

## THA GIRT BIG WHEEL

or, Zam an Zue's Visit to tha Girt Wheel

Hast bin ta Lunnen leatly, Bill?

If not: begar do goo;

Tha vinest zite in ael tha wordle,

Up there, thay've got on view.

Out at a place caal'd Earls Cwort,

Jist handy to tha stayshun,

Thay av vix'd up a girt high Wheel,

Tha biggest in crayashun.

Za much taak ther wur ael about,

Thease wunnervul Girt Wheel;

Ta goo an zee un swingin there,

Main hager I did veel.

Zoo Whitzuntide, my Zue an I

Jist went up var tha day,

An to thic Exhibition gran,

At wonce we took ower way.

“Lar, massy on ess!” she did bawl,

When thic Wheel come in zite;

“However did em get un up

Zich a terryable hite?”

An when we draa'd up cloaser like,

Main dizzy mead ess veel;

We open mouths, a gapin at

Thic ar girt mity Wheel.

Var zich a Wheel wur never zeed

In Lunnen's girt big town'd;  
Var twenty miles voke can zee  
He's shiny rim goo round.

Dree under'd veet tha hite ow'n be,  
Zix veet tha exle droo;  
We vorty girt vine carridges  
Hung on, to get into.

Nine under'd ton tha weight ow'n be,  
Ael mead a iren an steel;  
An vix'd za strong, tha roughest wind  
Caant meak'n sheak nar reel.

Two haight hoss pow'r steam engines,  
Draves chains to meak'n swing;  
An roun a gooes quite aisy like,  
An steady as anything.

We crowds a voke zit in tha cars,  
A hollien an a zingin,  
Lor, tis a zite ta look at em  
In mid hayer a swingin.

“Shills av a ride?” zays Zue ta I  
“O eece me dear, I'm willin;”  
Zoo out I draas me puss an paid,  
Var ache on ess a shillin.

We vollies on behine tha crowd  
How they did drunge an squeeze  
Ta get into tha swingin cars  
Twur like a swarm a bees.

Bim bye a empty one com roun,

An into un we shot,  
An on a nice vine aisy sate  
My Zue an I zoon quot.

Then very zoon a bell did ring,  
An roun did goo tha wheel;  
Lore, how tha men an bwoys did shout,  
Tha women shriek an squeal.

Var proper vunny mead ess ael,  
As we zat in thic car,  
Ta vind owerzelves a lavin earth,  
An mountin up za var.

A larkish chap, zit nex ta we,  
Zed, when we rach'd tha top,  
P'raphs up there, ael tha atternoon,  
We med av var ta stop.

An when a zed, a week agoo,  
Tha Wheel a did get stuck,  
Zue trimbled mwoast, vrim yead ta voot,  
We terror she wur struck.

Begar, I thought she'd vainted off  
She wur za vull a vright,  
An vore we'd ardly got haaf way  
Her veace wur dadely white.

T'wur lucky that I had a got  
A leetle drap a brandy,  
Ye nevir knaws, whats gwain ta hap,  
Da aelways come in handy.

Zoo I draas out tha leetle vlask,

An put un to her lips;  
An lore how zoon it brought her to  
Atter two harty zips.

I puts me yearm aroun her weast,  
Ta hold her nice an tight;  
Zoo's when we rach'd tha top she shud'n  
Goo off in sterricks quite.

Tha voke as wur inzide tha car,  
Steer'd mainly at we two,  
It zart a tickel'd em ta zee,  
How cloas I stuck ta Zue.

Howzemever, when we rach'd tha top,  
She zeem'd ael rite agean;  
An vrim tha winders did look down  
Apon thic splendid zene.

An what a zite it wur begar,  
Ower wondern eyes did greet;  
Ta zee tha mity Zity vast,  
A layen at ower veet.

Parleymint House at Wacemister,  
Look'd bit a leetle spec;  
Tha Tems, like to a zilver dread,  
In tha bright zun's reflec.

Ya jist cood zee Zaint Paul's girt dome,  
Mang tha smoke a loomin;  
An Big Ben's voice wur like a zoun,  
Vrim tha dade a boomin.

Tha Monnymints cood skiercely zee,

Jist here an there a taal un;  
An trains along their iren track,  
Look'd jist like snakes a crawlen.

An girt wide streets za narrer look'd,  
Parks, like a patch a green;  
Girt buildins too, ael zeem'd za small,  
Lots on'em skierce wur zeen.

As var tha voke, thay look'd like mites,  
A hurryen to an vro;  
Busses an cabs, thay craawl'd about,  
Like vrogs an twoads below.

Var vorty mile you cood zee,  
Tha sky a wur za clear;  
On zich a zene, as that agean,  
Ower eyes ull nevir steer.

We meazemint Zue an I wur struck,  
At tha vine view aroun;  
But wurden zorry when we felt  
Owerzelves a comen down.

An martil glad bouath on ess wur,  
Ta zeafly touch tha groun;  
Aelthough we hooden a miss'd tha chaance,  
A gwain up, var a poun.

Tho't vust we trimbed at tha thought,  
An quare begun ta veel;  
Droo life we shant varget ower trip,  
Up in tha Girt Big Wheel.