

PERSEVERANCE,
OR JOE'S BLACKBIRD

Ower Joe, he cotch'd a blackbird,
Las year in hearly spring;
An zo a zed, heem dang if he,
Ood'n larn un how ta zing,

A took his hook away a went,
Down mead ta withy bead;
To cut zim twigs ta meak a keage,
Which purty zoon wur mead.

An then a putt thic blackbird in,
An wen a com'd at nite;
A putt a girt cloth auver un,
Ta keep away tha lite.

An then his vlute a did rache down
Var Joe tha vlute cud play;
An cloas up gean thic blackbird's keage,
Var hours a blow'd away.

He tried that ar, mwoast every nite,
Var two months I be zure;
Till fiather dreatened un at las,
The naise he cudden dure.

Joe took un in the out-house then,
An kep on wie his vlute;
Zays he, he's zure ta zing byne-bye,
As zweet as any lute.

Zich payshins that ower Joe did teak,
Ta larn thic bird ta zing;
Hood beat the payshins of woold Job,
Ar imvost anything.

Bit bye and bye, wen spring agean,
Wonce mwore did creap aroun;
Joe's blackbird he begun to meak,
A zart a chirpin zoun.

Zays Joe, ya zee I've voun at las,
That he av got a tongue;
An I'll be boun avore dree months,
Ull beat ael as ever zung.

An zoo a did, vor vore dree months,
Vrim that a did begin;

Ta pipe za nice an clear an loud,
Which mead Joe wink and grin.

An he hood himitate Joe's vlute,
As well's a man or bwoy;
An ael tha birds tha wur aroun,
The rascal hood decoy.

Ov ael tha birds I ever yeard,
He beat em every one;
Var ael zarts a naises he cud meak;
Wie his girt saccy tongue.

Tha voke, that did goo by Joe's cot,
Wondered at wat they yeard;
Thay never could believe zich zouns
Com'd vrim a leetle bird.

Zom offered un mwoast anything,
If he hood zill tha bird;
Bit Joe he vows he'll nevir peart,
An till now av kept his wurd.

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MORAL

Zoo now ya zees be Joey's bird,
What payshins it ull do;
Then wen ya zets yerself a job,
Keep on, till you gets droo.