

THE PRENTICE'S ADVENTER

Not long ago, in a leetle town,
Ther liv'd a youth neam'd Harry Brown;
A smart young chap as ere wur zeen,
Tho in zom things wur raather green;
In spite a this, I mist maintain,
A wur possesed a skill an brain;
Music an draain he lik'd well,
In thease he mmost bwoys did excell;
Tha viddle, too, a nice cood play,
An screaped apon un haaf tha day;
Ar we a brush ar pencil he
Cood draa things very purtyly;
Var thease he ad a teast, tis plain,
Bit a notion vill'd his brain-
Zom day a girt man he hood be,
An zoar above his pidigree.

Bit zoon, alas, tha day com'd round,
An Harry to a trade wur bound;
To a carpender var zeven years,
Tha thought it vill'd his eyes we tears;
An offen in a woevul mood,
On his misvortunes he hood brood,
Var ta be a chopper an sheaver a wood,
Our hero vowed a nevir hood;
Why shudden I av a hockypation
Accordin to my inclination,
Var a girt hartist I be made,
An nevir will I larn thease trade.

He mead a vow he'd rin vrim home,
An droo tha counetry he hood roam;

As zoon as ere tha chaance comes roun,
Missin thay'll vind young Harry Brown.
Now Harry's sire a rum woold blade,
As ever wirk'd at any trade,
Zich chastisemints apou his zon,
Did lavish we a bitter tongue;
In hot wirds ud try his son persuade
Ta think a nuthun bit his trade;
He swore he'd smaish his violin,
If he kept up thic horrid din;
An if a took his brush ta paint,
Tha woold man he wur like ta vaint;
An in high wrath, a did declare-
A shudden paint ar viddle there.
Nuthun wur rite that Harry did,
An oft tha house a wur vorbid;
An zoo this ere terryable strife,
Did meak un wary of his life.

Tha mother she a kine woold zoul
Did try her wretched zon conzole;
Var offen wen tha fiather wild
Hood strike her dear, bit wayward chile,
Var marcy loud she hood implore,
An promises meak be tha scoure-
That Harry shudden fend again,
Bit vrim his bwoyish vaats abstain.

Jist haighteen years ther course had sped
Apon ower hero's youthful head,
An matters wur about tha zeam,
Young Harry's mind glowin var feam;
Aelways disheartened wie his trade,
He bit leetle progress ever made,
Var ta loftier things a did aspire,

An on it his mind hood never tire.

At shop one day, rapt up in gloom,
Wie thoughtvul mind a paced tha room,
His measter he ael gone away,
An left his prentice var tha day,
Aloune ta do zim ardish wirk,
That idle bout a shudden lurk;
Bit skiercely he his back did turn,
Wen Harry's quick eye did discern
A picture which he'd long begun,
“Ah now,” zays he, ”I'll get it done,
An here I'll nail it ta tha wall,
Jist ta be zeed by one an all;
Zoo I'll vinish it wieout delay,
Var thease very nite I'll cut away,
A appertunity I av, tis plain,
Wich I med never get again;”
A zet about tha plazin job,
Aelthough his heart did beat a drob,
Thinkin tha measter med return,
An his purty wirk discern;
But nuthin diden intervere,
Var ael thick day tha cwest wur cleer,
An zoo a vinish'd un at last,
An bove his binch a nail'd un vast.

It wur a draain of hisself,
In tha hact a lavin as be stealth,
An underneath ad rited down,
“This is yer prentice, Harry Brown;
Good bye, gaffer, an shop meats too,
Wen you zees this I'm vur vrim you,
My runnin off you'll never rue,
Ya needun therevore meak adoo;

Varewell, var I be zick an wary
A vollieun a trade za drary.”

Zoo wen twur dark a left tha pleace,
Wie ael his tools pack'd in a keace,
An to his fiathers cot a stole
An hided em in tha coal hole;
Nice ael wis plan'd an ael zeem'd rite,
An his young heart a did beat light,
An chuckled much “beant it a lark
Ta keep em ael zoo in tha dark;
Thay leetle thinks wat I'm about,
Bit ta marrer they'll vind it out.”

Now one thing mwore he'd got ta do,
It wur ta bid his gal adieu;
Zoo sacritly a left tha house
An craped along jist like a mouse,
An ther bezide her cottage gate
Did stan his ever vaithvul Kate;
Wie open yarms she did resave
Her Harry, who hood ne'er desave,
An zich zweet teals a love wur twould,
An vows wur mead, zich vows za bwould-
That zoon thay hood zure meet again,
Tho pearten now she mist zustain;
“Therevore me Kate, keep true ta I,
Var my wife you shill be bim bye.”
Wie a kiss a tore hisself away,
“Good bye, good bye,” a yeard her zay;
His heart zeem'd zad, though bright his hope,
As droo tha dark lean he did grope;
Then zoftly crapen down tha street,
No light a zeed, no zound a veet,
Till out tha church clock did het one

An ower hero mead a steart ta run;
An zoon a rached his fiather's door
An stole in as he'd oft bevore.
Tha woold voke ad long gone ta bade,
And wur as quiet as tha dade;
Ther drames no doubt ad well begun,
Zoo diden hear ther wayward son.

