

No Medals for War Babies

Unknown to me, the war clouds gathered.
My cot was snug and warm.
The Dogs of War were again unleashed.
Teutonic hordes began to swarm.
“Not again”, my father said,
they did it once before.
Things again have come to a head,
with them it's a running sore.

Immersed in war for six long years
Alas it came to naught.
Slaughter great was all it did
For what was it they fought.
Austerity followed in post war years
Life was tough for all
Slowly we all forgot the tears
and once again grea tall.

The years moved on but conscription stayed
The Servies were calling
“A taste of army life for you my lad”,
In my ear they're bawling.

In a peacetime army I did serve
with veterans all around.
The Coldstream Guards was whih I joined
Wake up to trumpet sounds.
Glad I was to do my bit
[with a trip to Africa tha'nose]
Aye ready, and in sprkling kit, but
with no-one came to blows.

The Queen I guarded many times
and Tower Guards thrown in, but
never once did I do St James
nor Windsor Castle for my sins.

In “civvy” life I'm now retired
Grey and somewhat balding
Now time is all that marches on
My memories I am recording.

I have friends I would not have met
and those I've not yet met
because of those conscripted years
PART OF THE COLDSTREAM SET

[Bernard O'Hara]