

ALEC - Wor Nanny's a Mazer

Intro/Break

Words: Tommy Armstrong - Tune: Traditional

/g /f# /e /d /g /f# /e /d

Verse

G D7 C D7 G D7 G G7

C G D7 G

G G G D7

D7 D7 D7 G

CHORUS

G D7 C D7 G D7 G G7

C G D7 G

1 **Wor Nanny an ma myed** up wor minds te gan an' catch the train,
 Te gan te the toon te buy some claes for wor little Billy an' Jane.
 But when we got te Rowlan's Gill the mornin' train wes gyen,
 An thor wasn't another one gannin that way till siventeen minutes te one.
 So Aa ses te wor Nan "It's a lang way te gan" an Aa saa biv hor fyece she wes vext.
 But Aa ses "Nivvor mind. We heh plenty o' time. We'll stop an' gan on wi' the next".
 She gev a bit smile when Aa spok up an' sez, "Thor's a pubbllick hoose alang heor.
 We'll gan alang there an get 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 willing te try.
 When Aa think o' the trouble Aa'd wlv hor that day, Aa'd like te borst oot an' cry.

CHORUS

*And aye, wor Nanny's a mazer an' a mazer she remains.
 As lang as Aa live Aa'll nivvor forget the day we lost the trains.*

2 **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 nivvor been heor afore."
 So in we went an teuk wor seats, an' afore Aa rang the bell,
 Aa asked hor what she wes gannin' te hev, and she sez, "The syem as thysel".
 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 te wor Nan "Thoo's as gud a man, she sez "Bob man, Aa feel varry dry".

CHORUS

3 **She sat an' she drank** till she got tight, she sez "Bob, man, Aa feel varry queer."
 Aa sez, "Thoo's had nine glasses o' gin te ma two gills o' beer"
 She lowsed hor hat an' then hor shaal an' hoyed them on the floor.
 Aa thowt wor Nan wes 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 hord wor Nanny sing ony afore.
 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."

CHORUS

4 **He sez te me "Is** this yor wife, an where de ye belang?"
 Aa sez "It is, an' she's teun a fit wi tryin' te sing a bit sang"
 He flung his arms around hor waist, an trailed hor ower the floor,
 An poor aad Nan (like a dorty hoose cat) was hoyed ootside o' the door.
 An0 there She wes lyin', byeth groanin' an cryin'. To claim hor Aa reely thowt shyem;
 Aa tried te lift hor, but Aa cudden't shift hor an' Aa wish'd Aa had Nanny at hyem.
 The papor man said he wad give hor a lift, so we hoisted hor inti the trap.
 But Nan wes that tight that she cudent sit up, so we fasten'd hor doon wiv a strap
 She cudent sit up an' she waddent lie doon, an' she kicked till she broke the convaince;
 She lost a new basket, hor hat an' hor shaal, that wummin, wi lossin' the trains.

CHORUS