

OWER GOOD WOLD PASSIN

O, ad I jist tha power ta rite,
Like Bob Burns, vor a zingle nite,
I hood zit down, we ael me mite,
An praize ower good wold Passin.

Vor zirch tha country ael aroun,
A better one ther caant be voun,
That in good works da zo aboun,
As ower good wold Passin.

He is a good un, every ninch,
Vrum nuthun good he'll never vlinch,
An'll never zee wie poor voke pinch,
Will ower good wold Passin.

When zickness hunts tha poor man's cot,
An empty runs his shelf an pot,
Who is it cheers his lowly lot?
Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who, when he's on a bade a pain,
Do we good things his straingth zustain,
An offen droo tha nite remain?
Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who, wen tha han a death comes down,
An zens zich gloom on ael aroun,
Whi is it trys tha grief ta droun
Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who helps tha widder in hur grief,
Who in pity ant got no belief,
Bit in gien out stanchill relief?
Why ower good wold Passin.

Who's always vull a readiness,
Ta teak tha children vatherless,
An zee em brought ta usevulness?
Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who gets tha maids wie rozy feacin,
Out in tha wordle tha best a plazin,
Who ther deeds is always prazin?
Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who ta that girt house aft ull goo,
Var aid ta help his good wirk droo,
If 'tis mwore than his means ull do?
Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who, wie tha Squire aft ull plead,
Tha kease of zom poor bwoy in need,
That vor'un he med intercede?

Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who, wen Varmers an ther men vaals out,
Tha leabourers' cause gets up an spout,
An bring agean zweet pace about?

Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who, when tha Winter's cwold an sharp,
Zens out we coals his hoss an cart,
To tha wold voke zo's thay shaant smart?

Why, ower good wold Passin.

Who, wen merry Crissmiss comes aroun,
At every poor man's cot is voun,
Gien every head, prime beef a poun,

Why, ower good wold Passin.

No poor man never he'll refuse,
Tho he dwoant vaal in wie his views;
Ar if ta meetin house a gooes,

Dwoant matter ta ower wold Passin.

A, zirch tha Country ael about,
A better man ya wunt vind out,
Zo his praise vor ever I ull shout,

Cos he's a downrite good wold Passin.