

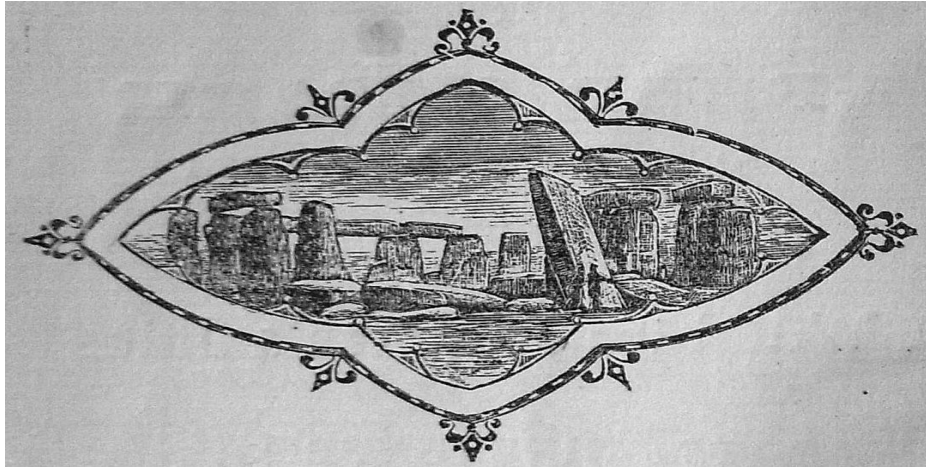
# The Great War

A  
West Countrie Dialogue

BETWEEN

**FRED & MARK**

SOLDIER & PACIFIST



By the Author of the  
**Wiltshire Rhymes & Tales**



# The Great War

**Mark**

“Why, bless me heart: be that you, Vred?  
Zurely, my mem'ry hant misled:  
Var zomtime I've bin eyein you,  
Thinkin you wur zom vren I knew;  
Var as zoon as you come in tha door,  
I velt that I'd zeed ee avore.  
An be ee raly Vreddy Hoyes?  
As liv'd at Ham when we wur bwoys;  
If zoo, how glad I be ta meet:  
An a schoolmeat, wonce mwore ta greet.  
Ta think now we shood meet again  
While travellin in thease yer train.  
Full thirty year must av gone by,  
Zunce las we met; how time da vly,  
An much you've alter'd I da zee;  
A zodger, too; an in khaky.  
That uniform da meak I queer  
Var this zodgerin I can't abeare;  
An raly, vred, it do alarm me,  
Ta vind that you be in tha army:  
Tha thought a it, da meak I zad,  
Var you wur zich a peaceful lad.  
You be I knaa woolder than I,  
An need'nt av wie thic Act comply;  
Zemption, cood a claim'd ya zee:

Var you wur auver varty dree.  
I mist zay, Vren, I be main zorry  
Var to yer voke mist be a worry  
Ta zacrifice yer wom an trade;  
You've mead a girt mistake, I'm fraid.

### **Fred**

“Well eece woold vren, I'm Freddy Hoyes;  
As liv'd at Ham when we wur bwoys,  
An if my rekermembrance right,  
You'm Mark, the son of woold Jan Light,  
Who wur geam keeper in Ham wood:  
Var tha then owner Captin Good.  
Thats thirty year agoo come May,  
As you da zay: time vlies away.  
Ah; many ups an downs I've zeed,  
An zights ta meak a stout heart bleed,  
An tho I be bit in me prime,  
I've had a mwoast excitin time.  
Vrom tha Dardenells I now av come,  
Jist to recruit me health at whome:  
Of enteric faver had attack,  
Bit hopes quite zoon I shall be back.

\* \* \* \* \*

We had zim toughish work out there:  
Twur an unfortunate affair  
Tho teant var we poor zodgers humble  
To vind a vaat ar ta grumble,  
Bit do ower duty an obay  
Ower officers bouath night an day.

