

The 4th Yorks Band in Action

No doubt you've heard tales of war, sir,
Of hard fighting hand to hand.
Have you heard the story of the barrage
Put up by the 4th Yorks Band?

Twas on the great retreat, sir.
They didn't half go coming back.
Their hands were sore and their feet, sir,
And their belts were getting slack.

Twas a bright summer morn in November
About 8 o'clock at night.
That afternoon everyone will remember
They were full of "Vin Blanc" and fight

The Huns were advancing "Tuts weet", sir,
At a pace far killing to last.
The bandmaster with very sore feet, sir,
Said "Double B's, don't run too fast!"

He saw they couldn't go on much longer
So he told them to turn right about
And ordered them blow, loud and strong, sir.
In fact, blow their front teeth out

The noise that they issued was great, sir.
The Huns were taken aghast.
The solo cornet he went flop, sir.
So they pulled down their flag to half-mast.

The basses they kept on roaring.
The trombones were still on the job.
And Jimmie made shrieks with his piccolo,
While "Long John" got one for his knob

The tenor horns kept on blurting.
The clarionets [sic] had swallowed their reeds.
They lost all their music and stands, sir,
In fact, everything that a band needs.

The Huns thought it was the mad Mullahs.
They walked away slow at a run.
And that was the way that our band, sir,
Made them think that we had a big gun.

So now if you'll not pay attention
You quite see how it was done.
Should not these brave lads have a pension
Or into the "Clink" be all run?

Lance Corporal Fred Appleton No.200207 Bandsman 1/4th Yorkshire Regiment.