right before the other men to give un the first scat.

"And now my dears when I do say Go foathe-lev ev'ry man,
Cry out " Go foathe" and sure enough Go foathe all that you can
Then stap by stap, and side by side (It maakes my blood run cowld,
We'll shaw to ev'ry glazing eye we're the bowldest of the bowld."

"That we doan't care fur furrin Beers nor nothin' neath the moon,
To shaw our sperrits, lev us pitch the laast new berrin tune."

Then in array of battle marched these Totles full of fear,
Declaring that they would destroy this child-destroying Beer.

They were no soldiers of the line because no line they had,

But higgledy-piggeldy as they went they looked an awkward squad,
O'er shodding heaps and pooks and turves they stumbled as if blind,
(And blind, no doubt, most of them were for fear the Beer they'd find.

Great Captain Peard, like Ajax brave, kept bawling in the rear,
"Hurraw!- my bowldests of the bowld Aw! never seem to fear"
But low a horseman now appears, they know him at first sight,
"Tes Doctor Chaarles- tes Dr. Chaarles they cry with all their might.

Now Dr. Charles, who knew the joke, puts on a serious face,
Consents to be their leader too , the danger to embrace,
"Doan't lev us Dr. Chaarles" they said, "no you we musn't loss,
He caan't touch you, we're sure he caant up on that gurt high hoss".

"But ef to you he shud come up, doan't turn yourself about,
We'll faall upon un, scores of us and squat the life right out."
The Doctor chanced to know the spot to which the DOG had crept,
And there he led this coward lot all trembling as they stept.

The Doctor fearlessly approached the object of affright,
And kindly then secured the brute which could not bark or bite,
Nor bark nor bite-say why, because a muzzle held it's snout,
And Bow-wow, muzzled as he was was sadly knocked about.

The Doctor, philocynic man, (I've coined a word to suit),
Instead of murdering the poor beast unmuzzled soon the brute,

While at a distance shiv'ring stood the army in dismay,
Tis true some thought they'd face it out but more would run away.

"Aw! Doctor Charles es bowld indeed, he must be maazed or drunk,
He's feered for nothin', zactly so, he've gov'n drugs to clunk,
"The drugs is sure to maake un slaip Aw! how he ventures foath,
And out of the great 'ead of'n he's pullin' ev'ry tooth."

Now Dr. Charles was pleased to find tray's hurt not much to fret him,
and so, without lthe army's help, at liberty he set him.
The fears which awed the stoning crowd oft made them miss their mark,
S0-tho' much frightened, not much hurt tray's home before 'twas dark.

Now hark-the sounds of victory are heard from end to end,
As to Churchtown these conquerors, their martial footsteps bend.
The bells rung out right merrily, loud shrieked the piercing fife,
Jewsharps and fiddles helped to give the dance more fun and life.

These men of valour I opine would frightened be and queer,
If for their partner in the dance they found a " YELLOW BEER"

Anon.