

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Wor Nannys a Mazer

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Wor Nanny an' me myed up wor minds te gan an' catch the train,  
'Te gan te the toon te buy some claes for wor little Billy and Jane:  
But when we got to Rowland's Gill the mornin' train wes gyen,  
An thor wasn't another one gan' that way till siventeen minutes te one  
So aa ses te wor Nan its a lang way te gan an  
Aa saa biv hor feyce she wes vext;  
But aa ses nivvor mind we heh plenty o'time, we'll  
stop an' we'll gan on wi' the next.  
She gove a bit smile an wen Aa spok up an ses, ther's a  
pubbilick hoose along heor,  
We'll gan along there and git worsels warm an' a glass  
o' the best bittor beer.  
But Nan wes se stoot Aa knew she'd not waak an she  
didn't seem willin' te try.  
Wen a tink o'the trubble Aa'd wiv hor that day,  
Aa's like te borst oot an' cry.

Chorus - And ay wor Nanny's a mazer an' a mazer she remains

An' as lang as Aa leeve Aa winnet forget the day we lost the tr  
ains.

So doon we went te the pubbilick hoose, an when we got te the door  
She sez "We'll gan inti the parlor end for Aa've niver  
been heor afore".  
So in we went an tueb wor seats, an' afore Aa rang the bell  
Aa axed hor what she was gannin' te hev, and she sez  
" The Syem as yorsel".  
So Aa caalled for two gills of the best bittor beer, she  
paid for them when they com in.  
An afore she'd swallied a haaf o' hors she said, "Aa  
wad rethur hev gin".  
So Aa caalled for a glass o' the best Hollands Gin, she  
swallied it doon the forst try:  
Aa sez to wor Nan thoo's as gud as a man, she sez  
"Bob man Aa feel varry dry".

Chorus

She sat an' drank till she got tight, she sez "Bob, man  
Aa feel varry queer".  
Aa sez, "Thoo's had nine glasses o' gin te me two gill's o' beer".

She loused her hat an' then her shawl an' hoisted them on the floor:

Aa thought her Nan was gone wrong in her mind so

Aa set herself near the door.

She said, "Give us order, Aa'll sing a bit song"-

Aa sat an' Aa glowered at her;

Aa thought she was joking for Aa never heard her Nanny sing one before.

She tried to stand up to sing the "Cat Song" but she fell

down an' made such a clatter,

She smashed four chairs, an' the Landlord came in an'

he said "What the deuce is the matter".

He said to me "Is this your wife, an' where does she belong?"

Aa said "It is, an' she's trying to fit with trying to sing a bit song"

He flung his arms around her waist, and trailed her over the floor,

An' poor old Nan (like a dirty house cat) was hoisted

out side of the door.

An' there she was lying, byeth groaning an' crying, to

claim her Aa really thought shy;

Aa tried to lift her, but Aa couldn't shift her an' Aa

wished Aa had Nanny at home.

The paper man said he would give her a lift, so we

hoisted her into the trap:

But Nan was that tight that she couldn't sit up, so we

fastened her down with a strap

She couldn't sit up and she wouldn't lie down, an' she

kicked till she broke the conveyance:

She lost a new basket, her hat an' her shawl, that

wummin, with lossing the train.

CB

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