

THA CARTERS WINTER ZONG

Tha leaves be turnin yaller,
 Cwold winds begin ta blow,
An zoon Jan vrost u'll com along,
 An bring ess ice an snow.
But let un com, we dwoant dislike
 Ta zee his feace at ael,
Vor droo tha nights of winter cwold
 We keeps high vestival.

CHORUS

Vor roun tha blazin kitchen vire
 We drink an smoke away,
We tell ower tales, an zing ower zongs,
 An kiss tha maidens gay.

At nite, ow nice ta lay in bade
 An hear tha storm outzide,
An shrug yer showders at tha zound,
 An wish ya there cud bide.
But offen we outzide mist be
 Apon tha wintry road,
But then we knows wat jay twill be
 Wen we gets wom our load.

CHORUS

Vor roun tha blazin kitchen vire
 We drink an smoke away,
We tell ower tales, an zing ower zongs,
 An kiss tha maidens gay.

Ta get up of a winter's marn,
 An zee snaw on tha groun,
It raaly is a purty zite
 Ta zee it ael aroun,
Ta zee tha girt big flakes za white
 Za thick up in tha air,
Ta vind tha ponds ael vrozen up
 An everything za bare.

CHORUS

Vor roun tha blazin kitchen vire
 We drink an smoke away,
We tell ower tales, an zing ower zongs,
 An kiss tha maidens gay.

Then in tha barn, zich times as thease,
 We likes ta dresh ael day,
Vor warm an jolly we da get
 Jist zo twur zummer gay.
Let winter be as sharp as t'will,
 Right jolly chaps be we;
Vor glad delight we avs at nite,
 Za merry an za vree.

CHORUS

Vor roun tha blazin kitchen vire
 We drink an smoke away,
We zing ower zongs, an kiss tha maids,
 We jolly carters gay.