\* \* \* \* \*

You, my woold vren, express zaprise,  
Ta zee I in a zodger's guise;  
An coose it med zeem right to you,  
Ta look on zodgerin as you do.  
Cos zom years zince, Cousin Bracher  
Zed you'd become a Local Pracher,  
An coose, cant zee things as I do,  
Tho I'm var Pace as much as you.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, when thease dredful war broke out,  
Tha army I never dram'd about;  
Dree year agoo, if you had zed,  
Zom day you'll be a zodger, Vred,  
I shood a reckon'd ee demented:  
Var I never hood consented.  
Bit KITCHENER mead his appeal;  
Ta join then hager I did veel,  
An when thay vrightvul Zeplins come:  
Murderin people in their wom,  
Hesitation quick wur auvercome:  
Ta vokes entreaties I wur dumb.  
Tho auver age, I quite admit,  
I velt burnin ta do my bit;  
Tho years; I'd jist past varty dree,  
I took off two on em ya zee:  
Twur a duty plain I hood'n shirk.  
An zoo at wonce gied up me wirk.  
Tho nayburs mwoastly did persuade  
Ta stick; an vollie on me trade.  
Bit love a country auvercame,  
Ta zarve her wur me ony aim.

Zoo I jin'd a well know'd Brigade,  
An zoon a zargent I wur made.  
Atter dree months a hard trainin,  
I wur zent abroad campainin;  
An trust I've done a bit at least,  
Wie zix months' vighthen in tha East.  
An now I'm travellin whoam ya zee,  
To put right my infirmity.  
An as I zed ta you avore,  
I hope zom raste will zoon restore;  
Me shatter'd health, and that quite zoon,  
I shall be back we my platoon.”

### **Mark**

“Well, raly vren, I must admire,  
Tha noble thought which did inspire,  
You to hasten wie all speed,  
Ta aid yer country in her need.  
Bit I am now a Gospel Pracher,  
An ta zidders am a tacher;  
My mission is, ta pray var Pace  
An that this wretched war may sace.

\* \* \* \* \*

I'm fraid, my vren, tha angry God  
Is chastenen us with heavy rod,  
Var years we av transgresed He's laws,  
An I believe it is tha caas,  
That His great Almighty hand,  
Is zo afflictin thease yer land.  
Var many years ower people zad:  
Bin rushing headlong to tha bad,

In churches, and in chapels too,  
Rale worshippers be very vew.  
All that people zeem ta treasure,  
Is gaiety, an spourt, an pleasure;  
Racin, vootballen, an gamblin,  
Yes everything as lades ta zin.  
Dancin, an picter shows ache night;  
Oh dear, it is a woeful zight,  
Ta zee ther terrible condition  
Hastenen headlong to perdicion.  
Whilst others bent on massin wealth:  
Yea e'en ta zacrificin health;  
Anything, zo's ta get rich quick.  
It meaks me verry hearts blood zick.  
Tha Devil has o'er them controul,  
Not one thought var ther precious zoul.  
An tho zeems ard ta realise,  
Thase wars a blessin in disguise,  
Englin, wur on tha downurd grade,  
Looseun her good neam and her trade.  
While Garmany in leaps an bounds,  
Wur oustin we on ower own grounds:  
An tha faats ower own ya zee,  
Livin in keerless luxury:  
Nestlin in a vools paradise,  
An now we got ta pay tha price.

\* \* \* \* \*

My mission is, an I wunt sace:  
Ta pray God var immediate pace,  
An that He med lade ower nation,  
Ta vind PACE by NEGOCIATION.  
An this ower Statsmen ought to do,  
An var a armistice now sue.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah, much it vexed me tother day,  
Ower Rulers drow'd a chance away:  
Var as I larn tha Kaizer he,  
Mead offers of a PACE ta we.  
Var Pace, sweet Pace, I'll prache an shout,  
An keer not how 'tis brought about:  
Zoo that it ends this awful strife,  
An zacrifices no mwore life.”

### **Fred**

“Ah! vren; I caant agree wie you,  
Var yours is a one zided view:  
Ta sue var Pace when ther's no Pace,  
Tha difficulties hood bit incrase:  
Var you knows well tha Kaizer he  
Claims to av won tha victory.  
An on thic basis mead he's offer,  
Bit nuthen ceptable did proffer:  
Tha Allys ael I needen state,  
Hooden be trap'd be zich a bait.  
Thay wur quite right an justified  
Be brushen zich a snare azide.  
'Tis plain ; He wanted ta gain time,  
Wie a sham pace ta hide he's crime.  
Tho praps he yeant zolely ta bleam,  
Bit Proosian Junkers to ther sheam.  
We knaa thay ba a baddish lot,  
An on ther neam is many a blot.  
Var auver zixty years ya zee,  
Thay bin graspen var mwore territry.

