

## THA HARD WINTER A NINETY ONE

Noo! noo! I never shannt varget  
While thease yer life da run,  
Thease yer terryable winter hard  
A haighteen nintey one.

Tho many times I've yeard woold voke,  
Likewise me fiather zay,  
What girt, terryable winters thay  
Did av in his young day.

An leetle did I think that zoon  
We wur ta av a teast,  
Of they woold vayshin winters cwoold,  
Well, not za hard at least.

Var now tis auver zeven weeks  
Jack vrost av rul'd tha land  
Tight in his grip, we be bound up  
Like ta a iren band.

Tha vrozen snow apon tha roads  
Is slippery as glass  
We girt high snow drifts, here an there,  
Ther's skiercly room ta pass.

Hosses an waggons caant goo out,  
Stuck vast is every wheel,  
An mail carts be deep snowed up,  
An business zeems stood still.

On every hedge, an bush, an tree,  
Snow hangs like blossoms white,

An vields an downs is covered up  
Vive ar zix inches quite.

Rivers an ponds be ael vroze up  
As hard anwoast as glass,  
An crowds a voke da slide an skate  
Away tha time ta pass.

School childern run an play about  
Apon its slippery vloor,  
An down thay come we many a bump  
Which meaks em laff an roar.

An coortin couples dance about  
Ael up an down tha stream,  
An many a tumble zom da get,  
Ta hear how thay do scream.

Girt daiglets hangs down vrin tha eaves  
Of ower thatch'd roof cot,  
Wur snug inzide tha woold voke zays,  
How happy be their lot.

Var roun tha coal bright vire thay  
Be cuddled up together,  
An thinkin bout poor craaters who  
Mist veace this wintry weather.

Tha winder panes is dim we rime,  
Like veathers graven there,  
Outzide tha howlin winds da blow  
Mwoore snow starms in tha air.

An down da come in whirrlin vlakes,  
Which mainly plaze tha bwoys,

An off thay gooes a snowballin,  
We shout an merry noise.

An in tha village street they mwould  
A girt big man a snow.  
Wie numbed hands da beat ther brist  
An vinger nails da blow.

Ower sheppherd he mwoast anxious is,  
This terryable weather,  
Var oft in snow drifts he da vind  
His vlock huddled together.

Var days an nights zom av bin miss'd,  
Buried in snow bainks deep,  
An's vaithvul dog a scowers roun  
Ta vind tha vanished sheep.

An he, auver tha vrozen snow,  
In every drift ull prowl,  
An wen at last a lights on em,  
Zets up a piteous howl.

Then every han apon tha varm,  
Led be thic vaithvul scout,  
Wie speades ull hasten to tha spot,  
An dig tha poor things out.

Poor leetle birds da shrimp about,  
We many a ruffled veather,  
An underds on em lays about,  
Starv'd be this Artic weather.

Team Robbin Ridbrist, he da hop  
Inzide yer open dooer,

An pityvul looks in yer veace,  
Yer pity to implore.

Blackbirds an Drushes too come up,  
Expectant var a sheare,  
An hard, begar, mist be thic heart  
As wunt a vew crumbs speer.

Jist watch em, gean tha hood house there,  
Behine thic rotten bouard,  
A zearchen out tha slumbern snails  
Wur zacritly thay houard.

We what delight ther picked bill,  
Thay drust into ther cell,  
An then on zom zelected stoune  
In pieces daish tha shell.

Var hedgerow berries be ael gone,  
Not one's left on a spray,  
An dilligently thay mist zarch,  
Var grub as comes hache day.

Pity that wanton man ere shood  
Thease zongsters lives cut short,  
An in ther wake steat shoot em down,  
An caal it manly spourt.

It oft av pain'd me heart ta zee,  
On Crismis hallerday,  
Girt louten chaps goo off we guns  
An douzens on em slay.

If I wur Queen I'd meak a laa,  
I hood, apon me wird,

An he shid pay a smeatish vine

As kill'd a zingin bird.

Rabbits, an hares, vrim yander copse,

In vain tha snow da scratch,

An unger meaks em bwould ta com

Right in ower gierden patch.

Tha bark ael off tha hazzel trees

Thay've knaa'd till thay be bare

An auver snow in vlocks thay go,

In zearch a daily vare.

Poor things thay be za skinny got,

Thame nuthen skierce bit bounes,

Var swedes an turmets be vroze up,

As hard amwoast as stounes.

Tis bad var man, tis bad var beast,

Zich a winter as this here,

Bit mwoastly var poor cottage voke,

As vinds on't mwoast zevere.

Var extry grub an clothes thay wants,

Spec'ly when thame got woold,

An cheervul vires, in dry snug cots,

Out of tha bitter cwoold.

An zoo I trust ya rich voke wunt

Varget ta len a han,

While this distressvull weather lasts

An Jack Vrost rules tha lan.