

## THA WOOLD ZEXTON

Close ta ower leetle village church,  
Under a girt big yew;  
Who's spredden yarms da shelter graves,  
Of sleepers not a vew.

Ther stans ower Zexton's leetle cot,  
Ael auver ivy green;  
Wie honeysuckles roun tha pourch,  
An roses in between.

An in thease pourch in zummer time,  
Wen it is balmy weather,  
Tha poor woold man da zit an think,  
Var hours an hours together.

One day we wary heart I zat,  
Apon a tomb stoune woold;  
A geazin on the zilent dade,  
Vast crumblen inta mwould.

An as I zat, za quiet like,  
In ruminatin mood,  
Vootsteps did rouse my pensive ears,  
An he avore I stood.

His peal thin cheeks wur vurrow'd deep,  
His look wur zad an grave,  
His eyes wur rid, an bleer'd, an wake,  
An long zighs he did heave.

His vlowin hair vill down his poll,  
White as tha driven snow;

An like a patriach of woold,  
Did look his revern'd brow.

Wie totterin step a rach'd tha stoune  
An zat down be me zide,  
An girt tear drops vill down his cheek,  
Wich oft a tried ta hide.

A stopped a minet ta regain  
His vast short vleeten breath;  
Then said "Young man, ya zeems ta dwell  
Apon thease scenes a death.

Var haughty years, in yander cot,  
I've lived a bwoy an man,  
An fifty years ta marrer marn,  
My zextonship began.

An fiather he var vorty years  
Tha office did hold too;  
A moulderen slab da mark his greave,  
Under yon spredden yew.

Eece, many be tha scenes I've zeed,  
Many stouries I cud tell,  
Of tha underds I av zeed  
Laid in ther narrer cell.

I've zeed tha ag'd an statly tree  
Many times laid in tha tomb,  
An oft I've zeed tha tender bud  
Cut down avore did bloom.

D'ye zee yan grave jist newly mead?  
A rose bud zweet lays there;

Heet she yeant there, ony her clay,  
Her zouls wie hangels vair.

Ower vicar's ony chile she wur,  
Born wen a lost his wife,  
An she grow'd up a lovely maid,  
His girttest joy in life.

Sweet, generous chile, me tongue caant tell  
Haaf tha good that she done;  
If ever an hangel wur on earth,  
I'm zure that she wur one.

Vain, silly pride she never knaw'd,  
Na bigotry nar sham,  
Aelways tha zeam ta rich an poor,  
An gentle as a lamb.

Ower village voke tells of her deeds  
Wie tears an sorrowen heart,  
Vor her kind look an gentle voice,  
Jay aelways coud impart.

Her beauty an her innocence  
Won ower young Squire's heart,  
An she wur gwain to be his bride,  
Wen death their love cut short.

Skierce haighteen zummers had she zeed,  
Wen com'd tha vatal blow,  
Wich vill'd tha country roun var miles  
Wie zarrer an wie woe.

An skierce a month had pass'd away,  
Tha Vicar too a died,

His daater's death had broke his heart,  
His loss a cudden bide.

Thase zenes a woe, cut deep tha hearts  
Of village voke aroun,  
Thay wept, lamented, an bewail'd,  
Grief did ther zouls zurroun.

An young an woold still mworns tha loss,  
Of tha vicar an his chile;  
Wie a zarrer well ni of despair,  
Wich they caant reckincile.

Bit ah, young man, aelthough we miss  
Ther well know'd feacin here,  
Quite sure we be ther zouls da reign,  
Up bove yan starry sphere.

How vast is time, how short thease life,  
Tis bit a leetle span;  
Tha helpless chile, then joyous youth,  
An then tha zober man.

Along we goo droo lifes rough path,  
Ache on ess his own way;  
Time vleys along, an every hour  
Brings on ower latter day.

A eece, I too, who's bwony hans  
Av dug vull many a cell;  
Not long till be, bevore for I  
Thay'll toll tha passin bell.

Me journeys end is cloas at han,  
Me life it is at stake;

Bit I shill die in pace an hope,  
I shill in glory wake.”

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Tha zummer's zun was zinken vast  
Beyond tha stretchen plain,  
I bid varewell an promised he  
I soon hood caal again.

Bit wen again I bent me way  
Towards his cottage door,  
I met a villager, who said  
“He died tha day avore.”

His mortal frame now rasts in pace  
Be his vore-fiathers laid;  
A leetle stoune da mark tha spot  
Under tha yew trees shade.