

## ADDRESS TO A MIZER

Poor misryyable skinny wretch,  
Jist like a wirm, thee'se crawl an stretch,  
Of a skilinton thee beest a sketch,  
Thou skin an bwone;  
Wat ever doost think thee oots vetch?  
Ya leazy drone.

Bout thee bist creapen, yer an there,  
Wie looks a pityvull dispair,  
As tho thee wurst villed vull a keer;  
Thy artvull plan;  
Ta baig vrim thay thee'se know caant speer,  
Jist wur thee can.

How many voke thee hast took in,  
Wie tha valse tales thee doost spin,  
An thic picked veace za thin;  
An ael tha while  
In thy hypocrisy da grin  
Wie wicked smile.

How many a penny thee hast took,  
Wie thick ar vile an haggerd look,  
Vrim thousands who have thee mistook  
Var wat thee beant;  
Eece, many a pocket thee hast shook  
Of poor, well meant.

Every day thee bist zom where zeen,  
Craalin about in rags za mean,  
Eyes peepin everywhere za keen,  
Wie dirt thee'se stink;

A nasty smell, raink and unclean,  
Voke vrim thee shrink.

Vrim house ta house thee'se baig ael day,  
An pityvully thee doost pray  
Var grub, thy stummick's seak ta stay,  
Bit goold's thy aim;  
Ael tho ta nuthen thee'se zay nay,  
Money's tha game.

Then when thy baig is vull, at nite,  
Thee dost limp wom, vull a delight,  
An wie tha aid of thy rushlite,  
Thy pockets drain;  
An like a vile unearthly sprite,  
Thee'se count tha gain.

An wen it turns out a zuccess,  
Thy veelins thee doost well express;  
Delighten in thy artvulness,  
Wie develish grin;  
Thy unrighteous wirk thee ther doost bless,  
Ya man a zin.

Tha vittles then, thee doost turn out,  
An turn tha stale an vresh about,  
An wat dwont zuit thee, thee doost scout,  
An drow away;  
On dainty bits then doost blow out,  
Unger ta stay.

Zeafly then thee, doost bar thy door,  
An thy money chest explore,  
To add agean a leetle mwore;  
An droo tha nite

Thee's zit an count it oer an oer  
Till marnin's lite.

Then vastened wie stout lock an key,  
Hides it wur no biddy shill zee,  
Under tha vloer za zacritly,  
Eece, ther it lays,  
That which is ael tha wordle ta thee,  
Ael droo thy days.

Poor vool ta live in zich a steat,  
In thic ar hut za desilate,  
Wur na biddy can communicate  
Ta thee a word;  
Thy death thee doost accelerate  
Thou vool absurd.

Bit I zapoose thee doost veel zure  
Thy wealth an thee be ael zecure;  
That miseries thee caanst endure  
Ta muck up goold;  
Dwont tha thoughts, thy mine once lure?  
Thee bist getting woold.

Tha grave, I spoose thee doosen veer,  
Nar ta vailen nater, len a ear;  
Tho thee hast had a long career,  
Thee doosen heed;  
Nar hoot thee zee thy end is near,  
Comin we speed.

Ah wretched man, wur is thy mind?  
Thee mist be zummit wuss than blind;  
Var zure zim day zom o'm ull vind  
Thy hidden goold;

An ael will go like as tha wind  
When thee bist mwould.

Vor zure disease ull lay thee low,  
An thee oot groan wie pain an woe,  
Aloane, var noon will of it know,  
Ta com ta thee;  
Ah misry then thee'st undergo,  
Wen death thee'se zee.

A thy vollie, then, wen tis ta late,  
Thee oot begin ta meditate,  
An bitterly thee't rue thy vate,  
As thee diss lie  
Aloane, wie none ta help thy state,  
Ar zee thee die.

Eece, there aloane in death thee't lie,  
Till voke da miss thee, bye an bye,  
An veel thy absense do imply-  
Ther's zummit wrong;  
An to thy wretched hut thay'll hie,  
An roun un drong.

An open they will bust tha door,  
An thy wretched hut explore,  
An vine thee laid apon tha vloer,  
Ael stiff an dade;  
Bit thy zad end noon will deplore,  
No tear thay'll shed.

A crowner's quest thay'll hold on thee,  
Tha caas a death trace out an zee,  
An ael tha jury will agree,  
An will decree-

“He did die droo sheer misery;”

An zo till be.

An quick, they ull put thee out a zite,

An Passin rade tha las zad rite;

Bit nar bit a pity thee't excite,

No vrens ta mwourn,

Not one a kine wurd will recite,

Thy life they'll scorn.

An wat da then of thee remain,

Thy goods an all thy hoarded gain,

Men of tha laa ull soon obtain,

An they will zay-

“Vool to av lived a life za vain,

Where's now his stay.”

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How zom voke tries to hoard up wealth,

Eece, een ta zacrificin health,

How worship thay tha dazmlin pelf,

Nar stops ta think;

Woold death is creapen on be stealth,

Thame on tha brink.

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Then let a gen'rous heart be mine,

If wealth an riches on I shine,

Zo's to tha poor I med consign

Wat God av given;

Then shall I wen in life's decline

Have hope a heaven.