

I'll Tell You Why

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**Reflections
Of a Late
Autumn Lady**

Maureen Cunningham

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POEMS AND LYRICS	
A Day of Rest	7
A Distant Love	8
A Gift of Memories	9
A Lost Friend	10
A new Beginning	11
Adult Dancing in Telford	12
Aiden McDade	13
An Impression of Life	14
An Irish Tragedy	15
Are We Invisible	16
Bedtime Conversation	17
Beware	18
Bubble of Joy	19
Daddy Dear Daddy	20
The Day I Will Declutter	21
Face in My Dreams	22
Fear of commitment	23
For Frank	24
For Nic	25
Forgiving's Not Easy	26
Hope to Starvation	27
How Are They Remembered	28
Indian Joe	29
Loss	30
Miscarriage	31
Mr McGregor	32
My Canny Wee Man	34
My Dundee	35
Now You Say	36
Omagh	37
On the Dole	38
One day in 1985	39
Paddy the Piper	40
Pollution	42
Riches	43
Short Back and Sides	44
Silence	45

Spare Parts	46
Ten a Penny	48
The Baby Cloud That Wept	49
The Bully	50
It happened just as the clock struck midnight	51
The Cludgie	52
Holiday	54
The Last Goodbye	55
The Man from the Union	56
The Toothless Wonder	57
The Lost Key	58
The Outstretched Hand	59
This Child of My Child	60
THINK	62
Though You're Far Away	63
To People I Know	64
To The Future	65
To Thine Own Self be True	65
The Trees	66
A Tribute to Unseen Hands	67
Turn Back	68
Yvonne	69
The Chase	70
The Prey	70
The Warning	71
Hope	72
Shuffle Papers	73
Frank's Cap and the Dog and Pheasant Charity	75
Late Autumn Lady	76
Why read and write?	77

A Day of Rest

It's Saturday it's Saturday
 And Saturday's holiday
 No work to go to
 No bus to catch
 No clock to watch
 and see time pass
 It's Saturday

What shall I do? Where shall I go?
 Stay in bed. Take in a show
 Window shop, the choice is great
 I'm so excited, I just can't wait
 All those things to do and I'm invited
 Because it's Saturday.

But as I look around my mean abode
 All my leisure thoughts seem to corrode
 Cause as I look, I seem to see
 Lots of things beckoning me

The window for instance has lost its gleam
 Come shine me up, make me clean
 My washing looks at me accusingly
 Rub a dub dub put me in a tub
 And make me bright and gay
 My furniture has gone all flat
 It wants bouncing up like an opera hat

The carpets need a right clean sweep
 On the stairs the dust doth creep
 The beds cry out "we need clean sheets"
 The bathroom shouts out "I'm not neat"
 Sideboard tables chairs etc
 Say polish us we feel neglected

So Saturday my day of leisure
 Farewell my friend to you for ever

Adult Dancing in Telford

Adult dancing in Telford,
come along and don't be late
Big Bertha will play on her organ,
Tuesday and Fridays at eight

Her Rumba will get you all going,
her Samba will make you gyrate
Her Bossa Nova will make you roll over
Tuesday and Fridays at eight

See the men writhe on the floor,
swaying their hips to the beat
Their beautiful forward thrust movements,
make the girls swoon at their feet

The ladies are gliding like swans,
their movements are slow and sedate
As they luxuriate to the waltz
Tuesdays and Fridays at eight

Dancing is good for your souls,
whether your eighty or eight
It reminds your forgotten muscles
you're too young to hibernate

So put on your dancing shoes,
let's dance to the beat of the drum
Big Bertha will play on her organ
and make you all glad that you come

Aiden McDade

Aiden McDade is dead is dead
Shot in the back of the head the head
Killed as a young soldier's bullet sped
All on a Sunday morning

Aiden was twenty, the soldier eighteen
The soldier wore khaki Aiden wore green
Had they known each other, friends they might have been
All on a Sunday morning

Aiden played football he loved the sport
Each Sunday morning he passed the fort
Where soldiers were watching they had to report
All on a Sunday morning

The soldier was cleaning his gun, his gun
He had two pieces to make into one
His finger slipped when he had done
All on a Sunday morning

The soldier did shiver, the soldier did shake
"I never intended that young life to take
May God forgive me for my mistake"
All on a Sunday morning

Aiden McDade is buried and gone
His parents wept as they buried their son
They swore their revenge when it was done
All on a Sunday morning

Then came the peace, the treaty was signed
Put your son's killing to the back of your mind
Look to the future we're on the same side
All on a Sunday morning

The borders redundant they soon disappeared
An uneasy peace has lasted for years
But now they are saying they might reappear
All on a Sunday morning

Daddy Dear Daddy

Daddy dear daddy
I'm feeling so blue
And I wish how I wish
I had listened to you

You tried to tell me where I was going wrong
But your tune was old fashioned
I'd an up-to-date song
I wanted the high notes, you offered the low
So daddy dear daddy
I just had to go

