

THA WURKUS VAN

Zlowly crapin up tha hill,
Every Vridy you mid zee;
Tha Wurkus Van cram'd vull a brade,
Var voke vull a necessity.
An wen tha hill top he da rache,
Tha village voke below da scan,
An leetle children run an shout,
Mother! here's tha Wurkus Van.

Tha poor wold hoss now jogs along,
Ael down tha hill wie quicker peace;
An poor voke thay da zoon turn out,
Ta welcom his vamiliar feace.
An Will, tha carter, wie a nod,
Tha parish loaf aroun da han;
An, ah, ow heagerly they seize,
That brade vrim out tha Wurkus Van.

Week ater week it is tha seam,
The Wurkus Van is always there;
Tha seam wold hoss, tha seam wold van,
In weather voul, in weather vair.
Var poor there is, an sponse there'll be,
Ever droo out thase leetle lan;
Tho scanty be tha means ta help.
Heet wecom is tha Wurkus Van.

Ya rich apon whom vortun smiles,
Dwont ee look down wie haughty pride;
Apon tha poor, yer nayburun poor,
Nar nevir their ard lots deride.
Tho theam call'd paupers cause tha avs,

Tha brade vrim out tha Wurkus Van;
Heet he's tha biggest pauper much,
Who grinds too ard tha leaberun man.