

HOSSLER JOE

Las week, in zemetary vull low,
We buried poor woold Hossler Joe,
An many a varvent tear wur shed,
As in tha grave, we zeed un led;
Var poor woold man, his wur a life,
As wurden vree vrim toil an strife,
Tho' manvully a did his peart,
Vor'd, got a honest cheervul heart.

Ah! he is gone, an nevir mwore,
Shill's zee un gean tha steable door,
Stript to his shirt, a rubbin down
His hosses, wie a hissin zoun;
Poor things how they seem'd to rejoice,
An whicker at Joe's well know'd voice;
Var to em he wur aelwys kind,
An vore hissself, he hood em mind.

His smilen veace, wur know'd za wide,
Var miles aroun tha country zide,
Perch'd high upon his measter's Brake.
How many a pearty he did take,
Ta zee tha zites that bout is voun,
Ael handy to thease leetle town;
Ar a gipsy pearty to the hood,
Joe mist drave em, if a cood.

Ar when tha weddin bells rung out,
An carriages did vlee about;
He, sated on his well know'd perch,
Mist aelwys drave tha Bride ta church;
His smilin veace, beamin wie joy,

Tho zometimes nuff twur to annoy.
We shoes an rice villin tha air,
As he drave'd off tha wedded pair.

Eece, never mwore, at Whitsun club,
Will he be zarvin out tha grub,
At teable, aelwys head an chief
A carvin out the piece a beef;
Nar handin roun tha voamin beer,
An wishen ael tha comp'ny cheer,
Nar warblein his well know'd zong,
Var wich thay cheer'd un loud an long.

'Tis auver now; an nevir mwore,
Shill's zee un gean, tha hostel dooer;
Nar zee his smile, nar list his chaff,
Nar join his loud, and merry laugh;
Nar on his box drave droo the street,
Var's journeys now be ael complete,
Zoo med ess ael, as on we go,
Our duty do, like Hossler Joe.