

JANNY BROWN IN LUNNEN

Jan Brown a wur a leaberen man
An wirk'd var Varmer Ray,
Nar better chap ee'r vollied plough
Ar mead a rick a hay.

Zix voot a stood, wieout his boots
Za lusty an za stout,
A stronger or a smearer chap
There wurden roun about.

An he cood zow, ar dresh, ar mow,
Ar car a zack a whate,
Ar veed tha pigs, ar milk tha cows,
Ar mend a fence, ar gate.

One day ; Jan Brown zed to hisself,
I'm nearly twenty-vive
An ant a bin ten mile vrom wom
Zunce I wur born'd alive.

I've yeard za much bout Lunnan town
Vrim voke who av bin there,
Be drat if I dwoant goo an zee
When brass I've nuff to speare.

Zoo, every varden, he did seave
A that ar precious stuff,
An went athought his pipe, an glass,
Var ta putt by anuff.

An wen vive pounds, a ad a seav'd

A zed ta Farmer Ray,
Ta Lunnen, I be gwain ta goo
Var a leetle hallerday.

Ta Lunnen aye! zed Varmer Ray
Ta thich there dredvul pleace,
Why man, thay'll zure ta take thee in
If thay onny zee thee veace.

Now dwoant ee goo, zed Missus Ray,
You'd better yer abide
Var zartin zure ya will get lost
Wieout you've got a guide.

Var Lunnen zich a wicked pleace
Our Squire he da zay,
An voke ull rob ee, right an lift
In tha middle a tha day.

Odd dang em then, zed Janny Brown,
If that's there leetle geam
Thay'll vind thay've got a toughesh job
Zure's Jan Brown is me neam.

Well; plaze theeself, zed Farmer Ray,
Bit mind what we've a zed,
Var if thee doosen zoon com back
We'll gie thee up as dead.

Now Varmer Ray a diden like
Ta speer good Janny Brown
He gun ta think, that praps a med,
Stop up in Lunnen town.

Var Janny wur, tha handiest man

As wirk'd apon tha varm,
An I a never shood com back
Tood be loosen his right yarm.

Zoo off thic nite, young Jan a went
Ta wish his gal good bye,
An when ta her, he twould his mind
She gun ta pipe her eye.

Now Janny, Janny, dwoant ee goo,
Now dwoant ee, leave yer Zally,
Var I be zure, you'll loose yerself
Up in zom Lunnen alley.

An then whatever shood I do,
If ya wirden to come back
We grief, I shood zoon pine away
Thease lovin heart hood crack.

Lar Zally, dwoant ee be aveard
I'll be seaf an zoun
An mine, avore I do com back
I'll buy yer weddin gown.

Now Zally White lik'd Jacky Brown
Wie ael her might and main,
An when a menshind bout tha gown,
She hooden he restrain.

Aelthough when he cotch'd woold her hans,
An zed tha last good bye
Her leetle heart wur in her mouth,
An she begun ta cry.

Zoo Janny he did claps her waist

An kiss her rosy cheek,
An wie a whopper, left an zed
I'll be back avore a week.

Then he went wom, an pack'd his things
Ael up za snug an tight
An went ta bade, bit ardly slep
Ael droo tha wary night.

Avore twur light, a tumbled out
Zart in a dramy doze
An grop'd about, var ta vind out,
His vine new suit a clothes.

An when he'd vound, an putt em on
Za tidy, nate, an plaain,
He started off we ael his might
Ta ketch tha scurshin train.

An when tha stayshun he did rache,
A paid his money down;
Then jumped into a girt long train
As wur var Lunnen town.

Tha engine puff'd, tha whistle screem'd,
Tha guard a zed ael right,
An off went puffin billy then
Blowin we ael his might.

Dang, what a naise zure he da meak
A gappen zo var breath,
Just like a poor woold work'd out hoss,
Thats very nigh ta death.

