

# LYRICS FROM LOCKDOWN

## Wonersh U3A

*A selection of verse, prose, quotes and thoughts from our members.*

**(Vicki)**

*All is quiet with our U3A,  
no meetings to offer day to day.  
Outings and events are put on hold,  
as we wait to see what, in time, will unfold.*

*Covid-19 arrived suddenly from abroad,  
it's devastating effect quickly took hold.  
This ravaging virus is serious indeed,  
so to Government advice we must all pay heed.*

*Our NHS are the heroes of the day,  
trying to save the lives of those who come their way.  
And 'Captain Tom', an inspiration to all,  
raising £millions to help so they don't fall.*

*Despite other help, some businesses are failing,  
throughout the country many are ailing.  
The services remaining open to help us get through,  
deserve our thanks also for everything they do.*

*Lockdown enforced, changed our way of living,  
we now have time for reflection and giving.  
There may be a few that bemoan their lot,  
but is it really that bad when the weather is hot.*

*Missing family & friends is hard to bear,  
they taught me to 'Skype' so I can join them there.  
Telephone bills rocket sky high,  
but keeping in touch helps me get by.*

*Groceries being delivered has its appeal,  
shame they don't also cook my meal.  
Books that remained untouched on the shelf,  
being avidly read, now I have time to myself.*

*Fresh air and exercise are a definite must,  
daily walks with my dog fill that lust.  
A long list of chores that remain undone,  
while I sit outside enjoying the sun.*

*Gardening also took a back seat,  
it was far too hot to work in that heat.  
The plants will survive and show their beauty,  
I'll tend them lovingly when back on duty.*

*Life goes on, new babies are born,  
we should be grateful to see each new dawn.  
One day, normality will return,  
but in the meantime, we can still live and learn.*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~



**(Veronica)**

*I'm sitting alone on my garden chair,  
enjoying the sun with no one to share.  
I'm all alone every day,  
and friends seem very far away.*

*My dog is great company of course,  
and takes me on many exciting walks.  
I enjoy being alone, but writing poetry is really the end,  
will I have the courage to press on 'send' !*

**(Marcia)**

*Listening to Powis, Whitty and Vallance,  
it's difficult to get any proper balance!  
A fever and a cough, we're told, results in the disease,  
but hopefully not if just a single sneeze!*



**(Pat)**



*I'm no good at poems or prose,  
but just to help Vicki here goes.  
I take up my pen and count up to ten,  
and out comes a torrent of woes.*

*I'm tired of mowing the lawn,  
I wish that I'd never been born.  
But I look at my dog and go for a jog,  
and then I am happy again!*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

**(Tim)**

*The U3A without Vicki, would find running the Group a bit sticky.  
And now it is worse, she is quizzing in verse,  
To keep up with her will be tricky!*

*I'm depressed by Covid-19, on the coverage I'm not very keen.  
I've decided to do, of verses a few,  
To reflect on the U3A scene.*

*We are led by Angela Bik, who as Chair gets a very large tick.  
She just has to say, shall we do it this way,  
So the carrot, but never the stick.*

*The Hon Sec is marvellous Cilla, In our U3A she's a pillar.  
We don't understand, her flowing shorthand,  
But her minutes are as good as a thriller*

*In charge of subscriptions is Pat, and isn't she so good at that.  
She always remembers, to chase up new members,  
And "welcome" is put on the mat.*

*And then we have H & J Young, and let their praises be sung.  
From Big Band to trips, and Harold's good tips,  
On equipment, the bells should be rung.*

*What about treasurer Tim, who took on the job on a whim.  
His figures are boring, we cannot help snoring,  
That's all we need say about him*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

**(Harold & Jackie Young)**

**STAYING AT HOME**

**Attributed to an Irish-American lady (2013)**

*And the people stayed at home; and read books, and listened, and rested, and exercised, and made art, and played games, and learned new ways of being, and were still and listened more deeply. Some meditated, some prayed, some danced and some met their shadows. And the people began to think differently and people healed. And in the absence of people living in ignorant, dangerous, mindless and heartless ways the earth began to heal. And when the danger passed and people joined together again, they grieved their losses and made new choices, and dreamed new images, and created new ways to live and heal the earth fully, as they had been healed.*

