

WOOLD TROTTERS ZAAYINS :

His Likes An Dislikes

If ther's one thing, meaks I bwile ta zee,  
Tis voke, vull a necessity  
Apein tha arrystocrazy.

I caant abeare, a man who shams,  
Nar neet he, who is vull a crams,  
Nar curs, as tries, ta look like lams.

Nar he wie zich a modest veace,  
As thinks ael pleazures out a please,  
An zaays thay'll bring on ee disgrace.

Who zits on Zundys, in his pew,  
An scornvully da look at you,  
Cos you beant of tha chosen vew.

Who groans, an meaks a girt long prayer  
At meetin house, when he is thayre  
An praphs nex marnen, cuss, an sware.

I do detess a meak believe  
A slyly grinnin in his sleeve  
An scripiter quotes, while he da thieve.

Who praphs, if he da keep a shop

Tha scales, vrim gwain down he'll stop  
An on his wares a varden pop.

Ar if he be, a dearyman  
Ull skim new milk, as ard's can  
An water well tha milkin pan.

Nar he, as gooes a deal ta meak,  
An vind tha ziller rather weak,  
Then meak'n haaf the vallie teak.

I caant abeare, tha man who chates  
An under counter keeps shart waites,  
Nar he as things adulterates.

Begar, I'd like ta tan tha skin,  
Of he, who teakes tha people in,  
Ta I, ther yeant a bigger zin.

I likes a man, honest, and true,  
Who thease yer life, ull battle droo,  
An help, a down trod brother too.

Tis nice ta zee a poor man rise,  
If varmer vrens, a dwoant dispise,  
Nar car is yead up in tha skies.

Var raaly painvul tis ta zee,

A poor man, who's got up tha tree,  
Look down, on voke disdainvully.

Who keeps his pockets tightly shut,  
Geanst poor relayshins who he'll cut,  
An pass em by, wie lordly strut.

Tis nuff ta vill ee wie dismay,  
Ta meet zich fellers any day,  
Plaig on zich stuck ups, I da zay.

Var zich like pride, I vairly hates,  
Me temper much it hirritates,  
Ta zee zich empty headed pates.

Nar do I like, ta zee a chap,  
Spendin hache evenin at tha tap,  
In skiddlein ar penny nap.

I caant abide tha imperdence,  
A hobblehoys, as got no sense  
Who gies ee naught bit inzerlence.

Ta zee em strut, ael cuffs, an collar,  
Who's pockets, praphs, dwoant hold a dollar,  
An var clothes'll keep ther bellies holler.

Ta zee em rig'd out every night,

In tha newest vayshin quite,  
Poor Tailors, thay look on we spite.

Zich mity swells zom on em be,  
In kid gloves, an vlaish jewelry,  
Hap-ny zegars a puffen vree.

Ar vlirtin we zom vorred lass,  
Who like ther zelf is vull a brass,  
An thus ther evenins thay da pass.

Young maids! beware a zich a chap,  
If zich “on you” his eyes da clap,  
Pen on it he beant woth a rap.

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Zoo ael o'ee lissen to woold Trotter,  
Let truth an justice be yer motter,  
An heav'n convound tha evil plotter.