

## Poetry of Corporal Stan "Mick" Fahey (NX28793)

Mick was captured at Ekali, Greece in April 1941 and while a Prisoner of War in Stalag 1XC (9C) in Bad Sulza (Germany), wrote several poems in a notepad. This notepad was kindly donated by his daughter, Valma O'Donnell, in July 2005. Below are the poems that were in the notepad.

### *Gefangener*

1.  
A story that has ne'er been  
told,  
Is of a pudding, and a Scot so  
bold  
A tragedy this, enough to  
sever  
And blight the young Scot's  
hope for ever.
2.  
He thought it out, all on his  
own  
Sought no advice, remained  
alone.  
And worked, and stirred, and  
mixed the mash  
Then carried it proudly to the  
gas
3.  
He put it on and boiled it long,  
It came out large, and round,  
and strong  
Treating it with love and care  
He proudly bore it down the  
stair.
4.  
There it rested on a plate,  
Gleaming like a round balled  
pate  
Oh! What ecstasy was his  
As he showed it off, with pride  
and bliss.
5.  
He sat and worshipped it  
awhile,  
It was his own, his infant child  
But presently he went outside  
To sing it's praises, far and  
wide
6.  
Oh! pudding, pudding, standing  
there  
Pudding, Pudding, large and  
fair.  
Is there no one who will save,  
You, from the fate, of an  
unknown grave.
7.  
For a villain, dark and tall  
Is fast approaching down the  
hall  
Oh! Won't somebody sling  
him, in the ditch  
This scoundrel know as  
Raketitch
8.  
He seized the pudding on the  
plate,  
And carried it off with thoughts  
of hate,  
Without regard for one so  
young,  
It, into the garbage can, he  
flung.
9.  
The Scot returned and with  
dismay,  
Found that his darling had  
flown away
10.  
His life was ruined, no more  
joy,  
Was left for this poor heart  
broken boy

Then after a short and violent search  
He learned of its fate, of its honor besmirched.

While the pudding lay dead,  
among the dirt  
Who had once been so young,  
and round , and pert

*From the ward in Kokinia, Greece - August 1941*

1.  
Our ward is under a doctor  
named "Mac"  
St. Vincent's knew him as their  
chief "Quack"  
With bad wounds and breaks  
He makes no mistakes  
But for this I'll do time on my  
back
2.  
The Aussie Mick Fahey is ward  
boss  
He's the uncrowned king of the  
"Toss"  
He fights our food battles  
Also fights our death "rattles"  
Then says we're mugs, spinos,  
and a definite loss
3.  
Mick's night staff was run by  
"Black Whally"  
A Manly boy, big fat and jolly  
Any hour at night  
'Twas his greatest delight  
To comfort the boys with a  
lolly
4.  
Then there is Staff Sergeant Ted  
Who knows who's in every bed  
When he helps the "Black  
Prince"  
Checking up is a cinch  
'Cos the only ones missing are  
dead
5.  
You all know "Little Tich  
Foster"  
With his name on the AGH  
roster  
At Ekali they say  
Was a Sheik for a day  
Won a Greek Sister, but lost  
'er.
6.  
Then there was Lance Corporal  
Murphy  
The starter of numerous  
"furphies"  
With number 9 pills  
He'll cure all your ills  
If he doen't, well you're under  
the "turfies"
7.  
We had an Australian named  
Bunny  
Sold his razor, to rake in some  
money  
Went out to the game  
What they did was a shame  
No razor, no money, no Bunny
8.  
A number two gunner named  
Brown  
Hailed from a west country town  
Said "I'll be much bolder"  
So Fritz drilled his right  
shoulder  
But you can't keep a good man  
down
9.  
We had an S.M. of Marines  
Took charge of all our latrines  
When not busy with these
10.  
There was a young seaman  
named Breary  
Who thought life was so dully

He was cutting the cheese      and dreary  
Or dishing out platefuls of      If he'd been not a dreamer  
beans                                      He'd had no broken femur  
    And have sailed to the end of the  
    series.

