



Memories are made of this

by Cliffe Lambert

I sit alone and fill this page
with memories of a bygone age
When we were young and very small
our Dad a king and very tall
Who worked as hard as he was able
to put the food upon our table
Up before dawns early light
and working there till late at night
Milkman, sexton, stoker, farmer
verger, joiner, cleaner gardener

A man of rough and ready ways
who loved his children all his days
When little legs were tired at last
and little eyelids drooping fast
He would lift each little sleepy head
and one by one take us to bed
And If the little ones should cry, "why"
then he would sing a lullaby
In a voice so soft and deep
until they drifted off to sleep

He would kiss our cheeks and hug us tight
and say "I love you, God Bless, Good Night"
His final task as night did fall
was to take our boots and clean them all
Oh wait, let's make these moment's last
why does time go by so fast

Our mam was only five feet tall
she worked quite hard to feed us all
 Baking meat and tatie pies
 savouries to feast your eyes
 Apple pies and Yorkshire puds
 onion gravy, lots of spuds
A woman's work is never done
that was true about our mam
 Dusting sewing airing bedding
the kitchen range, it needs black leading
 Scrub the steps with scouring stone
 all this work she did alone

Early every Monday morn
sometimes up before the dawn
 Boiling water in the tubs
 pushing clothes down in the suds
Sunlight, Bleach, and Dolly Blue
 Rubbing Board and Peggy too
 Wooden mangle squeaking round
 splashing water on the ground
 Lines of washing all ablow
shirts and sheets as white as snow
 Smelling fresh as fresh could be
 "I'll do some ironing after tea"
Oh wait, let's make these moments last
 Why does time go by so fast

On Sunday when the work was done
 just after tea and evensong
 Before the sun sank in the west
 we'd venture out in Sunday best
 Hand in hand through leafy lanes
 we'd play 'I spy' and guessing games
Thru meadows bright with fragrant flowers
 and there we'd spend delightful hours
 Mam and Dad, me and Syl
 Bill, Tim and Dave and later Phil
These were the happy carefree years
remembering them brings me to tears
Oh wait, let's make these moments last
 Why does time go by so fast

Those warm refreshing April showers
woodlands full of pretty flowers
Hedgerows white with fragrant May
gamboling fluffy lambs at play
Music cascades from the sky
where Curlews, Larks and Lapwings fly
September mornings, bright and calm
thresher humming from the farm
Apples ripening in the sun
"hope this day is never done"
Oh wait, let's make these moments last
Why does time go by so fast

Exchanging vows with sweetest fair
telling her how much you care
Later on your children small
call you "The Bestest Dad of all
"Neath the evening's darkening skies
you sing the same old lullaby'
You tuck them in with a goodnight kiss
remembering YOUR Dad did this

Catching crabs in seaside pails
happy picnics, in the Dales
Football, Cricket, in the park
Guy Fawkes lighting up the dark
You watch them grow and quell your fears
sometimes shedding quiet tears
And then one day your wish comes true
"Grandad, Grandma, I love you"
Oh wait let's make these moments last
Why does time go by so fast

These memories worth more than gold
bring forth the tears as I grow old
Will these precious moments fade away
when I once more return to clay
Oh architect of all we see
would you deign to notice me
Pity this unworthy frame

Please

Turn Back Time

Lets Start Again

Poem written by Cliffe Lambert