

1 Oh! Divvent clash the door! Aa've telt ye that afore,

Can ye not let yor muthor hev a rest?
Ye knaa she's gettin' aad, an' for yeers she's been se bad
That she cannot bear sich noises i' the least.

CHORUS

Then Oh! lass divvent dash the door se;
Yor young an as thowtless as can be:
But yor muther's tornin' aad, an'ye knaa she's varry bad,
An' she dissent like te hear ye clash the door.

Just see yor muthor there, sittin'feeble i'the chair, It's quiet that she wants te myek hor weel.

She's been yor norse thro' life, been yor guide in peace an' strife, An' hor comfort ye shud study an' shud feel.

CHORUS

She once wes young an' strang But bad health'll put foaks wrang, An' she cannot beor the noise that once she cud.

She's as narvis as can be, an' whativor else ye de,

Ye shud study what ye think'll de hor gud.

CHORUS

4 **So divvent clash the door** or myek ony idle stor, For the stor'll only caase yor muthor pain:

As quiet as can be, de yor wark, an' let hor see That ye'll nivvor give hor caases te complain.

CHORUS