

THA GIRT BIG FIGGETY POODEN



Ah, wen I wur a girt hard bwoy,
We appetite nar mossel coy,
Tha baste thing out ta gie I joy,
Wur a girt big figgetty pooden.

Tha very neam ow'un zeem'd anuff
An ta smill un, ow did meak I puff,
An lor, ow I did vill an stuff,
When mother mead a pooden.

Hache birthday she wur sure ta meak,
A girt plum pooden, an a keak,
An ax a vew vrens to parteak,
Of her nice figgetty pooden.

Tho mother adden much ta spend
She mead un good ya may depend,
An purty quick ther wur a end,
A thick ar birthday pooden.

Na vear a any on't gotten stale,

If I wur handy an wur hale,
Me appetite hood never vail,
As long as ther wur pooden.

Not that I wur a girt bit glutton
Like thic chap, as ate a laig a mutton,
Tho me waiscot oft I dud unbutton
When twur a extry girt un.

When I wur in tha village choir,
An a veast wur gied ess be tha Squire,
Tha us'd ta com in ael a vire,
An as black mwoast as me hat.

An twur rare vun ta zee em smoke,
Var in wine an brandy they did zoak,
An pon me zong it wur no joke,
Aten much a that ar pooden.

Var mezelf I'd zooner av em plain,
Zo's you can cut an com again,
Wieout tha dread a gien ee pain,
Like tha there brandy poodens.

Wen in ta Zalsbry oft I went,
Var measter on an errant zent,
I warn, mwoast ael me brass wur spent,
In buyin zim figgetty pooden.

I used ta knaa a leetle shop,
In Brown Street, wur I off did pop,
An well vill up me ungary crop,
We nice sweet figgetty pooden.

Tha used ta beak em in a tin,

An tha ooman she did offen grin,
Ta zee ow zoon I did ate in
Her nice hot figgetty pooden.

Times on times we vun she've cried,
An wur ablidged ta hould her zide,
Ta zee ow zoon away I'd hide,
That ar dree penneth a pooden.

It done er good she did declare,
Ta zee I ate me pooden there,
An she aelways gied I mwourn me shear,
Cos I wur vond a pooden.

Ah, oft I thinks apon tha time,
When Crismis bells merry da chime,
What a girt pooden, nice an prime,
Mother did meak var we.

A used ta come in steamin hot,
Nearly as big's a waishen pot,
Wie vigs an currands zich a lot,
In thick ar Crismis pooden.

Lore, ow me young eyes glissen'd at un,
An fiather he did zay, "Odd drat un,"
I do believe while I wur chatten,
Thick bwoy ud ate thic pooden.

Dree sorrens on't I aelwys ad,
An fiather he did look like mad,
Bit mother she wur aelwys glad,
An zay, "Lar let'n av his pooden."

A coose, I diden av much mate,

Nar gierden stuff apon me plate,
An pooden aelwys wur a trate,
Spacily thick one at Crismis.

Tho I own, I did av mworn me wack,
Me lips var mwore did offen smack,
An me waistcut offen wur main slack,
Wen tha pooden wur ael gone.

A contented bwoy I aelways wur,
An diden cry an meak a stur,
Wen he wur gone cos there wurnt mwore,
Like a bwoy I knaas who did.

His mother once mead a girt pooden,
Thinkin she'd gie her bwoy a dooin;
Atter aten till na mwore a cooden,
Cry'd, cos a adden vinish'd un.

Wen I grow'd up a biggish bwoy,
Wat thay calls a hobbledehoy,
Tha chaps did try I to annoy
Be caalin out "Figgetty pooden."

Bit there I diden use ta keer,
Var ael ther chaff, an joke, an sneer,
I diden stop it, never veer,
Wen ther wur any pooden.

If ever I da av a wife,
Ta live wie I ael droo thease life,
I'll tell her, if she dwoant want strife,
Ta meak I plenty a poodens.

Begar, I hooden mind betten a crown,

That if a chap is mainly down,
Nuthun ull cure un I'll be bown,
Like a girt big figgetty pooden.

A zeems ta drave ael keer away,
An meak yer heart veel light an gay,
That you'll zeem merry ael tha day
Atter aten figgetty pooden.

Zoo teak thease hint ael labourers wives
If you da wish var happy lives,
You'll av em zure, if you contrives
Ta get lots a figgetty poodens.

If ya caant avoord much butcher's mate,
Ta putt apon yer husbin's plate,
Putt avore un then, what he can ate,
A nice girt figgetty pooden.

His health an straingth it will zustain,
An vlesh he's zartin zure ta gain,
An a unger never he'll complain,
If ya gets un lots a pooden.

Meself, ael things I hood gie up,
Even do wieout me pipe an cup,
Var I cud dinner, tay, an zup,
On a nice girt figgetty pooden.