**(Jill)**

*Doesn't matter what I wear,  
have no interest in my hair.  
Love the freedom of being alone,  
no dates to keep, just stay at home.*

*Made a list of things to do,  
clearing out a cupboard or two.  
So far nothing has been done,  
days pass and lockdown end will come.*





**(Angela)**

*Lockdown is strange but, helped by the sun,  
we have been in our gardens for holiday fun.  
Today all is changed, the rain has come,  
so good for the flowers, but not for some.*

*Failed response to Vicki's request,  
no further delay, this must be addressed!  
A crazy idea but how clever you are,  
talent poured in from Committee afar.*

*A minute's silence today for health workers lost,  
small token of thanks – but to them at what cost?*

*Lockdown for us is nothing to bear,  
thank you to them for their devotion and care.*

*A reminder from Vicki – I'm not off the hook,  
today I must abandon my book.*

*A little attempt to keep up with you all,  
good luck, stay fit, keep smiling, stay tall.*

**(Harold & Jackie)**

*Members and friends should be going to sea,  
together in the U3A coach.  
They paid their money, hoped it would be sunny,  
but still wrapped up well in their coats.*

*They all looked up to the sky above,  
praying for the weather to be fair.  
"We'll soon be gone" was the theme of their song,  
as they packed their bags, without a care.*

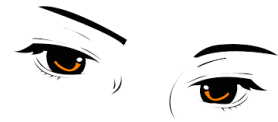
*Then came the sad news, from Countries afar,  
'No Travel' our leaders had told us.  
No 'room with a view', how can this be true?  
but we put up the bar, without fuss.*

*The world had closed down, a shock to us all,  
no holidays for the whole season.  
Staying safely at home, with no chance to roam,  
to carefully comply, with good reason.*

*So hold all the plans, enjoy home life instead,  
with events put aside for a while.  
Keep in touch with each friend, write a letter then send,  
with a poem, a joke and a smile.*



**(Cilla)**



*What is this life if full of care,  
we have too much time to stand and stare.  
Too much time to Skype and zoom,  
but not enough to clean the room.*

*Too much time to read a book,  
but not enough to try to cook.  
Too much time for walks and jogs,  
and plenty of time to love our dogs.*

*Too much time to pass on jokes,  
and waste the time of other folks.  
Too much time to wax lyrical,  
and try not to be too cynical.*

*Too much time for doing nothing,  
when days are spent usually rushing.  
A poor life this if full of care,  
we have no time to cut our hair.*

**(Vicki)**



*Captain Tom, a gentleman true,  
suddenly popped up out of the blue.  
For our NHS he wanted to raise funds,  
by way of a thank you for all they had done.*

*Day by day his steps increased,  
to reach his goal, he never ceased.  
His fund-raising efforts inspired the nation,  
and every day, in poured the donations.*

*The target of £1,000 was soon surpassed,  
reaching over £30 million, at the last.  
We salute you Tom, for leading the way,  
and congratulations on your 100th birthday.*

**(Pat)**

At daybreak off to Chinthurst Hill,  
the sun is up but still a chill.  
From hawthorn hedge a shy wren tweeting,  
a lovely early morning greeting.



A blackbird next from tree-top tall,  
proclaims his stronger throaty call.  
Startled pheasants break and fly,  
and shock us with their raucous cry.

Into the woodland's dappled shade,  
with sunbeam etching grassy blade.  
The slender bluebells, such a sight,  
in rays of slanting, pale sunlight.

Celandine and ragged robin,  
anemones with white heads bobbing.  
All delight the early walker,  
and the passing quiet observer.

Tender shoots of fern unfurl,  
from the tips' tight-spiralled curl.  
Then after sunlit days of gain,  
comes the soft refreshing rain.

Drops of rain on leaves are sparkling,  
loam and leaf mould wet and darkening.  
Candles lit on chestnut bough,  
a prospect of great beauty now.



On descending the view yields,  
a deer stotting 'cross the fields.  
We head for home, my dog and I,  
returning with contented sigh.

A quiet day we'll spend indoors,  
or busy gardening without pause.  
Late risers give a cheery wave,  
as they emerge the day to brave.

