

## ME GIRTEST DELIGHT

I've a bin, in tha mighty zity,  
A Lunnen, vull many a time.  
In wonderment there I've a steer'd  
At its steatly buildins, zublime,  
I've a stood an tha girt big brudge  
Cross tha river, at woold Wacemister,  
An I've look'd we main pride on thick pile  
Wur ower parlymint men da conver.

Eece, many a time in tha Habbey  
Wie trimblin, an awe, I've a stood  
As I thought on tha girt voke laid there  
Tha noble, tha clever, an good.  
I have year'd, tha hargin za gran  
Tha choir sweet musick a zingin  
An hoffen now, when I'm abade  
Tha zouns in me yeard do zeem tingin.

I've bin in tha chirch a Zaint Pauls,  
An zat down under thic girt doom.  
There too, I've year'd tha vine choir  
An lissened, tha hargins girt boom.  
I've geazed on tha monnyments there  
Wie time got musty an hoary  
Put up var brave heroes who died  
Ael var ower country's girt glory.

Be tha Manshin House door I've stood,  
An watch'd tha traffic goo along,  
An hustled, I've bin many times  
Gwain down Chepzide, be tha drong.  
I've stood be Zaint Martins tha Gran,

Wur pwoost hoffice wirk is ael done  
I've a bin in tha telegraph house  
Wur news roun the wordle da run.

In Trafalgers vine square I've a stood,  
An zeed tha vountins at play,  
An look'd we delight on tha zene  
Tha vinest in town tha da zaay.  
I've steer'd up a Nelson stood there,  
Wie tha lions a garden his veet,  
An I've velt a paing, as I geaz'd  
At Charley the vust, an his fe-at.

I've a bin, in thic vine gallery  
Wur tha nayshins picters da bide,  
An I've look'd we delight on em all,  
An velt in me heart honest pride  
Var them splendid paintins za vine  
As, in thic pleace do abound.  
Every Briton I think shid be proud,  
Another zich a zite, ther beant vound.

In tha British Musaum var howers,  
In meazemint, I've wander'd about,  
A lookin at wondervul things,  
A woold times, as thay've vound out.  
In Zouth Kensinton too I've bin,  
An zeed mwoast on't that be there,  
An lore how me weary eyes beam'd  
At tha marvellous things everywhere.

In tha girt Halbert Hall cloas bye,  
I have yeard, tha consart za grand  
We tha vinest band in tha wordle,  
An baste zingers, ther be in tha land.

To tha gran opera house I've bin,  
At Covent Gearden, many a time  
We ameazment gazed on tha zenes  
Tha actin, an music, zublime.

Eece, it av bin my lucky lot,  
Ta zee, an ta hear, ael thease things.  
Bit what do ee think, mang em ael  
Ta me heart tha girstest jay brings?  
Ah, it beant, tha zites a tha town,  
Its grander, nar music divine,  
Tho much it did charm me heart,  
Heet a girter delight, zure is mine.

It be here, on me own neative zoil,  
Be tha Willy, an Nadder, ta roam  
Ar else on tha sweet thymy downs,  
As zurrouns, me dear neative whoam,  
Ar ta wander in Grovely woold hoods,  
Be it marnen, noon, ar be night,  
Tis tha girstest a pleasure ta I  
Me life's mwoast genuine delight.