**World War One Concert Party © Eddie Lawler 2014/23**

*Some introductory piano which stops at appropriate signal*

 F: Female Presenter M: Male Presenter T: Tommy the Paper Boy (Iain)

 (Plus F/M Singers and Reader/s. Singers may also be Readers)

**F&M:** Welcome, ladies, gentlemen, one and all

**M:**  Come with us on a journey of words and music, which starts in the Pavilion de Luxe in Shipley in early 1914.

**F:** What an exciting new century we are enjoying, all these newfangled things, all these inventions, these fashions…..

**M:** …..all this *technology* - *moving* photographs, wireless telegraphy, motor-cars and motor-bikes, electric trams all over town, cruiser-ships, hot-air balloons, even aeroplanes.

**F:** an age where everything seems possible.

**M:** And three European rulers – Germany, Russia and Great Britain, are actually three cousins, George, Wilhelm and Nikolai, so we’re all in good hands. *(pause)* Aren’t we?

**F:** Are we? What about us women?

**T:** *(entering)* Women on hunger strike, get your paper, women on hunger strike! Prison protest by suffering…..suffering…….

**F:** Suffragettes you mean, young Tommy! Some of them are throwing themselves under racehorses.

**M:** And what about the colonies?

**T:** Get your paper, get your news. Bloody Sunday in Dublin! Get your news! Ghandi arrested in South Africa.

**M:** Whereas in Europe we were enjoying a period of peace, outside of the Balkans….

**T:** Franz Ferdinand shot! Get your news! Austrian prince murdered in…in…. Sarah Jeevo!

**F:** Sarajevo, Tommy. Are they really noticing in Shipley, are they bothered?

**M:** What they are *not* telling us in the papers – King George the Fifth says to Foreign Secretary Edward Grey “Find a reason.”

**F:** And there are voices of warning. Here’s a pamphlet from the *Neutrality League* : “Englishmen do your duty and keep your country out of a wicked and stupid war”

**M:** But there’s no war yet, not round here. So let’s be cheerful, we all love to sing, don’t we? That’s what we’re here to do, and you are most welcome to join in – when invited so to do.

**F:** Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome our masterly tenor vocalist, with a song made popular in this very locality, and way beyond: Mr……. !

*Meet Me Gwen on Shipley Glen*

He was a shy young Yorkshire lad,And he lived on Baildon Moor.She wore a ‘pill’ from Lister’s MillThey met and his heart grew sore.She shyly said her name was Gwen,And she didn’t mind meeting him again.He plucked up courage to write a noteAnd this is what the young swain wrote.

Meet me Gwen on Shipley GlenOn Sunday afternoonNear ‘number nine’ we’ll have a good time,And return by the light of the moon.You’ll enjoy it up there‘Cos you’ll get the SaltaireAnd you’ll fancy you’re out by the seaThen if you’re willing and I have a shillingWe’ll call at Dick Hudson’s for tea.

They sat next Sunday on the Glen.Said the maid with drooping head,I’ve never been up here before.Then with shame all the ferns turned redAs he told the tale to the saucy minxThe rocks exchanged such knowing winks,When he slipped on her finger a ‘gold brass ring’The little birds began to sing

Chorus for All: *Audience and cast to join in)*

Meet me Gwen on Shipley GlenOn Sunday afternoonNear ‘number nine’ we’ll have a good time,And return by the light of the moon.You’ll enjoy it up there‘Cos you’ll get the SaltaireAnd you’ll fancy you’re out by the seaThen if you’re willing and I have a shillingWe’ll call at Dick Hudson’s for tea.

**M:** Thank you thank you, you are most generous. And most sonorous too. Thank you, Mr….., thank you all sincerely, well performed! Jolly good song for jolly times. But where’s that paper-boy? Tommy?! We hear there’s some drastic news.