I made for the city and the bright city lights
I knew all the answers I'd be a child of the night
I'd make my fortune singing my songs
But daddy dear daddy
It's taking so long

I'm still in the city but the lights have gone out
I want to ask questions
but there is no one about
I still sing my songs, but nobody hears
And daddy dear daddy
There's no one to care

Now I sleep in a doorway, a dog by my side
He keeps me warm,
but my dreams they have died
And daddy dear daddy
I'm feeling so blue
And I wish how I wish
I had listened to you

I'd like to come home, but I still have my pride
I hate to admit that you had been right
But daddy dear daddy
I'm feeling so blue
And I wish how I wish
I had listened to you

The Day I Will Declutter

Every day I resolve to be ruthless
I will throw something out
But what?
I empty the cupboards and the drawers
Trying to make a decision
It is so hard
Things have a life of their own
Suppose I give them to a charity shop
And Nobody wants them
They will feel hurt and so will I
How dare they leave my treasures on the shelf
for days, weeks even
I would have to buy them back
Put them back on display or back in the drawers
I can hear blouses and T shirts saying
No one wanted you then
Oh how hard it is to be rejected

Forgiving's Not Easy

Forgiving is not easy
When you are hurting inside
Filling an ocean with the tears that you've cried
Trying to forget
Oh how you've tried
But forgetting is not easy when you are hurting inside

I said I'd forgive you
When you came back to me
I'd erase your deception from my memory
I said I'd forget
That you had even been gone
But it's proving too hard love
and the pain lingers on

Forgive and forget
Forget and forgive
I'll never forget you as long as I live
Forget and forgive
Forgive and forget
Forgotten not ever
Forgiven not yet

Time is a great healer
Cures all in the end
If we can't be lovers let's always be friends
And if time cures all
and the pain goes away
I'll forgive and forget love
And you will come home to stay

Hope to Starvation

Mam, I've met a man, who says he'll feed me clothe me
care for me as best as he can
So Mam can I wed him, can I bed him
Thank you Mam

Mam I'm going to have a baby, and maybe
it will be a boy
And Mam I will feed him, clothe him
Care for him as best as I can
Oh Mam, I'm so happy

Oh Mam my baby keeps whining, the sun's always shining
My milk's gone away
and Mam the rain's long in coming
the insects keep humming
Our wells turned to clay
Oh Mam I'm so afraid

Oh Mam my baby keeps crying my man he is dying
The crops are not growing
There's no way of knowing
When we'll eat again

And Mam the families gathered to help bury father
He just wasted away
He's travelled the road
From hope to starvation

Oh Mam why don't you answer, hold on a while longer
I hear help's on its way

Oh Mam, my baby has gone now
It will not be long now
Come help me to pray
They're on the road
From hope to starvation

Oh Mam let me lie down beside you
let me brush the flies off you
Let me chase them away
But Mam I'm feeling so tired
My arm feels so heavy
The flies won't go away

Oh Mam I'll chase them tomorrow
let me sleep for today
They've crossed the road
from Hope to Starvation

Mr McGregor

My daddy worked for Mr McGregor,
down in our local factory
Then one day old Mr McGregor sent for my daddy
and this he did say
"I'm very sorry I can no longer keep you
I have no money your wages to pay
So here are your cards, thanks for your loyalty"
raised his hat and went on his way

My daddy came home very downhearted,
twenty five years of his life had gone
But I was sixteen going on seventeen
and my life has just begun
So I went down to the local job centre,
said to work I was inclined
they sent me down to the local factory,
saw Mr McGregor he was so kind

He said I have a job it is right up your alley
packing the boxes for delivery
Wages I'll pay you five pounds a day,
but I'll get it back from the MSC
He rubbed his hands and chuckled in his belly,
thought he was clever yessiree
So I went home and told my daddy,
that was his job they have given to me

My daddy went to see Mr McGregor,
took his gun and shot him dead
They took away my daddy said he was very bad
and locked him up in Peterhead
But he wasn't guilty it was the system,
the people who invented the YOP
Now they have changed it said it was abused
by greedy employers RIP

Well now I am seventeen going on eighteen,
my YOP has come to an end
Went to see the foreman asked for the vacancy
on the backshift from four to ten
He said " Young man we can't afford your wages"
and that was the end of my young man's dream

Then I saw the foreman in the job centre,
signing on someone from the Young Workers Scheme

Well now I am eighteen, going on nineteen,
haven't had a job since I don't know when
Went out walking, heard the neighbours talking,
look there goes that idle git again
Switched on the telly, listened to the news,
heard the recession was over at last
So I went down to the local job centre, asked for a job
now the bad times were passed

They looked at my record, said "you've no experience,
what have you been doing for the past few years
Said I was too old for most of the employers
and without any training I was out on my ears
Well now I am twenty living on supplementary
filling in forms for the right to eat
But my daddy worked for Mr McGregor
in our local factory down our street.

