Wor Nannys a Mazer

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 gave a bit smile an wen Aa spok up an ses, ther's a pubbilkick house 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 trains.

So doon we went te the pubbilkick house, 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 tuek 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 thoos 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 lowsed hor hat an' then hor shaal an' hoyed them on the floor:
Aa thowt wor Nan was gan' Wrang iv hor mind so
Aa set mesel near the door.
She sez, "Give us order, Aa'll sing a bit sang"-
Aa sat an Aa glowered at hor;
Aa thowt she wes jokin' for Aa nivvor hard wor Nanny sing ony before.
She tried te stand up te sing the "Cat Pie" but she fell
doon an' myed sic a clatter,
She smashed fower chairs, an' the Landlord com in an'
he sez "What the deuce is the matter".

He sez te me "Is this yor wife, an where de ye belong?"
Aa sez "It is, an' she's teun a fit wi tryin' te sing a bit sang"
He flung his arms arond hor waist, and trailed hor ower the floor,
An poor aad Nan (like a dorty hoose cat) was hoyed oot side o' the door.
An' there she wes lyin', byeth groanin' an cryin', te
claim hor Aa reely thowt shyem;
Aa tried ta lift hor, but Aa cudden't shift hor an' Aa
wished Aa had Nanny at hyem.
The papor man said he wad give hor a lift, se we
hoisted hor inti the trap:
But Nan was that tight that she cudden sit up, so we
fasten'd hor down wiv a strap
She cudden sit up and she waddent lie doon, an' she
kicked till she broke the convinence:
She lost a new basket, hor hat an hoe shaal, that
wummin, wi lossin' the trains.

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