Howsa goan luveen…

“Arrah, howsa goan luveen.”

“Musha, not too bayad dontcha no, how’s yersel?”

“Oanlah mite-ah. C’mere I wansha, ware yoftah?”

“Up Bohar Moar, whah about you?”

“Ine crossan the Kay Sthrame and back thah Wesht, maybah even Shantla. I bees payarched afther all tha so I’ll be goan hoam for a cupeen a tay.”

“Gup ow-ha thah. Wudja noh have a mayjum or sumthane.”

“Ah woh not, annaways, Martneen bees in tha pub when he’s noh ow on tha wawthar fishane. He sez he’ll beh drownded if es rayanan. Himsel an his oul dhujeen. He bees shluggin rakes a porther ‘n half wans.”

“Wooden cha noah. Whatcha do? Dja layve him aloane like, jno whah uh mane like?

“I do send dh’oul wan aftherim. She frikens im, shouhs ah im, ‘Yer wantan ah hoam, amockeen, yer dinners pored ouh’.”

“Afther dey cem hoam an in da doar a chewsdah, he sez t’me, ‘I’ll malafoosther ya if ya sen tha wan afther me agin, yel geh a flake in the gob’. I sez toom, ‘I dayar ya, ya plycah, ya wanna watch yer eye or I’ll puh yer shnoh in a shling so ah will, yer on tha raz too offin’.”

“Janeymack, fayar playtcha agirleen.”

“Lissane, were yat thah wicks in thah Shtoar?”

“Nah, shure thas ouh in the wile wesht, I prefer the follier uppers in de Hawal mesell, or the foars in the Saveye.”

“I was oanlah axan ya about thah pitcher in thah Shtoar like, ih was giftah, Rye Rogers was inih.”

“I saw thah in the Thrybyoon, so ah did. Ine goan dansaan in the Shtare afther, Jonna Coax an his orkesther is plain, their onla mitey.”

“Ah misewell tell ya, mah young wan was in tha ’Shtayar las week, sez they doan shpake proper there no moar, dey doan sound like Gaulwah wans ataw al ataw al, their awal Oranmoar ro-adders.”

“There’s nathin like aul shtock shure there’s nah.”

“Definny. Ya can sing thah, so ya can.”

TK

Please forward any queries/comments to oldgalway@kennys.ie

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