

COORTIN THA BLACKSMITH'S DAATER

Twur on a Zundy ateroon,  
In tha merry month a May,  
Ater marnin church hoff I did goo  
Ta Woodvird village gay.

Ael up tha girt lang avenue  
I trudged along wie speed,  
An down Camp hill, an droo tha path,  
Ael by tha vlow'ry mead.

Tha birds wur twittern to an vro,  
Up in tha elem's high,  
An vrum tha copse offen I yeard  
Tha cuckoo's welcom cry.

Apon tha brudge across tha stream  
I zat a bit ta raste,  
When zoon com'd bye a purty maid  
Who's zweet look charm'd me braste.

Var zich a veace I nevir zeed,  
Za lovely an za vair;  
Zich rozy cheeks, zich light blue eyes,  
Zich shiny vlaxen hair.

Lore! wat a veelen sized me heart,  
Wie zich a lovin fleam;  
Oh I will spe-ak unto her now,  
An know what be her neam.

Zays I "zweet lass, ull ee goo we I  
Var a waak along these brook?

Var maiden, dear, me heart is charm'd  
Wie that ar smilen look.”

She smiled agean, an then we waak'd  
Ael by tha river's zide;  
A thousand charms vill'd up me heart,  
Var she I cood a died.

Zaays I “zweet maid, O tell I true,  
O tell I be thease waater,  
If you be she bout who I've yeard,  
Tha village blacksmith's daater?

“Well, yes,” she zaays, “I be tha girl  
Thay caal tha blacksmith's daater;  
Me fiather's cot between them trees,  
Jist tother zide tha waater.

Eece, ther in happiness I dwell  
Along wie parents kine;  
No keers av I, me jays be zweet,  
True happiness be mine.

Ower squire's daater lives in steat,  
In yander mansion gran;  
Bit she's noo happier than I,  
Tha happiest in tha lan.”

“Now zich a noble mind is thine,  
Me lovely village maid,  
An if I tells ee I love you,  
Dwont ee me love upbraid.”

Bit we a blush apon her brow,  
She zed “I know ee not,

Bit if yer love var me's zincere  
Wie ee I'll sheare me lot.”

Zim purty vlowers then I pull'd,  
A growin zide tha river;  
“Teak thease,” I zed “as a true pledge  
That I'll prove vaithvul ever.”

Var hours ael aloone we waak'd,  
An taak'd of nought bit love,  
Until tha zun zunk in tha wace,  
An tha stars shone out above.

I rung her han, I kissed her brow,  
Tha tear stood in her eye;  
“Good bye, me dear, till Zundy next,”  
“Good bye,” zays she, “good bye!”

Bit atter, oft ta Woodvird gay,  
I rambled be tha waater,  
Wie thease dear maid who won me heart,  
Tha village blacksmith's daater!

An neer will I varget tha day  
Wen by tha brudge I zought her;  
She's now me bride, an ael me pride,  
Tha village blacksmith's daater!