

THA DEAIRY MAID WUR FALSE

Ah! I did love ower deairy maid,
I lov'd her mwore than life,
An I had well mead up me mind,
Ta av she var a wife.

Lore ow her purty rozy cheeks
Did charm me lovin eyes,
She wur a hangel in me zite
A downrite precious prize.

Ta zee her, when she milk'd tha cows
Out in tha medders green;
I look'd on she we zich delight
As tho she wur a Queen.

Var like tha daisy at her veet
Za modest an za neat,
An like tha dew apon tha grass,
Her lips thay wur za sweet.

Eece many times, when in tha mead,
As ta wirk I did repair,
I'd zoftly slip behind tha cows
An slyly kiss her there.

An she did kiss I, eece she did,
An zed she lik'd I zo,
That aelwys she hood be me love,
Nar av nar nother beau.

An happy I wur in her love,
As out we oft did waak,
Ah, happy days wur thay ta I,
Var zich love she did taak.

Var two years, I did cwourt her sweet
Var she wur ael me pride,
An then one nite I ax'd her strait
If she hood be me bride.

She hung her yead, an zed she hood
Av nar husban bit I,
An zoo I then, gun to prepare
Tha weddin knot ta tie.

Bit guess me anger, one vine marn
I yeard she'd rin'd away,
An lave'd I too, wieout a wurd,
Ta cheer up my dismay.

A chap vrim Lunnen, had bin down
An vill in love we she,
An offer'd her ael zarts a things
If she hood cut we he.

An she pack'd up thic very night,
An we'un cut away,
An never av I yeard a she
Not zunce thic blessed day.

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Zoo here I be, left ael aloane
An var her I mid zigh;
Bit I'll take keer nar nuther gal
Shill ever capture I.