

# PLAY MEDIA

## TH' CHILDER'S HOLIDAY.

Eh dear, I'm welly off my chump!  
I scrub, an' wesh, an' darn;  
Eawr childer han a holiday,  
An th' heawse is like a barn.

Yo talk abeawt a home sweet home!  
My peace is flown away;  
I have to live i' Bedlam for  
A fortnit an' a day.

They're in an' eawt fro morn to neet,  
I met weel look so seawer;  
They're wantin pennies every day,  
An' butties every heawer.

They'n worn my Sunday carpet eawt  
Wi' runnin' up an' deawn;  
Eawr Polly broke a jug to-day,  
An' Jimmy broke his creawn.

They'n nobbut bin a-whoam a week,  
But, bless me, heaw they grow;  
An' talk o' childish innocence,  
The devil's in 'em o.

They'n smashed a brand new dolly tub,  
An' o' my clooas pegs;  
They'n rattled th' paint off th' parlour door,  
An' th' skin off th' table legs.

They started pooin th' picters deawn,  
One neet when I were eawt,  
Eawr Tum geet th' "Rock of Ages," an'  
He gave eawr Joe a clout.

Eawr Bill, who has a biggish meawth  
He's allus in disgrace—  
Set off cowfin t' other day,  
An' went reet black i' th' face.

He'd swallowed th' babby's dummy-tit  
Wi' rawngin wi eawr Bet;  
We'n gan him tons of physic, but  
We hanno fun it yet.

Eawr Jack's a plester on his nose,  
An' th' beggar looks a treat;  
He'd pood his tongue eawt to a lad  
Who lives i' Stoney-street.

Eawr Bobby's bin i' bed o day,  
Poor lad, he does look hurt.  
He went o bathin' yesterday,  
An' some'dy stole his shirt.

They're o so full o dirt an grime,  
I'st never get 'em clen;  
I'st ha' to scrape 'em when it's time  
To go t' schoo again.

Eawr Tommy says he winno goo,  
That lad's a wary wight.  
He's had his thumb i' th' mangle, an'  
He swears he conno write.

I sat me deawn o Wednesday neet,  
An' th' parson's wife were theer.  
I hope hoo didno yer me swear—  
They'd put a pin i' th' cheear,

I'd lock 'em up i' th' schoo for goo  
If I could ha' my will;  
I'd see they had another clause  
I' th' Education Bill.

I've clouted 'em an' slapped 'em till  
My honds an' arms are sore;  
I'st fancy I'm i' Paradise  
When th' holidays are o'er.

They're like a lot o lunatics,  
They'n getten eawt of hond;  
But yet, I wouldno part wi 'em  
For o there is i' th' lond.