11.    12.  
Have you heard of riflement      Most patients know orderly  
Sly    Ticklely  
The Jerries just left him to die      Who plays the accordion so  
"Slim" said "This is hot              trickley  
I've not fired a shot"                  He bluestones our sores  
But they laughed as they broke      Fills the ward up with roars  
his right thigh                              Then says "don't behave so  
    sissily"

13.    14.  
You must have heard of old          You have seen our ward Sec.  
"Popeye" Gowling                      Stumpy  
The Jerries gave him towelling      A little Victorian "dumpy"  
They nicked off one ear                Came into the war  
Now he says he can't hear              A driver in Corp.  
When for bedpans and bottles        But Jerry made the going bumpy  
we're howling

15.  
A handsome young Kiwi called  
Holly  
Never heard for a month from  
his Dolly  
In a fit of despair  
Threw his hands in the air  
Did Jerry miss them? No - by  
golly

*Kokkinia - Greece, September 1941*  
From: "Taffy" Rawlinson

When we first met Mick, I'd been belted  
Wounded and, and far from my beat,  
But the friendship we started in those days, Mick  
Now I'm better will stand any test  
So when your way back in Australia,  
Back dressed in your "civvies" navy blue  
Remember the bloke in Old England  
Cos he will be thinking of you.

*Eastern Parade (parody)*  
Put on your old tin bonnet  
With your name and number on it,

And dive into a slit trench  
For the Luftwaffe is here,  
Soon they will be over  
And they'll dig up all the clover  
You'll wish the war was over  
When the Blitzkrieg is on  
When the whistles blow  
Duck your head down low  
For its not in fun, its really the Hun  
So don't pick and chose, just dive on your nose  
But soon it will be over  
And you'll see the Cliffs of Dover  
No more to be a rover  
In the Eastern Campaign

*Lilli Marleen*

*Sung by the Danish Singer - Lale Anderson*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1.<br>Vor der Kaserne, Vor dem<br>grossen Tor<br>Stand eine Laterne, und steht sic<br>noch day<br>So woll n wir da uno widerslen<br>Bei der laterne woll'n wir stehn<br>Wic einst Lilli Marleen. Wic einst<br>Lilli Marleen.             | 2.<br>Uns're beiden Schstten, Sah'n<br>wie einer aus<br>Dass wir so lie buns Latten, das<br>sah man gleich day<br>Und Alle Leute Soll'ness seh'n<br>Wenn wir bei der Laterne Steh'n<br>Wie einst Lilli Marleen, wie<br>einst Lilli Marleen |
| 3.<br>Schon rief der Posten, sie blasen<br>Zaphenstreich<br>Es kann drei Tage kosten<br>Kamerad, ich komm sogle<br>Da sagten wir, auf wiederseh'n<br>Wie gerne wollt ich mit dir gehn<br>Mit der Lilli Marleen, mit der<br>Lilli Marleen | 4.<br>Deine schritte kennt sic<br>deinenzieren gang<br>Alle abend Brennt sic, Doch<br>mich vergass sic Lan<br>Und sollte mir ein Leid gescehn<br>Wen wird bei der Laterne steh'n<br>Mit der Lilli Marleen, mit der<br>Lilli Marleen        |
| 5.<br>Aus dem stillen Raume, aus der<br>Erde Grund<br>Hebt mich wie im trauma, dein<br>verbiebter mund<br>Wenn sich die Spaten nebel drehn<br>Werd ich bei der Laterne stehn<br>Wie einst Lilli Marleen, wie einst<br>Lilli Marleen      |  |

*Lilly Marleen - English*

1.  
Listen to the bugle, hear it's  
silvery call,  
Carried by the night - air,  
telling one and all  
Now is the time to meet your  
pal,  
To meet your gal! to meet your  
Sal  
As once I met Marleen,  
My sweet Lilly Marleen
2.  
Underneath the lantern, by the  
barrack gate  
There I met Marlene, every  
night at eight  
That was a time in early Spring  
When birds all sing, and love  
was king  
Of my heart, And Marlene's,  
Of my heart and Marlene's
3.  
Waiting for the drum beats  
signalling "Retreat"  
Walking in the shadows, where  
all lovers meet  
Yes, those were the days of  
long ago,  
I loved her so, I could not know  
That time would part Marleen  
That time would part Marleen.
4.  
Then I heard the bugle calling  
me away  
By the gate I kissed her, kissed  
her tears away  
And by the flick'ring lantern's  
light,  
I held her tight, 'twas our last  
night.  
My last night with Marlene  
My last night with Marlene
5.  
Still I hear the bugle, hear its  
silv'ry call  
Carried by the night air telling  
one and all  
Now is the time to meet your  
pal,  
To meet your gal, to meet your  
Sal  
As once I met Marleen,  
My sweet Lilly Marleen.

