

THA SQUIRE'S CHRISMIS GREETIN

Bring in, bring in, the yule logs, bwoys,
 Ta pile apon tha vire;
Vor now I'll keep tha festive time
 As did of woold, me zire;
Bring in, bring in, tha holly bright,
 Likewise tha mizzletoe,
An gaily trim tha woold house up
 Tha baste way that ya know.

Come stir yerzelves me zarvants ael,
 Prepare var thease glad time;
An let yer hearts be merry now,
 Like as tha bells da chime;
Var Crismis coms bit wonce a year,
 Zo I'll gie ta vren or voe,
Me fiather did wen I wur young,
 Zom vorty years ago.

An mine prepare tha joyous veast
 Of tha primest in tha land;
Mwoast bountiful tha bouard zupply,
 Ya know tis my command;
An zee tha poor thay beant vargot,
 Gie vrim my plenteous store;
Var tis a custom I'll keep up
 As me fiathers did a yore.

Away down to tha village quick,
 My zon an daater hie;
An tell me tenantry I shall
 Expect em up bim bye;
An then vind out tha village Waits,

An bid em com ta zup,
Var I inten right merrily
Ta keep woold Crismis up.

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Now ael is done, tha faste's begun,
An come is every guest;
Tha woold house is deck'd up za gay,
Wie holly brightly drest;
Tha bouard is spread we mighty jints,
An girt big poodens vine;
Wie everything tha heart can wish,
Brown yale an sparklin wine.

Aten an drinken, laffen an jokein,
Tha time za glides away;
Tha woold vokes nod, tha youngens shout,
Tha wine it meaks em gay;
An vrim tha beam da hang tha bough,
A mizzletoe za green;
An many a smack is yeard beneath,
An many a laff between.

At night tha merry dance begins,
Tha Squire lades tha way;
An woold an young well voot it out
Till marnen brings tha day;
Tha Waits aroun tha teable zings
Their ditties loud an long;
An tha jolly Squire warbles out,
Vull many a ancient zong.

An thus, een thus, is Crismis spent,
In tha Squire's ancient hall;

No vain distinction's ever zeed,
At thic merry vestival;
Var zoo it wur in his fiather's time,
Thay happy days a yore;
An thus tis every year tha zeam,
An may't be evermore.