

## SPWILIN THA CONCERT

Ther used ta be a vust rate Choral Society in tha village wur I wur barn'd, aelthough then, there wurden about two pianners in tha pleace, there wur men as cood play ael zarts a insterments, bouth string an brass; bezides a good lot a men an ooman voke wie zim nayshun good voices as well. Zoo teak ess aeltogether, ourn wur as good a musical pearty as you med vind in a pleace tha zame zize. An good music we play'd an sung too, be zich authors as Handel, Hayden, an Mozart, ar any other composer as com'd in ower way we cood tackle em, an purty creditable too. Well, thic year, as our country wur at war we Rooshy, we gied a good many concerts in aid a tha poor widders an orphans of tha poor zodgers as wur killed out in thic ar Crimear. Zoo one day, Passin Rogers, as liv'd up at Pilltown, zent ta ax ess if we'd goo up an gie a concert in his schoolroom; an twur arranged that tha pick of his choir wur ta help in tha choruses, an wich thay did. Tha room wur crammed vull a people, an everything went off wieout a hitch, till just as we wur vinishen up tha Hallelujah Chorus; one of tha strappers miscounteed tha time, an steeds a keepin tha two beats raste jist avore tha last Hallelujah, he baals out in a girt nazzal tone, "Haa-le-lu-jaa;" "Dang thy jaa," zaays ower conductor, "thee'se bin an spwiled tha concert." I needen tell ee how tha audience roared an taaks about it to thease very day