



## The Berries in July



July to me was berry time  
When we got oor school summer holidays;  
School uniforms were hung up  
And we put on oor auldest claes.  
And set aff to the berry picking  
In the fruit farms for a wage;  
It made us feel so grown up  
Even at that young tender age.  
There was lots of fruit to choose from  
But we liked the raspberries best;  
For strawberries you had to bend doon  
And gooseberry thorns were a pest.  
Red and blackcurrants took an age  
To get oor wee punnets to fill;  
And they felt sour, untempting to eat  
And fair mair likely for us to spill.  
But we thought picking rasps was fun  
As we chattered with pals through the day;  
And for every pound we got weighed  
put a halfpenny on to oor pay.



Long before decimal currency came  
we had twelve pennies in a shilling;  
but you could still make a few ba-bees  
if you were really willing.  
I could manage in my hey days  
To pick 120 pounds in a long day;  
At the height of the raspberry season  
And that put five shillings on my pay.  
I'm glad I lived back in the past  
I've got so many happy memories;  
The berry fields are now long gone  
Life has changed in so many ways.  
I've tasted the old days and the new  
And both have warmed my heart;  
But to me July is still berry time  
As it has been right from the start.

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By Eila Webster Summer 2015

