

Malpasians

We were farmers, we were plough boys

We were carpenters and none.

But come the call for soldiering

We were warriors by turn

We donned our pattern webbing, Brodie helmet and puttees

And never for one moment did we think to watch at ease.

We did our man's work nobly, we killed, were maimed and died.

We won our war, we spent our lives by duty not denied.

And some now mock and sneer or calls us lions badly led,

But they'll ne'er heed a bugle-call to values drenched in red.

2nd Community – Nicholas McGinn