

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.