

Look Who's Coming....

Words and Music: Nigel Harbron

The musical score is written on two staves in 4/4 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of lyrics, with chords C, F, C, F, C, G, and C above it. The second staff contains the melody for the second line of lyrics, with chords C, G, F, G, C, C, G, and C above it. The lyrics are: "Look who's com- ing— down the street: The Fren- chy with his on - ions sweet, With his 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!