



# Sutton Veny Camp

## Poems & Songs

### Sutton Veny Camp

There's an isolated, desolated spot I'd like to mention,  
Where all you hear is "Stand at Ease," "Slope Arms," "Quick March," "Attention."  
It's miles away from anywhere, by Gad, it is a rum'un,  
A chap lived there for fifty years and never saw a woman.

There are lots of little huts, all dotted here and there.  
For those who have to live inside, I've offered many a prayer.  
Inside the huts there's RATS as big as any nanny goat,  
Last night a soldier saw one trying on his overcoat.

It's sludge up to the eyebrows, you get it in your ears,  
But into it you've got to go, without a sign of fear,  
And when you've had a bath of sludge you just set to and groom,  
And get cleaned up for next parade, or else, it's "Orderly Room."

Week in, week out, from morn till night, with full pack and a rifle,  
Like Jack and Jill you climb the hills, of course that's just a trifle,  
"Slope Arms." "Fix Bayonets," then "Present," they fairly put you through it,  
And as you stagger to your hut, the Sergeant shouts "Jump to it."

With tunics, boots and putties off, you quickly get the habit,  
You gallop up and down the hills just like a blooming rabbit.  
"Heads backward bend," "Arms upward stretch," "Heels raise,"  
then "Ranks changes places,"  
And later on they make you put your kneecaps where your face is.

Now when this War is over and we've captured Kaiser Billy,  
To shoot him would be merciful and absolutely silly.  
Just send him down to Sutton Veny, there among the rats and clay,  
And I'll bet he won't be long before he droops and fades away.

BUT WE'RE NOT DOWNHEARTED YET

**DOWN IN OUR  
SUTTON VENY CAMP.**

To be sung to the tune of "Back Home in Tennessee."

I'm so lonely, oh, so lonely,  
In our Sutton Veny Camp  
Not worth a penny stamp  
I'm worse off than a tramp,  
Father, Mother, Sister, Brother,  
All are waiting me  
I'm getting thinner, miss my dinner  
And my Sunday's tea.

**CHORUS**

Down in our Sutton Veny Camp,  
That's where we get the camp;  
Through sleeping in the damp,  
We're not allowed a lamp,  
All we can hear there each day,  
Is left, right, all the way;  
Sergeants calling, lance jacks bawling  
Get out on parade.  
We go to bed at night  
You ought to see the sight,  
The earwigs on the floor's  
All night are forming fours,  
If we're on bed in the morning  
You will hear the sergeant yawning,  
Show a leg there, show a leg there,  
Way down in our Sutton Veny Camp.  
G.J.

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To be sung to the tune of "Back Home in Tennessee"

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