**T:** Sold out Mister. All gone. *(With enthusiasm)* It’s war missus, mister, we’re off to war!

**F:** That’s *bad* news, isn’t it?

**T:** I wish I were old enough. I could be a telegraph-boy. They give you a bike!

**F:** Is there such thing as a war without music? The songwriter Ivor Novello was quick to take up the challenge

**Singers**: *Keep the Home Fires Burning*

**They were summoned from the hillside,**

**They were called in from the glen,**

**And the** [**country**](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/United_Kingdom_of_Great_Britain_and_Ireland) **found them ready**

**At the stirring call for men.**

**Let no tears add to their hardships**

**As the soldiers pass along,**

**And although your heart is breaking,**

**Make it sing this cheery song:** *(invite audience to join chorus)*

**Keep the Home Fires Burning,**

**While your hearts are yearning.**

**Though your lads are far away**

**They dream of home.**

**There's a silver lining**

**Through the dark clouds shining,**

**Turn the dark cloud inside out**

**Till the boys come home.**

**Overseas there came a pleading,**

**"Help a** [**nation in distress**](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Rape_of_Belgium)**."**

**And we gave our glorious laddies -**

**Honour bade us do no less,**

**For no gallant son of Freedom**

**To a tyrant's yoke should bend,**

**And a noble heart must answer**

**To the sacred call of "Friend."** *(audience to join in)*

**Keep the Home Fires Burning,**

**While your hearts are yearning.**

**Though your lads are far away**

**They dream of home.**

**There's a silver lining**

**Through the dark clouds shining,**

**Turn the dark cloud inside out**

**'Til the boys come home.**

**F:** And *will* the boys come home? Tommy, what’s the news from Belgium, from France?

**T:** In retreat at Mons, it says ’ere. Must be exciting! Look at the picture of this queue, they’re all wanting to join up, I wish I could join it!

**M:** You poor innocent youth. In fifty years time, a poet called Philip Larkin will write about lads like you

## *(Reader forward)*

## CMXIV *(say 1914)*

*By* **Philip Larkin**

Those long uneven lines
Standing as patiently
As if they were stretched outside
The Oval or Villa Park,
The crowns of hats, the sun
On moustached [archaic](http://www.oed.com/view/Entry/10290#eid40099693) faces
Grinning as if it were all
An August Bank Holiday lark;

And the shut shops, the [bleached](http://www.oed.com/view/Entry/20044#eid18823368)
Established names on the sunblinds,
The farthings and sovereigns,
And dark-clothed children at play
Called after kings and queens,
The tin advertisements
For cocoa and twist, and the pubs
Wide open all day—

And the countryside not caring:
The place names all hazed over
With flowering grasses, and fields
Shadowing Domesday lines

Under wheat’s restless silence;
The differently-dressed servants
With tiny rooms in huge houses,
The dust behind limousines;

Never such innocence,
Never before or since,
As changed itself to past
Without a word – the men
Leaving the gardens tidy,
The thousands of marriages,

Lasting a little while longer:
Never such innocence again.

**M:** Never such innocence again. And marriages lasting longer? There was a rush of *new* marriages before the groom went away. Just in case, of course…..

**F:** Just in case. ’Cos they would be back by Christmas – wouldn’t they? *(To Tommy)* Don’t you get excited about it all, just get on with your job.

**T:** My job? Apart from my paper-round, I’m ’alf-time at t’Mill, I’m a doffer. And look what *they’ve* announced. *(shows paper to M)*

**M:** *(reads)*“In consequence of the war we are reluctantly compelled to go on half-time, commencing tomorrow, 5th August.”

**T:** Get yer news! Germans defeated at Wipers!

**F:** At Ypres, Tommy, it’s a town in Belgium.

**T:** Looks like Wipers to me, and we’re wiping the floor with them Germans, oh, I wish I were old enough to go.

**M:** War over by Christmas, some folk clearly don’t think so. They’ve set up a “Distress Committee” in Shipley. They had a Whist Drive with nearly 500 people. Raising money to send presents to the boys out there: cigarettes, tobacco, a football, body shields, bibles…..

**F:** ......and letters. There’s 12 million delivered each week. And I see the price of sugar and flour is rocketing. The Mayor says “No panic buying!”

**M:** But folk with a bit of cash to spare might well be beginning to hoard. And then, shortly before Christmas……

**T:** News! Get yer news! Hartlepool, Whitby, Scarborough bombed by German ships!

**F:** So *that’s* what we get for Christmas, there’s a novelty. Women and children dead. Civilians as targets in war.

**T:** But it’s not all bad news for Christmas, look at this!

**M:** *(reads) "Not since the outbreak of the war has trade been so good in Shipley district as it is at present. Saltaire Mills illuminated at night tell their own tale. Four or five hundred workpeople are putting in overtime, and practically the whole of the remainder of the three thousand employees at these great mills are now working the usual hours”*

**T:** Plenty of work at t’Mill for me now. But I still wish I could….you know, they might even give me a motor-bike, like they make along there at Scott’s…..