Vaster, an vaster, on a went,

Amang tha naise an steam,
An Jan could hardly meak it out
Twur zo much like a dream.

An bye an bye, tha train draa'd up,
Maing Claphams busy zene,
An Janny pok'd his noddle out
Ta zee what it did mean.

Hoy! hoy! a zed, we might an main,
Be this yer Lunnen town?
Cos if it be, jist let I out,
Var thats wur I be bown.

A skierce ad zed, what he wur zayin;
A rumblin train rush'd past.
Another, an another, too,
Poor Janny stood agast.

Whatever do ael this yer mean,
Our hero he did hast;
Dang, if I dwoant think tis tha day
That is ta be tha last.

Mid naise, an smoke, an vire, an steam,
On went train atter train,
Cram'd up we voke, za smeatly dress'd,
A wonder'd were they wur gwain.

An while a wur a wonderen zo,
His train wur got in fettle;
An off a went, we zudden jerk,
Which drow'd un off tha zettle.

Well now, if that beant purty vine,

My neam yeant Janny Brown,
Thay hooden a keer'd if thay'd a het
Tha brains out on me crown.

His yead a rub'd, his clothes a brush'd,
An zet hisself aelright;
Var he could zee, as Lunnen town
Wur purty nigh in zite.

An wonce agean, tha train draa'd up
Maing shouts a Waterloo;
An Jan got out, and ther a stuck,
In a terryable stew.

Whay what gurt vools, thease vellers be,
Ta keep on we zich prattle,
I spoose, thay'd try meak I believe
That yer, thay vought thic battle.

I beant za green as I da look,
Thic tale var I wunt do,
Cos I'd a uncle that did fight
At thic ar Waterlo.

An he twould I, as how tha pleace,
Wur zummat like a common,
Zo how cood this yer be the spot;
Be dang if teant ael gammon.

Then Janny Brown, a turn'd away
Wie heart not auver plazin,
Ta think that vore he'd left the train
Thay shood begin a taazin.

Now humly busses thay wur there,

An cabs too, be tha score;
Ower Janny steer'd var never he
Had zeed zich things avore.

Thay hansims be zom purty things,
I hooden ardly vind.
Insteads a zitten up in vront
Tha draver zits behind.

A cabmin then we eyes za keen,
Beheld ower hero stan;
An baalen out, to un did say
“Now then, jump up young man.”

“Na, na,” zed Jan, “I beant a gwain,
A chap like I za pooer;
Asides, I caant meak out yer thing,
A hant a got nar dooer.”

We that a turn'd an waak'd away,
Ael up towards the brudge;
A appeny ther, a must lug out,
Which zomehow he did grudge.

Be dang if I can meak it out,
Why thay shid charge I money;
I spoose thay teaks I var a baste,
Da zeem za quare an vunny.

Ah well, it beant za verry much,
Ar zoon I'd let em zee;
I spoose thay thinks it a good joke,
Not var ta pass I vree.

Now zoon our hero vound hissels;

In the middle of the Stran;
An up an down a waak'd about,
Till he cood ardly stan.

Bim bye, a girt vine shop a zeed
Wur atin things wur zould;
An in a went, an zat un down,
Jist like a lion bwould.

An zoon in com'd a smeartish lass,
A zmilen and a zingin;
An in a purty way she axed,
What she shid plase ta bring un.

Let's zee, zed Jan, I thinks I'll av
Vry'd haigs and zim beakin.
An a leetle sooty dumplin too,
As zoon as you can meaken.

Bit vust bring in zim brade an cheese,
An pwint a worm brew'd beer,
Var atter thic ar girt long ride,
I veels terryable leer.

Zoo, when we thase good things a did
His craven unger stay,
A caal'd agean the smilin lass,
Ta know what twur ta pay.

Jist two an dree zir, if ya plase,
She smilin like did say,
An Jan a draa'd his leathern pouch,
Tha money var ta pay.

