

WATERCRESS O by Roger Watson

(UNDER THE LEAVES 2006)

At five o'clock of a Sunday neet
There's a man comes walking down our street
You may hear him out in front of the row
Crying "Tuppence a basket, watercress o"

Watercress o, watercress o
Crying "Tuppence a basket, watercress o"

Oh come on Mam its time for tea
Go and get tuppence and give it to me
That I may go out in front of the row
And fetch a little basket of watercress o.

Oh kid, you don't know what you're asking of me
If I'd got tuppence I'd be sure to give it thee
So thou could go out in front of the row
And fethch your little basket of watercress o.

Your Dad's ion strike kid can't you see
He scarce bring home enough to feed us wi'
And though it pains me to tell thee no,
You'll have to do without your watercress o

We're all in t'union down our street
Maybe he won't come back another week
Until the strike is over he might as well know
He'll not sell much of his watercress o