

# THA ROOSHIAN BEAR

Pro 1854-55

Tha Rooshian Bear com out tha 'ood,  
Zays he, "I wants ta vite;  
An if I can ketch thic Turkey cock,  
I'll zurely kill un quite."

Zo tha Turkey cock flap'd out his wing,  
An gun ta crow main loud;  
Var he cud zee rite auver's head,  
Did hang a dreatenin cloud.

Zo ael his pluck he mustered up,  
An perch'd azide a river;  
Zays he, "now if thic Bear da com,  
I'll meak his carcass shiver."

Bit tha Bear he went an got two Cubs, \*(Romania and Servia)  
An they he did beguile;  
Zays he, "if you'll help I vite,  
You shall av zom tha spwile."

Zo they zet out ta vine tha Turk,  
An while a wur asleep,  
Thic river zoon they got across,  
Aelthough he wur main deep.

An wen tha Turk awoke he voun,  
Tha Bear upon his lan;  
He zet ta wirk an spurr'd un zo,  
That he cud 'ardly stan.

An if 'tadin bin var they there Cubs,  
Who help'd tha Bear ta vite;

Tha Turkey cock, I'm zartin zure,  
Zoon 'ood a kill'd un quite.

Bit as mite da mmost times conker rite,  
Var it wur dree ta one;  
An zo at last tha Turk wur beat,  
An hollied out, "I'm done."

Bit on tha Bear and Cubs did goo,  
Ael droo his country mmost;  
Zays they, "we wunt stop viten till  
We've pull'd un of his roost."

An very zoon poor Turkey cock,  
Lay bleedin at their veet;  
An loud var mercy he cried out,  
Var he wur holler beat.

Then down tha cunnin Bear did zit,  
A lookin at his spwile;  
Zays he, "vren Cubs, now bouth a you,  
A course I'll reckonzile."

Zo he zays to tha biggest one \*(Romania)  
"Thee'st got sim lan a mine; \*(Bessarabia)  
I shall av it back an gie thee steeds,  
A bigger piece than thine."

"No, that I wunt," thase Cub did zay,  
Then zet up a spiteful howl;  
An while tha two wur wranglein,  
A Lion loud did growl.

Tha Bear look'd up wie much zurprise,  
Ta hear thic Lion whine;

Zays he, “vren Lion, wats do here?

This beant no place a thine.”

Bit tha Lion show'd his spitevull teeth,

And zed, “look here, vren Bear;

Thee shatten do wat thee bist mine,

Or else thee skin I'll tear.

“Thee'st swallered ni tha Turkey cock,

Thee'st know in thase yer skuffle;

An now thase Cubs that help'd thee vite,

Thee bee'st trying ard ta shuffle.”

“Zo, I advize thee, measter Bear,

Be keerful wat thee'st do;

Var if thee'st bit upzet me min,

Thee purty zoon hoot rue.”

“Vren Lion”, zed tha cunnin Bear,

“Thee bist a navigator,

An if thee'se want a bit a spwile,

Goon ketch tha Alligator.” \*(Egypt)

“He's jist tha very beast var thee,

Ta gard thy Indian lan;

An if thee'se wink at what I does,

I'll len a helpin han.”

Bit tha spitevull Lion shook his mane,

Tha scheme he cud zee droo;

Zays he, “vren Bear, I tell thee plain

Thic bait var I wunt do.”

“In me iren houssen on tha zay,

There I shill teak me stan;

Till thee can'st com ta terms we I,  
An clare rite out thase lan.”

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Zo there tha stans thase two girt beasts,  
Gapin at one another;  
An ael the wordle wonderen,  
Wat one'll do ta tother.

May 1878.