*Friendship*

When we get back, friendships will break  
As most wartimes friendships do  
But wherever you are, wherever you go  
Old Pal, I'll remember you.

I'm not much good at expression  
Seems hard to write a line  
But the friendship true, that I've formed with you  
Will last us through all time.

### *Guts*

It's easy to be nice boys, when everything's OK,  
It's easy to be cheerful, when your having things your way.  
But can you hold your head up, and take it on the chin,  
When your heart is nearly busted, and you feel like giving in.

It was easy back in England, among the friends and folks  
But now you miss the friendly hand, the joys, the songs, the jokes  
The road ahead is stony, and unless your strong in mind,  
You'll find it isn't long before, you're lagging far behind.

You've got to climb the hill boys, its no use turning back,  
There's only one way home pal, and that's off the beaten track .  
Remember you are British, and that when you reach the crest,  
You'll see a valley cool and green, Dear England at its best .

You know there is a saying that, sunshine follows rain,  
And someday you'll realize, that joy will follow pain  
Let courage be your password, fortitude your gain  
And then instead of growing, just remember those who died

They died to earn their freedom, 'twas not to great a price,  
If only you are worthy of, so great a sacrifice.  
They bore their cross in silence; they sought not wealth or fame,  
And if you must, try to emulate, and glorify their name.

### *The Lord Mayor's Speech*

1.

The village hall is to be  
pulled down  
And a big pub built in its  
place  
Only one bar  
50 yds long  
Only one barman  
50 barmaids,  
Beers will be a shilling each  
Beers in a bloody bucket

2.

Beer will not be sold on Sunday  
It will be given away  
There will be no pint pots  
Only quart pots  
We'll sell no cigarettes  
We'll give them free.

3.

There'll be no disorder  
allowed  
There'll be brothels upstairs  
We will close the doors at 9-  
30  
To the bloody cops

4.

There's the annual dinner to be paid for  
By the Brewers  
It will be out of bounds to the Navy  
It will be in bounds, to the boys and girls  
of the RAF  
There will be a meeting once a month

There will be no slate                      For bloody agitation.  
We'll trust to your honesty              There will be a parade for the Army,  
We'll have no yearly spree              tomorrow  
We'll have one once a month      A PAY PARADE.

*Memories of Crete*

By: G.R. Eldridge, POW

Dedicated to the memory of His Comrades, who fell in Crete

1.  
On a mountainous little Isle  
Nestled in the Aegean Sea  
By the 'dromes at Retimo  
At Heraklion and Meleme  
Are the graves of our fallen  
comrades,  
In dozens there they lie  
Their death, was the kind that  
only  
Gallant soldiers die
2.  
On that mountainous little island  
With it's peaks all capped with snow  
With its groves of olive trees  
And grape vines row on row  
From the ocean wreathed with white  
caps  
To the mountains wreathed the same  
Are the field where they fought so  
bravely  
They who carried the Anzac name.
3.  
And we who were there remember  
Parorse days of hell on Crete  
And we hope that when our time  
comes  
Those pals again we'll meet  
And as we trudge along the road  
Of life, that is left to be  
Our thoughts will often turn to  
them  
Who sleep, 'neath the olive tree.

*My Pals who stayed at Home*

February 1941

1.  
I'm tearing off my colours  
And throwing my web  
away  
I'm going down to Cairo  
To draw my flaming pay  
I'm sick of being a soldier  
So help me Christ I am  
Of chewing mouldy  
biscuits  
And eating bread and jam  
Of fighting bloody dagoes  
Out here all on my own
2.  
I'll bet they're walking down  
the street  
Their chest puffed out with  
pride  
And skiting to their cobbles  
How they saved their  
worthless hide  
While here's me in the  
desert  
Afraid to show my head  
For fear some bloody Dago

When I think of good old Aussie  
Will fill it up with lead  
And my Pals who stayed at  
home.

3.

They shine before the  
barmaids  
They brag there full of  
skiting  
But at the corner of the  
street  
That's where they do their  
fighting  
And a bar their fighting  
zone  
For there aint no bullets  
over there  
For my Pals who stayed at  
home

4.

They aren't such bad shots  
either  
When on the rabbits track  
But then there aint much  
danger  
For rabbits can't shoot back  
Now when I told my mother  
I volunteer to fight  
She said "God bless you  
son"  
And bring you back all right

5.