**F:** And what use will a motor-bike be in those trenches?

**M:** In those trenches the opponents could hear each other singing. We’ve all heard about the Xmas carols. But what about the Barnsley national anthem, which must have come from those times. You could hear the Germans singing a sad folk-song about a poverty-stricken family – it sounded like this.

*(All company sing)*

 *Ach du liebe Augustin, Augustin, Augustin*

 *Ach du liebe Augustin, alles ist hin*

And it turned into.......Come on then!......

*(Company sing with audience:)*

*You can’t put yer muck in our dustbin, our dustbin, our dustbin*

*You can’t put yer muck in our dustbin, our dustbin’s full*

**F:** Christmas goes by, 1915 arrives.

**T:** Zeppelins attack London! Get yer news! Zeppelins!

**M:** Just big balloons, eh? Suddenly they are the weapons of war, attacking civilians

**T:** Get yer news! The world’s biggest ship, sunk by German submarines, ship sunk, the….Lucy Tanner

**F:** The Lusitania Tommy, more civilians as victims, and you still want to……….

**T:** In two years’ time I’ll be 18, then I can go. Show ’em what’s what.

**M:** The Lusitania may have motivated more young men to join up. And they joined up now as groups of friends from the workplace, from the church, from the same street, all pals together. With music to encourage them.

*(Singers lead)*

*A Scrap for the Bradford Pals*

**Lord Kitchener’s a callin’, and he hates a-callin’ twice**

**He’s awkward when he’s nasty, he ain’t easy when he’s nice**

**He’s asking for a million, just a million men, that’s all**

**And the Bradford Pals are rushing to the call**

**There’s Reggie left his villa, and Bill his back-to-back**

**There’s Archibald from Heaton, and Jim from Wibsey Slack**

**We’ve left our wives and mothers, we’ve even left the gals**

**And we’ve formed a little unit of the Pals**

Chorus *(twice, audience and cast to join in second time)*

**So boys join the Bradford Pals**

**Leave your “Mandies” and your “Sals”**

**Come from park or Town Hall Square**

**Come from Thornbury or Saltaire**

**Bring your chums from everywhere**

**To join the “Pals”**

**We have our little scrapping, when no other scrap’s in sight**

**But when there is, we chuck it in and are “maties” in the fight**

**And now the German eagle seeking trouble joins the fun**

**Well he’ll look as if he’s moulted when he’s done**

**It ain’t no bloomin’ picnic, we’ve our back against the wall**

**From toffs right down to navvies will be wanted one and all**

**We’re fighting to a finish, and we’re going out to win**

**Till we say “ ’Ow do” to Billy in Berlin**

Chorus *( with cast and audience)*

**So boys join the Bradford Pals…….**

**M:** Well sung – pals. Time to talk poetry again.

**F:** A handsome young poet Rupert Brooke died of a mosquito bite en route for landings at Gallipoli, some corner of a foreign field a long long way from England. Maybe that was lucky. Many more were to die of bullets and shells. A mosquito can be a blessing.

**M:** An older poet lost his 18-year-old son Jack in the Battle of Loos. His lament became a poem in memory of all sailors who lose their lives at sea, though this Jack was a soldier, and the son of Rudyard Kipling.

“Have you news of my boy Jack?” *(listen out for the audience, they may respond)*

**F/M:** *Not this tide!*

**M:** This was now a World War, with commonwealth soldiers dragged into it. Our poem for 1915 comes from a doctor in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, a Lieutenant Colonel who at Wipers, sorry Ypres, experienced another novelty of war – chlorine gas. He survived. His poem is more famous than his name: John McCrae

*Reader comes forward*

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
   Between the crosses, row on row,
   That mark our place; and in the sky
   The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
   Loved and were loved, and now we lie
         In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
   The torch; be yours to hold it high.
   If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
         In Flanders fields.

**F:** McCrae still feels there is a torch to be borne against “the foe”. How sorrowful.

**M:** But sorrow’s not so easy to drown any more – the pubs are no longer “wide open all day” . The King has taken the pledge not to drink alcohol till the war is over.

**F:** Opening times are restricted, and the government has issued an order whereby nobody is allowed to treat another person to a drink in the pub.

**T:** Local news! Wounded soldiers in Saltaire Hospitals, please donate eggs, jam, biscuits, sweets, chocolates, tobacco…..