Zaays he, I'm vrom tha country,

An, I'll want a room ta sleep;
Zoo ax yer fiather if he'll vind
Me lodgins and me keep.

O eece, says she, this is a house
Wur lodgers, we teak in;
And raste assur'd you zir shill vind
It verry cheap and clean.

We that ower hero zat un down
We his mind now at hase,
An gap'd about on every thing
Var ael o't zeemed to plase.

Out at the winder he did look,
The traffic did zarprize;
An never did er turn his yead
Till yeaken wur his eyes.

At las, quite wary of tha zites,
A caal'd tha waiten maid
To show un up into his room,
Var he wur gwain ta bade.

An zoon a wur snug zettled down
In a zound snorin sleep,
An there a slept an snor'd away,
Till day begun ta peep.

Then up a got, and down a gooes,
Ta av his marnen veed,
An out a went, in tha busy street
Ta zee what wur to be zeed.

Now Janny, he had larn'd ta rade

Down in tha village school,
Zoo neames a streets, a took a note on
Cos no one shood un vool.

Ta Charin Cross, a took his way
An mainly he did stare,
Ta zee za many statues vine
Ael roun Trafalgar Square.

How nateral they ael da look,
Jist tho thay wur alive;
Brave men ; your country putts ee yer
Yer memry to zurvive.

An what a tall un thic ar is
Ael up there in tha zun;
I warn, a got a veamous neam,
Var deeds, a av adone.

An zoo a av, begar, thats true,
Var I've rade Nelson's story,
Nar man as liv'd, did never add
Mwore to our country's glory.

What meaks em put tha lions thayre?
I spoose ta awe tha voke,
Bit thay bean gwain ta writen I,
If I be a country bloke.

Spoose, tis ta show woold Englins might
Thay lions be putt thayre,
Tache voreign voes, keep off their toes,
An of their growls beware.

Tha vountins now begun ta play,

An Jan begun ta stir,
An zeein thay, a downurds went
Ta veamous Waceminster.

Lore! Jamin ni! look here's a house!
My cracky, here's a pile,
Zich a pleace, I never thought there wur
In ael ower leetle isle.

Tha verry towers be edged we goold,
Lar, what they mist a spent,
What time too, mist av took ta build
Thease house a Parleyment.

An look at thic ar whoppen clock;
Stuck up in thic ar place,
I shid think it be ten voot across
His girt white shiny veace.

An while Jan wur, we measement struck,
Tha quarter jacks did chime,
An out went zich a boomin zound,
As tould what wur tha time.

Well, what a clapper he've a got
Zed Janny wie a smile,
I raaly think that voke mist hear
Un off at varty mile.

Then Janny did wind up his watch
An zet un jist at ten,
Zoo that a med in Lunnen town,
Keep rite time we Big Ben.

An then a turn'd hissself about

To see tha hankshint Abbey,
An in a went, bit diden stop
It zeem'd za dark and shabby.

Tis zertinly, a veamous place,
Bit tis, za black and hoary,
Ya can skiercly rade what is put up
Bout voke a hankshint glory.

Thn to Zaint Jeames's Park a went
Ta zee tha zodgers drill,
An hear tha ban za sweetly play,
An that his heart did vill.

Lar what a aisy life it sims
Ta be a zodger bwould;
Bit spoose it idden aelways zo,
Tha glitterin yeant ael goold.

Var if it wur; I zoon hood list
An be a zodger too,
Bit tis them ar viten times as comes
That meaks I zart a blue.

Wie open mouth an gapen eyes,
A zeed tha Duke a York
Stuck on his monnymment za high,
One zide a thic vine park.

I spoose thay putt un up za high
Ta zee what is gwain on,
An tell it ta tha tother one
What's stuck up auver yon.

Now twilen up tha steps, a vound

It terryable hard,
Ta raste a bit, a zat down on
Tha statue to tha guards.

