

# Manx Notes 666 (2024)

“JUAN THUBM BILLY-YN-CLAYRAGH JOHNNIE”

(1927)

The following verses, which have appeared recently in *The Ramsey Courier*, under the rather cumbrous nom-de-plume of “Juan Thubm Billy-yn-Clayragh Johnnie,” appears to us to have sufficient merit to give them a general interest to Manx people:

## A STORY THAT’S THRUE OF A MODDEY DHOO

Wans are not for seein’ things now,  
But whether its wrong or right  
When I was a lumpar of a boy.  
It was common, this second sight.

Have I evar seen one?  
Gough aye to be sure—  
Takin’ down at the Dhoor.  
The big Moddey Dhoo.

I was puttin’ a sight  
On a gell at Balure  
An’ sooryin’s a job,  
Mighty thraa-dy-liooar.

Jus sweecin’ her han’ hour after hour.  
Not willin’ to lave-like a bee on a flower;  
An’ thas’ the for I was late on the road,  
As thru as me name is Billy Curload.

The night had a surt of misty gloom,  
An’ the road as silent as a tomb.  
I had jus’ gone up to the road at Bolivia—  
As thru as ye theer-I wouldn’t deceive ye.

I saw some big thing goin’ in front,  
But navar a soun’ of a step nor a grunt.  
Black-an’ as big as a calf he was,  
An’ tarmin’ not to let me pass.

I turn’t on me heel an’ went to go back,

But the cughthee thing was on me track,  
I stopped and the cussard big thing stopped too,  
So I picked up a stone to give him a sthoo,  
But vandar fallar wa'n flesh and blood.  
For the stone went clane through him  
An' thud in the mud.

Friken! Aw mighty altogethar!  
Ye could have floored me with a feather.  
For me knees all shook till tney knocked together.  
Me sooryin' cost me dear that night,  
For I stood like a stook till mornin' light.

Too friken to turn an' too friken to pass,  
Gough a massey the friken I was;  
When I think of it now, it jus' freezes my marra',  
So I take the other road home to the Kerrow Garra'.

## THE BIG BOGANE

I mind the time when I was a lumpar  
A-rearin' down at the Lhen  
An' wans wa' seein' phynnoderies  
An' odd times a cussard bogane.

They wa' sayin' a big fella was fakin'  
To crossin' the road at night  
Up at the four-roads yanda  
Jus' an hour before daylight.

Bolla-veen! the frikan we wa' though  
To pass yanda place after dark;  
Wha's yanda thing in the hedge, boys!  
Wha's makin' awl Billy's dog bark?

It happened wan dark stormy night though—  
The thunda was rumblin' an' roarin'  
An' the lightnin'-flash seemed to split the clouds—  
The way the rain came down-pourin'.

I heard awl daa shout, "Thubm baw

Thou had better get in all the crathars  
An' don't forget the awl mare an' the foal  
In the field up by awl Danny Claythars."

I was comin' home on the awl mare's back.  
An' the lil' foal trottin' behind us,  
Through the scutchin' rain an' the thunda clap,  
An' the lightnin' fit to blind us.

We had jus' got up to the cross-four-ways,  
The awl mare bogh-veen stopped dead.  
The bogane for sure was crossin' the road,  
Not more than two jumps ahead.

I tried to shout but I couldn't spake,  
Aw, I thought I had met me doom.  
I began to sweat an' shiver an' shake,  
An' me hair stood up like a broom.

At las' a shout came urra me though,  
An' suddin' me joints all seemed to thaw.  
"It's a dirty night baw" said the bogane,  
Gettin' over the hedge into Ballawhane.

An' tha's the rascal of a bogane  
That frikened all the wans down at the Lhen.  
Coortin' a gell up at Ballakell—  
Then a short cut home through Ballawhane.  
The Rascal.

"A Northside Dialect Writer." *Isle of Man Examiner* 26 August 1927: 7a–  
b.

Stephen Miller RBV

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