

Spencer the Soldier

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Word came to our village that the army was recruiting
Me and my brother resolved for to go
The harvest was failing,
Our families were starving
Some bread from the army would help bring them through.

We were marched down to Dover where the troopship awaited
To bear us to Flanders and thence on to France
On that fatal morning
The armies stood facing
The Duke gave the orders for us to advance.

I never could tell you of the horrors I saw there,
Brave men and proud horses, all blown apart
My brother was torn from
My side in the battle,
I shall see him no more, I know in my heart

So, when I returned to my cottage in the country
Where woodbine and ivy twined all round the door,
My dreams were tormented
By the screams of the dying
My days were distracted, I could stand it no more

So now I am resolved to take off on my travels,
I will ramble through England and most parts of Wales
I hope that my solitude
Will bring peace to my memories
And one day I shall return to my family again.