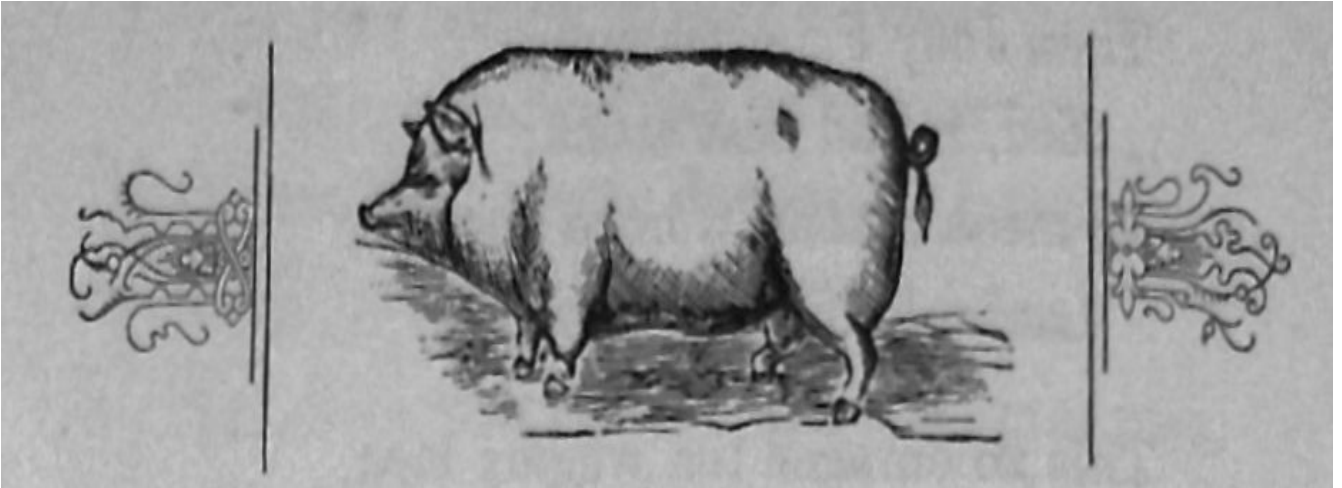


THA GIRT VAT PIG



Ower fiather's gwain ta kill tha pig,
 When he comes wom ta-night;
An lore tha thoughts on it da vill
 I up we mad delight.

Tho we shill miss poor Toby much,
 A grunten in his stye;
Bit mother zays tha beakin's gone,
 An we caant avord ta buy.

Zides Toby now is vat, an vit,
 He's purty nigh ten scoure;
Two baigs a barleymeal he've had,
 A mussen av no mwore.

Zoo ta Toby we mist zay varewell,
 Of grub he've had his whack;
Na mwore we'll car un extry bits
 Na mwore we'll scratch his back.

Ah 'tis a appy time a twoam
 Wen we da kill a pig,

Var zich nice veasten I da av,
Wich meaks I grow za big.

Var I avs ael his pettitoes,
An girt black puddens vine,
Mother da meak, an vagots too,
An chiddlins much's I mine.

Mwoast every day var two ar dree weeks
Wie avs zich nice pig's vry;
Wich meaks I run about an zing-
“What a happy bwoy be I.”

On Zundys, too, mother da roast
A nice girt big a griskin,
Wich som da like mworn butcher's mate,
Begar, an zo da I min.

An then we puts his vine vat zides
Into a girt big zilt;
An well wie zalt we rubs em droo,
Till inta brine da milt.

An there we lets em bide a bit,
Till thay be well zoak'd droo;
Then out we teaks em, an da hang
Em up tha chimley vlue.

Up thayre thay bides a smoken nice
Till thame as browns a berry;
An lore ta zee em hangin there
Meaks fiather zart a merry.

An wen thame dry a piece we cuts
Var bwilen, ar var raishers;

An fiather cuts out bouth tha hams,
A pair a regler slaishers.

An ther ache zide tha vire-pleace,
That bouth da hang za brown,
Zo's ta be ready var to cook,
Wen Jack an Poll comes down.

Var tho thay livs in Lunnen town,
An can av butcher's mate;
Heet thay bouth vows as fiather's ham
Ta thay's a bigger trate.

Zoo every Club ar Crismis time
A ham gooes inta pot;
Var ower vamly reckens ten,
A main girt ungry lot.

I warm thic bwone is polished off
Avore thay gooes away;
Which fiather's aelwys plazed ta zee,
Da meak his woold heart gay.

An mother she is aelwys plazed
Ta zee ower appetite;
“Tis purty zartin zure” she zaays,
“Yer bellies be ael rite.”

Sparkle wie jay me eyes thay do,
Ta zee a ham on teable;
Var aelwys I da av ta ate
As much as I be yeable.

Var mother she da zarve it out,
Cos she can carve za quick;

An well she knaas I likes it long,
An nar bit nice how thick.

Let gennelvoke cry up their geam,
Their vensin, veal, ar lam;
Bit var a nunch jist let I av
A nice girt chunk a ham.

An this I zaays ta worken voke,
If a meal ya wants a good un,
Cook a ham, an lots a gierden stuff,
An a nice girt figgy pudden.

An if that ar dwoant vill ee up,
An try a bit yer buttons,
I'm zartin zure that nuthen wunt,
Ar else ya be girt gluttons.

Ta leabouren voke tis a girt thing
Ta av a pig in stye;
Var he'll turn many a shillin in,
Wen he is vat, bim bye.

An many a teasty bit he'll av,
Ta putt apon his plate;
Var well we knaa he caant avourd
Ta buy no butcher's mate.

I wish that every leabouren man
Had a gierden nice an big,
An a leetle stye, kept nice an clane,
An many a girt vat pig.