

A FIATHER'S REBUKE TO A LEAZY ZON

A sheam ya leazy, loppin villin,
Mischief thee aelways hist vilvillin,
But dooin good thee't never willin,
Ya idle chap.
Thee never hoot be woth a shillin,
No not a rap.

Wat ever doost thee think ta do
Thase stormy wordle to get droo,
If thee dwoant now ta wirk zet to,
As hard as I.
Thee belly thee mist pinch an screw,
An beggar die.

Here thee doost bide, loppin about,
We thee elbers stickin out,
Jist like one a tha trampin lout,
Ar gipsy kine.
Wi doosen goo? We can do athout,
Tha likes a thine.

A purty conscience thee hast got
Ta bide about like any zot,
An wen thee's know ow ards me lot
A leabourer poor.
Tho we character we'out a blot,
Var zartin zure.

Thy mother she da zit an cry
Ta zee thee bout za idle lie,
Thee't shurley break hur heart bim bye,
If thee dwoant mine.
Her health thee zadly now dist try,
An undermine.

I cant maintain thee ael thee days
Loppin about in idle ways,
Thee beest zo clin'd ta goo astray,
An not ta wirk.
In everything thee'st disobey,
An duty shirk.

Why didsen stop we varmer Brown?
He gied ee keep an haf-a-crown,
In haf thee clothes, thee too wurts voun,
Ael he left off.
Thee't rue thee's left un, I'll be boun,
Thou thee's midst scoff.

If varmer's wirk thee doosen like,
Why doosen do as cousin Mike,
List vor a zodger, goo an vite,
 That's wat I'd do.
But there; thee'ts av to act uprite,
 An do drill too.

If a zodger's life wunt do,
Then vor a zailer thee canst goo;
An, if thee's like to stick to't true,
 Thee ther midst rise.
An gain a place amang tha crew,
 An av a prize.

Why doosen now at wonce decide?
Aelwys I dwoant want thee ta chide;
I wish thee var thee good, beside
 If thee's bide here,
Thee nevir oot av bit a pride;
 Voke will thee jeer.

Tha wirkhouse steers thee in tha feace,
Ther thee hoot av ta vine a pleace,
Which thee's know'll be a girt disgrace,
 Bit thy faat quite.
No biddy'll pity there thy kease,
 An zor thee right.

Meak up thee mine ta marrer marn,
Vor's true as ever I be barn,
My will thee purty quick shill larn;
 Cos if thee's mean
Ta trate I we contemp an scarn,
 Thee shat goo clean.

Nar nother day I'll keep thee here,
If thee doosen gean ta persever,
Zo now thee's know me purpose clear,
 Then zet about
An vix thy futer life's career,
 Ar else turn out.