

## A NIGGARDLY TRADESMAN

Apon me zong, if in thease wordle

A voolish man there be

Tis he as's ever muckin goold,

An wunt a varden gie.

A poor misryable chap is he,

Wieout a heart ar mind,

Ar else ud zee, that zom day he

Mist lave ael on't behind.

Bit hoarden, screapen, wurryin on,

Wealth, wealth, a mist obtain,

An never will er gie a screw,

Tha poor apply in vain.

Wie charities, an ael good wirks

A nevir do agree,

He've got a job ta live hisself

Ta help voke why shid he.

Ya skierce da zee un out in street,

A never gooes vrim whoam,

Var travellin is girt expense,

A got na wish ta roam.

Day, atter day, behine his desk,

A screaps an counts his gain,

An if dwoant turn in as ud wish,

Da vill un up wie pain.

An days gooes by, an years roll on

An's got main wake an woold

His shop at last a mist gie up,

An live apon his goold.

Bit skierce is er jist zettled down,

Jist as his heart da crave,  
Woold death steps in an zoon a lays  
Vargotten in tha grave.

While his ziccessors every one  
Slyly grins in ther sleeves,  
Ta think what a woold stup a wur,  
Narn o'm about un grieves.  
His hoarded wealth like as tha wind  
Thay purty quick meaks vly,  
An does em oft mwore yarm than good  
You've zeed as well as I.

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Then live ye trades voke as ya ought,  
An if much wealth you've got,  
Do good to your deserving poor,  
Help cheer ther lowly lot.  
An you'll have pleasure while ya live,  
Ta veel that you've gied vree  
Ta ael good wirks, an to tha poor,  
Who'll bless yer memory.