Of ael the monnyments I've zeed
This is the baste begar;
Thay cooden done a better thing,
Ta memerate thic war.

Poor chaps! how nateril thay looks,
Brings to me eyes a tear
When I da think what thay went droo
Out in thic ar Crimear.

Zoo when he'd rasted there a bit
He went up Haymarket,
An look'd about, bit as var hay
A cooden zee a bit.

I spoose ta day yeant market day
Zed rustic Janny Brown,
Cos if it wur I'd stop an zee
If it wur up ar down.

Veam'd Ragint Street, wie its vine shops,
Did meak ower hero lagger;
A cooden zeam to meak em out,
We meazement he did stagger,

Var never in his life avore
Hood he tha tales believe
What thay did zay bout Lunnen town,
Bit now a did conceive.

What countrymin did ever zee?

Tha vust time zich a zite
As thic there street, wieout a wur
Struck we ameazement quite.

Ta zee tha crowds a vine drased voke,
An carridges za gran,
Ael day a passen up an down,
The richest in tha lan.

Ael droo thic street Jan trudg'd along,
An vur beyond tha top;
In Ragints Park a voun a sate,
An tired down a zot.

Enjay'd his bit a nammet too,
As down ther he did raste;
Then to the gierdens he did goo
Ta zee tha wild baste.

Lions an Tigers, Bears an Wolves,
Hellyfints an Crockydiles,
Lepperds and Monkeys, Voxes an Znakes,
Vrim countries many miles.

Wie hundreds of tha veathery tribe
An vishes vrim tha zay;
Mwoast every thing thats in tha wordle
Did Janny zee thic day.

An when he'd zeed ael he cood zee
Za tired cood ardly stan;
A com'd un out an took a bus
As took un to tha Stran.

Vagg'd out a zoon went hoff ta bade,

Ta av tha pillars zolace;
Var on tha marn he'd plan'd ta goo
An zee tha Christy Palace.

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PART TWO

Zo early did ower hero rise,
An quickly off did trudge
All droo tha streets ta ketch tha train
As goes from Lunnen Brudge.

An here the voke wur thick as vlees,
The Palace gwain ta zee,
An by tha geates thay did cram up
As thic as thay cood be.

Zoo Jan he squeezed amang tha raste,
An haigteen pence paid down,
Then jump'd into a train as wur
Var Christy Palace bown.

Bit as a did undo his cwoat
Ta putt away his ticket,
He shouted out "I av bin rob'd
A commin droo thic wicket."

If zumbiddy in thic ar crowd
Hant stawl my zilver watch;
Hooden I a pummied em a bit
If I'd a jist em cotch.

Well, well, I'm in a purty clit
This yers a purty goo,
Two pouns ten, slap gone at wunce,
Var he wur nearly new.

If I did knaa what I do now,
Begar I'd never com;
Dang if ower measter wurden right,
I ought ta bid down wom.

Now tha voke as zat beside our vren
Did gie un ther pity,
Var thay cood zee as he wur one
Vresh vrim tha country.

Bit pity zee, yeant no helpmeat,
When mainly you'm distrest,
Gie I tha voke who lends their aid;
That's thay as I likes best.

Bit now tha train begun to waig,
Tha whissle loud did blow;
An Jan tha watch gied up as lost,
Tho we anger he did glow.

Ael I da zaay, zed Janny Brown,
About thic watch a mine,
If ever I da ketch tha thief;
I warn I'll meaken whine.

Tha voke thay smil'd, as Jan his vist
Brought down we ael his might,
Showen on em, how he'd zarve tha thief
If ow'n a had cotch zight.

Tha whissle then begun ta blow
An zoon tha train draad in,
An out ther got zich crowds a voke,
No waakin in between.

An zoon, tha glittern Palace rose
Like a enchanted house,
Our Janny steer'd an holied out
My cracky! O good crouse.