“No bade,” zays he, “var I ta nite,”
As a took a match to strike a lite;
Bit jist a crust a braden cheese,
Tha last dear fiather if ya pleaze;
An wen a that a ad partook,
Aroun tha house a gied a look,
Ta zee wat things a ther cud vind,
Var nuthun a hood leave behind;
“Ther's my girt cwoat,” he is up stair,
Tha thought it vill'd un we dispair;
If I goes up, a naise I'll make,
An praphs the woold man will awake;
Bit I mist try, till never doo,
Ta lave un here, he's nearly new;
Tha stair dooer then a opened wide,
An up tha steps zoftly did glide;
He reach'd un, wisper'd, I've a got un,
Bit miss'd his step, vill to tha bottom.

Tha woold man woke, rush'd to tha stair,
An baalin out a cried “who's there?
Tis robbers, wife, rache down me gun,
I'll vire if thay attempt ta run;”
Bit she wur vrited near ta death,
An cudden var sometime vetch breath;
At las zays she “caal Harry out,
An goo an zee wat thaym about;”

“Harry ! Wake up” tha woold man bawls,
Bit nar anser to his loud caals;
He zarch'd his room, grop'd aroun tha wall,
A villan he's tha caas of ael.
He struck a light, then went below,
Wie reage his veace an eyes did glow;
An swore he'd let tha rascal know,
If he did get un once in tow.

To conciousness, Harry restored,
“Oh dear,” zays he, “how I be bored;”
Then lookun up in wild dispair,
A zeed his fiather on tha stair;
To tha back door he mead a rush,
Down gierden, then behine a bush;
Tha woold man vollied wie his light,
Graspen a stick wie ael his might;
Poor Harry zeed his fiather wild,
An knaw'd we reage he neer did bwile;
Zoo a bolted vrim his hiden pleace,
An down tha gierden path did race;
A river deep rush'd on below,
An droo he in his clothes mist go;
A stood agean tha steppin stoune,
Then baal'd out in a woevul tone;
An in a nick in he did dash
Thic ar girt stoune, ah! twur a craish !
An vore tha fiather well cud zee,
He'd darted to another tree.
The woold man yeard tha dismal splaish,
An thought twur Harry mead tha craish;
A then zet up a piteous zound-
“O dear! O dear! a will be drown'd;
Wife! Wife! get up,” zoon did rezound,
“Var our poor bwoy a will be drown'd;

I zeed un jump vrim off tha stoune,
An in tha waater yeard un groan;
O dear! O dear! wat shill I do?
Thease nite var ever I shill rue;
Misrible wretched man be I,”
While his poor wife did zob an cry.
Tha naise zoon weaked tha naybours all,
Who vrim ther winders loud did baal-
“Why wats the matter, Naybour Brown?
Begar you'll wake up ael tha town;”
“O do ee look shearp an come down,
Var my poor Harry mist be drown'd;”
An zoon tha street wur ael alive
We naybours who did quick arrive;
“Wat shill ess do?” zed one ta tother,
Var ael lik'd Harry as a brother;
“Unhook tha boat,” zays one or two,
“An let ess zee wat we can do;
He med be got out, perhaps, alive,
If purty quick we ael da strive;”
Off ta tha boat-house zom om vlew,
Zoon he wur man'd be a brave crew;
“Bit stop!” zays one, “lar, wat a plague,
We'm come off thout a zingle draig;”
Zoon one wur vound shov'd on tha boat,
An down tha strame thay gun ta vloat;
Thay row'd, an pull'd, an drag'd away,
Ael droo thic nite, till break a day;
Thay every nook an tree zought round,
Bit heet nar body cood be vound;
Thay went rite to tha vourteen hatches,
Covered we sweat, an mud, an scratches;
Undaanted, up tha strame agean
Thay row'd, an drag'd, but twur in vain;
An wen about ta gie it oer,

A chap thay zeed standid on shore;
An mainly thay hung thur yeads down,
Ta zee stan there young Harry Brown!
“Well I be blow'd,” zed ael tha dree,
If this yer beant a purty spree;
Ta zee tha trouble we av took
In draigen var thee in thease brook.
Bit Harry he begun ta laff,
An riled em mainly be his chaff;
“I tell ee wur I've bin,” he zed,
“An ad a stunnen cosy bed;
Wen you wur getting out tha boat,
I droo tha shrubs an trees did grope,
An craped as quiet as a mouse,
Up gierden an droo fiather's house,
Then mead me way ta Bulbridge varm
An slept up in a hay rick warm,
An yer I be, zee, zafe an zound,
Not as you thought, ta vind I drown'd.”

Now zom om grin'd, an zom did swear,
An zed it wur a rum affair,
Ta draig a river ael tha night,
In vain ta wear out straingth an might;
“Look, eers a trim, zee eers a plight,
If ad bin drown'd, tid zor'd un right;
Var every biddy now ull laff,
An we shill av ta beer ther chaff;
Smeart pay var ael tha pains we've took,
In draggen var thee in thease brook.”
Ower hero voun twur getting hot,
Zoo off he purty quick did trot,
Var they ael vow'd wie one konzent
They'd gie un a ducken vore a went.

Bit zoon woold Brown a did appear,
An gied em braden cheese an beer,
Wich zeemed ta slake a bit ther wroth,
An one by one they all slunk off;
Bit wen ye visit thease yer town,
Ya mussen menshun Harry Brown,
Ar thease boatmen's anger soon'll rise,
Zoo doont ee vex em, tidden wise.
Var they'll varget thic night, I'm bound,
Thay drag'd var one they thought wur drown'd.

Now to prentice bwoys jist let me zay,
Dwoont never plan ta rin away;
Bit vaithvully zarve out yer time,
If you hood clim, then you can clime;
You'll av vree course then to perzue,
Wat ere yer mines mid lade ee too;
Beer up yer trials wieout dismay,
Bit nevir plan ta rin away.