

BILL BYLES AN THA MINISTER

Bill Byles wur a witty chap,
An vull a vun wur he;
Aelwys a lot ad got ta zaay,
An ready var a spree;
Tho Billy wurden a scholard high,
A never ad much school,
Heet still a knaa'd mmost everything,
His yead wur brimmin vull.

One Zundy he went out ta waak,
It wur in zummer prime,
Tha zun wur hot, zo he zat down,
Ta wile away tha time;
A adden bin ther very long
Vor a strainger he com'd bye,
An Bill a knaa'd a Passin twur,
We's black cwoat an white tie.

Tha strainger he ax'd Bill ta tell
Tha way ta zich a pleave;
Var duty there he ad ta do,
Var his vren Passen Meace;
An much a thought tha road he'd took
Ooden zoon lead un there,
Zoo he ax'd Bill ta put un rite,
As he'd no time ta spare.

“O eece, be zure,” zed Billy Byles,
“Now measter, jist look here,
Goo strait along apon thease pike,
Ta rite nar lift dwoant steer;
An wen ya coms ta dree cross roads

A minister you'll zee,
Then you can tell wich way ta goo,
If you da look at he."

"A minister," zed strainger out,
"What ever is that are?
I never yeard of zich a thing,
Of zich I beant aware;
Pray, do explain, young man ta me
Ta what ya do refer;
Var raaly ignerant I be of
Thease *zo caal'd* minister."

"Why then I'll tell ee," zed Bill Byles,
"As you dwont zeem ta know;
A minister's a girt zign pwost,
As tells ee how ta go;
Ther thay da stan a pwintin out
Ta we poor wicked elves,
'*Tha road*,' bit zeldim arn a thay
Da goo thick road therzelves."