Happed in Mist

Michael Marra

Happed in mist these twenty-five eventful years seem to me now,
And in all but one a friendly gaze, a ghost of gladness by my side,
With horse and plough I marched with pride of the purest kind.
Then a blink of light and it's Flanders field and the end of time.
Through the flash and cannon roar, I saw my Christine's smiling eyes,
And with no more thought of blood or shell, I made my way to hold her near.
But Truth and Honour's henchmen found me leaving here,
A madman's rave, a coward's grave, for a volunteer.
And in his eyes flew snipe and curlew, and in his nose blew moistened air,
And in his mind the wood the King stole that robbed the land and laid it bare.
But in his heart his lover's memory, singing on their wedding night.
Where once the parks flowed thick with corn, that sullen tune was with him now.
Happed in mist, the Kings Own Rifles
Ready Aim,
The fluers o the forest are ah weed away.

Lyrics submitted by Tanadichy.

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