What martal man did ever zee,
Tha vust time zich a zite,
Wieout been struck we wonderment,
When tha zun shines on it bright.

Tha gierdens too, be ael laid out
Apon tha newest plan,
An we tha vlowers, shrubs, an trees,
Looks like a vairy lan.

Jan thought about his countery wom
An Squire's girt vine park;
Bit dang if this dwoant bate em ael
Putts ael o't in tha dark.

You never ardly hood believe,
What at thic pplace is voun;
Mwoast everything tha wordle da hold,
Da vill up ael tha groun.

An then tha girt big steatly house,
Putt up we iren an glass,
In ael tha wordle, ther yeant a house;
As can thease yer zurpass.

An then tha things, there be inzide,
Za splendid, skierce, an dear,
Ta zee it ael; you'd want ta stop
In thic pleace quite a year.

Bit Jan did onny stop ta look
At ael tha girt big things,
As tha vountins, an tha himmegies;
Var's time went by on wings.

Bim bye, tha whoppen hargin out
Zich a mighty zound did zend,
It shook tha nerves a Janny Brown;
His hair stood on a end.

Var zich a hargin you cant vind,
If droo tha wordle ya zerch,
Why dang me buttons, if a beant,
As bigs, a leetle Church.

An when tha hargin had a done
Playen musick zo zublime;
A lot a voke got up ta zing,
Var now twur konzart time.

An thay did zing, an play, za vine
It car'd Jan's heart away,
Tha zounds a never will varget;
A taaks o't ta thease day.

Tha evenin now wur draain on,
Ower hero he cood zee;
Aelthoug a adden got his watch
Ta tell un correctly.

Zo we a zigh, an zad varewell,
Did Janny leave tha pleace
An back agean ta Lunnen town,
His steps a did retrace.

An wonce agean, a vound hisself,
At his lodgens in tha Stran,
Wonce mwore, a wor'd out, went ta bade,
An dram'd a vairy lan.

An when tha zun, zent his vust ray
Into his leetle room,
A bundled up, an hoff a went
Ta zee Zaint Paul's girt Dome.

Droo Temple Bar a took his way;
Vleet Street his eyes did vill
We meazement, at tha traffic thick
Right up ta Ludgit hill.

Zaint Paul's girt Church, a zoon did spy,
Zounds, what a mighty pleace,
Za tall an gran, za hankshint too;
A noble eddyfeace.

An zich a lot a carvin wirk,
Ael done be janius men;
An a Varger twould'n twur putt up
Be a man caal'd Christy Wren.

Eece, eece, zed Jan, zo twur begar,
Vrom Willshere, he did com,
I knaas tha pleace wur he wur barn'd;
Jist ten miles vrim my wom.

An I da vind, there be a lot
A men, a hankshint veam,
Who vrom tha countery, did com yer,
An get a mighty neam.

Bit I da think, if naybur Wren,
Cood zee agean thase house;
He'd meak em scrape it nicely down,
An get of that black douse.

I hope tha Bishop, ar tha Queen,
If thay tha owners be
Ull zet ta wirk, an clane it up;
Zo's ael on it can zee.

Past Newgate then, ower hero went,
An zeed thic ugly jail,
An of ael tha zites, a ad a zeed;
Thase mead his heart mwoast vail.

Var tis za drary, an za black
Tha outside is anuff,
Wieout gwain in ta zee inside
An hear the jailers gruff.

Be Pwost Office, then down Chepzide,
He vollied on in line,
An now, an then, jist cotch'd a glimpse,
Of tha gran shops za vine.

Zich crowds a vok, gwain up an down,
Da chok up ael tha way,
An Janny cooden meak it out,
Twur like a markit day.

I specks, says he, if cood bit know
 Theres a vair on purty nigh;
If I can vind out wur it be
 Zummat, I'll goo an buy.

Zoo to a pleecemin, straita a went,
 An zed, I shood ee thank;
If you hood tell if that's a vair,
 A pwintin to tha bank.

