

LOOK UNDER T' LEEOVES IF YO' WANT ONY NUTS.

TUNE—"HEAW TO GED RICH." PLAY

This world is a wood, an' it's plain to be sin,
An' foak are o foresters, dwellin theerin,
An' whether they lecod or they han to be led
Depends upo heaw mony nuts they con ged :
Be good or be bad, or be gumshus, or green,
That's nowt to dot wi't iv yo'n t' yewse o' yo'r een—
They poo 'em o'er t' booard to find floats i' yo'r cuts,—
Look under t' leeoves iv yo want ony nuts.

There's mony a cleawn in a fine suit o' clooas,
An' teetotal advocate wi' a red nooas,
An' sanctified sinner, on Sunday at church,
Wod owes his uprightness to buckram an' starch :
There's mony a blackguard rigged eawt i' the best,
An' mony a gentlemon shabbily drest ;
Brooad clooath an' brocade may screen slovens an' sluts,—
Look un der t' leeoves iv yo want ony nuts.

Teck stock ov o t' bees in eawr labourin hives,
Whether single or wed, whether husbands or wives,
Heaw they toyle an' they tew, heaw they wark an' they slave,
It's a race for a crust, an' fro t' cradle t' grave !
An' yet fro their number there neaw and then springs
An Arkwright, or Stephenson—Labour's thowt-kings—
An' they've lifted t' front wheels o' this world eawt o't' ruts,—
Look under t' leeovs iv yo want ony nuts.

An appo's as yesy to pluck as a crab,
Yet lads, when yo wed, never ride in a cab,
But pick eawt a partner—a sweet-tempered lass,
As ull walk, an' ull wark, an' teck care o' yo'r brass :
There's nowt in a flantin an' dashin young dame,
For a hen as ull lay is booath modest an' tame :
It's a peacock, or turkey, wod stretches or struts,—
Look under t' leeoves iv yo want ony nuts.

Those ladies an' lords ut are caw'd "th' Upper Ten,"
Theer wonderful beins, hoaf gods an' hoaf men,
Are no wiser nor better, nor nobler than uz—
Theer blood is noan blue, mon, it's nobud a buzz !
We'll admit their superior endowments an' peawers,
When they torn eawt a Shakespere or Burns to lick eawrs ;
Iv there's diamonds i' t' palace there's hearts into th' huts,—
Look under t' leeoves iv yo want ony nuts.

The cuckoo lays eggs in another bird's nest ;
There's mony a gowd cheeon on a guilty mon's breast,
An' mony a foo iv the truth were bud known,
Feythers other foaoks' fauts an' he thinks they're his own ;
They fancy they're foce, do these family men,
An' their wives up to t' "nines," bud they're often misten,
For, her secret's dame Natur still eawt o' t' way puts,
Look under t' leeoves iv yo want ony nuts.

An oystershell is bud a reyther rough dish,
Bud we find id oft filled wi' a varra fine fish ;
A seck may be rotten an' t' barley be seawnd,
For gowd is still gowd, though it's dug eawt o't' greawnd :
The wost lookin fiddle's the best one to play—
There's mony a foormon lives up a back way,
An' wheeot is no wos wod contains a few smuts,—
Look under t' leeoves iv yo want ony nuts.

We know nowt o' th' egg tell we'n brocken through t' shell,
Wod's in a mon's noddle there's nobry can tell,
Nor whether his brainbox is empty or full
Bi fingerin t' bumps o'th' eawtside ov his skull ;
We korn'd sum a fish tell we'n pood it to t' side,
Nor a knife, nor a wife, tell their temper's bin tried ;
We teck friends to be foes, tell their coffin lid shuts,—
Look under t' leeoves iv yo want ony nuts.