



Poetry and Prose

Codford, and What We Think of It

Some thought it a feather-bed nest,
But Codford will live evermore,
We're not at all fond,
But we're struggling along,
No doubt that to Heaven we'll soar.
At Codford the rain and sleet fall,
And the rats, big as cats, never rest,
And the cupboard is bare,
And Hell cannot compare
With Codford – when its at its best.
There is hardly a girl in the place,
And courting's a thing of the past,
Each night when we pray,
And in chorus we say –
“ O! Lord, let me leave with the draught.”
At Reveille, it's sad to relate,
Our feet are like great lumps of lead;
And the language we use,
(We all Codford abuse),
Would put fifty parsons in bed.
It is here that our great soldiers come,
To train on cornbeef and fags
To live a fast life
And forget all the strife,
Of the ways of the cowardly Hun.
I think the great Kaiser's dream,
I'd bet twenty quid to a bone,
He won't give a damn,
I'm sure – that Great Man,
If he can call Codford his own!
Then he'll bring all his great generals down,
Old Hindenburg and Von Kluck,
But I think they'd find out,
They'd developed the gout,
And curse Mein Gott for they luck.
Then peace for ever will reign,
And emblazoned with letters so good,
In History's Book,
We may with wry faces look,
And remember “Codford-on-Mud.”

Written by Private Whiting