

GRAMFER SHAANT GOO INTA WIRKHOUSE.

Nunno! a shaant goo inta Wirkhouse

While I've a crowst a bread,

An can manage var ta keep

A roof auver me yead.

As long as I have got me health,

An straingth ta yarn a shillin,

An tha parish voke ull low a bit,

Ta keep un I be willin;

An if tha wunt, I'd zooner pinch

Than zee un goo up there,

Aelthough tis baddish times enough,

An nuthen I've ta speare.

Var poor woold man he's haughty two,

His hair's as white as snow,

An totterin is his gait an step

A da sheak an trimble zo.

Mworn zixty years a shepperdin

A wur apon tha plaain,

As bwoy an man a tenden sheep

In wind an starm an rain.

An many be tha zites he've zeed,

An many be tha tales,

What happen'd when a wur a bowy

Amang thease hills an vales.

When I, a chile, how many times

He've took I on his knee,

An twould I bout girt Wellington

An his veamous victory.

An tears thay hood rin out his eyes,

As thic tale he went droo,

Var his ony bwoy; my Fiather brave,

Wur killed at Waterloo.

Eece, an well he caals ta mine tha day

When tha steage coach did rattle

We lightenin speed ael droo thease vale

We news of thic girt battle.

How, when a stopped a leetle while

At tha public on tha green,

Tha village voke ael vlock'd aroun

Ta hear tha news za keen.

And when twur know'd that Wellington,

Had konkerd Bonnypart,

What cheers went up, za long, an loud,

Vrim every English heart.

Var droo tha country Bonny's neam

Had caas'd voke girt alarm,

An down right thankvull wur em now

A cooden do no yarm.

An long tha thankvul cheers went up,

An drink went vreeley round.

We jay, becaas the English voke

Had beat tha Vrenchmin zound.

Nevir avore an nevir zunce,

Av there bin zich adoo

Ael droo tha lan, as when tha news  
Did com bout Waterloo.

Var twur a glorious vite, da zaay  
Woold zawjiers, brave an hoary,  
Who's livin now ta tell about  
Thic ar veam'd day a glory.

Bit when tha vlush a victory  
Had passed away again,  
What mwournen did goo droo tha lan  
Var thousands that wur slain.

An when tha news rach'd Gramfer's cot  
That Fiather he wur kill'd,  
What tears wur shed what anguish keen  
Mother an Gramfer vill'd.

Bit nevir mind me lass, zaays he,  
A fiather now I'll be,  
Thy mate, my son, died viten var  
His King an counetry.

Tha widder an tha vatherless  
A took into his cot,  
An well a keer'd var bouath a we,  
Till I ta manhood got.

An shill I then, now he is woold,  
Not yeable var ta wirk,  
Ze un goo hoff ta Wirkhouse,  
An me bounden duty shirk.

Nunno, a shant goo inta Wirkhouse  
Bit com an sheare me cot,

Tho' main scanty be me means,  
A shill have haf I got.

Var poor woold man he's helpless quite,  
An veeble as a chile,  
His wants be vew, his heart's content,  
Var ael he've got a smile.

An shood er live a vew mwore years,  
I'll do me baste ta cheer  
An brighten up his days a bit,  
As long as he be here.

In zummer wen tha days be warm,  
In archet he shill perch,  
Under tha girt elm tree an watch  
Tha voke goo inta Church.

An wen tha evenins thay be vine  
I'll vill his heart wie jay,  
An teak un out amang tha zenes,  
A rambled wen a bwoy.

I'll draa un out on top tha hill,  
In Squire's dree-wheel'd cheer,  
Zo's he can look aroun wonce mwore  
On zenes that be za dear

An wen tha gloomy winter comes  
An vrost an snow be here,  
He shall zit warm an cozy like  
In his girt big yarm cheer.

An while tha log is burnin bright  
Agean he shall goo droo

His oft twould tale a Wellinton

An tha vite at Waterloo.

Zoo a shaant goo inta Wirkhouse,

While I've a crowst a bread

An can manage var ta keep

A roof auver me yead.