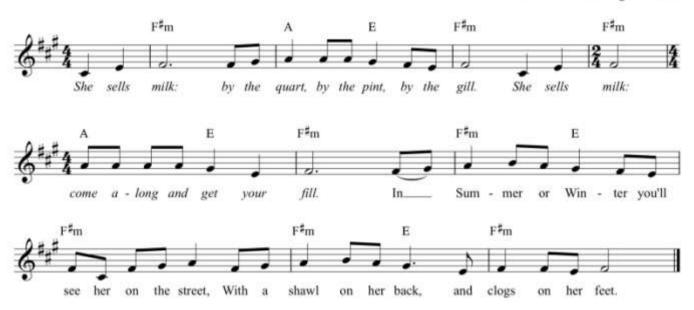
Miss Brough

Words and Music: Nigel Harbron



Ch: She sells milk: by the quart, by the pint, by the gill. She sells milk: come along and get your fill.

In Summer or Winter you'll see her on the street, With a shawl on her back, and clogs on her feet.

In Summer milk comes in a pony and trap, With the churns on the boards and the ladles on the back.

In Winter milk comes from the churns on a sleigh, Pulled by Miss Brough whatever the day.

Just bring your jug and bring your bowl, She'll fill them up till they overflow.

I know some folk who like a bottle on the step, But I reckon nowt to the stuff they get.

But what'll happen when Miss Brough has gone, For she's no son or daughter to carry on?



Miss Brough really did deliver milk in the above-described way. She was an elderly spinster who kept a couple of cows on a small-holding just behind the road where I grew up in Stockton-on-Tees, and came round with her cart every day - including Sunday. Of course, when she died in the mid-1950s, bottles on the step soon became the norm.



This cheery chap currently delivers milk in Sussex.

Could Miss Brough have had an illicit relationship at some stage in her life?

By the way, this is where the milk comes from nowadays....



Anyone for a milk-shake?