

## BEANS AN BEAKIN

I tell ee what it is me bwoys,  
    You mid praise beef, and mutton,  
An geam, an pawltry, an zich like  
    Ta I, teant woth a button.

Now var a veed jist let I have  
    An dwoant ee be mistaken  
Tha vinest veast in ael the wordle  
    Is one, a beeans an beakin.

When you'm at work apou the varm  
    A mawin, ar haymakin  
Ther's nuthen that ull stan by ee  
    Like a veed a beeans an beakin.

Till keep yer straingth up ael tha day  
    An down ya wunt be braken  
If brekvist time ya avs zom vried  
    We a raisher of vat beakin.

Las planten time, tha chaps ael laff'd,  
    An vun a I wur meakin;  
A caus, zix rinks a beeans I zet,  
    Var to av long me beakin.

Begar, I'd grow em ael tha year  
    In me lotment if I cood,  
Var in thease wordle, to yeat ther beant  
    Nuthen, not haaf za good.

I've got a girt vat pig in stye,  
    An twenty scour I'll meaken;

An proper veeds, we'll av bin bye,

A nice broad beens, an beakin.

Hache Zundy, when thame nice an vit,

We veeds, on beens and beakin,

A a nice girt apple crody too,

Main good me wife da meakin.

An she da offen laff at I,

An hold her zides a sheaken

Ta zee how nice I do enjoy

This veed a beens and beakin,

Dree gallins she da aelwys cook,

Begar, teant one to many

Zides teaties, and girt cabbidges,

Be drat if left, there's any.

Ther's my bwoy Tom, jist gone ten years,

An vore his age, main crafty,

Jist wunt er stow broad beens away

Long we a piece a rafty.

Zix o'm he'll stick apon his vork

An meak his mother haller

Ta zee un ael tha lot at wonce

Putt in his mouth an swaller.

I zaays, lar mother dwont ee vret,

Nar zich a row be meakin

Trust he, ta tackle em aelright,

Thay'll slippy down we beakin.

An tis zarprisin, pon me zong,

What thic bwoy, will get droo

Bezides the beakin, and tha beens,  
He ull ate a dumplin too.

Chip a tha woold block, praphs you'll zay,  
An atter's dad is taken  
Well never mind; he'll meak a man  
If a sticks ta beens an beakin.

I likes ta zee me childern av,  
A plenty a grub ta ate;  
An when tha beens thay be about,  
Dwoant want no butcher's mate.

Insteads a veedin childern well  
Ther's lots a voke I knows,  
Who starves ther bellies, var ther backs  
Jist var ta av vine clothes.

Bit dang if ever I dooes that,  
Pinch me zelf, nar neet me bwoy,  
An if we caant avoord broad cloth,  
We ull goo in carderoy.

Tis a downright zin I'm sure it be  
Ta pinch yer childerns belly  
Jist var ta imitate rich voke  
I wunt do it, I tell ee.

Wonce, when I wur in Lunnen town,  
Along we me cuzzin Joe,  
Thay wur gwain to av a beean veast,  
An axed I var ta go.

Dang it thinks I, now what a veed,  
I'm a gwain to av bim bye,

I'll bet a crown that narn o'm there

Ull tackle tha beean like I.

Zoo when tha day wur come we drove,

Bout ten mile, vrim Lunnen town;

An at a girt vine Public House

Ta dinner we ael zat down.

Mwoast every jint that you cood neam,

Wur putt on top a teable;

Ther wur no stint, av what ja mi'nt

An much as you wur yeable.

Bit dang me buttons how I steer'd,

At thic ar splendid veed,

When nar a bit a beakin vat,

Nar beean, wur to be zeed.

I zaays ta Joe, this whacks I quite

Zaays he, whatever diss mean?

Why yers a beean veast, cassen zee,

Wie out a single beean.

We that a busted out an grin'd

An zet tha tothers laffin,

An zoo begar, ael droo the day

I had ta beare ther chaffin.

Bit, I cood'n zee tha drift at ael,

A there grinnin an ther jokin,

I thinks that I mwore razon had,

Me vun at thay be pokin.

Ta call a veast, a beean veast,

An nar a beean in zight,

I'm dang if jist dwoant puzzle I

Da raaly whack I quite.

What I shid caal a beean veast,

If one I wur a meaken

Hood be a gallin every man,

We pound a nice vat beakin.

Zides teaties, an nice cabbidges,

An dumplins, one at least

Wie quart a yale, ar zider strong,

Var to waish down the veast.

If I wur Queen a Englind,

An laas I had tha meakin,

I'd zee that every wirken man

Had plenty a beean an beakin.

Varmers shid graw em out in vield

An vat pigs vur nice beakin

An then thay hooden grumble so

Nar bout bad times be quaken.

Zo you mid laff an chaff away

An vun at I be meakin

I tell ee straight, ther's nuthen like

A veed a beean an beakin.

Voke zaays I'll zoon get tired on't

Mid my yead never be yeakin

Till I da gie up, getting outzide

A platter a beean an beakin.