Vust leetle Denmark thay assail'd,  
An we Austria's help prevailed:  
Thay robbed thic leetle country,  
Of a girt slice of her lan ya zee.  
Then picked a quarrel we ther chum,  
An Austria zoon thay auvercome.  
Then to tha West their eyes did glance,  
An zoon pervoked a war we Vrance,  
An thic vair lan to death they bled:  
Wie tha awful raviges thay spread.  
Poor peasantry they cruel did haras,  
An ended up be STARVIN PARIS:  
Mead em two underd million pay,  
An stole two provinces away.  
Bit to thease day 'tis purty plain  
Thay hant konker'd Alsace nor Loraine.  
Thay swares thay'll never own tha rule,  
Of Huns, an ther diziplin cruel.  
An now I hope tha days in zite,  
Thay'll be vree vrom ther bondige quite.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis varty year an mwore begar,  
Tha Huns bin plannen var thease war:  
Waiten an longen var tha day,  
Ta get woold Englin in tha vray.  
'Tis zed; vive million men well train'd,  
Var ten years past thay av maintain'd:  
Which in dree days hood moberlize,  
An any voe quickly chastize.  
Millions a tons, bouath bomb an shell:  
Krupps av turn'd out, a very hell;  
Ta manifacter we high skill,  
Vrightfullest things to maim an kill.



\* \* \* \* \*

Ther Neavy too; thay hood persist:  
In adden Dreadnoughts to ther list,  
Tho British Government in pleace.  
Ax'd em to stop tha madden en race.  
But no; thay ony sneer'd an zed,  
We shall build on vull steam ahead;  
Tha TRIDENT zoon hood wrest vrom we,  
An then be measters on tha sea.  
An to ower cost we now know well,  
Ther output vrom ache arsenal:  
We faverish haste, thay night an day,  
Had bin preparen var thease vray:  
An Britons vleet ta unnermine,  
We ghastly bomb an zubmarine.  
An 'tis, me vren, strongly avverd,  
When rumours of thease war wur yeard:  
Tha artvul Hun mead it he's bwoast,  
He had min'd all tha Englash cwoast.  
We zoon voun out thic bwoast wur true,  
Be devilish deeds that did ensue.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then look at ther mad maniar:  
Zinkin tha Lusitanier,  
A deed which shock'd tha entire world,  
When underds to ther deaths wur hurl'd,  
An thic awful hact ta celebrate,  
Struck a medal to commemorate.  
Be-vlag'd ther towns; vreed gals an bwoys;  
Ta teak part in ther fiendish joys.  
On hospital ships ther raviges;

Zurpass deeds of rale saviges,  
Zich devilish actrosity;  
Thase wordle, me vren, did never zee,  
Tha murder too a thic brave nuss;  
U'll ever be ta thay a cuss,  
An Captin Fryatt, brave an true,  
Who tried ta seave he's ship an crew:  
Ta think var that a shood be shot,  
Zurely zich crimes wunt be vargot.  
An then think a tha deselation;  
Thay av brought on the Belgin nayshun,  
A brave an plucky leetle ban,  
Who's crime wur bit to fend ther lan  
Vrom tha heartless cruel invader:  
Who've prov'd a robber, wells a raider,  
An that too atter he had sworn,  
To perteck thic country ael vorelorn,  
Thic zacred TREATY wur a scrap:  
A peaper; an not woth a rap.  
An then zet up thic wretched plea:  
Ther's no laa var he's necessity.

\* \* \* \* \*

Agean in Vrance jist recently,  
Rade of tha awful deviltry:  
Which thay've inflicted we high glee,  
Apon tha paceval pesantry.  
Who var two yer in their vair lan,  
Av bin crush'd be tha heavy han,  
Of tha heartless cruel invader,  
Who've prov'd a robber, wells a raider.

\* \* \* \* \*

When our Allys went ta drave em out,  
What devilish things thay zet about,  
Destroyen everything thay cood,  
Ther housen, vurniture, an vood.  
Burned ther factries to tha groun,  
An churches bom'd wur ever voun;  
An not content we that ya zee,  
Even rifled tombs in cemetery.  
Thay pwizen'd wells, an zich wirk ta crown  
Ther vine an fruit trees did cut down,  
Naught cood ther vile work obstruct;  
Even young maids they did abduct.  
Tha wuss deeds of rale saviges  
Never zurpass'd ther raviges.

