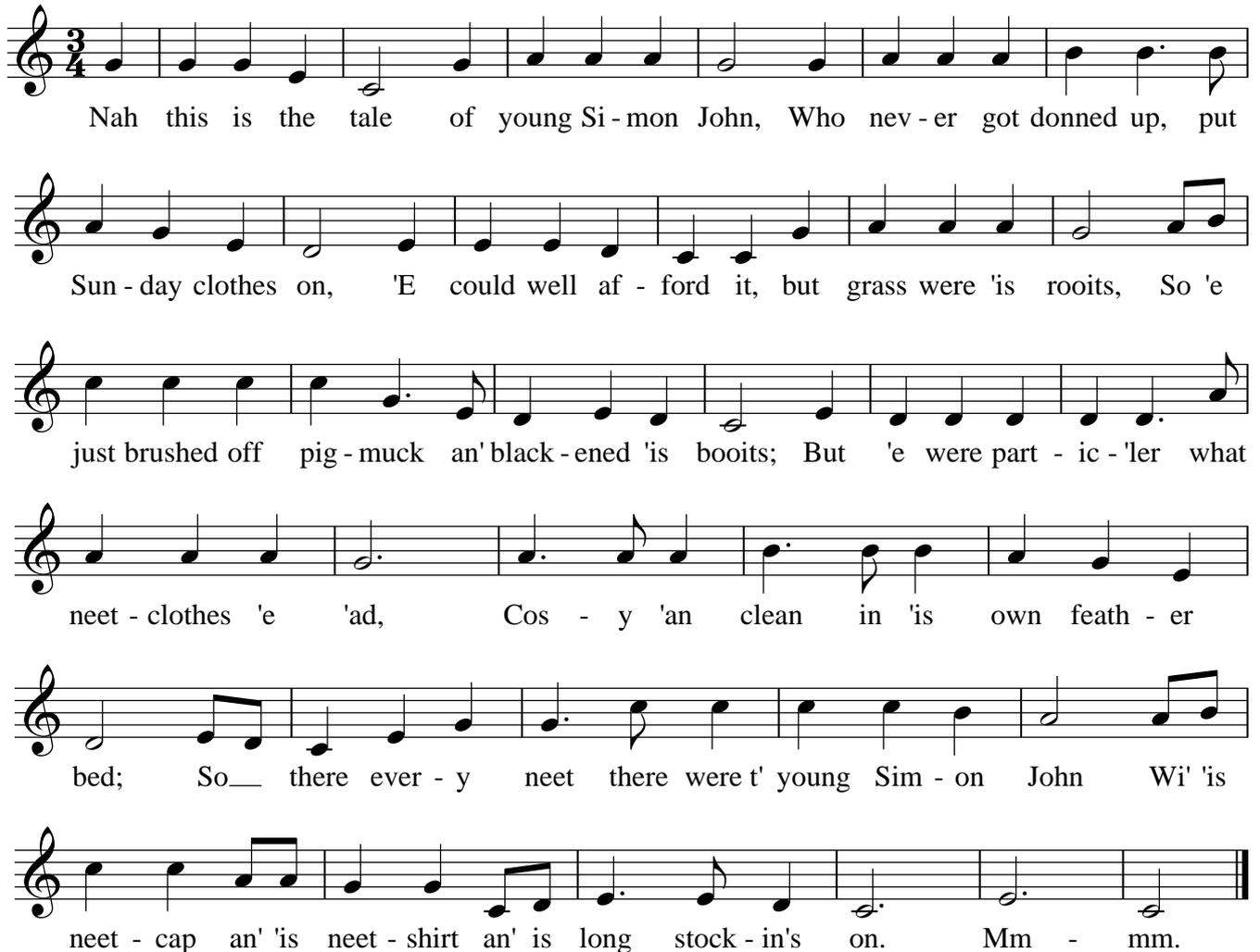


Young Simon John

TYG 77



Nah this is the tale of young Si - mon John, Who nev - er got donned up, put
Sun - day clothes on, 'E could well af - ford it, but grass were 'is rooits, So 'e
just brushed off pig - muck an' black - ened 'is booits; But 'e were part - ic - 'ler what
neet - clothes 'e 'ad, Cos - y 'an clean in 'is own feath - er
bed; So_ there ever - y neet there were t' young Sim - on John Wi' 'is
neet - cap an' 'is neet - shirt an' is long stock - in's on. Mm - mm.

1. Nah this is the tale of young Simon John,
Who never got donned up, put Sunday clothes on,
'E could well afford it, but grass were 'is rooits,
So 'e just brushed off pig-muck an' blackened 'is booits;
But 'e were partic'ler what neet-clothes 'e 'ad,
Cosy an' clean in 'is own feather bed;
So there every neet there were t' young Simon John
Wi' 'is neetcap an' 'is neetshirt an' 'is long stockin's on. Mm-mm.



2. Nah young Simon John 'ad a voice like a bell,
 Could 'a sung in church choir but the' couldn't stand t' smell;
 But one Christmas concert 'e were asked to sing,
 An' somebody said some clean clothes the' would bring;
 But Simon were prahd an' went off in a huff,
 An' said that 'e'd really got clean clothes enough;
 So to sing there on t' platform stood young Simon John,
 Wi' 'is neetcap an' 'is neetshirt an' 'is long stockin's on. Mm-mm.
3. Nah Simon got pally wi' t' milkmaid on t' farm;
 T' owd farmer smiled, thought the'd come to no 'arm;
 The'd lay ovver t' stile an' just giggle an' talk,
 'E daren't even ask 'er to go for a walk;
 But shoo 'ad more 'ope, said shoo would meet at stile
 An' 'oped 'e'd put clean clothes on once in a while,
 An' when shoo got to t' stile, there were young Simon John,
 Wi' 'is neetcap an' 'is neetshirt an' 'is long stockin's on. Mm-mm.
4. There must 'ave been summat in t' lad after all,
 As shoo sooin got to love 'im, pig-muck an' all;
 But the' didn't let coortin' interfere wi' their work,
 But durin' t' neet-time the'd manys the lark.
 Shoo slept in t' back bedroom, 'im in tattie cub-'ole,
 An' shoo crep' upstairs just to be with 'er love,
 An' jump into bed there wi' young Simon John,
 Wi' 'is neetcap an' 'is neetshirt an' 'is long stockin's on. Mm-mm.
5. Well, after so many adventures in bed,
 So time came rahnd when they 'ad to get wed;
 T' owd farmer promised 'im a suit of good yarn
 If 'e'd go get measured in t' nearest tahn;
 But Simon were gormless, got mixed up wi' t' date,
 An' when suit arrived, well, it were too late,
 So 'e went to t' altar, did young Simon John,
 Wi' 'is neetcap an' 'is neetshirt an' 'is long stockin's on. Mm-mm.
6. Nah village at t' weddin' the' were all in good cheer;
 The' were plenty to eyt an the' were plenty o' beer;
 The' got a farm cottage wi' no rent to pay,
 An' shoo started knittin' three ahnces a day.
 When t' 'appy event were all ovver an' done
 The' let Simon in there to look at 'is son;
 There at sahd of 'is mother laid t' new Simon John,
 Wi' 'is neetcap an' 'is neetshirt an' 'is long stockin's on. Mm-mm