

SKATING BLADES

Once upon a time on the land round here
Were apple trees and pears –
Fields full of flowers for the winter time
I'd dry in the summer air –
I'd hoe the rows of berries red,
The strawberry so fine –
Then Life was good and warm and full...
I thought The World was mine.

But the winter time is hard and thin
For an honest Farmer's Lad –
You can't buy sugar nor biscuits –
There's no work to be had –
No work, no pay – The Cupboard's bare –
Your friends help where they can –
But if Jack Frost will come around,
Then I've a cunning plan!

Snowy old day and an old steam train A-chuggin' down the tracks,
Bringin' out the city people, Who'll fall upon their backs
Upon the ice that Jack Frost made, They'll slide and slip around.....
A little bit of old Fen skating Is the best fun to be found!

And so my plan is this, my friends,
As they're looking everywhere
For somewhere to sit down upon,
I'll lend to them my chair;
And I shall charge them sixpence,
Help fix their skating blades –
And by the time they all go home,
A fortune I'll have made!

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