\* \* \* \* \*

An can we trust zich fiends again?  
Atter zich experiences plain.  
Humanity thay av disgraced,  
Zich deeds ull never be effaced.”

### **Mark**

“Girt attention, Vred, I've paid ta you,  
An much you've zed I'm veard is true.  
Var years tha Garmans av, ya zee,  
Zed Englin wur ther arch enemy.  
We do thwart em on every han,  
An hinder thay in every lan.  
Ta witness, zee how we did stir  
Bout a coalin stayshun 'Agadir';  
Incident which, nearly bought war,  
Bit tha Kaizer wranglin did abhor,

An when a voun Englin an Vrance  
Objected; tha claim a hood'n vance,  
Twur mainly droo he's act begar,  
A kept ess then vrom gwain ta war.

\* \* \* \* \*

I'm veard, me vren, we be bit jealous,  
Caws Garman people be za zealous,  
An av zurpass'd ess in invention,  
An many things I need'n menshun.  
Zom o'm think praps we've had our day,  
An be vast hastenen to decay.  
That 'tis quite time, as we an Vrance,  
Ther high Kultur shood countenance.  
I dwoant zay we mist zolve tha riddle,  
Be playen to em zecond viddle.  
Neet bown down to em, like as slaves;  
Bit why shood Britons 'Rule tha Waves?'  
Thic bwoast, thay zays, shant stan longer,  
If thay can prove theselves tha stronger.  
As var myself, I vails ta zee,  
Why we can't come to tarms, an gree;  
Var as I zed ta you avore,  
This wretched vighnten I deplore.  
An I will never, never sace,  
Ta pray and cry aloud var pace.  
Var Pace, sweet Pace, I'll prache an shout,  
No matter how 'tis brought about.  
I'm zick ta death a this cruel strife,  
We its appalin loss a life.”

**Fred**

“Ah, eece, me vren, an zoo be I,  
Var a TRUE pace I long an zigh;  
Bit tha AGGRESSOR he must sue,  
An which, I trust, he'll ave to do.  
Tha Prossian Junker mist be crush'd,  
An he's hatevul ravins hush'd.  
An Keaizer, too, a must desist,  
Bwoasten about he's mail'd vist.  
Na dout thase Junkers car tha sway,  
An Keaizer must to em gie way.  
Ther larn'd men, too, be vur vrom blame,  
Ther vile tachens do but infleam.  
Cos thay da tache in every school  
Ther childern to despise Jan Bull.  
Thay zay he is a artvul prig,  
Be thevein got he's hempire big,  
An who we heavy iren han,  
Grinds down the poor in every lan.  
An Heav'n av rais'd Garmany,  
Ta crush un, an zet tha wordle vree.  
Thay bwoast thame God's pertickler vren,  
Who will ther devilish wirk defen.

\* \* \* \* \*

Did tha wordle ever yer an zee  
Zich terrible wicked blasphemy?  
Thay gull ther voke, God's on ther zide,  
An'll prove ther never vailen guide.  
He've rais'd em up ta rule tha wordle,  
An voes ta hell ull zoon be hurl'd,  
Cos thay be a race zaperior,  
An ael other voke inferior.  
Kultur av rais'd em to thease pitch,  
We it thase wordle thay enrich,

An under others ael mist go  
Wether thame neutral or tha voe.  
'Tis zartin true what I da state  
'Tis printed in ther 'Hymn of Hate,'  
A vrightvul compersition vile,  
Tho 'tis anuff ta meak ee smile,  
Var never did a lunatic  
Write zich a rhyme ta meak voke zick.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ya seems ta think we've ad our day,  
An shood ta Garmany gie way.  
God grant this, I med never zee,  
Ar these wordle agean hood'n be vree.  
Var glance now at ache colony,  
Under tha yoke a Garmany,  
Like slaves tha neatives be, an wuss,  
Ther disipline is a iren cuss.  
Thay in a steat a bondige be,  
Zoo crush'd down we tha military.  
Compare ther rule wie owers an zee  
Which o'm got girttest liberty.  
A proof on't you can plainly zee:  
In Africker, jist recently,  
Var when tha girt Boer War wur o'er,  
Vull liberty we did restore,  
An loyally thame zettled down,  
In pace, under tha British Crown.  
'Tis var ther good thay unnerstan,  
Ta be peart of our Hempire gran.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah! diden it gie the Huns a thump,

Vren Botha proven zich a trump.  
Tha Keaizer did thic war voment,  
An a girt harmy hood a zent,  
Ta vight var Steyne an Krugger, too,  
If ships he'd got ta get em droo.  
Tha Huns encouraged em to vight,  
Ar thay hood'n a challeng'd ower might;  
Thay wur back'd up, 'tis proved, ya zee,  
Be thic WIRE Keaizer zent ta he.

