

Thiepval
Words - Micca Patterson (*deceased*)
Tune - Kelly

It is All Hallow's Eve in the low lands of Flanders
A cold pale fog on the land it is spread
And out of the mist, comes a marching and singing
Long gaunt files of men near a hundred years dead

They stand; parade order, by the building at Thiepval
And at the command each steps up and stands tall
And receives in his turn from the ghost colour sergeant
His name rank and number removed from the wall

Their spectral officer calls the dismissal
And grey NCOS give each man his paybook
They salute and depart from the grim fields of Flanders
Without a glance sideways or a backward look

They march away and their singing is fading
But long before dawn their home places they've found
And finally back, after nearly a century
Each man with relief can sink into home ground

And all over England their names are erasing
From column, memorial and empty tomb
The dead and the missing that have no known resting
Returning to lie in their dark native womb

And now here at Thiepval there stands a cold monument
Shiny unmarked made of pale Portland stone
Because all the men it was built to memorial
Have all returned homeward, to sleep with their own

It's a long way to Tipperary
It's a long way to go
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know
Goodbye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester Square
It's long, long way to Tipperary
But my heart lies there