

The Tiger Bay Bard

When I was a child in Tiger Bay
To the soup kitchen, we went every day
Poverty, poverty, everywhere
Nobody really seemed to care
Hob-nail boots and Parish tickets
Some of the children suffering rickets.
And then came the war and ration books too
We were still hungry and I thought, "What's new!"
The bombs were falling, sirens screaming
"Is this for real, or am I dreaming?"
And then one day I went to sea
As a deck boy, then an A/B.
I travelled the world by tramp and steamer
I looked around for pastures greener
I found a country and settled there
No longer is the cupboard bare
I'll remember the poverty, come what may
And those early days in Tiger Bay.

by Eddie Hassan