

TH' HOOAM OF A LANCASHIRE MON. PLAY

I've tramped a good deal through mi own native land,
I've anchored mi booat on a far foreign strand,
Bin cast among riches, an' poverty, too,
Hed work, an' bin wantin' for some'at to do.
I've slept in a palace, an' lodged in a tent,
An' kept mi e'en oppen wheerever I went.
But of o sooarts o' hooams I could never find one
To compare wi' th' sweet hooam of a Lancashire mon.

I remember quite weel heaw I've oft laid mo deawn
I' mi quare-lookin' bed i' thad Indian teawn
Wheer I sowdjered a while; an' mi efforts to skeeam
A tidy neet's sleep use' to end in a dream
Of a little thacked cot in a little green fowd
Wheer I lived when I waur but a dozen year' owd;
An' I sighed, when I wakkened, to find id o gone—
Thad hooam wheer I grew up a Lancashire mon.

There's no place i' th' waurld hawf so snug or so sweet,
When a fella comes back fro' his work of a neet,
As t' breet spot where he meets wi' th' best joys of his life
His wee bonny childer an' hard-workin' wife.
An' if yo' be anxious to learn an' to see
Heaw blithe an' contented a toylar can be,
Yo'll find th' best example 'at ever yo' con
I' th' hooam of a steady young Lancashire mon.

There's a reet hearty welcome whenever yo' co,
For Lancashire feelin' hes full room to flow;
Id isn'd chooaked up wi' so mich empty pride,
An' hypocrisy ne'er comes to poison id' tide;
But clear an' unhindered id rowls on id' way,
An' strangers that's tasted id allus will say
As t' kindest fooak they could ever leet on
Were sheltered i' th' hooam of a Lancashire mon.

Just co at eawr Tum's: t' kettle hums upo' th' hob,
An' his wife sings a song to their Nellie an' Bob;
For they're o' fain to see him ged hooam to his tay
After drivin' four looms o' this dark-lookin' day,
Wi' th' chiider it's which can be t' fost on his knee
Their love for their fayther's as sweet as can be;
An' t' young Queen o' that hooam, as hoo looks gaily on,
Knows there's no King on earth like her Lancashire mon.

If yo'll stop till they'n just gotten th' childer to bed,
Yo'll hear a rare bit o' Ned Waugh sung or read;
An' theer yo'll sit sighin' an' laughin' bi turns
At th' wisdom an' wit of eawr Lancashire Burns.
An' when yo've shaken hands wi' a ringin' "Good-neet,"
At th' cottage behind yo' fades slowly fro' t' seet,
Yo'll say, "There's a pictur' of Heaven up yon,"
An' be preawd o' thad hooam of a Lancashire mon!