

THA DYIN LEABOURER

He lays upon a bade a straa,
His yead is on a piller mane;
An poor an scanty be tha clothes,
Heet ael o'it is zweet an clane.

Uperd a turns his wary eyes,
An stretches out his bwony yarm,
Ta touch his leetle childern, dree,
As if ta keep em vrim alarm.

His zobbin wife, she stans bezide,
Ta render ael thats in her power;
Var well she knaws, be his pinch'd look,
Zoon, zoon ull come tha pearten hour.

She holds zim cordial in her han,
An oft ta quinch his feverish thirst;
Var days an nites she've ad no rest,
Wie grief her heart is vit ta burst.

“Ah! Meary,” zays tha dyin man,
“Zummit da tell I ael is oer,
Gie me yer han dear wife, varewell,
Will ee think a I when I'm no mwore?”

I know ya will, var you av bin
A vaithful wife droo ael thase years;
O look to heaven var your vriend,
An dwont ee shed zich bitter tears.”

Agean he turns his wary yead,
Agean looks up wie glassy eyes;

A zigh, a groan, an ael is oer,
Vor motionless tha leabourer lies.

Tha wor'd out widder vaints away,
An ther da stan tha childern dree,
A zobbin loudly var ther loss,
Var thay da veel it bitterly.

An zoon tha news is spread about,
An village voke da vlock ta zee;
Too late, tha truth, is whisper'd roun,
He died droo sheer necessity.

Var thick poor hut, it twould a tale,
It twould a tale of want an woe;
Bit tha leabourer hood ne'er complain,
His poverty hood never show.

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O you who av thase wordles goods
Jist look aroun an zee that none
Are dyin vor tha lack a vood,
Your duty else remains undone.