

THREE SEASONS

These three songs were written at different times but hang together as a small suite, each portraying images of a particular time of year.

1. Prelude in Ice / For the Spring

Fish are sleeping under the ice;

The insects are gone, wherever it is they go.

Dead Christmas trees await the recycling truck in the snow;

The North Wind cuts through your coat, sends you shivering so;

Cold comfort indoors by a log-effect fire's glow

Snowdrops through the mud come clean, branches dress themselves in green

Having stood so naked for so long.

Out of hiding slugs come sliding, toads cross roads to join the throng

And pretty small birds fill the air with song.

In the park bare-shouldered girls go by and catch the young men's eye,

Busy mowers mow and strimmers strim.

An Old Man lets his dog run free and glances up in time to see

A stately Lady coyly smile at him.

They bend their steps together and talk of the weather and everything

As hungry flies and bumble bees take wing,

Blossoms blow like scented snow and catkins gaily swing

And the dog sends courting pigeons scattering.

Children playing, glasses clinking music jangling,

And workmen stop to hear the church bells ring.

Then the Lady sheds her gloves and the Old Man starts to sing

And the dog says with a grin "It must be the Spring."

You smile in the sunshine and my heart can't help but sing

And the dog say with a grin "It must be the Spring".

2. Dog Daisy Days

A dog daisy meadow, and daydreamers look to the sky.
The azure is laced with holiday trails as they fly.
The insects have their day, and
The ice-cream van sounds far away.

Walking round the garden fete all on a summer's day,
Morris men go jingling and a band begins to play:
It's a family event, sideshows till the money's spent,
Cream teas in the tent, and everyone says "Jolly glad we went."

City-folk go paddling in the fountains to keep cool,
Shops are out of sun-screen and the kids are out of school.
A soldier and his bride linger by the waterside,
Where swallows dive and skim; he finds the words to make her smile at him.

Walking round the corner with a bottle and a card,
Then all sit sipping Pimm's until the chicken legs are charred;
And the smoke that makes you sneeze, blackbirds singing in the trees,
The draught around your knees and party music floating on the breeze....

Moths catch the moonbeams and dangerous dreams come to play,
The sound and the scent of a simmering night soon give way
To another shimmering day
Can a hosepipe ban be far away?

3. Already September

Already September, and the little country lane
Is free of combine harvesters again;
You ramble by the brambles, teasels, nettles standing tall,
A whiff of diesel settles around it all,
It seems you're all alone amid the early morning cool
But for mums in four-by-fours who're late for school.

Already October, and the little country lane
Teems with golden leaves that fall like rain.
Dancing to and fro you go and catch a leaf for luck,
Miss your footing, did not see the truck;
Just a little shaken from a quickly taken fall,
And so the leaf was lucky after all.

Already November, and the little country lane
Sparkles with the early frost again.
The whizz-bangs and the starshells fade, the poppies sadly strewn,
Carol singing will be starting soon.
And now the sky at teatime is much darker than before
And the calendar's days are numbered once more.

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