

A bun in the oven. [PLAY MEDIA](#)

Am gooin to mi Auntie Annie's
I like her, she's big un fat,
She allus has er pinny on
Un her hair done in a plait.

Yer can allus smell her cookin
Is it apple er jam tart?
Er maybe rhubarb crumble
Eh! It nearly breaks mi heart.

At last she'll oppen th'oven dooer
It smells as it's from heaven,
Lovely scones un currant cake
Eh! Am glad am only seven.

She'll sit me deawn ert side ert grate
Un say, "Ast washed thi paws?
Well here thi are, now eat it up
That's wor ave cooked it for."

Eh! A love mi Auntie Annie
A know she's big un fat,
Un a know she's gor er foncy mon
With er big black trilby hat.

But he's like me, he likes his grub,
Un mi Auntie Annie too,
So don't worry Auntie Annie,
I'll not tell on you.

What's matter Auntie Annie?
Why's yer eye all bruised un black?,
Why's all yer Sunday clothes
Tied up i that big sack?.

Tell mi Auntie Annie
When your Sam come home from t'pit,
Did he see yer wi yer foncy mon
Then nearly have a fit?

But Auntie Annie only sighed
As she rolled her pastry flat,
"It's him a love who eats mi cake
Un wears a black trilby hat."

"Well I never said," I cried aloud
But Auntie only laughed,
"Don't fret thisel, it's over now
But thar uncle must be daft."

"He never liked mi currant cakes,
Mi tarts un apple crumble,
But him wi't trilby hat
Well, a never heard him grumble."

"So now am movin out o' town
Un thal nee'r see mi no mooer,
Am off wi him wi't trilby hat
That's hangin oon yon door."

"But Auntie Annie , I love thi too
Although thas big un fat,
Through eatin all them cakes
Wi him wi't trilby hat."

Well I nee'r saw Auntie Annie
Till I was nine er ten,
Er wer walkin deawn yon street
Un didn't haif look well.

So a said, "Hey Auntie Annie,
Dost remember me?"
"Eh lad," said Auntie Annie
"Ave got a lad like thee.

His only two, 'ere tek a look,"
Un in't yon pram wer sat,
A babby eatin' currant cake
Wi a small black trilby hat.

Sally James.