

Eh, dear; There's bin some change in  
 Eawr heause this week or two;  
 Wheer once there used to be a din  
 It's like a Sunday Schoo';  
 We never feight for apple pie,  
 We very seldom frap;  
 An' what d'ye think's the reason why?  
 Eawr Sarah's gotten a chap.

Eawr fender shines just like a bell,  
 We'n had it silvered o'er;  
 An' th' cat appears to wesh itsel  
 Moor often than before;  
 Eawr little Nathan's wiped his nose,  
 Eawr Jimmy's brushed his cap;  
 An' o this fuss is just becose  
 Eawr Sarah's gotten a chap.

He's one o' those young "nutty" men,  
 They sen he's brass an' o,  
 My mother's apron's allus clen,  
 For fear he gives a co;

We'n polished up th' dur knocker, too;  
 We'r swanky yo' con tell;  
 But Sarah says it winno do,  
 We'st ha' to have a bell.

We bowt a carpet t' other neet,  
 To wear it seems a sin;  
 My feyther has to wipe his feet  
 Before he dar' come in;  
 He never seems a-whoam someheaw,  
 He says he's noan on th' map;  
 He allus wears a collar neaw  
 Eawr Sarah's gotten a chap.

We'n serviettes neaw when we dine;  
 A brand new bib for Ben;  
 Eawr Fanny's started talkin' fine,  
 Wi' lumps in neaw an' then,  
 Sin' Sarah geet her fancy beau  
 Hoo fairly cocks her chin;  
 Hoo has a bottom drawer an' o'  
 To keep her nick-nacks in.

Hoo's wantin' this, an' wantin' that,  
 Hoo thinks we're made o' brass;  
 Hoo goes to th' factory in her hat,  
 Hoo says ut it's moar class;  
 Hoo's bucked my feyther up shuzheaw,  
 He darno' wear a cap;  
 He gets his bacco chepper neaw  
 Eawr Sarah's gotten a chap.

He comes o' courtin' every neet,  
 He fills eawr cat wi' dread;  
 He's sky-blue gaiters on his feet,  
 An' hair-oil on his yed;  
 He likes to swank abeawt an' strut  
 An talk abeawt his "biz";  
 He's "summat in an office," but  
 I don't know what it is!

His socks are crimson lined wi' blue,  
 I weesh he'd do a guy;  
 I weesh he'd pop the question, too,  
 Or pop his yallow tie,  
 My feyther darno' raise a row,  
 An' th' childer darno' scrap;  
 We feel to live i' lodgin's neaw  
 Eawr Sarah's gotten a chap.

He's put eawr household in a whirl,  
 He's sich a howlin' swell;  
 I weesh he'd find another girl,  
 Or goo an' loose hissels;  
 Eawr parrot's gone an' cocked its toes,  
 Eawr roosters conno' flap;  
 We'er gooin daft an' o' becose  
 Eawr Sarah's gotten a chap.