

Ballad Of James Readman

Standing smiling in his proud and manly form
She picks the dust from off his uniform
One fond kiss and Jim is out the door
My Mothers, Mothers brother, went to war

Like a herd of cattle loaded on the train
Playing death or glory's foolish game
With his rifle bayonet bottle and the one stripe that he wore
My mothers, mothers brother, went to war

The boats were brought and on them soon he went
Jim and his Yorkshire regiment
Never really knowing what he was fighting for
My mothers, mothers brother, went to war

Across the sea to Flanders they did sail
To mucky muddy bloody Passendale
It's up and o'er the top boys hear the roar
My mothers, mothers brother, went to war

He wore a smile to hide the grief and pain
Like all the lads he wished for home again
Catching barbed wire bullets, trench foot and the sores
My mothers, mothers brother, went to war

It's up and o'er the top boys don't delay
Is that what you did Jim, on your last day
For there was nothing of you found to lay below
My mothers. mothers brother, went to war

James Readman won't be coming home again
He's been blown to many pieces ad no longer feels the pain
While on Newport Road his wife and son were waiting at the door
My mothers, mothers brother, went to war

James Readman boy, the writings on the wall
You're a leaf among the many leaves that fall
Your family were left in great sorrow
My mothers, mothers brother, went to war

James Readman, we remember you with pride
Along with all the lads who so pitifully died
You won't be seen down Cannon Street or Newport anymore
My mothers mothers brother, went to war

James Readmans name is written on the wall
His name lives on in Passendale where red red roses fall
Missing lost in action send a letter to his door
My mothers mothers brother, went to war

