

## Seven Old Ladies

### Chorus

Oh dear, what can the matter be,  
Seven old ladies were stuck in the lavatory,  
They were there from Sunday till Saturday,  
And nobody knew they were there.

They all had gone to visit the vicar,  
they went in together because it was quicker,  
But the lock on the door proved a bit of a sticker  
And nobody knew she was there.

The first was the wife of the Deacon of Dover,  
And though she was known as a bit of a rover,  
She liked it so much she thought she'd stay over,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The second old lady was Jennifer Pimm,  
She humbly sat down on a personal whim,  
She got her cheeks caught 'tween the bowl and the rim...  
And nobody knew she was there.

The third old lady , her name it was Mason,  
She couldn't get in, so she used the basin,  
But that was the water that I washed my face in.  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was Penelope Humphrey  
She sat herself down and made herself comfy  
When she tried to get up, she could not get her bum free,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady, her name it was Baker,  
She looked high and low to try and find paper,  
But all she could find was a bricklayer's scraper.  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was Emma McMurtle

She leapt through the window like a steeplechase hurdler  
But she caught her big toe in the stay of her girdle.  
And nobody knew she was there.

The seventh old lady, her name it was Brewster  
She rocked back and forth and crowed like a rooster,  
Till Neptune came up from the plumbing and goosed her.  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was Emily Bender  
She came in to fix her suspender  
It broke and ruined her feminine gender.  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was Margaret Porter,  
She was the bishop of Lancaster's daughter,  
She came in to pass some superfluous water  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was old Mrs. Keller  
The plumbing was faulty but no one would tell her,  
She pulled on the chain and fell down to the cellar,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The last old lady was Miss Betty Boomer  
She came in to see what was wrong with her bloomer  
When she found out, she wished she'd come sooner,  
And nobody knew she was there.