

## Tom, Dick and Harry

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I will tell you a tale of some good pals of mine  
They were camping one summer by the Passchendaele lines  
And says Tom to old Harry, "If the weather turns fine  
We could go for a march in the morning."

*By the Passchendaele lines  
If the weather turns fine  
We could go for a march in the morning*

So they got up quite early, to breakfast with ease  
On a bit of stale bread and a lot of hard cheese  
And says Dick to old Harry, "If this rain doesn't ease  
It will be a tough march in the morning."

*With a lot of hard cheese  
If this rain doesn't ease  
It will be a tough march in the morning*

They set off in line, with their hearts full of fire  
But the rain it poured down and the earth turned to mire  
And says Tom, Dick and Harry, "Just look at this wire,  
We'll not march very far in the morning."

*As the earth turned to mire  
They said "Look at this wire  
We'll not march very far in the morning*

Then Tom was struck down, as by lightning it seemed  
Dick was lost in the mud of a trench like a stream  
And that left old Harry to tell us their dream  
Of a march on a fine summer's morning

*From a trench like a stream  
He can tell us their dream  
Of a march on a fine summer's morning*

I will tell you a tale of some old pals of mine  
They were camped long ago by the Passchendaele lines  
Said Tom, Dick and Harry, "If the weather turns fine  
We could go for a march in the morning."

*By the Passchendaele lines  
If the weather turns fine  
Looks like hard cheese  
If this rain doesn't ease  
As the earth turned to mire  
They said "Look at the wire!"  
From a trench like a stream  
Harry tells us their dream  
Of a march on a fine summer's morning*