

PRETTY POLYTUNNELS

My poor feet have travelled this country of yours
To fend for my family by working outdoors.
I've slept in a trailer or some makeshift camp –
Your hillsides are windy, your valleys are damp.... Oh ... oh
Your hillsides are windy, your valleys are damp.

I've worked in your orchards of apples and plums,
They pay us in pennies, they treat us like bums.
On the edge of your cities you'll see us and then
It's down to pull carrots and onions again Oh ... oh
Down to pull carrots and onions again.

From Kent up to Yorkshire we harvest your crops,
Like the cockneys of old came to gather the hops.
We cut herbs from the ground and the grapes from the vine
For your prize-winning English sparkling wine Oh ... oh
Prize-winning English sparkling wine.

Every county in England us migrants have been
To bring you the fruits of your pastures so green.
In pretty polytunnels that spring from the ground
We cut salads and strawberries all the year roundOh ... oh
Salads and strawberries all the year round.

We always have rambled and then we return
To a life in the east on the scraps we can earn.
Your pastures of plenty must always be free
And you will be fed thanks to people like me Oh ... oh
You will be fed thanks to people like me.

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Inspired by walking through the bounteous Kent countryside, this song looks at modern day migrant harvest workers who are following a very old tradition.