On Thursday nights we all come out,  
to clap all carers I've no doubt.  
The doctors and the nurses who,  
with all the volunteers too,

Work together without ceasing,  
including those who do the policing.  
The metres we observe with care,  
while moving round from here to there.

Week by week we stand and chat,  
exchanging news of this and that,  
Till now there's quite a party feel,  
though sadly we can't share a meal.

However, stronger bonds are forming,  
friendships true and very warming.  
So in this hard time I am guessing,  
we've all found time to count a blessing.

**Ann Lambert**

We wandered lonely as we dare  
upon Blackheath its beauty to share.  
We watched the builders restoring the inn  
and one day soon we know they'll win.

Next day a letter dropped over the gate  
stating that I must isolate!  
Now I am confined for twelve weeks more  
my garden will come to my rescue I'm sure!

Our exercise group are active on Zoom  
it lifts our spirits and muscles from doom.  
Next day however we ache and complain  
everything hurts, but we'll try again!

The sun shines and the garden flourishes  
the vegetables grow in order to nourish.  
The weeds are trying to get ahead  
but now we've got the time to clear the bed!

**Tony Cheeseman**

Life is so different with Corona Vee  
Small things excite us as you will see  
Venturing out to buy a few bits  
Fish in the fish shop was one of the hits

To find a delivery slot caused great surprise  
A trip to the golf club for chicken pies  
My Dick Turpin mask causes a stir  
But by and large each day is a blur

Every day is a Saturday is what we both think  
With Green Goddess exercise we get up to high jinks  
When this finally finishes and we have to go out  
I will go outside and have a huge shout

"Corona Vee you have not got us"  
Let's hope we don't then fall under a bus.

**David Bunting**

**AN EGOCENTRIC VIEW**

*Now, do I take a worldly view  
of pandemic scale,  
Or do I think of those so close  
to ensure they're hearty and hale.*

*So do I agonise and think  
of China whence it came,  
Or worry more about my health  
without attaching blame.*

*Now what of those in far off lands  
vulnerable beyond measure,  
Or flour that's not available  
locally adding to my displeasure.*

*Has our Government got it right?  
Should I isolate?  
And what about me masking up  
the bugs to dissipate.*

*Each country has its own ideas  
on what it's best to do,  
With no sport the only tables  
are mortality rates to rue.*

*UK's struggling to keep up  
our fatalities far too high,  
Numbers rising day by day  
needlessly people die.*

*One day we're told black clouds will pass  
one day we'll all be free,  
To live our lives, that's those survive  
but what, just what about me?*

**Marjorie Brown**

*Coronavirus, what a to-do !  
stuck at home with nothing to do.  
Now housework rears its ugly head,  
ignored for weeks, going out instead.  
Cupboards, drawers, need sorting too,  
clothes not been seen since 2002.*

*Down to the shops for a treacle tart,  
avoiding others six feet apart.  
No coffee shops or pubs allowed,  
we wander lonely as a cloud.  
Of daffodils, how nice they are,  
they cheer us up from near or far.*

*Jigsaws and puzzles pass some time,  
and reading books is also fine.  
Can't go to golf or bowls or bridge,  
just stay at home and clean the fridge.  
We've ruined the planet, result is this,  
it's fighting back, Coronavirus.*



~ ~ ~ ~ ~

**Hilary Vogel**  
**An evening to remember**

*The phone rang it was Steve, my son, 'I am going for a short walk, would you like to come with me ' he said, great I could do with a walk, especially on a lovely evening like this. As he emerged from his door we were soon in step along the street. It had been a beautiful day, and now it was a balmy evening, with the sun low in the sky, there were streaks of yellow and pink over the rooftops to the west, and the old grey slate roofs took on a mellow look.*

*As soon as we turned the corner we could see the sea, almost smell it, as it radiated the evening light. It was a still evening with very few people about giving a sense of awe at the scene before us. A hint of evening mist hung about the distant island, the light changed as the sun sank lower making the silence more audible, except for the gentle lap of the waves on the shore. We stood and gazed out to sea, trying to drink in the experience, and the wonder of it all, as if we could somehow take home and retain the view before us.*

