

**I'll Tell You Why**

# **I'll Tell You Why**

**Reflections  
Of a Late  
Autumn Lady**

**Maureen Cunningham**

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## 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