A Mon Like Thee

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There's an owd chap lives down our street, in a cosy cottage green house,
And on a Sunday morning when its fine,
I often goes an' sits wi' 'im to 'ave a smoke an' chat,
Because ee is a dear owd friend o' mine.
And when its gettin' dinner time, and dinner's ready then,
I think it must be time fer me to go.
But ee goes an 'angs mi 'at up, just behind the owd front door,
And then to my surprise I hear him say:

"Ee Ahm allus glad to see a mon like thee.
Tha's as welcome lad, as welcome as can be.
Fotch thi chair up to't table,
Stop as long as thou art able,
Fer Ahm allus glad to see a mon like thee."

One day when I were sat wi' 'im, there came a loud "rat-tat",
There came a loud rat-tat" on Jack's front door.
He hurries o'er to open it and there to 'is surprise,
An 'ungry tattered beggar stood outside.
He asked Jack fer a crust of bread, Jack looked 'im through and through,
an' then said "bless thi 'art lad, come inside"
An' ee went and 'ung 'is 'at up, just behind the owd front door,
An' to the tramp's surprise, ee 'eard Jack say:

"Ee Ahm allus glad to see a mon like thee.
Tha's as welcome lad, as welcome as can be.
Fotch thi chair up to't table,
Stop as long as thou art able,
Fer Ahm allus glad to see a mon like thee."

from the singing of John Howarth and Pete Smith
IP