

THE SNOW

Tha snow, tha snow, is vallen,
An my good deam, she is callen,
“Be quick, good man, hie out a tha starm,
An com to yer snug leetle cottage, za warm.”

Tha snow, tha snow, ael droo tha snow,
Away to his wirk tha poor man mist go;
Bit, ah, wen at nite a greets his snug cot,
An smells his hot zupper, his cares be vargot.

When tha snow lays deep an vrost da bite,
An tha yields an downs be covered quite,
Tha leabourer sturdy, up in tha vield barn,
Be-leabours ael day the russet brown carn.

Tha vrost an tha snow tho cheerless they zeems,
Tha zweets that thay avs ther roughness redeems;
Var where will ee vine a cozier zite
Than a leabourer's cot on a cwould winter's nite.