

ZAAIN HOOD

AR PRACTISIN FOR THA ZINGEN CLASS

Ower new Passen wur terrible anxious ta start a Zingen Class in the parish, Zoo a zent roun zim notices invitin voke as had got good voices, an unnerstood a leetle bit about music, ta meet un at tha schoolroom on a zartin nite, zo's ta taak things auver an start tha class.

Young Jarge Barmy tha Lanlards zon at tha Pig an Whistle, wur terrible anxious an hager to jine, an although a unnerstood a leetle bit about music, avin blowed tha Bombardin in ower village Band, he's voice wur zart of a cross between a Ailsbury Duck an a Carn Crake; howzemever, nobiddy cooden persuade Jarge bit what he wur blessed we a downrite good bease voice, good anuff ta zing in Walsbury Cumthedral.

Zoo one Zundy marnen, a got up earlier than usual, an not to disturb his fiather and mother a went out inta tha hoodshed an there begun ta try he's voice be runnin up an down tha scales a music an zingin auver what he thought wur tha bease pearts of ael tha well knowed hymns an chaants as wur zung in Church. A kicked up zich a terriable naise we he's girt nazal raspen voice that a waaked up tha woold man, who opened tha baderoom winder an bawled out Jarge! Jarge! Eece fiather, zays Jarge openen tha hood house dooer. Look yer, zaays tha woold man, if thee doosen lave off *Zaain Hood* thease yer Zundy marnen, I'll come down an tan thee jacket var thee. We shill av Passen, Squire an ael tha village down on ess, thee meaken zich a naise, and I shill loose me license, zoo stop it at wonce. Jarge diden zaay nuthen, bit come to tha conclusion that if he's voice wur like *Zaain Hood*,

he'd better gie up ael thought a jinin tha Zingen Class
an stick to blowen tha Bombardin.