

Codford, and what we think of it

Some thought it a feather-bed nest,
But Codford will live evermore,
We're not at all fond,
But we're struggling along,
No doubt that to Heaven we'll soar.

At Codford the rain and sleet fall,
And the rats, big as cats, never rest,
And the cupboard is bare,
And Hell cannot compare
With Codford – when its at its best.

There is hardly a girl in the place,
And courting's a thing of the past,
Each night when we pray,
And in chorus we say –
“ O! Lord, let me leave with the draught.”

At Reveille, its sad to relate,
Our feet are like great lumps of lead;
And the language we use,
(We all Codford abuse),
Would put fifty parsons in bed.

It is here that our great soldiers come,
To train on cornbeef and fags
To live a fast life
And forget all the strife,
Of the ways of the cowardly Hun.

I think the great Kaiser's dream,
I'd bet twenty quid to a bone,
He won't give a damn,
I'm sure – that Great Man,
If he can call Codford his own!
Then he'll bring all his great generals down,
Old Hindenburg and Von Kluck,
But I think they'd find out,
They'd developed the gout,
And curse Mein Gott for they luck.

Then peace for ever will reign,
And emblazoned with letters so good,
In History's Book,
We may with wry faces look,
And remember “Codford-on-Mud.”

(Written by Pte. Whiting)

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THE WAIL

Oh! CODFORD !

Composed by "BURNLEY"

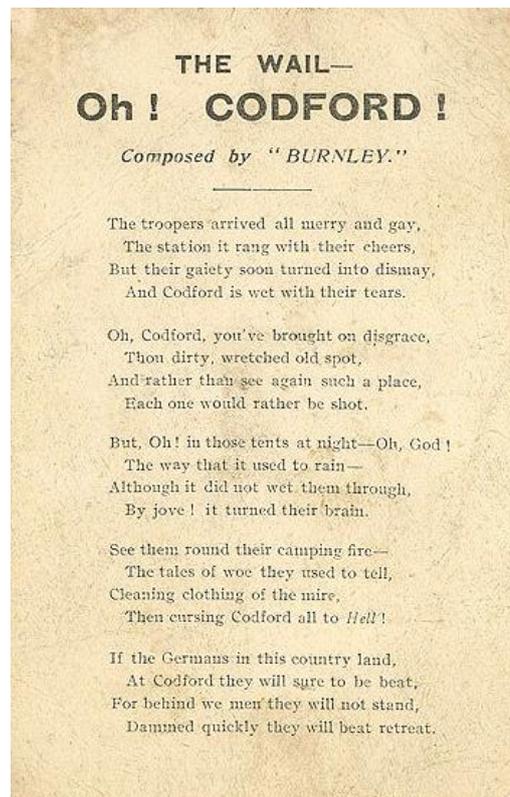
The troopers arrived all merry and gay,
The station it rang with their cheers,
But their gaitey soon turned into dismay,
And Codford is wet with their tears.

Oh, Codford, you've brought on disgrace,
Thou dirty, wretched old spot,
And rather than see again such a place,
Each one would rather be shot.

But, Oh! In those tents at night—Oh, God!
The way that it used to rain—
Although it did not wet them through,
By jove! It turned their brain.

See them round their camping fire—
The tales of woe they used to tell,
Cleaning clothing of the mire,
Then cursing Codford all to *Hell!*

If the Germans in this country land,
At Codford they will sure to be beat,
For behind we men they will not stand,
Damned quickly they will beat retreat.



Codford Camp

There's an isolated, desolated spot I'd like to mention,
Where all you hear is "Stand at Ease," "Slope Arms," "Quick March," "Attention."
It's miles away from anywhere, by Gad, it is a rum'un,
A chap lived there for fifty years and never saw a woman.

There are lots of little huts, all dotted here and there.
For those who have to live inside, I've offered many a prayer.
Inside the huts there's RATS as big as any nanny goat,
Last night a soldier saw one trying on his overcoat.

It's sludge up to the eyebrows, you get it in your ears,
But into it you've got to go, without a sign of fear,
And when you've had a bath of sludge you just set to and groom,
And get cleaned up for next parade, or else, it's "Orderly Room."

Week in, week out, from morn till night, with full pack and a rifle,
Like Jack and Jill you climb the hills, of course that's just a trifle,
"Slope Arms." "Fix Bayonets," then "Present," they fairly put you through it,
And as you stagger to your hut, the Sergeant shouts "Jump to it."

With tunics, boots and putties off, you quickly get the habit,
You gallop up and down the hills just like a blooming rabbit.
"Heads backward bend," "Arms upward stretch," "Heels raise,"
then "Ranks changes places,"
And later on they make you put your kneecaps where your face is.

Now when this War is over and we've captured Kaiser Billy,
To shoot him would be merciful and absolutely silly.
Just send him down to CODFORD, there among the rats and
clay,
And I'll bet he won't be long before he droops and fades away.

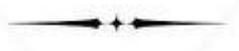
BUT WE'RE STILL "MERRY AND BRIGHT".

(World War 1 postcard)



**The
DAILY ROUTINE
Of A
SOLDIER'S LIFE
AT CODFORD**

To the Titles of Well-Known Hymns



6 a.m. – **Reveille** – “Christians Awake, salute the happy morn.”

6.45 “ - **Rouse Parade** – “Art thou weary art thou languid.”

7 a.m. – **Breakfast** – “Meekly Wait and Murmur Not.”

8.15 “ – **C. O.’s Parade** – “When he Cometh.”

9.15 a.m. – **Manoeuvres** – “Fight the Good Fight.”

11.15 “ – **Swedish Drill** – “Here we suffer grief and pain.”

1 p.m. - **DINNER** – “Come, ye thankful people, come.”

2.15 “ – **Rifle Drill** – “Go, Labour On.”

3.15 “ – **Lecture by Officer** – “Tell me the Old Old Story.”

3.30 “ – **Dismiss** – “Praise God from Whom all Blessings flow.”

5 p.m. - **TEA** – “What means this anxious eager throng.”

6 p.m. - **Free for the Night** – “O Lord how thankful we shall be.”

6.30 “ – **Out of Bounds** – “We may not know, we cannot tell.”

10 p.m. – **Last Post** – “All are safely gathered in.”

10.15 “ – **Lights Out** – “Peace, Perfect Peace.”

10.30 “ – **Inspection of Guard** – “Sleep On, Beloved.”

