

## MY SONG IS FOR YOU

Stars disappear, the morning rings clear  
With the Song Thrush's melody charming the ear.  
The Blackbird so strong makes his tune all day long  
And the brave Robin loudly sings his little song.  
All standing their ground, the beautiful sound  
Is to win their true love and keep rivals away.  
And my song's for you love, I hope it will do love  
Oh please be my true love, my song is for you.

Woodpeckers drilling, the gay Finches trilling,  
The Skylark is spilling his notes from on high.  
Tits great and small and the little birds all  
Find their voice and they call to a partner close by.  
The Tawny Owl cries and his lover replies  
In a night-time duet of to-whit and to-woo.  
And my song's for you love, I hope it will do love  
Oh please be my true love, my song is for you.

Bonded in song, love's labour's so long  
Mending, defending and tending the nest.  
They fly to fetch food for the ravenous brood  
Scratching and catching they toil without rest.  
And when they're full grown, all fledged and all flown,  
Relaxing alone with an evening song.  
And my song's for you love, whatever you do love  
Oh I'll be your true love, my song is for you.

My song's for you love, whatever you do love  
I'll be your true love, my song is for you.

## **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*

## JUST PLAYING THE FOOL

Wake up in the morning and the world's gone mad,  
How you going to stop yourself feeling bad,  
Maybe play the blues but I don't do that as a rule –  
Just playing the fool.

Play it in twelve bars, or eight or nine  
Play it in six bars if you're inclined  
Play it in one bar but don't fall off your stool –  
Just playing the fool.

Making love not war just like the poet said,  
Or if you can't do that, making fun instead,  
You feel a little better for a little bit of ridicule -  
Just playing the fool.

Feeling kind of weary at the end of the day,  
Haven't got a lot of time left to play,  
Not going to waste it trying to play it cool –  
Just playing the fool.

## **THANKS FOR ALL THE HONEY (or Six-legged Friends)**

*(tune: Arthur O'Pod's Farewell)*

What care I for the life of a fly,  
Splattered on the windscreen as we go whizzing by.  
Sadly there's nothing like as many any more;  
Where have all the fliers gone we used to kill before?

What can we say of the ant and the grasshopper,  
She with all her work to do and he his chirpy sound,  
Fly away ladybird, your house is on fire  
And all you bugs and beetles in the air and under ground.

O busy bees, the wasps and the dragonflies,  
Lacewings – pretty things, all you moths and hoverflies;  
Joy in the spring to see the first butterfly –  
Glad that they've survived another year, ... and so have I.

All going your way and we're going ours,  
Race you to Oblivion, but just before it ends:  
Thanks for all the honey, the fruit and the flowers *(tune slows)*  
Oh, how shall we miss you - six-legged friends.  
All I can say – here's to you one and all,  
In numbers so mighty, in person so small.

## **SOMETHING WE KNOW**

'Tis pleasant and delightful to turn up one night full of songs you're bursting to sing,  
To play the guitar in a club or a bar, everyone doing their thing.  
It seems to go well but how can you tell from the faces in the front row.  
When a guy sitting there with a quizzical stare says "I wish he'd sing something we know."

### *Chorus*

SUCH AN OLD SONG THAT YOU CAN'T GET IT WRONG  
AND THE MELODY JUST SEEMS TO FLOW  
IT IS THE BEST FUN, TOGETHER AS ONE  
ALL SINGING SOMETHING WE KNOW.

I've played the wild rover from the streets of London to Caledonia where thyme grows wild,  
With Barbara Allen and Molly Malone - I've known them since I was a child.  
From a dirty old town to Fiddler's Green, I'm one of the roving kind  
But leaving on a jetplane - goodnight Irene - was the last thing on my mind.

It's a long way from Clare to Scarborough Fair when you're knocking on Heaven's door  
But now I'm homeward bound, blowing in the wind – Michael row the boat ashore  
Then you come to a halt; but it isn't your fault – so many have been here before us.  
It's the songwriter's curse, to find one more verse to fill in the gap till the chorus.

