

JAN BROWN'S PINION A BEEF

At Cristmis time, wen out ya be,
Zort on a leetle veasten spree,
Tha purtyest zite there is ta zee
 Is a piece a beef.
At whose zite ael yer zorrers vlee,
 Ya veels relief.

Wats better, wen ya be zat down
To a oakun teable, ael aroun,
How yer inzides da ael reboun,
 At tha zite a beef;
Wen tha carver slivers off a poun
 Ta whet yer teeth.

How nice ta zee tha gravy run
Za rid about tha underdun,
An crips outzides, wen brown thame done,
 Wich zom da like.
Auver ar under I doont shun,
 Nooan I dislike.

Gie a man beef, apon me zong,
I'll bet a crown he wunt goo wrong;
Till meaken hale, harty, and strong,
 A man a mite.
His wirkun life it will perlong,
 An zet un rite.

Vill a man up we beef za prime,
He'll never think ta do a crime,
Vor, pen apon it, half tha time
 Crime's caused droo want.
Bit beef, thow chief of jints, zublime,
 Ael evils daunt.

Eece, spicey beef, I'll zing thy praise,
Thy merits aelways I will raise,
Vor wen I do but on thee gaze,
 I veels I coud
Live off a thee droo ael me days,
 Thee beest za good.

Prime meat, wither in rib or roun,
Thou'rt welcome in any way thou'rt voun,
I wish I did we wealth aboun,
 I'd av mwore beef.
Aeltho thy merits zom confoun,
 Thee beest tha chief.

Zom praise vensin, vrim doe ar buck,
An zom tha hine laig of a chuck,
Zom chicken, goose, turkey, ar duck,
But gie I beef,
That meat'ull put into ee pluck,
An drown yer grief.

Zom praises up ael zorts a geam,
An vish, an zoup, we girt vine neam,
Done up we butter, vat an cream,
Ael to embelish,
Apon me zong, ya'd think ta zee em,
Zich stuff did relish.

We poor we meat beant often ved,
We has cheese ar drippen we ower bread
Thout ther's zim sprats ar herrins red,
In winter time.
At Club ar Crismis, then we med
Get bit a prime.

Wen I be out at any pearty,
Ta jay me zelf we others hearty,
Of different jint, if there wur vorty
Ta suit tha teeth,
I'd zay, av wat ya likes me hearty,
I'll stick ta beef.

I zomtimes laffs, wen I be out,
Ta zee ow zom on em da pout,
Turnin slim laigs an wings about
Of that ar geam;
Zich dainties off me pleat I'd scout,
Teant woth a neam.

Ther's Jounes, wen he is out we I,
On every jint av got his eye,
An a bit of ael o'm he'll try,
Mutton, pork, ar veal.
An then next marnin out ull cry
How bad I veel.

An ye needen wonder, apon me zong,
Vor to tha zistim must be wrong
Ta bide a niblin there za long
Za many zarts;
An drinkin yale ar cider strong,
Praphs two ar dree quarts.

Vor my own peart, I da zit down
Jist auver rite tha beef, za brown,

An carver carves I off a roun
Of vat an lean;
Then another sarvin, about a poun,
An I've done clean.

Vore hungry men, wat use ta putt
A bird or hare vor they ta cut?
'Tis nothin vor ta vill em up,
'Tis mmost ael bwones;
Ther mouths da ony ope an shut
Ta nibblin tunes.

Bit spicey beef, ow zweet thy smell,
How zoon thee doost unger dispel,
No other jint can thee excel,
No better voun.
I wish tha butchers ood thee zell
Zixpence a poun.

On Saturdays I then ood buy
A piece ta roast, ar be-ak, ar vry,
Ar var a pudden ar a pie,
Ar touad in hole.
Jist ooden I live a bit, ooden I
Veast an konzole.

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Zay wat you will, think wat ya med,
I'll stick to it till I be dead,
An ya must vall in we ael I've zed,
Vor tis my belief
There's nothin better vor a spread
Than good roast beef.