

# Look Who's Coming....

Words and Music: Nigel Harbron

The image shows the first two staves of a musical score in 4/4 time. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. Above the staff are the following chords: C, F, C, F, C, G, C. The lyrics are: "Look who's com- ing— down the street: The Fren- chy with his on - ions sweet, With his". The second staff continues the melody with quarter and eighth notes. Above the staff are the following chords: C, G, F, G, C, C, G, C. The lyrics are: "stri - py swea-ter and ber - et black, It - 'll be next year be - fore he's back."

Look who's coming down the street:  
The Frenchy with his onions sweet,  
With stripy sweater and beret black,  
It'll be next year before he's back.

Look who's coming up the road:  
The rag-bone man with a heavy load,  
With sweets for the kids and donkey-stone,  
So steps are safe with a pattern of your own.

Look who's coming o'er the hill:  
Miss Brough selling milk by pint or gill,  
With churns and ladles on her cart,  
In a starched white pinny that looks so smart.

Look who's coming to the door:  
The Black-pea Man with peas galore,  
So bring your jug and coppers bright  
For a tasty treat on this frosty night.

Look who's coming up the lane:  
The knife-grinder in the pouring rain,  
On the front of his bike a spinning stone  
So your knives and scissors he can hone.

Look who's coming up the row:  
A man with a load of watercress-o  
As the strike is over, his wares we'll try  
For now we've tuppence, a basket to buy.

Look who's coming up the beach:  
With his sacks of sea-coal, two bob each.  
The coal is washed and the sand's all gone  
So your fire burns bright when you shovel it on.

Look who's coming o'er the brow:  
The gypsy woman, she's shouting now,  
With dolly-pegs for a coin from your purse -  
You'd better pay up or you're in for a curse.



*I can remember men with horses and carts collecting sea coal on the windswept beach at Seaton Carew, just south of Hartlepool. Needless to say, it wasn't a job for the faint hearted. Graeme Mills has written an excellent song on the subject ('Sea Coal').*

*Although living on today's equivalent of a suburban street, we did have most of the above-mentioned street traders, with the exception of the Black Pea Man and the man selling watercress. Die-hard folkies will recognise another oblique references to a song by Roger Watson in this song, and there are also links to two of mine.*

*Our Rag and Bone man had a very well trained horse. As soon as he jumped down from the cart, the horse stopped; as soon as he climbed back on, it started. The more daring of us used to climb onto the cart, but the horse ignored us!*