

## Buzzings of a Bluebottle

- (1) I'm only a poor simple Tommy  
In a hospital suit of blue  
But along with the other "bluebottles"  
I'm eternally grateful to you
- (2) We're all of us victims of fortune  
With a head, or an eye, or a leg  
And some of us hobble on crutches  
And some of us still lie abed
- (3) You've been gentle and kind to us Tommies  
Always so tender and grave  
And no matter what trouble we gave you  
You've always been gentle and brave
- (4) So sweet and nice as the zephyrs  
That whisper to birds in the trees  
Tender and sweet as the lettuce  
We munch for our dinners and teas
- (5) Long through the weary night watches  
When the ward is silent and dim  
Closely watching the doctor  
With his knife on some poor shattered limb

Buzzings of a Bluebottle (contd)

(6) And now comes the time for our parting  
And we're off to the dugouts once more  
With visions of trenches and dugouts  
And all the fierce horrors of war.

(7) It's only a grin and a "Thank you"  
A handshake, an awkward "Goodbye"  
But we'll carry your memory with us  
A memory that never will die.

(8) As we fitfully doze in our dugouts  
'Midst the bullets, the shells, and slock  
We seem to hear your voice calling  
"Six o'clock, Tommy, get up and wash."

June 5<sup>th</sup> 1918

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