

Für Eliza (Doolittle)

*The rain in Spain
Is giving me a pain;
Why must they preach about our speech
And rant and rave in vain?
The broader be the dialect,
The greater is the charm –
Confound it, it's our heritage,
And tell me, where's the harm?*

*So drop yer aitches, everyone,
And 'ave a 'unk of 'am –
It's never wise to haspirate
Unless yer on the lam;
The cops'll think yer civilised
If yer kin speak genteel – –
Till then, just yer be natcheral
An' speak the way yer feel!*

*Go wash yer 'ands of la-di-dah,
Go wash 'em in a bison,
(An' that, as every nipper knows,
Is wot yer wash yer fice in);
Go serenide the shoinin' staws
An' sing yer luv a chune,
An' listen to them 'Igginses
Go 'owlin' at the moon!*

*The rine in Spine
Is very nice an' fine,
But yer jus' keep yer dialect,
An' I'll 'ang on ter mine;
An' if we must communicate
In dire necessity,
We'll nip around them 'Igginses
And use telepathy.*

R.G. Nunes