

The Idle Race, Mrs. Ward

On Friday afternoon at three o'clock
A passing lady looked into a shop
Her eyes lit up as this the sign she read
Recruiting Office, that is what it said

Excitedly she stepped inside to see
How her sons would fair if they were military
The man in charge to her was very sweet
And said, "Please sign here on this little sheet"

But when she got home her mind grew many fears
The message from the soldiers in the war rang in her ears

Don't put your boys in the army Mrs. Ward
You know they'll only waste away, oh oh
Don't put your boys in the army Mrs. Ward □
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At six o'clock the lads came home from work
She told them what she'd done, they went beserk
We'll have to go to war and fight and die
And Mrs. Ward she wiped a tear from her eye

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