Eece, that's a vair, tha pleecemin zed;
 We a twinkle in his eye,
An, if any speer caish you've got
 Thay'll var ee putt it by.

Bit Janny he zoon zeed tha drift,
 He voun it wur tha bank;
An not a place var zich as he
 Bit, voke a wealth an rank.

King Willum Street, a did goo down,
 An auver Lunnen Brudge,
Var a nower watch'd woold fiather Tems;
 Then on agean did trudge.

Then ael at wonce, a halted short,
 An down zim steps did goo
Ta av a penny steam boat ride,
 To tha brudge at Waterloo.

An zich girt zites, did Janny zee,
 A zalien on thic stream,
Zich zites he'd never thought ta zee,
 In vact zeem'd ael a dream.

Wonce mwore to Stran a took his way,
Var he wur hungry main,
An very zoon veasted an ved
An wur ael right again.

Nex marnen, beean Zundy marn,
Atter two proper meals,
A went ta Vinsbury var to tend
Ta Chaple at Moorviolds.

Aelthough it wurden Janny's creed,
Ta worship in thic pleace,
T'wur var tha zites, an musick gran,
That he went there I gace.

An dally tis a splendid pleace,
We ael tha paintins gran,
Tha altar too, a yeant supass'd,
At nar pleace in tha lan.

Da zeem ta vill ee up we awe,
Yer heart ta good incline;
Ta hear tha splendid musick there;
Var do zim zo divine.

Of ael tha joys, upon thease earth,
There's nuthin var ta beat
Good musick in tha house a pray'r;
It aelways zims zo zweet.

An Janny he did leave thic pleace,
We his mind vull a good,
Vowen, he'd spen thic zabbath day,
Jist as a Christian shood.

Bit, as a wur a comin out
A chap took wold his yarm,
An ax'd un var to come along
We ee ta Highbury Barn.

Na, na, I shaant zed Janny Brown;
You'm a sharper chap I warn
An I beant gwain along we you
Na where ta zee a barn.

Var I da want ta zee, zed he
What I hant zeed avore,
An as var barns, why down a touam
Can zee em be tha score.

Now while thic chap tried hard ta gain
Tha vrenshep of our John,
A pleecemin com'd, and collar'd he,
An slipp'd tha hand bolts on.

An then did Janny Brown vind out,
A wur a girt big thief;
Ta think what narrer skeap he'd had
Gied his heart much relief.

An very plazed ower hero wur,
Ta think that he wur cotch'd;
Var zomhow Jan did zeem ta think,
Twur he, as had his watch.

Var purty zartin zure it be,
He'd zeed me veace avore;
Ar else a hooden took me yarm,
When I lav'd tha chaple door.

Now in tha evenin, Janny went
 Ta Zaint Martin's in tha square,
Bekaas it wurden vur vrim wom,
 An zoon a cood be there.

An atter zarvice wur a done,
 A quickly back did pop;
Var adden got bit one mwore day,
 In Lunnen var ta stop.

An hearly like, a went ta bade,
 That a mid hearly rise;
Nar till Zaint Clement's Clock struck zix
 Did a open wonce his eyes.

Ta Meusaeum, up at Bloomsburee,
 Nex marn a off did stride;
An there a look'd an gap'd about
 Wie open mouth za wide.

Var dazed un much, when he did zee,
 What thic pleace did contain,
Tha history nigh; of ael tha wordle,
 Ya can zee ther za plaain.

Girt monnyments a hankshint voke;
 Ael zarts a hankshint money;
An bwones a hanimals hixtinct;
 Neatives in vayshuns vunny.

Girt implements a warvare too,
 Thay used in days gone by,
An tablets vrom tha Holy Land,
 Scripter ta testify.

In girt glass keases down one room;
Tha Gipshun mummies be,
Ael bandiged, za stiff an tite
Ther feacin you can't zee.

