

## **HORSES AND CARTS**

*(A little piece of nostalgia!)*

Butcher, baker, greengrocer, too,  
Milkman, bottle-o, to name a few;  
All of them busy in time gone by,  
I still remember the bottle-o's cry!

They'd come around with their painted carts;  
And not just bread, but cakes and tarts  
The baker sold out there in the street,  
And sometimes give us kids a treat!

The butcher's cart was a different type,  
Which kept his chops, his steak and tripe  
Cool and fresh, and his sausages, too.

The folk would stand in a token queue,  
And chatter away to their heart's content,  
And continue after the butcher went!

The bottle-o came in an open dray  
To carry the bottles and junk away.

The milkman's horse with its steady tread,  
I'd hear in the dark while still in bed!

The market gardener also came;

A smiling Chinaman - I forget his name.

The produce that he'd grown, he'd sell,  
And his courteous manner went down well

With all of the customers that he'd meet  
As he sold his wares in our Sydney street. /  
But the horse and cart have had their day;  
Lost in the mist of yesterday!