

ROBERD AN STEAVEN

A Musical Conflab Atween Two Varmers

STEAVEN

Good evenin Roberd, ow de do?

ROBERD

Tarblish, Steaven, an ow be you?

STEAVEN

Why purty well in health I thank'ee
Bit troubles nuff ta drave me cranky
Wat we tha bad times we've a got,
An every thing a gwain ta pot,
We wife an daaters ael tha day
Dooin nuthen bit pianner play,
Goo we ael, shall, to tha bad
Var ael on em be music mad.

ROBERD

Well raaly, Steaven, I'm main zorry,
Bit man alive dwoant let that worry
Var I'm a music man ya know
An 'tis me girtest jay below
Me zon an daaters too, da play
An avs a leetle every day
Bit coose we dwoant ower duties shirk
Var music, till we've vinish'd work.

STEAVEN

Ah Roberd, tis very well var you

Ta taak a this, jist as ya do,
Bit narn a mine wunt do no wirk
Thay'd zooner ael day idle lurk,
An tha plain truth, I need'n smother
Thame couraged in it be ther mother.
Here, every marn wen I've bin round
Tha varm ta zee tha men on ground,
Wen to me breakvist I come in
Ther's thic pianners noisy din
Thumpin away we ael ther might
Vust thing in marn till leat at night,
An then if jist a wurd I zay
Tis a new piece thay got ta play,
Var zom konzart, ar a penny radin
That is tha scuse thame aelwys pladin.
What good be zich var varmers wives
Ony ta tarment out ther lives
Why narn can cook a laig a mutton
Neet on a garment zow a button
An as var waishen out a shirt
Tha thoughts on't do ther veelins hurt
An tell ee, that ther hans wurnt made
Var zich like work as do degrade.
Plaig on zich empty pride I zaay
Thay'll zurely rue var it zom day.
Ther's thay strappen wenches Nan an Meary,
Who I da keep ta wirk tha deary,
Turns in, an dooes tha household wirk
Wich wife an daaters ael da shirk
An dwoant think it nar bit disgreace
Aelthough ta do it beant ther pleece
An coose thay mist av extry pay
Var clanen, an cookin, every day
Wirk, wich me own voke ought ta do
Steeds pianner bangin, ael day droo

I tell ee Roberd 'tis too bad
An very near till drave I mad
This music is a cussed plaig
An ta poverty, ael oance ull draig.

ROBERD

Well Steaven, tis a trial zore
An much yer troubles I deplore,
Bit teant tha vaat a music quite
Ya zee, ya diden manidge right,
Now lissen var a minute ar zo
Tha truth on it, I zoon ull show
Var nabiddy in thease counetry
Is vonder a music than I be
An many a nower when a bwoy
Larnin tha viddle, I'd employ
Var as ya knaa I'm a tarblish han
An music well da unnerstan.
Zo wen I look'd out var a wife
Ta be me help-mate ael droo life
Tha matter, I did well look droo,
An choos'd one as lik'd music too,
An zo I zays, look her me dear
Music, like you, I loves zincere,
Bit mind, we mussen duties shirk,
Nar play wen to be done, ther's wirk,
An coose we bouth did gree together
An ower wedded lives bin lovely weather.
Var wen ower wirk, is done hache day
Tagether wife an I da play,
Ar if dull moments shood zet in
Out coms pianner an violin,
An atter haaf a nowers play
Ower dullness is ael drove away,
Tis woondervul how music zoothes

An cure ee, if ya've got tha blues
It meaks yer woold heart, leap an curdle
Hood'n gie it up, var ael tha wordle.
Then ther's me daaters an me zon
Da zing an play wen wirk is done
Nar ud, never think, duties ta shirk,
Var music, vore thay'd done ther wirk
An then on Zundys atter chirch
If droo tha country, you da zearch
Ya hooden vind a vamily
Thats happier than owers be
Praizen heav'n, var thease happy day
In hymns, an anthems, we da play,
Eece, ower house, on Zundys, Steaven,
We tries ta meak a leetle heaven,
Var as ya knaa tha scripiter zaays
In ower vuter wom, till be ael praize.

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Zoo I advise hache man an wife
If childern bless ther married life
Ta let em larn zom insterment
If thay da wish, an tis ther bent,
In years ta com till cheer ther life
An thay'll better beare thease wordles strife,
Var pen on it, music is zent
Ta meak ess happy an content
Help vit ess var thic wom on high
Wur as I zed, ael's harminy.