

David Gibbs found the following poem amongst some papers - have fun deciphering it! Does anyone know if Jobey Trask really existed?

MERT VIRE BRIGADE

Twas the day that we buried poor wold Joby Trask,
That used to live down in the dell,
Twas I an zum friends wot ad carried en ome
Was refreshin our zells at The Bell.

We ad told o the times when old Joby were young
An the games e used to play,
When at Crewkarne Vair or Mert Club,
E ould box the best man o the day.

E'd dance we the maidens and chaps beggar,
An treet em to zider and beer,
While the youngens vlocked roun en vrom near an vrom var,
Is appence and varthins to shear.

An time vloed along thic night at The Bell
Zo we ad a last glass vore goin on,
When a hollerin were eard in the street!
Out we tared to zee wot the noise wos about
An vound twas the ouse were old Joby ad died,
Where his widah an vrends wer a murning.

It zeems they ad kipped up the vuneral thic day
An bin cryin and boozing a gooden,
When zum ow or other the ouse caught alight,
An burned well he did - var twer ooden!

Now the vire brigade - that was WE at The Bell!
Zoo, when we eard the volks shout,
Wee ad one more glass to steady our narves
Then started, the vire to put out.

We vust got the engine vrom up be the church -
E being used as a hearse thic there day -
Vor Joby was capn var many a year
An we used en to caren away.

The we borrid zum buckets, the wader to car,
An in about two or dree hours
The pump was at work and the wader at play -
An a warmish time was ours!

We zaved all the zider an most o the beer,
Zum rum an a small keg o gin.
But o the widah and mourners from thic day to this,
Nar one o emave ever bin zeen!

We pumped all night and got pretty weel tight,
An zoaked the wold place droo an droo,
Twas the wetttest vire I ever was at at,
Believe I, every word of this ere is true,

Var thic ouse was washed down and the widah was drowned.
Now if ever you goo down thic way
You'll vind a gert pond where the ouse used to stan.
An that there is the end of my lay.