

VARMER WUR TOOK IN

A smeatish young damsel com'd to ower town,
 Draste up in tha highest of vayshun;
A charmer she look'd, a charmer she zeem'd,
 An liv'd like a leady a stayshun;
She quite won the hearts of ael tha young chaps
 As liv'd roun var many a mile;
What a beauty, zed thay, did ee ever zee zich
 Perfection, and in zich vine style ?

A dashen young craater in truth she now wur,
 An her neam it wur Ethelinder;
As a leady a raink she pass'd in tha town,
 Kept by her papa out in Inder;
An many wur thay who zought her zo gay,
 Charm'd by her good looks an zweet smile,
An many a heart she nearly did brake,
 Vor ta ael she gied a denial.

Bit at last com'd a day, a lover turned up,
 A lucky man, one Varmer Wright;
Lore ow tha young chaps did swear an did stare,
 Ta zee em wak out every nite;
A varmer he wur, who own'd a girt varm,
 An wur zed ta be rollin in goold;
This wur tha young man Ethelinder had trap'd,
 Aelthough a wur vorty years woold.

Ther coortin went on vor two or dree months,
 It wur ael tha tak a tha town;

Everybidy a axin wen tha weddin hood be,
Var thay zed he'd bought her tha gown;
Bit zoon ael at once come a terrable blow,
Ethelinder, she wurnt to be vound;
An poor Varmer Wright wur in a girt plight,
For he'd lent her a underd pound.

The townsvoke did laff, the varmer he swore,
An zed she wur a reglar zell;
Bit wat cud er do? he'd lent her tha goold,
An she wur gone to wur noone on em cud tell;
A vaithless young ooman, decaitvul, tho vair,
A good lessen I larned by thee;
Tho dear tha instruction da zeem ta me now,
Me vollie I ever shill zee.

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MORAL

Now a lessen in this, young chaps you med zee,
Dwoant ee, never be carried away
Be a leady a vayshun, watever her charms,
Var live ta repent it ya may;
If ya want a wife, zeek one who is nate,
In yer own stayshun, lovin, an true;
Dwoant let tha outside win auver yer heart,
Ar tha day ya zurely ull rue.