My Canny Wee Man

Haud yere wheest my canny wee man
Can you no see I'm counting my pennies
I canna add up and reckon it right
Ye keep greeting and grabbing my pinny

Och dinna be daft of course I still love ye
Ye ken ye'll aye be my wee darling
But am busy the noo and ah hae things to do
And I seem tae be short o a farthing

But I'll gie ye a penny tae gang tae the shop
But mind how ye cross ower the road
They horse drawn carties aye gae sic a speed
Ca ye ower in the wink o a toad

And dinna ye climb on the back o the cairt
Wee Jimmy fell aff tither day
He broke fower ribs and skint a his knees
And his dad skelped his erse by the way

Whit are ye greeting for now my wee man
What ye lost the penny I gied ye
Oh it fell doon a cundie and got clean away
Well all I can say is Hell mend ye

No I hivnae another 'twas the last I could spare
I've nae mair till yer dad's paid on Friday
But here's a wee kiss and a cuddle frae me
It's worth mair than the things I can buy ye

So had yer wheesht my bonnie wee man
And hope that the sun shines tomorrow
And if yer good we'll gang tae the park
And I'll pull ye alang in the barra

My Dundee

I mind when I was wee, I wisna scared tae be
In the centre o' my bonnie toon Dundee
I could wander through the streets
And when my pals and I did meet
We'd play guesses at the windies o the shops
They'd be full of wondrous things
From headache pills tae balls o string
Washing powder that washed whiter than the rest
In the corners now and then
There would be sweetie jars and pens
and a penny bought ye broken biscuits then

But I dinna ken my Dundee ony mair
With the buildings going up intae the air
And I'm sorry that it's come
To glass and chromium
Oh I dinna ken my Dundee ony mair

Oh I mind when I was wee, I always liked to go
To the buster stands on a Saturday
Whaur for tuppence you would get
Heaped up on your plate
Soggy peas and chips they tasted great
Then we'd wander up the road, pass the carter wi his load
Of lovely smelling jute cam frae the mill
And if ye had a mind and the carter he was blind
Ye steal a hurl on the cartie up the hill

Oh I mind when I was wee, sometimes I'd like to go
And meet my daddy as he come from the mill
And I always thought that I might work there by and by
But the jute mills now are gone wi half the streets
Aye they've pulled the buildings doon and spoiled our
bonnie toon
With ideas from newfangled architects
And it fills me wi despair for the character no more
And I cannot thole the pain deep in my breast

Oh I mind when I was wee, it was a treat for me
To go wi my mammy tae the washing hoose
And whilst she washed the claes, I'd be fair amazed
At the big machines that wrung the water oot
But now those days are gone for time it marches on
Like the jute mills the washies are nae mair
there's nae time to stand and talk to laugh and crack a joke
Aye my memories are yesterdays folklore

The Chase

I know why men hunt
It's the excitement of the chase
From the first glimpse of their prey
To the final moments of the race

If the conquest is too easy
If the prey lies down and dies
Then the hunter he feels cheated
His achievements are belied

It's the same when the animal he hunts
Is the female of his species
He may not really want her
But still he likes to try
And if she rejects him, he'll come back for more
But if she just rolls over, he'll think who has been here before
And as he leaves her body, so she leaves his mind
Soon to be forgotten and the memory stilled

The Prey

She was getting older
Years were added upon years
She'd inspect her sagging body
trying hard to still her fears
So when a passing stranger says she's got panache
She preens and thinks that maybe
everything's not passed
She grabs the stolen moments
Before they slip away
Then wakens to an empty dawn
Her lover's gone away
Past experience tells her
She'll ne'er see him again
They have used her and abused her
Built up her hopes and then
They cast her to one side
Like so much dirty linen
So she crawls back to her lair
To lick her aching wounds
Her confidence is shattered
Her body feels defiled
She cries out for her mother
Like an injured child

The Warning

He was just a simple man trying to warn of the dangers
Of how the world was changing, of how the world might end
But his vision was horrific so no one paid attention
Soon he had no one to turn to, no one to call a friend

Oh the bearer of bad news is never welcome
Through the ages he's been stoned and ostracised
We don't want to hear the truth if its bad tidings
Leave us ignorant and happy, complacent in our fools' paradise

He can see it oh so clearly, the future barren years
Waste and desolation, children with no tears
Children with no future, no time to laugh to cry
No future generations, to live to love to die

It may take a sad disaster, a mistake made by men
Before the world will change, before the world sees sense
But by then we'll be forgotten lost without a trace
Just a bitter memory of the human race

But it all can be prevented if they only listen now
He thinks no one hears his plea, no one cares somehow
But somewhere someone's listening they hear and understand
His message must be taken and spread throughout the land

So stand up and be counted say your hear his plea
Save our world from extinction save our world for you and me
Save it for our children, and for their children too
For future generations it is what we have to do