

Heigh! Hall o' Nabs, an' Sam, an' Sue, Why,
Jonathan, art tew there too? W're aw aloike,
there's nought to do, So bring us a quart before
us. Aw're at Tinker's gardens yesternoon, An'
whot aw seed, aw'll tell yo soon, In a bran new
song, boh it's to th' owd tune Yo'st ha't if yo'll
join meh chorus

Aw geet some brass, fro' uncle Nat, Eawr David
lent mea his best hat, Then off fur th' teawn aw
seet full swat, Mich faster nor Pickfort's
waggin. Aw paid meh brass, an' in aw goes, An'
eh ! what shady beawers i' rows, Wheer lots o'
ladies an' their beaus Wurn set to get their
baggin.

There's bonfeoirs fix't at th' top o' pows, To
leet yor poipes, an warm yor nose; Then a thing
to tell which way th' wind blows, An' the' fish
pond too did pleas mea; Boh th' reawnd-
heawse is the rummest shop, It's fix't on here
an' there a prop, Just loike a great umbrella
top; If it's not, Jimmy Johnson squeeze mea.

Aw seed a cage as big, aw'll swear, As a wild
beast show i' Sawfort fair, There's rabbits,
brids, and somethings there, Aw couldn'a
gawm, by th' mass, mon; Aw thowt o' pullink
one chap's wigs, For tellink me they're guinea
pigs, Says aw, 'Meh lad, aw' up to yor rigs,
They're noan worth hawve o'th' brass, mon."

Aw met wi' a wench aw'd often seen, When
aw wi' meh wark to th' teawn had bin, Hoo're
drest as foine as ony queen, So aw just stept
up behind hur; Says aw, 'Yung miss, dun yo
work for Kays? Aw've wove their crankys
scores o' days Hoo wouldn'a speak, boh walk'd
hur An' hoo're nowt but a bobbin woinder.

Boh th' band o' music caps owd Nick, Aw ne'er
seed th' loikes sin aw wur wick; Thern drest
like soldiers, thrunk and thick, As merry as hey-
makers. Up in a tree, foive yard fro' the'
Greawnd, On a greyt big table, rail'd aw
reawnd, While lads an' wenches jigg'd to the'
seawnd, 'Oh, merrily danced the Quakers.'

Then next aw seed a swing, by gad! Where th'
ladies flock'd loike hey-go-mad; They wanted a
roide far wor than th' lads, They really did, for
sure. Ther'n one wur drest so noice i' blue An'
loike an' angel up hoo flew, Hoo'd noice red
cheeks, an' garters, too, So aw thowt aw'd
buck up to hur.

Aw made hur link wi' mich ado, An' mounted
up a grey heigh brow Wheer folk run up, an
deawn it too, Just loike March hares, for sure.
So when eawr Kate coom we begun, An'
started off, twur glorious fun! Mich faster than
Cock Robin run, When he won at Karsy Moor.

Of aw the things that pleast us, John, Wur
Tinker's house wi' pot dolls on; There's Blucher
an' Lord Wellington. An' Blue Beard look'd so
glum, surs! There's cupids under trees and
shrubs, An' men wi' harps, an' some wi' clubs,
An' naked childer up o' tubs, Don'd eawt i' lots
o' plumbs, surs.

Reet hungry, aw seet mea deawn at last, An'
swallow'd cakes an' ale so fast, Aw wonder
meh waistcoat did no' brast, Aw'r full os meh
hoide could crom, surs When aw wur seen at
could be seen, They play'd, 'God save eawr
noble Queen', Aw strid to th' tune reawnd th'
bowling green, An' asay aw coom straight
whoam, surs.

It bangs booath play heawse, fair an' wakes,
For gam o' all maks, ale an' cakes, Aw'll bet a
quart, an' theaw'st howd th' stakes, It bangs
th' king's creawnation. Aw'd ha' yo't goo next
Monday noon, For if't rains poikels, late or
soon, Aw'll goo again, if aw goo bowt shoon,
For it's th' grandest place i' th' nation."

Heigh! Hall of Nabs and Sam and Sue,
Why Jonathan, are you there too?
We're all alike there's nothing to do,
So bring a quart to us.
I was at tinker's garden yesterday afternoon,
And what I saw, I'll tell you soon,
In a brand new song, but it's to the old tune,
Use that if you'll join my chorus

I get some brass from Uncle Nat;
Our David lent me his best hat,
Then off for the town I set, full speed,
Not much faster than Pickfort's wagon.
I paid my brass, and in I go and eh!
What shady trees in rows,
Where lots of ladies and their boyfriends,
Were set to get their lunch.

There's bonfires fixed at the top of poles,
To light your pipes and warm your nose;
Then a thing to tell which way the wind blows,
And the fish pond too, did please me;
But the round-house is the shop which is full of fun
and laughter,
It's fixed on here and there a prop,
Just like a great umbrella top;
If it's not, Jimmy Johnson, squeeze me.

I saw a cage as big, I'll swear,
As a wild beast show in Sawford fair,
There's rabbits, birds, and something's there, I
Couldn't have comprehended, by the mass, man;
I thought of pulling one chap's wigs
for telling me they're guinea pigs,
I said "my lad, high up to your rigs,
They're not worth halve the brass, man"

I met with a young girl I'd often seen,
When with my work, to town I'd been,
Who was dressed as fine as any queen,
So I just stepped behind her;
I said "Young miss, do you work for Kays?
I've known their fathers' many days',
Who wouldn't speak, but walked her,
And who are nothing but a bobbin winder.

But the band of music tops the devil,
I have never seen such a thing since I was quick;
They were dressed like soldiers, busy and thick,

as merry as hay-makers.
Up in a tree, five yards from the ground,
On a great big table, rolled I, round,
While lads and women jigged to the sound,
"Oh, merrily danced the quakers."

The next I saw a swing, by god!
Where the ladies flocked like they go mad;
They wanted a ride for more than the lads,
They really did for sure.
There was one dressed so nicely in blue
And like an angel up who flew,
Who had nice red cheeks and garters too,
So I thought I'd go back up to her.

I made her wink which I do a lot,
And mounted up a grey high brow,
Where folk run up and down it too,
Just like March hares, for sure.
So when our Kate came we began,
And started off, it was glorious fun!!
Much faster than Cock Robin ran,
When he won at Kersley Moor.

Of all the things that pleased us, John,
Was Tinker's house with pot dolls on;
There's Blucher and Lord Wellington.
And Blue Beard looked so glum, sirs!
There's Cupids under trees and shrubs,
And men with harps and some with clubs,
And naked children up on tubs,
Put out in lots of plum trees, sirs.

Right hungry, I sat down at last,
And swallowed cakes and ale so fast,
It's a wonder my waistcoat didn't burst.
I was as full as my skin could cram, sirs
When I saw what could be seen,
They played "God save our noble Queen",
I strode to the tune round the bowling green,
And I say I came straight home, sirs.

It bangs both play house, fair and wakes,
For food of all makes, ale and cakes,
I'll bet a quart on those that hold the stakes,
It bangs the king's coronation.

I'd have you to go next Monday noon,
For if it rains a lot, late or soon,
I'll go again, if I go out soon,
For it's the grandest place in the nation.