

Richard Gardner Williams Sentiment 2012

Richard Gardner Williams, aye he were a lovely lad,
gentle like his mother, serious like his dad.
Born in Cheshire, here in t' North in 1864,
Lincoln US President, time of Civil War.

His grandma weren't without a bob, fund holder in her time
and dad, he were a railway clerk,
on t' Great North Western Line.
Though later to accountancy, for t' railway, still in t' north,
when Richard, his only son, were born February 24th.

He went to King's School, Chester,
his interest, it were t' trains.
Engineering was his aim; he certainly had the brains.
He went down t' railway yard, t' ask what he could do,
they sent him on t' apprenticeship, at loco works, in Crewe.

When Apprenticeship were done,
he'd served indentured time.
Laird Brothers up in Birkenhead, were now the next in line.
The gaffer said,
"You're reight smart, drawing office is for you"
but drawing didn't hit the spot; he knew it wouldn't do.

Then engineering sales came up, for him, a job to take,
at Vacuum Oil Company; selling oils t' lubricate.
His boss were Charles Cheer Wakefield,
who later were't Lord Mayor.
His area covered Cheshire and counties up near there.

Petrol-driven motor cars, experimental in them times,
railway advancing at a pace, opening new branch lines.
Viscount Wakefield, him of Hythe, starts new company
He invites our Richard, for a chat, o'er a cup a tea.

Viscount made to Richard, best offer you could give,
latest member of the firm, a representative.
His business were in London, wi agents from t' railway,
of South America, would you believe, exotic, far away.

C. C. Wakefield firm were called,
went from strength to strength,
Richard earned a tidy sum, enough to pay the rent.
He lived in t' house called 'Invergarry' out
in smart new Pinner,
a clever guy now moved wi t' posh, no longer a beginner.

Now at the age of forty-nine, ambition was fulfilled,
his sponsor, Felix Fighiera, proposed him for t' posh guild.
Now Felix, he were t' Master and in his Master's year,
so Richard was accepted, of that, there was no fear.

Admitted to the Freedom, by payment of a gurt fine,
his chum the Viscount Wakefield were on t' Court at time.
In fact, there is good evidence, there was a railway clique,
but it's likely them there Turners,
were all posh and quite elite.

Like Dick Whittington, this red-haired lad,
had made the grade at last,
but self-made man, amongst them toffs, never forgot his past.
Saint Bart's, the church in Great Barrow,
he'd attended as a lad,
were in receipt of his donations, ensuring roof wu clad.

His life improved wit Turner mates, ascending like the lark.
He moved his home to posher place, at side of Regents Park.
He never sought to rise in t' guild or join Assistants Court,
though he attended functions and gave t' guild his support.

T' were sad when Richard passed away,
he really weren't that old.
He was a thoughtful lovely lad, had a heart of gold.
He made sure sister Martha and Edith, lovely wife,
had sufficient to sustain them, for t' rest a natural life.

The rest you know were in a clause, of gift, within his will.
By God I bet that gave you Turners,
one hell of a great thrill.
The sum I heard, it is a lot, in this year forty-seven,
would make an ordinary bloke like me,
think he were in heaven.

This benefit to Turners, that comes from his estate,
should give you an investment, you cannot underrate.
I hope that all you Turners appreciate this gift,
and chairman of finance committee handles it with thrift.

But he wants you all to celebrate his birthday when it's due.
To have good food, to think of him, enjoy a drink or two.
So use it well for charity, to give kids bread and jam
and drink to Richard Gardner Williams,
in Piam Memoriam.

Peter Ellis
(To be read in a Northern accent)