

ZENDIN A VALENTINE;
OR, DOIN THE GRECIAN BEND

(Louazer's Valentine)

Now zays I, to mezelf one nite,
I got a mine, 'tis true,
I'd zen a ugly Valentine
To thick are stuck up Zue.

Vor zunce she went ta Lunnen town,
Las Crismis, vor a week,
Ta zee hur airs an hur pride
'Tis nuff ta meak ee zick.

She 'ardly know'd I, she declared,
Wen tak ta hur I tried,
An zed she shudden wak we I,
I wur za countrified.

Spoose not, zays I, spoose ye've voun
A chap in Lunnen town,
That is a gwain ta be your beau,
Insteads a poor Mike Chown.

She toss'd hur yead, an zed, praphs zo,
I tell ee, we out joke,
Na mwore I do intend ta wak
We zich a country bloke.

I nevir wants ta zee ee mwore,
Nar spake, ya may depend,
Then hoff she went, a tryin ta do
Thick ugly Grecian bend.

You jist ought to av zeed hur then,
Tha voke did look an laff,
An ael tha chaps did gall hur zo
We purty bits a chaff.

Vor she'd got on a bonnet wich
They caals a gipsy kind,
An a leetle jacket, strained za tite,
We girt bow stuck behind.

Hur gown, he wur hatched up we strings
Ta show hur vine rid skirt,
An high heel'd boots she had got on,
Ta keep hur out tha dirt.

Well, dressed like this, she went ta church,
Lore how tha voke did stear,
Squire's daaters she put in tha shead,
They blinkeed much ta zee hur.

She wur arrayed out nayshun vine
We lots a bows on end,
An as she went along she tried
To do tha Grecian bend.

A zort a wakin wur tha yead
In vront is ael inclin'd,
An ael yer waite is on yer toes,
While you sticks out behind.

A voolish vaishun jist sprung up
In Lunnen it is true,
Var ael tha zwells that ant a got
Praphs nothin else ta do.

But vor a wench like thick ar Zue
Who went jist vor a week,
Ta ape zich voolish whims an ways
'Tis nuff ta meak ee zick.

I did think that she ad mwore zense,
Avore she went away,
But nevir mine, praphs zoon she'll rue
Vor this another day.

However, zince St. Valentines
Is purty ni at han,
I'm dang if I doont zend hur one
As ugly as I can.

Vor then it med bring down hur pride,
An praphs hur ways she'll mend
If a da zend hur one that's tryin
Ta do tha Grecian bend.

Zo jist avore tha day I rote
To couzin Jim, in town,
Ta goo an buy a Valentine,
An zeafly zen un down.

Structions I gied un what ta get,
Purty straitte, ya may depend,
It wur ta be a country gal
A doin tha Grecian bend.

Nex day tha pwestman he did bring
A letter ael var I,

An mother cudden meak un out,
She look'd at un purty sly.

Up stairs I rush'd we un to me room,
An tha invelope did rend,
An ther a girt flash gal wur tryin
Ta do tha Grecian bend.

Zich a pictur nevir did I zee,
In ael me life avore,
Apon me zong twur jist like Zue,
Jist like tha things she wore.

Lor, ow I grinn'd at thick ar zite,
I neer tha house did rend,
Ta zee thick are girt stup a tryin
Ta do tha Grecian bend.

Well, beant I plaz'd, I'm zure ower Jim
Ne'er coud av voun a better,
'Tis jist tha very one vor Zue,
She shall av un in a letter.

Zo then I popp'd off inta town,
Ta pwost thick Valentine,
Bekaws she shudden know tha mark,
Nar who twur zen un vine.

An then nex marnin I did hide
Ta watch the pwostman by,
An out comes Zue, an she did zay,
“Is there ar one vor I?”

An pwostman laff'd, and zed, “Eece Zue,
I think ther's one vor thee,”
An atter lookun ael om o'er,
Zed, “Ay, an yer he be.”

Zue nearly snatch'd un vrom his han
Then rin'd behind a tree,
Wur she cud open un, bekaws,
No biddy else shid zee.

But gess hur temper wen she zeed
Wat thick letter did contain,
She vow'd, she cried, she roar'd za loud,
I thought she wur in pain.

Jist ooden I let em av it if
I know'd who did this zend,
Zich lying things, ta zay I tries
Ta do tha Grecian bend.

I vow I will vind out who tis
Av zen this yer ta I,
Zom good for nothin loppin stup,
Jist wunt I at un vly.

An ael thick day she wur za mad,
She cried, she bellered zo,
I raaly think she ad a mine
Away hurzelf ta drow.

Aelthough I liv'd nex door, I diden
Zee hur goo out ael day,
Zays I, I shaant goo in ta she,
I'd better bide away.

I auver yeard hur mother zay,
As she went out thick nite,
Ower Zue iv ad a Valentine,
An tis a parfict vrite.

Girt stup, I tould hur how tid be
Wen vrim Lunnen she com'd down,
If she did ape tha voolish ways
Of thay there voke in town.

I warn till do hur lots a good,
Vor now ye med depend
Na mwore you'll vind will she be tryin
Ta do tha Grecian bend.

Na mwore she did, tis true, begar,
Thic ugly vaishin try,
She wak'd jist like she used ta do,
An strait as you ar I.

Tha very bwoys, thay noticed hur,
An zed, ya may depend,
I'm blow'd if Zue ant left off tryin
Ta do tha Grecian bend.

Thick Valentine, he done hur good,
Tho much he did offend,
Bit it tirely cur'd Zue a tryin
Ta do tha Grecian bend.

But now she've long vorgot tha time
Wen she wur Lunnen struck,
An now she caals I hur dear Mike,
An I caals she me duck.

We'm married now, an I avow,

A happy life I spend,
Tho zometimes in a joke I zay,
“Zue, try tha Grecian bend.”

MORAL

Now ael young lasses never try
Zich voolish vaishuns vain,
Vor if ya do, I'm zure no man
Of zense you'll ever gain.

Vor pen on it, thers nothin like
A plain modest attire,
Vor ael young men of common zense
Zimplicity admire.

Vor mead up Gals will never meak
Good wives, ya may depend,
Na mwore ull they that apes zich whims
As that are Grecian bend.