\* \* \* \* \*

What good, then, Vren, is it var you,  
Ta taak bout pace jist as you do?  
Var if we thay we had agreed,  
We zoon shood av rued tha deed.  
Var to tha Allys it wur plain,  
'Twur a ruse, ta start var war again.  
Another dredvul war in store,  
Mwoast everybiddy hood deplore.  
Thay Junkers must be crush'd var aye;  
An may God hasten on tha day.  
An from ther pates, it must be hurl'd,  
It teant var they ta boss tha wordle.”

### **Mark**

“Well eece, me Vren, I quite agree,  
We yer last steatments hartily,  
An trust ower Heavnly Father will,  
Pace in belligerents hearts instill.  
Bit this, my vren, you must admit,  
Of wrong doin Englin yeant aquit.  
Var just avore tha girt Boer War,

On ower neam wur a girt scar;  
Ya reckerleck praps what war zaid,  
Be tha wordle bout tha Jamieson raid.  
When thic daren filly buster,  
On tha Transvall zoil did muster,  
A body a desperadoes, zee,  
Var to invade thic country,  
An bring about a revolution,  
An woold Kruger's disselution.  
This act, tha wordle did offend,  
An well ya knows ow it did end.  
We must excuse tha Kaizer's ire,  
Who praps in haste zent off thic WIRE,  
Becass Kruger nip'd in tha bud,  
Thic raid weout sheddin much blood.

\* \* \* \* \*

Acoose its quite painvul ta me,  
Ta vind faat wie ower country;  
Bit Gospel Prachers thay be bound,  
To be vair to that wordle around.  
Ta show up every country's blot,  
Ta cry aloud an speer em not.  
Thervore, I'll never, never sace,  
Ta cry aloud an pray var pace.  
An tho you be a zodger, Vred,  
Ache night avore I goes ta bed,  
I'll pray var ee, an that God may  
Protect ee droo thease awful vray.  
Varewell; tha stayshun now I rache,  
Wur I be plan'd this night ta prache.  
Good bye, good luck, my dear woold vren,  
Ta God's good keer I you commen.”



## Fred

“Well, good bye, Vren; I hope that you  
Ull zoon zee things zeems as I do.  
Tho 'tis quite vain ta shout var pace,  
Var ower Allys ull never sace,  
Until that voe's completely crush'd,  
An he's idle vapourins hush'd.  
Thic notion vrom he's pate be hurl'd  
That he's agwain ta boss tha world.  
Tha Kaizer and he's Junkers, too,  
Ull av ta larn thease lesson true.”



# A LEETLE WILLHERE WAR DITTY

## I

Come, rouse yerzelves, you British voke;  
As loves yer counterey,  
Buck up, an stir yerzelves about:  
If you wish to be vree.  
Tha savige Hun, we submarine,  
Dreatens ta starve ee out;  
Bit let un zee, we'll konker ee,  
And zoon putt un ta rout.

## CHORUS

Then plough an zow, yer gierdens dig,  
Grow yer taters, rear yer pig.  
An let tha spitevul Garmin zee:  
We'll get grub in spite a he.

## II

Ower brave bwoys in tha trenches;  
In Vlanders an in Vrance,  
Av got tha Hun now on tha run,  
Woold Hiddenburgh mid dance.  
Ower zailors too, in tha North Sae,  
Be watchen night an day:  
We cheervul hearts thay'll do ther pearts,  
Ael hager vor a fray.

## CHORUS

Then plough an zow, yer gierdens dig,  
Grow yer taters, rear yer pig.  
An let tha spitevul Garmin zee:  
We'll get grub in spite a he.

### III

In Egypt and Zalonicker;

An up tha Tigris river,

Tha crafty Turk is bundled out:

A geans ta sheak an shiver,

He's veamous zity of Baigdad

Ower brave troops av cap'turd

An ael tha wordle at thic deed

Is mightily enrap'turd.

### CHORUS

Then plough an zow, yer gierdens dig,

Grow yer taters, rear yer pig.

