

THA MOONRAKER AND THA  
LAAYER'S CLERK

A Willsheer chap in Lunnen town,  
As wur a wanderen up an down;  
Wie open mouth an gapin eyes,  
At every thing wie girt zurprise;  
Strait voun hisself in Chancery lean,  
Thic pleace wur Laayer's lives zureen.  
A look'd about un every way,  
As up an down he there did stray;  
Var a cudden zeem ta understan,  
Wat tha houssen they wur var, za gran;  
Zays he, dang if I can meak out,  
Wat tha voke that lives here's got about;  
Var if thase houssen thay da use,  
Wat 'tis they var a livin dooes;  
It caa'nt be shops, else wat da hinder,  
Thay vrim putten up ther things in winder.  
Dang if I ant a good mine sure,  
Ta goo an knock an wun oum's dooer,  
An ax if they'll be plaz'd ta tell,  
A countryman wat thay da zell.  
Zo at a laayer's office slap,  
Ower Willsheer man begun ta rap;  
A voice then zoon baal'd out inzide,  
Push ard tha dooer, an'll open wide.  
Ower joskin dun as he wur tould,  
An wawk'd in like a Lion bwold;  
An tha vust thing there that took his eye,  
Wur two clerks zat up, at desk za high.  
Well BUMPKIN! Zays tha wouldest wun,  
In a zart a grinnin sneerin tone,  
Bist cum a laayer var ta zee,

If zo, wat can 'ess do var thee?  
Why I'm cum zays he, ta know if ya will,  
Tell a countryman wat you da zill?  
Why BLOCKHEADS, vool! If thee mist know,  
An tha clerks thay vill a laffin zo.  
O doo 'ee zure, zed ower hero out,  
Well you've got a good trade I dwon't doubt.  
Wat meaks thee think zo, zays the clerk,  
Who zeem'd quite struck wie thic remark;  
Var why, zays he, cassen zee, girt vool,  
That thee an thy me-at on tha stool;  
Tho ya thinks ya be za mity deft,  
Be tha only TWO that there is left.  
Tha clerks look'd glum var they wur beat,  
An ower hero zoom beat a retreat;  
An as a wur gwain out tha dooer,  
He turn'd roun ta look at thay wunce mwore;  
An zays, if I never larn'd me book,  
I beant sich a vool as I da look.  
Zo good bye, vine scribblers of the Laa,  
I'm yer umble zarvant, Jonny Raa.