

GOOD VRIDY LAS

Good Vridy las, as ever wur,
I wander'd to tha hood,
Tha joyous spring birds var ta hear,
An sniff tha air za good.

Droo Ugvird vale, I took me way,
An out in broad Ox Drove,
Wur many times when young an gay
I rambled wie me love.

Athirt tha cloas crop't down I went,
An zat down be tha pond;
A blissvul nower there I spent,
Gazin on things za vond.

Woold Vriars Pake, there on me lift,
In vront, tha thymy down,
Behind, tha copse of hazzel trees
Wur nuts da grow za brown.

What thoughts da come across I here,
A long, long years agoo,
Wen a bwoy, as now, I did delight
Thease zenes ta wander droo.

Var every hallerdy amwoast,
We merry bwoys wur voun,
We bat an ball, ower rounders play
Apon thease open down.

Agean I jogged on auver hill,
An cross tha Barvird track,

Then down ta Chilvinch bottom still,
Cloas to tha narrer rack.

It wur a glorious atternoon,
An hot, var hearly spring
Just like a day, in balmy June
Zoo gay wur everything.

Tha humble bees, began ta buzz,
Tha knats, ta sting an bite
An out amang yan bloomin vuzz
Butterflies, vlitted bright.

Rabbits, an hares, vrim copse, za shy,
Wur skippin vree an wild,
An patridges, who's screechin cry
Is know'd be every child.

Vrum vield, an down, tha lark went up,
Ta welcome in tha spring,
Tha merry blackbird, an tha drush,
Did meak tha hoodland ring.

An vrim a low branch of yon woak
Tha timid nightengale
Had jist begun ta tune his voice
An trill his artless tale.

An here between, tha moss an thyme,
Wild violets, wur a blowin,
An primroses, in ael their prime,
Wie cowzlips jist a showin.

Mid zich an unzurpassin zene,
As this, in thease sweet dell,

Me heart delights, an here I cood
Var ever zeem ta dwell.

Then up a well wor'd track I stroll'd,
Towards a beech hard bye,
Apon whose trunk, there is carv'd out,
Zim letters dear ta I.

Here, mwore an thirty years agone,
Wie a zweet modest lass,
Thic tree, ower neams I carv'd apon,
Love's, idle nower ta pass.

An here to-day, thay letters still,
Be showin out quite plain,
Ah, what girt thoughts me heart da vill
As I greets em agean.

Var cars me back ta youthvul days,
Wen I, za gay an vree,
Did taak a love, an breathe zweet zighs
Under thease woold beech tree.

Jist twenty zummers had I zeed
Thic ne'er vargotten day,
Tha days a my apprenticeship
Had nearly pass'd away.

An vull a hope, me heart beat high
Var a zuccessvul life,
An com what hood, I'd bwoldly try,
Ta veace thease wordles strife.

An zunce thic day, what zenes I've zeed,
What trials I've a bore,

What crosses, an what ups an downs,
An many draabacks zore.

Teant mine ta bwoast, teant mine ta braig
A honner ar a wealth,
Bit a crowst I've never wanted var,
An God av gied I health.

An atter ael thease thirty years
Strivin ta do me best
In gratitude I drap a tear,
Var zure, I av bin blest.

Tho' well I knaws, I have vill shart,
A what I ought ta done,
Heet hard I've striv'd ta do me peart
Tho tis a humble one.