Speykin' t' Dog

PLAY MEDIA

Thy art a mardy dog tha knoas, tha likes a bit o' fuss,
Tha likes nowt better, bi th' mass, than when th' two of us
Are ceawered' deawn bi t' feyre, an' tha'rt curled up reawnd my feet,
Wi booath sit theer together, an' knoa we're reet fert' neet.

Tha'rt allus fain t' si mi, when a'hve bin a time away,
Tha'd think ah'd bin a fortneet, i'stead o' just one day,
Wi' thi lickin', an thi barkin, ah'm plaized thi joy t' see,
Thy allus 'as a welcome, 'at tha specially keeps fer me.

Tha's allus bin a good un', tha's never axed fer owt,
Ah've known when tha's bin welly clemmed, beawt moiderin' or nowt,
Wi never used thi collar, it's hung up theer on t' nail,
Aw nobbut need t' whistle, an' tha'rt wi' mi wi'eawt fail.

Tha's bin a pal t' me owd lass, tha's never let mi deawn,
An' though ah've much or nowt in t'bank ah'm richest mon i' t' teawn.
There's no other chap ah know on 'as such a gradely lass,
At'll allus stond beehend 'im, whatever cooms t' pass.

But ah feel mi 'eart grow 'eavy, ah dread t' think ut day,
An' lookin' at thi e'en owd lass, it corn't bi furr away,
When we'll tak t'last walk together, then ah'll walk whoam alone,
Tha'll noan bi theer t' greet mi, ah'll know ah'm on mi own.

But coom an' get thi supper lass, ah've getten thi a treyt,
Ah've fotched a booan fro' t'market, sithi it's full o' meyt,
We'll speyk n'mooar ut morbid stuff, but fer what we'n had thank God,
We'll traipse o'er mooars o' Sunday, fer th'art a reet grond dog!