*Allan Richardson 2018*

## **MOVING ON (2020 edition)**

Second war babies too young to recall the blackout and ITMA and Spitfires and spam

Doodlebugs, GIs and chewing gum, digging for victory

Dresden and Coventry, White Cliffs of Dover, where is Hiroshima, then it's all over

But our parents were ordinary folk, never spoke much about the War.

*(refrain)* They just had to be Moving On, only glad to be Moving On,

Always had to be Moving On, moving on ...

Welcome to England to work for the Queen; food on the ration and free milk at school,

Variety Band Box, Muffin the Mule and the four-minute mile

Days at the seaside, Morris Minors and Spangles, Teddy boys, frothy coffee and Look Back

in Anger, Ban the Bomb Lady Chatterley, beatniks and jazz, "You never had it so good".

Gunshots in Dallas, Profumo and spies. Please Please Me, miniskirts, Morecambe and Wise

The World Cup, flared trousers, girls on the pill and men on the moon.

Flower-power, burn-your-bra, Watergate, on yer bike, yuppies, McDonalds, free Nelson

Mandela, Live-aid and shell suits and Princess Diana and the Berlin wall down.

A Tunnel to Europe and Dolly the Sheep, DNA, BSE, HIV, CJD

Hip-hop and Britpop and laptops and alcopops, marathons, joggers Millennium fireworks and MRSA.

9-11, Tsunami and bloggers and spam, iPods and satnavs and ASBOs and Chavs,

Bonuses, bankers, the Olympics, the cuts, selfies and Strictly and CCTV

And Brexit and Trump and Covid-19.

But wartime was over except for Korea, Malaya, Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam.

The Cod War, the Cold War and living in fear. And Suez and Kenya, Northern Ireland,

Cyprus, Bangla-desh and Kashmir.

Angola, Somalia, Rwanda, Sudan, Kosovo, Bosnia, the Falklands, Iraq; Libya, Gaza and

Afghanistan; and quite a few more but apart from the wars it's been peace all the way.

*Allan Richardson 2009/2020*

## EXISTENCE

In the beginning was a BANG, but what went bang –

Did anybody hear, was anybody here?

Don't think you missed it, the echo's still around

Listen to the silence, you hear a heavy sound

The echo is around, the echo is around

(The echo is around, the echo ..... is around).

It was a thumping great flash and there was gas gas gas,

Coalescing into matter with velocity and mass.

And that's how it began its transformation into planets

And just for what it's worth this little tiny bit was Earth:

There were mountains and seas and the poles began to freeze

With an atmosphere above it and molten rock below it

And then there was life, but not as we know it.

Then there was life but not .... as we know it.

They sat around the swamps for a hundred million years

And Grandad Amoeba's saying: "No-one ever hears

But I tell you all this progress is bound to end in tears!"

But nobody was listening and all wet and glistening

They crept out of the slime and started chasing time.

The grew legs, they grew wings and they did amazing things,

But time kept moving on and soon the dinosaurs were gone

And then the fun began because along came Man.

And then the fun began because along .... came Man.

Man does the parts that the beasts can't reach,

We talk to each other with the power of speech.

Up off the floor, standing tall,

Working with our hands, writing on the wall  
We do the music, that sounds good,  
Banging on a skin or a great piece of wood.  
Then a little repetition, repetition? Repetition.  
A little repetition and that sounds good.  
Then a little repetition, repetition? Repetition.  
A little repetition and that ..... sounds good.

In the twinkle of an eye we were flying in the sky:  
We answered all the questions and we never wondered why.  
We know it all, we know wrong, we know right.  
But we can't tell the difference so all we do is fight.  
We can feed the world twice with rice, potatoes, beans and wheat  
But we can't seem to make it so that everyone can eat.  
We keep on getting smarter, our machines are just fantastic,  
Sure the planet's getting hotter and the seas are full of plastic  
But progress is the answer, just keep going we'll be fine,  
And we sit telling stories, singing songs and drinking wine.  
Then one day we will wonder how we didn't comprehend  
There's a big Bang coming and that will be ..... the END.

*Allan Richardson 2019*