

## THA CHILDERN'S TRATE

Wen tha carn is ard an brown,  
An heavy ears is hangin down,  
In vields near to our leetle town;  
Then tha childern in ache street  
Runs about wie feacin zweet,  
Zoon, zoon we'll av our joyous treat.

An var days an weeks avore,  
Nuthun bit tha trate in store,  
Goes about vrim door ta door;  
An wen as tis tha custom'd rule  
Ta neam tha day at Zundy school,  
Ache leetle heart wie joy is vull.

How thay long then var that day  
Wen ael tha vale keeps hallerday,  
An every young heart will be gay;  
Ta tha school wie feacin brite,  
Var once thay goes wie glad delight,  
An in a girt long train unite.

Marchen to tha ban's loud notes,  
Vlags an banners gaily vloats,  
An rough be ther leetle droats,  
Cheerin, shoutin, long an loud,  
Thay da march ael droo tha crowd,  
Like a leetle army proud.

An in tha park, apon tha green,  
Wat a plazin, temptin zene  
Greets ther leetle eyes za keen;  
Long rows of stools an teables there,

Bearin loads of wholesim vare,  
Anuff var ael an lots ta spare.

Wie wat appetites thay do parteak  
Of tha bounteous tay an keake,  
An many a leetle heart da queak;  
Tha noble vamily everywhere  
Waits on tha childern wie such care,  
Nuthun is ever wantin there.

Wen every one av had ther vill,  
Up goes a cheer, za clare an shrill,  
Wie a joyous, hearty will,  
Ta noble Pembroke's vamily,  
Ache one jines in mmost heartily,  
Var this, tha childern's annual tea.

Then spourts of every kine teak place,  
Tha zack jumpin, tha speedy race,  
An blindman's buff, wie masked veace;  
An many a leetle urchin tries,  
Wie hager veace an longin eyes,  
Ta carry wom zom leetle prize.

Then to tha village ban's loud strains,  
Tha chaps an maidens in long trains,  
Tha merry dance till night maintains;  
An 'tis a joyous zite ta zee  
Tha noble ones join in tha glee,  
At this tha childern's annual tea.

Long may tha zons a Pembroke's line,  
This leetle vestive treat conzine,  
Var tha young uns will tha boon enshrine;  
An in atter life ull off repeat

Bout tha joyous pleasures zweet,

Wen a chile at tha annual treat.