



Poetry and Prose

The Wail

Oh ! CODFORD !

The troopers arrived all merry and gay,
The station it rang with their cheers,
But their gaitey soon turned into dismay,
And Codford is wet with their tears.

Oh, Codford, you've brought on disgrace,
Thou dirty, wretched old spot,
And rather than see again such a place,
Each one would rather be shot.

But, Oh! In those tents at night –Oh, God!
The way that it used to rain-
Although it did not wet them through,
By jove! It turned their brain.

See them round their camping fire-
The tales of woe they used to tell,
Cleaning clothing of the mire,
Then cursing Codford all to *Hell!*

If the Germans in this country land,
At Codford they will sure to be beat,
For behind we men they will not stand,
Damned quickly they will beat retreat

Composed by "BURNLEY"