

## AN APPEAL VAR THA POOR

ATTER RADEN BOUT THA DISTRESS  
IN OWER GIRT TOWNS.

Agean tha drary winters come  
An vrost an snow once mwore appear  
Agean we hear tha cry var help,  
A cry zo pityvul an drear.

Tha stingin vrost, tha bitin wind  
Comes roun ta every poor mans doer.  
You, that ar snugly zettled down  
How stans it we yer nayberen poor.

Tha days be shart, tha nights be long  
An wirk is slack, ther'r nooan ta do  
An thousands ther is idle now  
Who starvin do appeal ta you.

Ta you, ye rich, who knows not want  
Who dwoant toil, var a livelihood,  
O, will ee shut yer hearts ta zich  
Who's starvin var tha want a vood?

Zee there in yander wretched room  
A ooman cryin in dispair  
Auver her leetle starvin beabe,  
Her zobs an moans da vill tha air.

Var dree long days she've had no vood  
Ta veed thic leetle hungry child,  
Tha fiather got no work ta do

Tha thought on't nearly, draves un wild.

Var ta zee his leetle innocent  
Put up her leetle skinny hand  
An ax, if ther'll be grub up there  
Var ael, in thic ar happy land.

An tears rin out, tha parents eyes,  
An bitter woe ther hearts da haunt  
Ta zee tha offspring a ther love  
Zo pass away, var very want.

Inzide a drary wirkhouse yard  
A poor woold man is cracken stounes,  
When ael at once a hollies out,  
Tha wirks too hard, var my poor bounes.

He teaks his cwoat an lays on he  
An there in mwornvul zobs a cried  
Bit there com'd nooan ta zuccor he  
An there a pined away an died.

Zee, in a room dree vemale vorms,  
Two daaters, an a widder'd wife  
Be tha vlicker of a rush light lean  
Is stitchen var there very life.

O childern dear, tha mother cries,  
Me eyes da swim inzide me yead.  
She vaints, an valls apon tha vloor,  
Tha daaters raise ther mother – dead.

Anodder we dree childern young  
Is lyin on a wretchen bade,  
They start up, as tha fiather coms

Var he av brought a loaf a brade.

How hagerly thic loaf is broke,

How hagerly tha childern seize.

No milk av thay ta zoak it in,

No butter spread, no mate, no cheese.

Eece, every day zich zenes as thase

Is happenen among tha poor.

Ya skierce can know, unless you go

An zeek em at their wretched door.

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To you, ya rich, I now da plade

Var thase poor things, thase starvin poor,

O lend yer aid ta stem tha tide,

An dwoant ee drave em vrim yer door.

Var ael tha riches you mid av

Be lent ee, an tis heav'ns command

Ta gie ta ael that be in need

An clothe tha neaked in tha land.