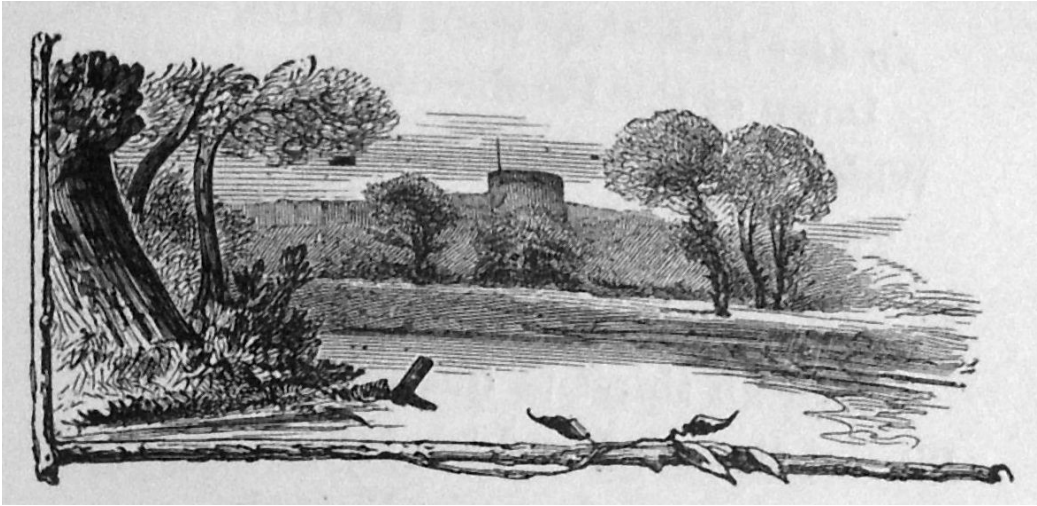


THA GIRT HARCHEOLOGY



A main girt fuss ther wur las week,
In thase yer leetle town, min
Var here did meet a lot a voke,
Of girt hankshint renown, min.

Bit wat 'twar var, I hardly knows,
An dall'd, if I can zee;
This much I knows, they caals therselves,
Tha girt Harcheology.

Vust day thay in Town Hall did meet,
As thick as any vrees;
A viewin on all zart a things,
Of woold anticketies.

An ther ower Passin rade aloud,
While zome did nod an snore;
A peaper, bout ower girt vine Church,
Which main o'm knaw'd avore.

An ater that, thay went ta dine,
Down at tha Pembroke Yarms;
Which wur tha ony thing ta I,
Tha zeemed ta av zum charms.

Ther thay did stuff an vill away,
Unger an thirst ta quench;
Bit wat tha ad, I cudden tell,
Vor twur put down in Vrench.

Then thay did spachefy an zay,
Wat thay wur gwain to do;
An zom wur zartin zure that thay,
Shid vine out zummit new.

Nex day in busses, brakes, an vans,

Thay went off vor a spree;
An purty well thay manag'd it,
Thase girt Harcheology.

Vor everywhere wur thay did goo,
Nice veasts wur ael spread out;
Amang tha woold anticketies,
Which thay wur com about.

We Wardour, they zeem'd nayshun plaz'd,
As thay wak'd in an out;
Tha vine woold ruins stannin there,
Wat Cromwell knock'd about.

Nex day thay off agean did goo,
To Zalzbry an aroun;
Ta zee tha girt vine hankshint things,
That ael about is voun.

An ael did look za jolly well,
An plaz'd as thay could be;
Var skierce bit veasten ael tha time,
Be thase Harcheology.

Bit as I zed avore, I dwoant,
An even now caant zee;
Wat good thay does ta we poor voke,
Thase girt Harcheology.

Ta zee woold ruins an woold things,
Na doubt ta thay zeems gran;
Bit dang if I dwont think that thay,
Cud, het on a better plan.

Za-poussin thay wur ael ta meet,
Ta renevate tha ruin;
Of poor vokes houssen that thay zees,
Wat good ud thay be do-un.

Bit spoose var drownin' out thease hint,
I mist apologie;
Bit I da hope thay'll ze ta it,
Thase girt Harcheology.

* * * * *

Of this I spoose you've ad anuff,
Zoo I'll draa it to a close;
If mwore about em you da want,
Rade Bob Burn's Captin Grose!