

BUYEN A VIDDLE

Tom Gride, one a fiather's leabourers had got a delicate leetle bwoy who wur terryable vond a music, he wur hummin, whistlin, ar zingin vrim marnen till night; an if a Jarmin Ban or a Hargin Grinder come into tha village he hood rin away vrom school an voller em about ael day. He zoon got hold of a whistle pipe, an in quick sticks, cood play ael tha tunes he'd ever a yeard, in Church ar out; any biddy coold zee, as Tom zed, that tha bwoy wur a barn'd musical janius. Tom's wife, howzemever, zoon zeed that blowin away za much ael tha day on he's whistle pipe didn do her bwoys lungs no good, zoo thay zet ta wirk ta seave up money anuff ta buy un a viddle. One Zadderdy night, Tom zays ta fiather, I be a gwain in-ta Walsbury ta buy my leetle Jimmy a viddle, can ee tell I of a good shop Measter, wur I can get one chep? Try woold Swopshere tha Paanbroker, he've a ginerally got a vew goodish ones var sale, zays fiather. Zoo tha nex Monday marnen when fiather meets Tom, a zays, Well Tom, didn't buy leetle Jimmy ar a viddle? O eece Measter, an what do ee think? I zeed one in woold Swopshere's winder, zoo I gooes in an zaays, What be axen var thic dirty looken woold viddle in tha winder there, Vive guineas, a zaays, 'tis a splendid toned instrument an woth double tha money. O lar, I zays, thats mworn I be woth; Zoo I looks about tha townd and bim bye lightend on a girt vine music shop wur I zeed marked up in tha winder a new viddle, bow, kease, rozzin an ael, var ony haighteen an zixpince. I purty zoon wur in atter un, an ael tha way whoam chuckeld to mezelf mainly, that I'd a bought a bran new viddle, kease, an ael vir less tha a pound, an woold

Swopshere axen vive guineas var a nasty, dirty looken
woold thing as wurden woth a shillen. Beant ardly
zich a vool as I da look ya knaa Measter; zays Tom,
looken main cunnen.