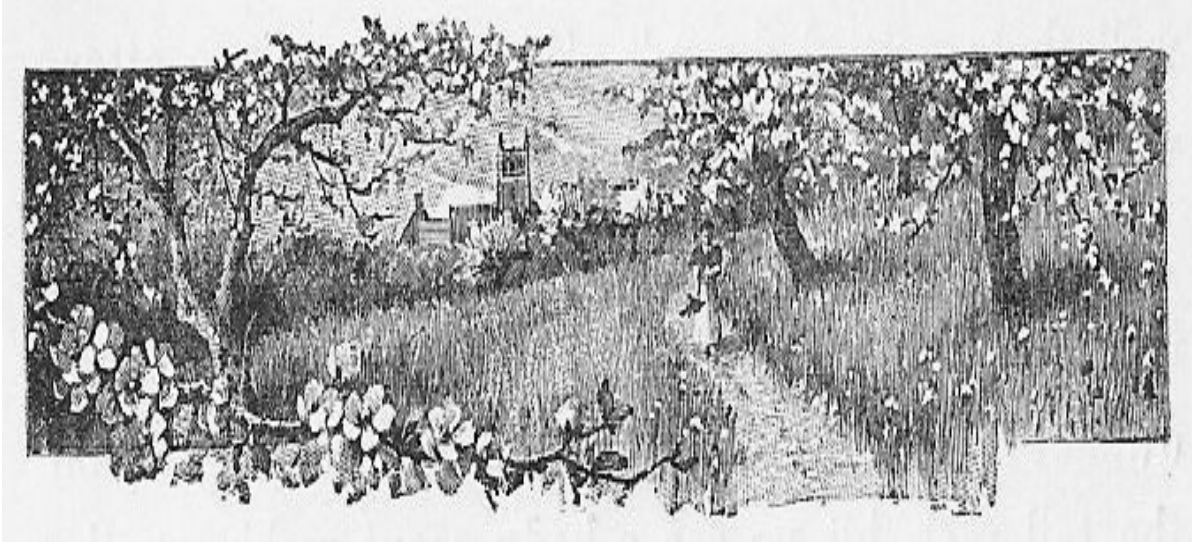


THA LEABOURER'S ZUNDY MARNIN



Eece Zundy marn in zummer prime
Ta tha leabourer is a appy time;
It is tha day that he likes baste,
Var he can zit un down an raste,
An think apon tha things above,
An meditate on heaven's love;
Then when tha zun is risin high
Up in that girt big cloudless sky,
On Zundy marnin out a gooes
Ta let tha cows an hosses loose,
An teak em ta tha vlowry mead,
Wur thay ael day in pace can veed;
Zee ow tha poor things pranks about,
Var well thay knaas thay be let out,
An be their looks thay zeems ta zay -
“No wirk is there var we ta day;”
An man is thankvul unto heaven
That there is mead one day in zeven
That annals as well as he
Can raste vrim toil and be vree.

Tha good man then meaks vast tha geat,

An on its bars a takes a zeat,
An wie a innerd joy perfound,
Wie a smile looks out on ael around;
He zees tha curlin smoke arise
Vrim his cottage chimley ta tha skies,
Wur busy wife we cheerful smile
Da blow ta meak tha kiddle bwile.
He hears tha rooks a caain, high
Up in tha elems stannin by,
Mingled wie tha sheep bells zouns
Away vrim off tha upland downs,
An larks a whirrlin too on high
Their marnin carols ta tha sky,
Tha blackbird sweet an merry drush
Zingin away in yander bush,
An tha cuckoo's well known cry
In tha big archet handy bye,
An tha peewits wailin scream,
An mwournens flutter in tha stream,
Wur speckled trout, we watchful eye,
Springs up ta ketch tha heedles vly,
An merry milk bwoy on his way
Ta dairy, hums a zaced lay;
Eece every thing zeems thankin heaven
Var thease blessed day in zeven;
An now he hears tha woold church bell
Tinklin zlowly in tha dell,
An its woold vamilier chime
Tells un that tis breakfast time;
Then zlowly back he da retreat,
An his leetle childern run ta meet
Ther dad we many a plazin smile,
Which do tha good man's heart beguile;
Tha youngest on his back a takes,
Then ta his cot his way he makes.

