

BILLY BOY

Will you dance, little Billy Boy, The way they do on Strictly –
In a silken shirt and shiny suit, Around the floor so quickly.
And will you dance, little Billy Boy, The way your Grandad tells on,
In a cambric shirt and a flowery hat, Around the green with bells on.
“Little I know” says Billy Boy, “But I’m my grandad’s grandson,
And come the day, O who can say, Shall we have a world to dance on?”

And will you play, little Billy Boy, In your team together
And will you score the golden goal, In your boots of Chinese leather.
And will you play, little Billy Boy, The banjo or the fiddle
And will you climb to the top of the tree, Or somewhere in the middle.
“Little I know” says Billy Boy, “But I am just beginning,
But if I play against myself, Shall I have more chance of winning?”

And will you find, little Billy Boy, The flora and the fauna
And will you go the extra mile, To see what’s round the corner.
And will you sail, little Billy Boy, Beyond the far horizon
Or will you fly to catch your dreams, And sights to feast your eyes on.
“Little I know” says Billy Boy, “My journey has not started,
But if I go in search of peace, Will I come back broken-hearted?”

And will you read, little Billy Boy, A thousand paper pages,
And will you cast around the net, All your screen for ages
And will you speak, little Billy Boy, Or will you keep your counsel
And will you seek to leave your mark, With the sword or with a pencil
“Little I know” says Billy Boy, “But still I do not mind it,
My wisdom lies in front of me: I only have to find it “

Allan Richardson, March 2020