**M:** But no alcohol, thank you.

**T:** I’m ready toreplace ’em – if they’ll have me next year. I’ll be 18.

**F:** They way things look you’ll have no choice Tommy. Conscription’s on the way, so they say.

**M:** Refreshment is also on the way, we have all deserved it, just something to think about as Tommy goes back to the busy old Mill.

In the words of a Saltaire resident, now deceased “People round here allus said: a good war brought work”

**F:** Work - producing good quality material for uniforms - khaki, and other colours too. With conscription there’ll be plenty of khaki called for. And no more call for songs like this:

*(Company leads a final chorus of Bradford Pals)*

**INTERVAL**

*Piano strikes up, stops at a signal*

**F:** Welcome back, dear friends, to the Pavilion de Luxe, which is changing with the times. There are blackouts these days in 1916.

**M:** Not quite what you might be thinking, these are blackouts which are drawing in the crowds – it’s now a picture house! Folk not fighting at the front at home are spending their few pennies flocking into the dark, the cinema………

**F:** Where the stars are not called upon to sing, not even to speak, but to act in silence:

*(piano strikes up to accompany D & J’s cameo of poses and grimaces)*

**Reader:**Wooing…..swooning……plotting……assaulting…….rescuing……weeping……laughing…….and receiving acclamation *(inviting applause)*

**M:** It’s March

**T:** Get yer news, yer news! Conscription, conscription!

**F:** And I suppose……

**T:** Yes, I’m 18 in August, I’ll be off! I’m a doffer, not a duffer.

**F:** Wonder what your mother’ll think. And have you got a girl-friend?

**T:** Mother can think what she likes. And yes, Mabel…..

**F/M:** Mabel!?

**T:** Mabel, that’s my girl, she’s proud o’ me, can’t wait to see me in uniform. *(turns one circle)*

**M:** It’s April

**T:** Get yer news, yer news! Easter Rising in Dublin!

**F:** Maybe *that’s* where they’ll send you, instead of your Wipers *(Tommy turns one circle)*

**M:** It’s July 2nd

**T:** Get yer news, Battle of the Somme!

**F:** Just read that carefully, and slowly, to yourself Tommy.

**M:** And read *between* the lines. Yesterday at 7.30 am, 2,000 Bradford lads left their trenches at the Somme. By 8.30 all but 30 of ’em were dead or injured.

**T:** It means I must go, I ’ave to. Do my bit.

**F:** *(sighing)* When will you ever learn!

M: We cannot find a suitable song about the Somme, it’s just too tragic. But Fred Weatherly, who had already penned Danny Boy in 1910, set his new song in Picardy, the beautiful region which includes the Somme. It caught on with the surviving soldiers at the front, and brought many a tear to many an eye, back home, back then and ever since:

*Singer or Singers*

**She is watching by the poplars, Colinette with the sea-blue eyes,**

**She is watching and longing and waiting Where the long white roadway lies.**

**And a song stirs in the silence, As the wind in the boughs above,**

**She listens and starts and trembles, 'Tis the first little song of love:**

*Refrain twice, solo then with audience*

**Roses are shining in Picardy, in the hush of the silvery dew,**

**Roses are flowering in Picardy, but there's never a rose like you!**

**And the roses will die with the summertime, and our roads may be far apart,**

**But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy!**

**'tis the rose that I keep in my heart!**

**And the years fly on for ever, Till the shadows veil their skies,**

**But he loves to hold her little hands, And look in her sea-blue eyes.**

**And she sees the road by the poplars, Where they met in the bygone years,**

**For the first little song of the roses Is the last little song she hears:**

*Refrain once, with cast and audience*

**M:** Roses are red, poppies are red, blood is red. What about yellow, eh? Primroses? Buttercups? No….. bombs

**F:** What were the women-folk up to – knitting? Pickling? Maybe, if they lived in Harrogate. But the ladies in the industrial towns were making bombs – such as at Barnbow, Leeds. The girls making munitions were often call the Canary Girls – ’cos of their singing? *(asking audience)*

**M:** No you are right Sir/Madam, it’s the colour of TNT, it got into their skin, some of their children were *born* yellow. August 1916 – where is he? Where’s the paper-boy? Tommy?

