

- 1 Come Geordie haad the bairn. Aa's shure Aa'll not stop lang, Aa'd tyek the jool mesel, but really Aa's not strang. Thor's flooer and coals te get, the hoose torns thor not deun, so... Haad the bairn for fairs, ye've often deun't for fun
- 2 So Geordie teuk the bairn, tho' sair agyen his will, The poor bit thing wes gud but Geordie had ne skill, He hadn't its muthor's ways, he sat byeth stiff an' num. Afore five minutes wes past, he wished its muthor wad cum.
- 3 His wife had scarcely gyen, the bairn began te squaal, Wi' hiken't up an' doon he'd let the poor thing faal, It waddent haad its tung, tho' some aad teun he'd hum, "Jack an'Jill went up the hill," an' Aa wish yor muthor wad cum.
- 4 What weary toil, ses he, this nursin' bairns mun be,
 A bit on't's weel eneuf, aye, quite eneuf for me,
 Te keep a cryin' bairn it may be grand te sum,
 A day's wark's not as bad, Aa wish yor muthor wad cum.
- Men seldom give a thowt to what thor wives endure,
 And thow the she'd now to the debut clean the hoose Aa's sure,
 Or myek me dinner an'tea. It's startin' to chow its thum:
 The poor thing wants its tit. Oh! And wish yor muthor want cum.
- What a selfish world this is, thor's nowt mair se than man:
 He laffs at wummin's toil an'winnet norse his aan,
 It's startin' te cry agyen, Aa see tuts thro' its gum.
 Ma bonny bit pet, divvent ye fret; but Aa wish yor muthor wad cum.
- 7 But kindness dis a vast, it's ne use gettin' vext,
 It winnet please the bairn or ease a mind porplext;
 At last its gyen te sleep, the wife'll not say Aa's num,
 She'll think Aa's a reel gud norse. Oh! Aa wish yor muthor wad cum.