

Tha Pastee Song

Words: Brian Webb, Tune: trad (The Blaydon Races)

*Ere me boys,
were hoff t' see tha pastees,
Two hinchies long, hin a plastic bag,
tha hinsides full o naasties.
Carrots 'n peas 'n kitekat,
hall jumped in a messo'
Han a packet o Rennies
that d'cum quite free,
with tha compliments ov Tesco.*

I seed un en tha Sundee Times,
so I nawed ee muss be true,
I seed un en tha Hobserver,
tha Tilleegraf 'ad wawn too.
'Twas a hadvert fer these ere
pastees- tha finest you cud buy
Maed be Tescos far a-way,
up en Hengland tez no lie.

So hurlee Mundee mornen,
I set hoff fer tha town
Ta Tesco's supermarket (hup
en Pyder Street 'twas found).
They gimée a gurt big trolley,
weth four wheels,
twas hall maed a ten.
Ere! ow big cud this er pasty be?
I thawt me luck woz en.

I wander'd hup an down they shelves,
hall piled weth tens soa igh,
I looked hamongst tha cabbagus,
tha maet, tha vij, thae pie.
I geeked en roun tha hunder-
wear, hopened doors n 'atches.
Then at lass I foun wawn 'id,
behind a box ov matches.

I felt so sorry fer tha thing -
hall pale an hall aloan.
I thawt praps eed graw a bit
hef I d' take un 'oam.
I wint hup t' tha chickowt,
han then I turned quite gawld!
They charged me two poun
fiftee pence.
Tha bugger's made o gawld!

I stuck un en me pawket
an oam I maade me wae;
Thass wen me trubbles started,
an a fine I ad t' pae.
See, ee fell out thru this lil oal,
an on tha groun did splaye -
They fined me fiftee quid y'know,
fer fowlen th' 'ighway.

This masterpiece of fiction from the late Brian Webb was passed to us by Howard Curnow, and is reproduced with permission. Brian's pasty bears no relation to any real product sold by Tesco. Needless to say the company is a market leader in Cornwall and thus a natural target for vernacular humour.