

# The Wensleydale Lad

TYG 8

Wey, what wi' me mo - ther and fa - ther at 'ome I nev - er 'ad an - y  
fun;\_\_\_ They kept me goo - in' from morn till night so I thought from them I'd  
roam.\_\_\_ Now Leeds Owd Fair it were com - in' on so I thought I'd take a  
spree,\_\_\_ So I put me Sun - day clothes on an' went whis - tl - in' mer - ri -  
ly. With me bump - sy bump - sy - ay,\_\_\_ bump - sy bump - sy an - nie,\_\_\_  
Bump - sy bump - sy - ay and me bump - sy, bump - sy an - nie.\_\_\_\_\_

1. Wey, what wi' me mother and father at 'ome I never 'ad any fun;  
They kept me gooin' from morn till night so I thought from them I'd roam.  
Now Leeds Owd Fair it were comin' on so I thought I'd take a spree,  
So I put me Sunday clothes on an' went whistlin' merrily.

CHORUS: With me bumpy, bumpy-ay, bumpy, bumpy annie,  
Bumpy, bumpy ay and me bumpy, bumpy annie.



2. Well, first thing I seen was a factory and I'd never seen one before;  
 There were shuttles o' weave, shuttles o' tape they sell bi many's the score,  
 And to every Ned there was a wheel and to every wheel a strap.  
 I said ti t' master man, "By gum, Owd Ned's a reight strong chap!"

CHORUS

3. Well, then I went to Leeds Owd Church, never been to one in me days;  
 Well I felt so ashamed o' missen 'cos I didn't know their ways.  
 There were thirty, forty people in tubs so down wi' them I sat,  
 When a saucy old bugger come up and said, "Oi, kid, take off thi 'at!"

CHORUS

4. Then in there come this great lord mayor an' ovver 'is shoulder a club,  
 Well 'e got into a white sack-poke an' 'e got in the topmost tub;  
 Then in there came this other owd chap, I think 'is name were Ned;  
 Well 'e got into the bottommost tub an' 'e mocked wor t' other chap's 'ead.

CHORUS

5. Now then there began this clatterin' row an' I couldn't make out what about,  
 Then the chap in the topmost tub he began a shoutin' out;  
 'E was tellin' us rich folks went to heaven while poor folks went to hell.  
 Well I thought to meself, "Yer silly old bugger, yer don't know t' road yerself."

CHORUS

6. Then they began to preach an' pray an' they preached for George ahr king,  
 Then the chap in the topmost tub 'e said, "Good folks, let's sing."  
 Well some o' them sang very well, the others did grunt an' groan;  
 Every bugger sang just what they would so I gave 'em Darby and Joan.

CHORUS

7. Then a chap came round wi' a box o' brass and 'e 'anded it all around;  
 Me not bein' a greedy sort I only took 'alf a crown.  
 Well a silly old bugger sat next to me I thought 'e were gonna dee.  
 I sez, "Shurrap, thi silly old fool, there's plenty left for thee!"

CHORUS

8. When-the-preachin' an' prayin' was over and the folks were gannin' away,  
 I went to the chap in the topmost tub, said, "Oi, kid, what's to pay?"  
 "Why, nowt," says 'e, "Me lad, tha must either be daft or fay!"  
 So I swung me clubstick over me shoulder, went whistlin' on me way.