

IN MEMORY OF RICHARD SON OF HALL

Something Personal

Oh God my God
Heard the shocking news
Richard Hall our dear comrade
Is no more with us
Dick we expected a sound farewell
To us Dick you bade no farewell

Oh God my God — You know well
All genuine friends to each other say farewell
There was a friend we knew well
His name was Richard son of Hall
He knew how to fight for a cause
Yes, he was well known to all
And freedom fighters knew and loved him well

Friend and foe on his truth
Could day and night depend
Friends and lovers of truth
Could always on him depend
Such a situation as he was required
 at any cost to defend
And this only with his pen

Come one, come all
Dick Hall rallied all fighters through the pen
Come one, come all
Dick rallied peace lovers through his pen
Rhodesia and Nyasaland Federation has to decay
We will make it decay, decay, decay

His honour on the block was put
And seriously it was put to the test
The settler element had called the tune
Nay, nay, Dick Hall called his own
Come and fight the Federation,
 it had come to decay
Yes, his fellows rallied, it had come to decay

Oh God my God — Heard that
Dick Hall, friends and all
Their goal they have achieved
It's all smiles now
Federation is no more
The old struggle is no more
Federation came to decay
Yes, Federation came to decay

Come one, come all
Dick Hall says farewell
Come one, come all
Dick Hall says farewell
Roots, roots, roots, now it's roots
Says Richard son of Hall
To Old England he belongs
Alright then Richard son of Hall
Fare thee well
Zambia your second home
Is indeed your home away from home

Oh God my God
Thou has't taught us
To love our neighbours
As we love ourselves
Indeed what a lesson it is

Difficult truly it is
But Richard son of Hall knew it well
And Richard son of Hall practised it well
For this Lord we are truly grateful
Richard Hall to you we bid farewell
Dick our dear comrade — Fare thee well
Till we meet again — Fare thee well