An let tha spitevul Garmin zee:

We'll get grub in spite a he.

### IV

Tha Kaizer's trimblin in he's shoes;

Tis getting on he's nob,

An many times he've rued tha day,

A started on tha job.

Woold Zepp a bwoasted that a hood

Zoon lay proud Englin low.

*He's* geam is up: var Deavy Jounes,

Av got un safe in tow.

### CHORUS

Then plough an zow, yer gierdens dig,

Grow yer taters, rear yer pig.

An let tha spitevul Garmin zee:

We'll get grub in spite a he.

### V

Then buck up ael good Willshere voke

An ael o ee whats vit:

Woold men, an oomans, maids an bwoys,  
Hasten ta do yer bit.  
Ya caant goo in tha vighten line  
Zoo get out on the lan,  
Var zartin zure, we must procure  
Every bit of grub we can.

### CHORUS

Then plough an zow, yer gierdens dig,  
Grow yer taters, rear yer pig.  
An let tha spitevul Garmin zee:  
We'll get grub in spite a he.

## **A WILTS ZODGER'S ZONG**

### I

What tho' tha convlict rages bwoys,  
Tho' Rooshy av gied out,  
An' things mid zeem a bit cloudy  
Ower hearts be true and stout.  
Tho' zom vair peart a Italy  
Tha voe av auverrun  
The time is zurely comin', bwoys,  
When we shill whack the Hun.

### CHORUS

We beant nar bit downhearted, bwoys,  
An' never will gie way  
Till victory da crown ower yarms,  
As come it will zom day.

## II

Tis nearly vawer year agoo,  
Kaizer he's challenge hurl'd  
An' zet out wi' he's millions strong  
Ta konker ael tha wordle.  
He'd be in Paris vore dree weeks  
Tha Vrench hood ael be beat  
An, Jan Bull's leetle Harmy too!  
Bit, han't a-done it heet.

## CHORUS

We beant nar bit downhearted, bwoys,  
An' never will gie way  
Till victory da crown ower yarms,  
As come it will zom day.

## III

Tho' 'tis a bit nerve racken, bwoys,  
To hear tha cannins' din,  
Cooped up in muddy trenches,  
Zometimes wet to tha skin,  
Var howers wi'out a bit or drap'  
In bitterest a weather,  
Vrost, snow, ar rain, we dwoan't complain,  
But stick to't like leather.

## CHORUS

We beant nar bit downhearted, bwoys,  
An' never will gie way  
Till victory da crown ower yarms,  
As come it will zom day.

## IV

We'm vighten var tha wordle's pace

An' var ower Hempire gran'  
Ageanst a voe who 'av disgraced  
Tha very neam a man.  
Who innercents delights to kill  
Poor voke ta rob an' plunder  
An' well we know tha job we've got-  
To vight on, ar goo under!

### CHORUS

We beant nar bit downhearted, bwoys,  
An' never will gie way  
Till victory da crown ower yarms,  
As come it will zom day.

### V

If rations zometimes med run shart,  
A' that we wunt complain,  
Var well we knoa tha voke at whoam  
Bravely ull beare tha strain.  
Tho' meakes ess bwile a bit to zee  
Tha vi'prouz zubmarine,  
Sneaken about a zinken ships,  
We bean't agwain to whine.

### CHORUS

We beant nar bit downhearted, bwoys,  
An' never will gie way  
Till victory da crown ower yarms,  
As come it will zom day.

### VI

Lusitanier : We shant varget:  
Nuss Cavell, or brave Fryatt,  
Sich develish deeds, rale saviges  
Var zartin hood'n try at.

Apon tha Huns till be a cuss;  
A ghastly hideous blot,  
Var's long as thase yer wordle lasts,  
Twunt never be vargot.

### CHORUS

We beant nar bit downhearted, bwoys,  
An' never will gie way  
Till victory da crown ower yarms,  
As come it will zom day.

### VII

Thay dreatens in thase yer girt push  
Thame gwain ta auverdrow  
Englin', an Vrance, an 'Merricker  
We des'prit knock-out blow.  
Let 'em come on, we'm ready var  
Ta veace ther bwoasted might  
An' they shill zee, shan't never be  
That Might shill konker Right.

### CHORUS

We beant nar bit downhearted, bwoys,  
An' never will gie way  
Till victory da crown ower yarms,  
As come it will zom day.

