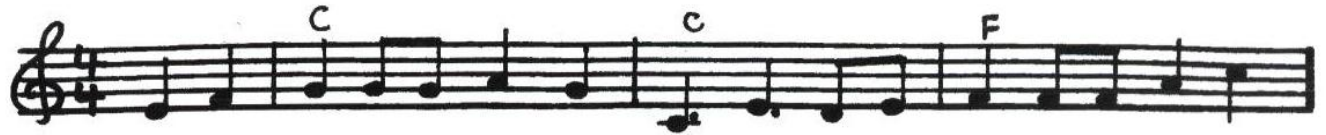




Words & Music by Bob Watson

Jaunty; not too fast



Now there once was a witch called Nan - nie, so I've heard all the stor-ies



tell, and she wore a sark of the Pai-sley harn, mark the yarn & you'll know it



well; Mark the yarn and you'll know it - well, how it ev - er should come to



be, that a mea - dow witch in - scarce a stitch came to sail up - on the



sea, oh Nan - nie Wit - chie, Witch - ie Nan - nie and a cut - ty sark wore



she, and it's wind-whipped on a clip-per ship that Nan-nie sailed the sea. -



NANNIE THE WITCH

Words and music by Bob Watson

1. Now there once was a witch called Nannie, so I've heard all the stories tell,
And she wore a sark of the Paisley harn, mark the yarn and you'll know it well;
Mark the yarn and you'll know it well, how it ever should come to be,
That a meadow witch in scarce a stitch came to sail upon the sea. . . . Oh

Chorus: Nannie Witchie, Witchie Nannie, and a cutty sark wore she,
And it's wind-whipped on a clipper ship that Nannie sailed the sea.

2. In the field there's a young man ploughing, when he turned and he chanced to spy,
There's Nannie in her cutty sark, with her wild and her wicked eye;
From her wild and her wicked eye, it's up on his horse to flee,
But her left his nag's tail feathers there, that Nannie grabbed, grabbed she . . . Did

Chorus

3. In the village the elders gathered and their talk is of only one:
That Nannie she's a wanton jade, and Nannie she must be gone;
Yes that Nannie she must be gone, for she's not an old crone in weeds,
She's a bonnie maid in a scanty rig, and she'll turn the young men's heids . . . Will

Chorus

4. On the Clyde there's a handsome clipper, newly built for the China trade,
And Nannie beneath the bowsprit stood, and a figureheid fair she made;
And a figureheid fair she made, still clutching the horse's tail,
And it's fare you well, you wanton gel, keep your eyes on where you sail! . . . Oh

Chorus

5. Many years Nannie sailed the ocean, never once did her wild eye sleep,
And the sailors all loved their Nannie dear, who'd guide them across the deep;
Who would guide them across the deep, through the gales and the flying spray,
Bringing China tea and sacks of grain from South Austral – I – ay . . . Did

Chorus

6. So the winds of the seven oceans, well they blew round Nannie's knees,
Till the steamer and the Suez drove many tall ships from the seas;
Many tall ships gone from the seas, still a few were left to ply,
Then Nannie sailed she for the Portugee, beneath her bowsprit high . . . Did

Chorus

7. By the Thames there's a dry dock builded, where the full tide's flowing down,
Where Nannie brought her clipper ship to berth in Greenwich Town;
Now there's Nannie in Greenwich Town, still holding her horse's hair,
In her cutty sark, with her eyes a - spark, she guards her tall ship there . . . Does

Chorus

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Phone: 0118 926 7489 E-Mail: watson.bob@tiscali.co.uk