To tha leabourer how zweet it is
That he can greet one day as his;
Var ah wat pleasure he da veel,
Wen zated at tha marnin meal,
Ta zee his childern in their place,
An hear em zing aloud tha grace;
Zo different to a wirken day,
Wen he must needs be vur away,
Early an late at weary toil,
Ta cultivate tha rugged zoil;
Vrom Mondy marn till Saturday,
No chaance he has ta tak ta thay,
Zo now a meakes good use a time,
An rades an taks till tis church time;
An off tha good man then da goo,
Wie his dree childern in a row,
Away down ta tha village church,
Wur a greets tha zexton in tha porch,
Var tis his fiather, aged man,
That teaks tha childern be tha han,
An leads em roun tha church yard green,
Ta where a leetle mound is seen,
Covered wie vlowers in vull blow,
Tha grave of his dear wife below;
Tha woold man draps a fervent tear,
An zays “me leetle childern dear,
Here lies yer granny, kine woold heart,
Who here on earth did well her part;
Now teak a rose me childern dree,
Emblems var you ta think on she,
Var ye be vlowers now on earth,
An vull a joy, an health, an mirth;
Bit old age ull com, you'll vade away,
An like yer granny, here you'll lay.”

Thus nearly every Zundy marnin
Did tha woold man gie tha childern warnen,
Wen thay did goo tha church yard round,
Ta zee ther granny's leetle mound.

An now tha woold church bell have done,
An tha marnin zarvice is begun;
Tha congregation, modestly,
Rades an responds mmost reverently;
An tha choir, up in tha gallery,
Da chant an zing mmost heartily;
Ael zarts a instruments are there,
An childern's voices high in air,
An earnestly, wie zolemn face,
Men in white smocks a zingen bass.
O ye who lives in polished towns,
Who be za used ta viner zouns,
Dwont ee look down wie cool disdain,
Upon thease choristers za plaain;
Var tho ther med be zom discord,
Heaven doth ther yarest praise regard.
Tha parson in his desk da rade,
An tha psalms a David lade;
He prays an praches earnestly,
An taks of heaven za joyously;
Wur ael that zarve tha Lord arright
Will shine we lustre sparklin bright;
Wur ael is happiness profound,
An purity da reign around;
Wur every biddys vree vrim stain,
Wur pure equality da reign;
Wur toil an leabour case ta be,
An tha poor leabourer is vree;
Wur ael is pace, an love, an joy,
Wur praises will tha tongue employ;

Wur tha Lamb zits on tha throne,
Who var poor zidders da atone;
O we wat a holy smile He
Is sated in girt Majesty;
Ther He da zit an bid ess com
Ta His eternal blessed wom.
An thus tha good man da appeal,
An many a zilent tear ull steal
Ael down tha leabourer's burly veace,
Ta know var he that there is grace;
An tears like thase be prayers breath'd
Var thay as cannot words conceive;
Tho zometimes shed wie zorroin moan,
Thay zure be witnessed vrim tha throne.
An meekly now ael bow tha yead,
While tha benediction loud is zaid.

Tha marnin zarvice now is o'er,
Wie zolemn step a laves tha door;
Wie his childern, seeks again his cot,
An thinks ow happy is his lot;
While busy wife da quick prepare
Tha Sabbath meal, of humble fare;
A piece of bwiled beakon hot,
An vegetables vrim his gierden plot;
An zuety dumplins, roun an plump,
Which meaks tha hager childern jump.
Ta tha leabourer tis indeed a treat
That he zich fare as this can greet;
Var on wirken days out in tha vield
On brade an cheese he makes his meal;
An who shall say these voke be zidders
Ta zit down ta zich Zundy dinners.
An now, wie zolemn up turned veace,
Tha childern zing aloud their grace;

Ax var a blessin on tha food,
Ta da ther zouls and bodies good.
Then in quick time, a never veer,
Tha good things provided disappear;
An once agean their thanks ta heaven,
Var ael tha marcies God hath given.
An sweet contentment vills their cot,
Thay be happy, an thay murmer not;
Ay! much above tha wordle's scornmen
Is tha leabourer's cot on Zundy marnin.