

## GROVELY BARN

How I da like on a zummer's marn,  
An wen tha zun is nice and warm,  
Ta zit down by woold Grovely Barn,  
    An raste a bit;  
An look about on everything,  
An hear tha birds za zweety zing,  
Vor pleasure ta me heart da bring,  
    As I da zit.

Var brings ta I tha woolden day,  
Wen often I av come thease way  
Wie my dear girl, fair an gay,  
    But now she's gone;  
Ah! now she's gone, an left I here  
To shed vor she tha zilent tear;  
Her mem'ry I da hold mmost dear,  
    Wen I'm alone.

Vor offen wie inside that wood  
Av wak'd about in zolitude,  
Wen we wur in our lovin mood,  
    Ah! happy time!  
Wen wie did wander yarm in yarm,  
An pick tha roses vrom tha thorn,  
An vlowers that za thick da swarm  
    In zummer prime.

An wen tha nuts wur getting brown  
On tha leetle bushes on tha down,  
We ower crooks we'd sheak em down,  
    An av sich fun;  
A scramblin zo up in tha tree,  
Wen a good cluster we coud zee,  
Ah! happy days wur they ta we,  
    Now ael o'ts done.

An yon is thick ar girt beech tree  
Wur many times we've had our tea,  
An zat us down and had sich glee,  
    My gal and I;  
How offen vrom his limbs we've zwung,  
An oft the merry dance begun,  
Wen our work wur ael a done--  
    An putted by.

An wen tha evenin did come roun,  
On some girt tree we'd zit ess down,  
An roun her weace my yarms I flung,  
    As we zat there,

An yeard tha nightingale, za vine,  
Pour out hur zong in ael hur prime--  
Wie love it did vill up our mine,  
    Wie coortin pair.

Eece, zarrer to me heart it brings,  
Wen I da think of ael thase things,  
Vor gives me young heart bitter stings  
    To think on she;  
Ah, she that I za well did like,  
That wur ta be me wedded wife;  
O, wat ta I is thase yer life,  
    Bit misery?

Ah, Meary, canst thou zee I here  
A shedden out tha zilent tear,  
Vor thee who I did love za dear?  
    Now ael's dispair;  
Bit ever till thease life da lest,  
I'll hold thy mem'ry in my breast,  
Now thou beest gone away ta rest  
    In Heaven za fair.

An still though thou art pass'd away,  
In thase woold woods I'll offen stray,  
An think apon tha appy days  
    That we spent here;  
An wen thase wordle frowns an scarns,  
A passin droo thase life a starms,  
I'll come an zit be these woold barns,  
    An drap a tear.