



For 'Mobbsy'

*Private George Mobbs, Mobbsy to your mates
Are you on sentry duty, outside the Pearly Gates?
Or are you still struggling through the mud in 'No Man's Land'
Listening to the ghostly sound of a Scottish bagpipe band*

*Are you watching over Thiepval, where many men are mentioned?
Lots of whom were volunteers, full of good intentions,
Joining the enlisted men, to fight for country and the King
Naively unaware of the horrors war can bring*

*Did you volunteer Mobbsy or were you called to arms?
Giving up employment in factories, mills and farms
To proudly wear the uniform, showing off to kith and kin
Little did they know, you may not be seen again*

*It's on the Redan Ridge, where you met your end,
Killed alongside many more, the enemy and your friends.
Now a hundred years have passed since that fateful day
But Mobbsy is remembered, wherever he may lay.*

*A poem for Vicky & Christopher Bennett's 'adopted soldier'
Private George Albert Mobbs
Service Number 16460
Hampshire Regiment
Died July 1st 1916*

From Keith Mallinson