Tood teak a week, ta tell ee ael
Tha zites Jan Brown did zee;
Var tis za much, an main o't is
Things a curiosity.

The libery a books, too there
Wur voke mid zit an rade,
Thousands a pounds, thay mist a cost
When ael on em wur made.

Right plazed wur Jan we thic ther pleace,
An now can unnerstan,
When voke say's thic Meusaeum be
Tha pride a ower lan.

Bit now tha time wur runnin on,
Vawer a clock an atter;
Tha last night too, an he mist goo,
Ta zee zom vine theater.

Tha Delphi now, wur purty nigh,
To his lodgins in tha Stran;
An when twur time a off did goo
Ta thic ar pleace za gran.

An when a got up to tha dooer,
Tha voke wur ael among;
Var twur thic play, as look za well
An call'd tha "Colleen Bawn."

Zoo we a lot a squeezezen hard,
An pushen Jan got in;
An down a zat in wonderment,
At thic ar splendid zene.

An when tha curtain wur roll'd up,
Tha ban struck up za gay;
An Jan we eyes vix'd on tha steage,
Za hager watch'd thic play.

Var as I zed avore; tha piece
Wur caal'd "Tha Colleen Bawn"
An ower hero, tha exciting plot
Quite well did unnerstan.

If thic ar beant a noble maid;
Apon me wird an honner;
I mean, she in tha scarlit dress,
Thay ael caals Ely Connor.

Thic vishermin, is what I caals,
A proper veardless chap;
An var his pluck, dang if I dwoant
Gie un a hearty clap.

I wonder wur thease play is true,
Var meaks me heart quite yeak,
Ta zee what zum on em went droo
Var thic ar maiden's seek.

Thic Bouccycalts, a cleverish man,
To write a play like thaze;
Dwoant wonder at ther cheers and claps
A do dezarve zich praise.

An thus did Jan express hisself
At thic ar fectin zite,
An onny wish'd a cood a stop'd
Ta zee't another night.

Bit then zed he, I thinks I've zeed
Gran plazin zich a zite;
An I twould Measter how I hood
Be back ta marrer night.

Zoo on tha marn did Janny lave,
Behind veam'd Lunnen town;
An got haafway, avore a thought
About tha weddin gown.

Well, well, a zed, I caant goo wom,
Wieout tha gown var Zally;
Ar else she'll zay me promises
An actions, dwoant tally.

'Till meak her proper spiteful too,
About thic zilver watch;
An wunt she vetch it up a bit,
Ta think that I wur cotch.

Now zoon ower hero vound hisself,
On his woold neative zoil
An glad a wur ta rist a bit;
Atter they days a toil.

An Varmer Ray right glad wur he,
Ta see good Janny Brown;
An hear tha things what he did tell
Bout veamous Lunnen town.

An Janny, when a twould about
Tha stalen o his watch;
Tha jolly varmer laff'd aloud,
Ta think a ad bin cotch.

Bit never mind; a zed at last,
Dwoant trouble bout un mwore,
Another one I'll buy var thee
As good as he avore.

An looky here, zed Mrs Ray,
I'll zen ta Lunnen town,
An get a hansim piece a stuff
Ta meak ee Zally's gown,

Zoo Janny Brown wonce mwore wur mead
A proper happy man;
An two ar dree Zundays atterwirds
Passin rade out ther banns.

An in a cottage snugly now,
Thay bouth be zettled down;
An Jan da offen taak about
His trip ta Lunnen town.

An he da vow that Lunnen is
Tha pleace ta goo an zee;
When you've a got tha caish ta spear,
An wants a hallerday.

Thic pleace is like a busy hive;
Work, gaiety, and strife;
An everybidy ought ta goo
Ta zee a bit a life.

Var a week or zo, tis jolly nice,
Thic girt big town ta zee;
Bit var a biden pleace; Jan zaays
A country wom var he.

FINIS