

WHY DWONT EM TOLL THA BELL?

Las winter, on a drary day,
I watch'd a vuneral train
Pass ael up ower village street,
In wind, an storm, an rain.

Tha shop voke put ther shutters up,
Ta show their girt respect
Var tha deceased wur well beloved
Be ache an every zect.

An church an chaple voke jined in
Tha melancholy train,
An zighs wur haved an tears did run
Down zom's cheeks as tha rain.

An tho it wur a vuneral train,
Ther wurnt no vuneral knell;
An oft I yeard tha voke remark
“Why dwont em toll tha bell?”

An wen thay rach'd tha church yard geats,
Nor passin did appear;
Bit tha woold Zexton hobbled out
Ta meet this vuneral bier.

An mang tha storm he led em roun
Towards a new mead cell;
An many times agean I yeard,
“Why dwont em toll tha bell?”

Bezide tha grave tha coffin stood
Apon tha church yard bier;

An roun tha mourners gather'd cloas,
Conzolin wirds ta hear.

A Wesleyan brother then rade out
Tha zarvice for tha dead;
An every biddy's heart wur touched
We tha zolemn wirds a zed.

Bit as I gazed on thic ar zene,
Me heart wie grief did swell;
Var tha wirds I yeard did press me zore,
“Why dwont em toll tha bell?”

Why dwont em toll tha bell, I thought,
Var a brother gone ta rest,
Who liv'd a christian life below,
An now have jined tha blest.

Why should tha zons a Englin's church,
Thease leetle rite refuse
Ta thay as wish a burial by
A minister thay choose.

Ta tha lifeless clay dwont sigerfy
Wither tha bell da toll;
Bit ah! remines tha livin ones
Of tha passen ov a soul.

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To Englin's clergy I appeal,
Hold not tha passen bell,
Bit wen a christian's laid to rest,
Toll vor'n a vuneral knell.