

Scouse Sonnet - Number 8 - 1940's Nostalgia

The Local Neighbourhood

Author & Copyright - John McEwan - The Liver Bard

Mrs Talbot was our Knocker-Up, she used a long shredded Bamboo Cane.
It cost Sixpence for her Six day week, to tap your Bedroom Window Pane.
She traipsed the whole district in all weathers, except for Sunday Morning.
Sending Coopers, Dockers and Compositors, off to work, still Yawning.
Neighbours ran their Weekly Tontines, it was how many of them saved.
They also kept Protective eyes on us, showed Respect and we Behaved.
I ran Messages for Neighbours, without much thought of Gain or Money.
But a nice old Lady thanked me once, with a round of Bread and Honey.
Mothers cooked on fire grates, used Washboards and Mangles by a sink.
Mopped the floors, donkey-stoned the steps, with not much time to think.
Then off to the Wash-House, big Clothes-Bundles balanced on their Heads.
Young Lads slept in cold, damp Attics, on 'Army and Navy' Canvas-Beds.
Front Doors were kept wide open, Coats, Boots and Bikes left in the Halls.
Nins sat on their front doorsteps, wrapped in Thick, Black, Woollen Shawls.