

Living Well - A Tale to Tell...

In The Trenches

(Brian Mullen)

I am tired and I am weary,
As I sit here in this trench tonight,
I'm cold and wet and hungry,
And I'm just not ready for the fight.

I lost four mates this morning,
It's hard to comprehend,
Two Corporals and an officer,
And a man who was my closest friend.

I killed a man just yesterday,
I didn't know his name,
But I killed him, 'cos his uniform,
And mine, just didn't look the same.

My ears are ringing from the blasts,
Of shel and lead and fire,
I've 'trench foot' in both my feet,
From standing knee high in the mire.

Each day that dawns brings more of this,
And nighttime fades away,
Into the smell of cordite,
And the smell of death and pure decay.

The whistle blast that calls us,
Over the top and to attack,
Will be forever in my being,
Should I survive, should I get back.

Back to my townland in the Glens,
Where waits my one and only,
I got her letter just today,
That pledged her love, that said she's lonely.

