

## UNDER CARTER JOE

I wur a varmer's bwoy, me lads,  
    Zoon ater I wur barn,  
An I a under carter wur  
    At leetle Ugford varm,  
An wen I grow'd a smeat young chap,  
    A Zodger I did goo,  
An in tha regiment I did list  
    They call'd I Carter Joe.

Tho' much it pain'd me fiather, kind,  
    Likewise me mother dear,  
To zee ther darlin zon dress'd out  
    A British Granidier.  
But then I cheer's their woold hearts up,  
    An praised tha regiment zo,  
They zoon hood meak a hofficer  
    A under Carter Joe.

A well I caals ta mine tha day  
    Wen vrom me wom I went,  
Tha village gals did ael turn out  
    Me heart they near did rent.  
But then I pluck'd up courage strong,  
    And smudder'd ael me woe,  
Good bye, me dears, zoon you'll zee back  
    Poor under Carter Joe.

We tha regiment then I went abroad  
    Out to thick are Crimear,  
Ta fite vor Queen an Country,  
    An those at wom za dear.  
There girt hardships I did go droo  
    In vront a Englan's foe,  
But pluck an courage vill'd tha heart  
    Of under Carter Joe.

Dree battles I wur in out there,  
    We courage nar bit cool,  
Wen I wur in tha thick of vite  
    Before Zebastapol.  
An ael droo tha viten that I went,  
    Mine a doont wish ta crow,  
Bit dang if any yarm did com  
    Ta under Carter Joe.

Zo wen thick war wur auver,  
    Var Englan we did zail,  
Lore, ow me poor woold heart did yearn

Me neative lan ta hail.  
I never shall varget tha day,  
    Var me heart da auverflow,  
When I da think ow voke did cheer  
    Tha regiment of Poor Joe.

Then very soon zim stripes I ad,  
    A carpril I wur mead,  
Var ael om know'd that Carpril Joe  
    Hood not his stripes degrade;  
An in good time I rose agean,  
    An wurden nar bit slow,  
A Zargent then they zoon did make  
    Poor under Carter Joe.

Then we dree stripes apon me yarm,  
    A vine zword be me zide,  
I went ta zee me parents dear  
    An ael woold vrens bezide;  
Lore ow they steer'd an steer'd agean,  
    They grinnied at I zo,  
Noon om believed that I wur wonce  
    Poor under Carter Joe.

Now one-an-twenty years I've zarved,  
    A pinchin I've a got,  
An I da bide an live in hase,  
    An appy is me lot.  
No keers av I, no trouble noon,  
    No zarrer, nar no woe,  
Vor appy days da glide along  
    We under Carter Joe.

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Now ael young men as leabourers be,  
    That wirks in vield an barn,  
If you be not contented there,  
    Goon list ta marrer marn.  
Keep steady an true, what ere you do,  
    Ael evil chums vorego,  
An then a Zargent zoon you'll get,  
    Like under Carter Joe.