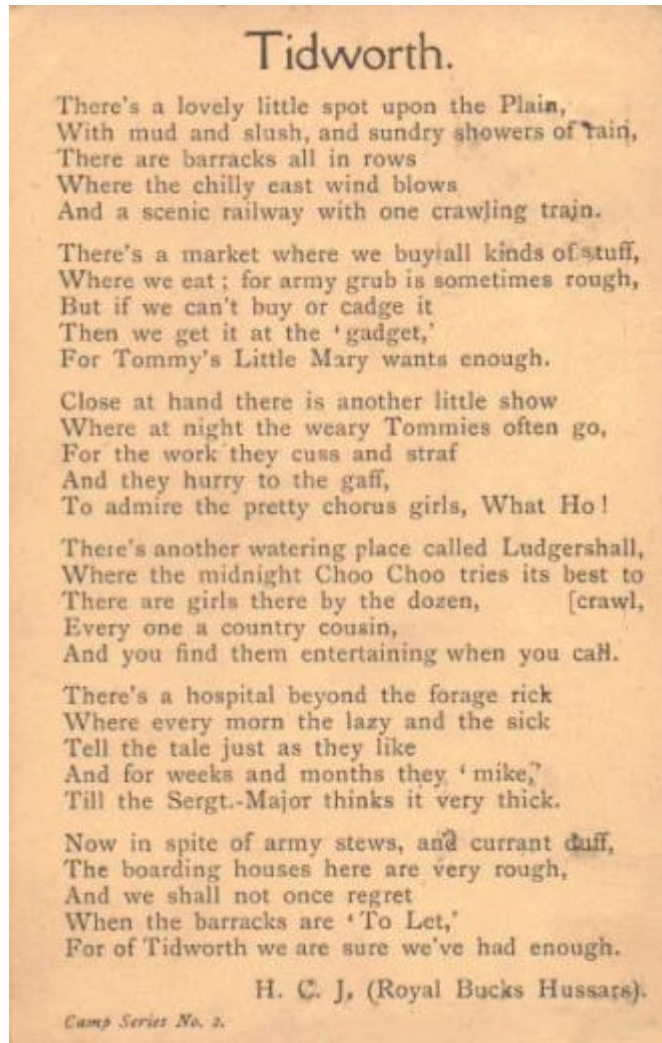


Tidworth



POETRY



Tidworth

There's a lovely little spot upon the Plain,
With mud and slush, and sundry showers of rain,
There are barracks all in rows
Where the chilly east wind blows
And a scenic railway with one crawling train.

There's a market where we buy all kinds of stuff,
Where we eat; for army grub is sometimes rough,
But if we can't buy or cadge it
Then we get it at the 'gadget',
For Tommy's Little Mary wants enough.

Close at hand there is another little show
Where at night the weary Tommies often go,
For the work they cuss and straf
And they hurry to the gaff,
To admire the pretty chorus girls, What Ho!

There's another watering place called Ludgershall,
Where the midnight Choo Choo tries its best to crawl,
There are girls there by the dozen,
Every one a country cousin,
And you find them entertaining when you call.

There's a hospital beyond the forage rick
Where every morn the lazy and the sick
Tell the tale just as they like
And for weeks and months they 'mike',
Till the Sergt.-Major thinks it very thick.

Now in spite of army stews, and currant duff,
The boarding houses here are very rough,
And we shall not once regret
When the barracks are 'To Let',
For of Tidworth we are sure we've had enough.

H.C.J. (Royal Bucks Hussars)