*We walked on, chatting about our current situations, wanting to reassure each other we were coping well, and before we knew it we were back at Steve's front door, we said our goodbyes and he went indoors. We had enjoyed that special evening walk beyond words, and are so grateful for modern technology.*

### **Madeleine Lamboll**

*Wash your hands, keep your distance,  
hopefully build up your resistance.  
The coronavirus is a nasty thing,  
it hit us hard at the beginning of spring.*

*So stay indoors and keep yourself busy,  
or, in the garden to plant Busy Lizzie.  
Whatever you choose stay safe and warm,  
together we'll all weather the storm.*

*When at last we're allowed out to play,  
we'll go on a U3a trip for the day.  
It could be a garden or down to the coast,  
to the NHS we'll raise a toast.*

*Hip, hip, hooray!*



### **Pauleen West**

*I can't compete committee's verse,  
But will enjoy those chosen.  
For mine is short and rather terse,  
while Lockdown makes it Frozen!*

### **Bill McKeon**

*I waken to a sun-blessed morn,  
A little bird salutes the dawn,  
Another golden day, and yet  
A sadness darkens the prospect,  
For Lockdown is still in force  
And I'll be isolated. It could be worse.*

*No contact, well, within two metres,  
A formal nod to friends and greeters,  
No hugs or kisses. All are banned.  
Two metres gap, no shake of hands,  
All love and affection put on hold,  
'Til Lockdown easing, we are told.*

*The human spirit, ever strong,  
Will overcome this, however long  
And as the sun shines in our lives,  
The day will come when joy survives.*

### **Sylvia Kellett**

*Coronavirus has hit us tough,  
we Brits are made of sterner stuff.  
We tried to keep the new rules and thence,  
we're reprimanded sitting out on a bench.*

*Some of us tried through toil and tears,  
to get rid of stuff we had kept for years.  
It was a sort of mini spring clean,  
the likes of such had long been a dream.*

*Keep up your spirits and always pray,  
that we shall be happy soon one day.  
When the sun shines bright and we shall see,  
each other again for a nice cup of tea.*

### **Margaret Surrey**

#### **Quotes to bring a smile to your face:**

*Of course I talk to myself. I like a good speaker, and I appreciate an intelligent audience.  
(Dorothy Parker)*

*Now there's a man with an open mind - you can feel the breeze from here.  
(Groucho Marx)*

*You're one of those guys who can make a party just by leaving it. It's a great gift.  
(P G Wodehouse.)*

**Time for the girls**  
**(NZ author)**

*I'm normally a social girl, I love to meet my mates,  
but lately with the virus here, we can't go out the gates.  
You see, we are the 'oldies' now, we need to stay inside,  
if they haven't seen us for a while, they'll think we've upped and died.*

*They'll never know the things we did, before we got this old,  
there wasn't any Facebook, so not everything was told.  
We may seem sweet old ladies, who would never be uncouth,  
but we grew up in the 60s ... if you only knew the truth!*

*There was sex and drugs and rock 'n roll, the pill and miniskirts,  
we smoked, we drank, we partied, and were quite outrageous flirts.  
Then we settled down, got married, and turned into someone's mum,  
somebody's wife, then nana, who on earth did we become?*

*We didn't mind the change of pace, because our lives were full,  
but to bury us before we're dead, is like a red rag to a bull!  
So here you find me stuck inside, for 8 weeks, maybe more,  
I finally found myself again, then I had to close the door!*

*It didn't really bother me, I'd while away the hour,  
I'd bake for all the family, but I've got no flaming flour!  
Now Netflix is just wonderful, I like a gutsy thriller,  
I'm swooning over Idris, or some random sexy killer.*

*At least I've got a stash of booze, for when I'm being idle,  
There's wine and whiskey and even gin, if I'm feeling suicidal !  
So let's all drink to lockdown, to recovery and health,  
And hope this awful virus doesn't decimate our wealth.*

*We'll all get through the crisis, and be back to join our mates,  
just hoping I'm not far too wide, to fit through the flaming gates!*



**Penny Moran**



*In Chantries Fields the poppies grow,  
Beside the path they gently blow  
Amidst the rape and wildflowers, too,  
Beneath a sky so safe and blue,  
Unaware of what we all know.*