**F:** *(pause)* He’s gone, signed up, he’ll be due his first trip abroad very soon. He mustn’t have heard the bang.

**M:** Some of the TNT for Barnbow comes from Low Moor – it exploded, it’s all over the paper. 39 dead including 6 firemen and some Belgian refugees. You could hear it in Shipley, you could hear it as far away as York.

**F:** Time for a poem bya *woman*, Winifred May Letts, from Salford, who worked during the war in Manchester as masseuse for injured soldiers.

*Reader* The Deserter

There was a man, - don't mind his name,
Whom Fear had dogged by night and day.
He could not face the German guns
And so he turned and ran away.
Just that - he turned and ran away,
But who can judge him, you or I ?
God makes a man of flesh and blood
Who yearns to live and not to die.
And this man when he feared to die
Was scared as any frightened child,
His knees were shaking under him,
His breath came fast, his eyes were wild.
I've seen a hare with eyes as wild,
With throbbing heart and sobbing breath.
But oh ! it shames one's soul to see
A man in abject fear of death,
But fear had gripped him, so had death;
His number had gone up that day,
They might not heed his frightened eyes,
They shot him when the dawn was grey.
Blindfolded, when the dawn was grey,
He stood there in a place apart,
The shots rang out and down he fell,
An English bullet in his heart.
An English bullet in his heart !
But here's the irony of life, -

His mother thinks he fought and fell
A hero, foremost in the strife.
So she goes proudly; to the strife
Her best, her hero son she gave.
O well for her she does not know
He lies in a deserter's grave.

**F:** “But who can judge him, you or I?” asks Winifred May

Would *you* turn and run away? Would I? Would we?

**M:** Will Tommy? Was *your* bravery ever tested to this degree?

**F:** Time to remember also, those who were brave enough NOT to go to war. A CO is not just a Commanding Officer, it is also a Conscientious Objector. Who is brave here, who is a coward? Would WE have stood up? Would *you* have gone to Wakefield Prison for your views?

**M:** There were also pacifists, who still had a small voice, amongst them a certain Miss Isobel Salt, resident of Harrogate, granddaughter of Sir Titus, who campaigned against war in Saltaire and Shipley and further afield.

**F:** Whether or not you were for the war or against it, most people were feeling the pinch, and they weren’t short of advice from the government on how to tackle the situation. Look at this *(reading the paper)* Don’t feed pigeons, don’t throw rice at weddings….

**M:** Keep tobacco moist, don’t smoke in a strong wind. Save all newspaper, don’t write a letter when a postcard will do. Don’t leave ink uncovered, don’t poke the fire for a cheerful blaze. Harden soap by drying it.

**F:** How about this one? Don’t whistle for a cab, it could be mistaken for an air-raid warning. But most repeated advice of all: thou shalt not *hoard.*

**M:** Would we not have hoarded? *(Silence)* Best press on then, eh? To 1917

**F:** The year they founded the Women’s Land Army, and the royal family changed their name to Windsor. *We* have to tell you, cos we’ve lost our paper-boy, wonder how he’s going on, where he’s got to. Will he turn and run?

**M:** We’d best find a song for him, because the music never stops, not in Shipley nor anywhere else. There’s stiff competition between Amateur Operatic Societies, Thespians and other associations with their various Gilbert & Sullivan productions.

**F:** But for Tommy – and for Mabel his girl – we’ve resurrected Jenny Hartley’s song from 1917

*Female singer:*

*Sergeant Brown*

**Mabel would frown on her soldier-boy**

**But her heart was sore When he went to war**

**She knew he loved her truly**

**But soldiers are sometimes unruly**

**So when she saw him away by train**

**And he said farewell, she sighed**

**Then turning to Tommy’s Sergeant**

**Mabel drew him aside and cried:**

CHORUS *(sing twice, invite audienceand cast for second time)*

**Sergeant Brown, Sergeant Brown**

**Keep an eye on Tommy for me**

**For he might go wrong on the continong**

**When he reaches gay Paree**

**He’ll learn to parley-vous,**

**They always do, when a French girl they see**

**But if my boy Tommy wants to parley-vous**

**Let him come home and parley-vous with me**

**Tom and his sergeant were real good pals**

**And in Paree they took a stroll one day**

**Brown at the girls kept winking**

**Said Tom to his sergeant, I’m thinking**

**Somebody ought to look after you**

**Or I guess you’ll go astray**

**If my girl could only see you**

**Well, I don’t fancy she would say:**

CHORUS *(with audience and cast)*

**Sergeant Brown………**

**F:** Thank you and well sung everybody. But look what’s arrived, a letter, one of 12 million a week. It’s from Tommy:

 “Hello everyone back home. Here I am in uniform and doing my bit. It’s sometimes awful out here and we have lost a lot of men to shells and machine-guns but I still have a head on my shoulders. I must be lucky. Have spent a lot of time near that place we call Wipers, and we had a big victory at a place called Passiondale” - he writes it like Airedale, or Wharfedale, Passion-dale “We have made friends with a farmer’s family, they give us eggs and bread. They have a young daughter called

Colinette and I have taught her an English song “Goodbyee - Don’t cryee…..”

