SONGBOOK

The Wipers Times

Robert Short - executed October 1917

Joined in 1916
Soon as I turned 18, boys
That's what I told the board
Took me at my word, boys
They needed men to to show the hun what for
And send them running home
And I was so naïve
I thought that I could do it on my own

I really did my bit
Knee deep in blood and shit, boys
Over the top and run
Losing mates one by one
Got mentioned in despatches taking
the machine gun nest that did them in
poor blokes gun got jammed,
me mills bomb did the rest
I kept the pin

I wrote to the Wipers Times
Sent them some of my worst rhymes
Came under scrutiny
Accused me of mutiny
I only told it like it was
No frills, no covering up the pain,
The pointless sacrifice in charging when there's nothing left to gain

God bless the French at Arras saying no advance, its better to defend and though we knew that made sense the buggers got me I the end, they always do

Because when the next order came to go over the top, I stood to attention, saluted, and said....

I won't play that game no more Now I've found what my lifes for Always knew there should be more I wont play that game no more So that's all I've got to say
A price I'm prepared to pay
I've made my peace with god
And the boys in the firing squad
And when they came to blindfold me
I said I'd look them in the eye
And take my stand for truth
And show them how a man
Can choose a time to die
And when they asked for my last words
I sang so everyone could hear
and as the order came
I'd swear I heard their voices
singing loud and clear

I won't play that game no more Now I know what my life's for Always knew there should be more I won't play that game no more

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