

The Black Pea Man

Words and Music: Nigel Harbron

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staff lines: Bm, Bm, A, F#m, Bm, Bm, A, Bm, Bm, D, A, F#m, Bm, Bm, Bm, A, Bm.

When you hear his hand - bell ring, Bowls and jugs you all must_ bring. He
might not be back till next Spring, *The Black Pea Man.*
Ar - thur White's now his - to - ry, A wor - king man of high de_ gree. He
died at the age of eight - y three, *The Black Pea Man.*

When you hear his hand-bell ring,
Bowls and jugs you all must bring.
He might not be back till next Spring -
The Black Pea Man.

Arthur White's now history,
A working man of high degree.
He died at the age of eighty three -
The Black Pea Man.

From Balderstone to Rochdale Syke,
The Black Pea Man did pedal his trike,
With peas cooked just the way you like -
The Black Pea Man.

His call was heard on every street,
"Black peas, black peas - they're good to eat",
His steaming wares a welcome treat -
The Black Pea Man.

Arthur's first job after school
Was cutting wood with saw and rule,
But soon he tired of the metal tool -
The Black Pea Man.

He built a cart from a cotton case,
His backyard was of limited space,
But soon his business grew apace -
The Black Pea Man.

Next time you're out on Friday night
Looking for a tasty bite,
At the end of the street there's a welcome sight -
The Black Pea Man.
For some chips are the favourite bait,
In newspapers or on a plate,
But who do I appreciate -
The Black Pea Man.

His fare - Canadian maple peas -
Did not come from fields overseas.
They were British carlins, if you please -
The Black Pea Man.
When Arthur died, and was laid to rest,
His wife fulfilled his last request,
Now his hand-bell sits by the chimney-breast -
The Black Pea Man.



An Old Weaver's Cottage in Rochdale Syke

*Black peas (please see **Pink-petalled, Purple-podded Parching Peas** for further essential botanical information) have long been known to me - even though I don't think I ever ate them until fairly recently.*

The Better Half was born and brought up in Rochdale, and many times over the years has referred to The Black Pea Man delivering his 'goodies' to her street in the 1950s/1960s. A chance sighting on the Internet informed us of the death of Arthur White, and, as Lois read up more, she realised that Arthur almost certainly was 'her' Black Pea Man!

Since then, we have eaten and grown the peas, and they're all right, although I don't think Bird's Eye will be queuing up to buy them straight off the allotments of Rochdale!