 Thanks for all your letters and parcels, look after Mum and Mabel for me, it won’t be long now till I get eggs on toast back home”

**M:** Later in 1917 the Americans began to arrive in France, and the Russians had a revolution, which had repercussions as far away as Saltaire. Where cloth had been made for the Tsar’s military for many years. Owner James Roberts suggests a nice sky-blue outfit for the new Air Flying Corps – they had been in khaki up to now – a clever idea. It got rid of some of the stock he’d been lumbered with.

**F:** And a shell-shocked soldier named Wilfrid Owen came to recuperate in Scarborough. He wrote poems. It’s a good job Tommy’s not here to listen.

*Reader*

**Anthem for Doomed Youth**

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?

      — Only the monstrous anger of the guns.

      Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle

Can patter out their hasty orisons.

No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;

      Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,—

The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;

      And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?

      Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes

Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes.

      The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;

Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,

And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

 **M:** The war went on well into 1918 , but with the Americans joining in, it was now a question of time.

**F:** All things are still possible, both the beautiful – and the horrible. The horrible has happened, just before the end. Mabel will not get her Tommy back, look he’s in the notices:

“Pte. Thomas Harrison, No. 62732 of the 49th (West Riding) Division was killed in action on the night of the 21st instant. Death was instantaneous and without any suffering.

The Company was taking part in an attack and his gun team was one of these which advanced against the enemy. The attack was successful, and all guns reached and established new positions. Later in the night the enemy shelled the British lines and one shell fell on Thomas’s gun killing him and wounding a comrade.”

**M:** Just one of millions. Brave.

**F:** What’s the use of being brave if you’re dead?! Never such innocence. Draw down the blinds.

**M:** An appropriate moment to call a minute’s silence to remember Tommy – or more honestly, the 16 million who really died. *(All company stand)*

**F:** And to thank our lucky stars we are alive today. *(Silence)*

 Let’s hear an American voice, that of poet Amy Lowell. Could this poem have been written yesterday, in autumn 20….?

# *Reader*

# September, 1918

By [Amy Lowell](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/amy-lowell)

This afternoon was the colour of water falling through sunlight;

The trees glittered with the tumbling of leaves;

The sidewalks shone like alleys of dropped maple leaves,

And the houses ran along them laughing out of square, open windows.

Under a tree in the park,

Two little boys, lying flat on their faces,

Were carefully gathering red berries

To put in a pasteboard box.

Some day there will be no war,

Then I shall take out this afternoon

And turn it in my fingers,

And remark the sweet taste of it upon my palate,

And note the crisp variety of its flights of leaves.

To-day I can only gather it

And put it into my lunch-box,

For I have time for nothing

But the endeavour to balance myself

Upon a broken world.

 **F:** A broken world.

 **M:** Can westop it being broken again?

 In less than five years:

Balloons have turned into aeroplanes

Horses have turned into tanks

**F:** Knitting has turned into barbed wire

Muskets to machine-guns

And many men have turned into medals

Especially one from King George V

**M:** Which became known as the Dead Man’s Penny

**F:** *BUT…….*Some women have turned into voters! Doesn’t that make you want to sing?

**M:** I hope so, cos for our finale we would like to sing two famous songs of the period simultaneously, and at the same time. (Male Singer) and I will lead all the men in singing *It’s A Long Way to Tipperary,* whilst (Female Singer and F) will lead all the ladies in a rendering of *Pack Up Your Troubles.*

**F:** Our wonderful pianist Mr/Miss *(lead applause)* will give us an introduction, and if the men can get *It’s A* correct, we ladies come in with our bit. This is how it goes:

Got it? Let’s go, maestro.

*After the song, cast line up and bow in unison whilst piano plays a finale of Keep the Home Fires Burning*