

My Dearie She Sits Ower Late up

[Dorrington lads?]



My dearie sits ower late up,
My hinney sits ower late up,
My laddy sits ower late up,
Betwixt the pint pot and the cup.

Hey! Johnnie, come hame to your bairn,
Hey! Johnnie, come hame to your bairn,
Hey! Johnnie, come hame to your bairn,
Wiv a rye loaf under your airm.

He addles three ha'pence a week,
Tha's nobbut a farding a day,
He sits wiv his pipe in his cheek,
And he fuddles his money away.

My laddy is never the near,
My hinney is never the near,
And when I cry out "lad cam hame,"
He calls out again for mair beer.