

## DIGGIN TE'A-TEES

Wen October alang da draa,  
Wen tha long nites be gettin raa,  
Wen rooks in aternoon da caa,  
An jack vrost jist begins ta knaa,  
Then fiather zays, "tis now quite time  
Ta dig ower te'a-tees up za prime."

Zo in tha marn we baig an prong,  
Wen it is lite, we jogs along,  
Dree jolly chaps, ardy an strong,  
To te'a-tee groun away we drong;  
While mother, she bides in tha cot  
Ta get, an bring ess breakfast hot.

Fiather an I, an Jack, an Will,  
Zoon at tha rinks da show ower skill,  
An zet ta wirk we rite good will,  
To zee ow many baigs we'll vill,  
Ar else who vust ull dig a lug,  
Vore mother, she da bring tha grub.

Jack is be-ast man, we zoon da zee,  
Ta use tha prong, ther's narn like he;  
He'll dig vive rinks ta ower dree,  
An leave behin un nar te'a-tee;  
A zack, in no time he ull vill,  
An turn an laff at I an Will.

A diggin te'a-tees ael tha day  
Rite merrily we wirk away,  
While ache his utmwoast do display,  
Which Jack da zay is purty play.  
Fifteen or zixteen zacks we dig,  
Zides leetle uns vit vor tha pig.

Then wen we've done, a vire we make  
An scrawl tha ham up we tha rake.  
Then we zets down ta av a bake,  
On roasted te'a-tees do partake;  
Zometimes a bit a butter we  
Da av if mother she dwoant zee.

Tis nice, wen diggin time comes round,  
Ta turn em out thick vrom tha ground;  
Tis nice ta dig em, when thame zound,  
Wen vine an thick thay do abound.  
Tis poor vokes staff tha winter droo,  
Thout em, what hood poor leabourers do?