

# The Old Soldier

Oh give me a poem of the fighting  
Now I am no longer young.  
Of the hot-blooded roar of the Cannon,  
The battles, the Wars that we won.  
I'm tired of this civvy frustration,  
The hours and the trains and the desks  
Oh for a breath of that dessert  
Where men rubbed shoulders with death.

Yes I love my family and homeland  
The comforts I sometimes enjoy,  
But I pine for that terrible friendship  
No bullets or mines could destroy.

Asleep still on desert's grey loneliness  
I've friends, whom my heart broke to see  
Rise up in the morning like heroes  
And ere dusk they were taken from me.

I pine, how I pine, for their friendship,  
Their joy and their passion for life,  
And my mind ever fills with a longing  
To seize them again to my breast,  
For me they are all of them heroes,  
*Jack, Micky, Kenneth and George\**,  
And I see them forever in dreaming,  
Marching straight, and eternally tall.

Oh I love them, and all of their living,  
And never a day can pass  
But I think of our precious friendship,  
And those days they were gather to God.

*Written in 1960 by Major Peter Watson MC  
Royal Engineers & Black Watch*

*\*Jack Christison, Micky Stevens, Kenneth Gillies & George Morrison*

**LT JOHN (Jack) CHRISTISON**

Black Watch

killed at WADI AKARIT on on 6 April 1943

**CAPTAIN KENNETH GILLIES**

Black Watch

killed on WADI OUESCA RECONNAISSANCE on 6 April 1943

**LT GEORGE MORRISON**

Black Watch

killed at ALAMEIN on 23 October 1942