They called me "chocolate  
soldier"  
And "Five bob murderer"  
too  
They said "you'll never  
see the front  
Or even get a view"  
They said "you'll have a  
picnic  
Across the ocean foam"  
But they weren't game to  
face it  
And so they stayed at  
home

6.

So I'll pick up my old Lee-  
Enfield  
And buckle my webbing  
about  
THOUGH I'm only a  
"flaming Digger"  
I'll see this business out  
And if I stop a bullet  
I'll die without a moan  
For they've put the "kibosh"  
on it  
My pals who stayed at  
home.

### *On the Isle of Doom*

Australian Version - May 1941

1.

Here I sit on the Isle of Crete  
Bludging on my blistered feet  
Little wonder I've got the blues  
With feet encased in great canoes  
Khaki shorts instead of slacks  
Living like a tribe of blacks  
Except that blacks don't sit and  
brood

2.

'Twas just a month ago, no more  
We sailed to Greece to win the war  
We marched and groaned, beneath  
our load  
While bombers bombed us off the  
road  
They chased us here, they chased  
us there,



And wait throughout the day for food  
The blighters, chased us everywhere  
And while they dropped their load of death  
We curded the bloody RAF

3.  
Yet the RAF was here in force,  
They left a few at home of course  
We saw the entire force one day  
When a spitfire, spat the other way  
And then we heard the wireless news  
When "Porky" Churchill gave his views

4.  
He said the RAF in Greece  
Are fighting hard to bring us peace  
Then we scratched our heads and thought  
This "smells" distinctly like a wrought  
For if in Greece our Air Force be  
Then where the bloody hell are we?

5.  
And, at last we meet the Hun  
At odds of 25 to one  
The bullets whizzed, the big guns roared  
We howled for ships to get aboard  
At length they came, and on we got  
And hurried from that cursed spot

6.  
Then they landed us at Crete  
And marched us off our bloody feet  
The food was "light", the water crook  
I got fed up, and slung my "hook"  
Returned that night, full up with wine  
And next day copped a ten bob fine.

7.  
My pay book was behind to hell  
When pay was called I said, Oh well!  
They won't pay me I'm sure of that  
But when they did I smelt a "rat"  
And next day when our rations came  
I realised their wiley game

8.  
For sooner than sit down and die  
I spent my pay on food supply  
So now it looks like even betting  
A man will soon become a Cretin  
And spend his days in blackest gloom  
On, Adolph Hitler's, Isle of Doom

### *Shithouse Doors*

Incident at the Transit Camp - Salonika November 1941

We were out in old Salonika,  
We were invalided there  
And when the winter struck us  
The cold was more than we could bear

In blew the Sgt Major,  
And filled the room with roars,  
Then reported to the Jerries  
That we'd burnt the shithouse doors

It struck us in November  
And made the old joint creak,  
And when our little fires went  
out  
By Christ that place was bleak

The boys were walking round  
the huts  
Teeth rattling in their jaws,  
Till one lad had a bright idea.  
"We'll burn the shithouse  
doors."

The idea was a sound one,  
Lads happy as can be.  
They gathered round with  
billies,  
And made themselves some tea.

The Jerry took things poorly.  
Said "We'll stop this game  
we bet  
Don't issue Red Cross  
parcels  
Till the wreckers name we  
get

The boys did not object to  
this  
For months they'd ate boiled  
grass  
And as far as Red Cross  
parcels go  
They can stick them in their -  
rse

That's how things are in our  
camp  
We don't get parcels any  
more  
Till Jerry gets the name of  
those  
Who burnt the shithouse  
doors.

### *Bad Bad Willie*

*Parody: Dedicated to the Yank, Pilot Officer Bill Hall*

In the town of Louisville	<u>Chorus:</u>
They had a man called Big Bad Bill,	Big Bad Bill is "Sweet William" now
I want to tell you,	A metterschmidt has changed it somehow
Brother, he was tough	He's a man they all used to fear
Brother, he was rough	Now the Jerries call him "Willie Dear"
He had the folks all scared to death	He was stronger than Sampson, I declare
When Bill walked by, they held their breath	"Till a fair headed, square headed
He was a fighting man sure enough	Bobbed his hair
Bill joined the RAF, now he leads a different life	Big Bad Bill don't fill any more
.	Instead he's building model aeros
	On the floor
	He used to spend his evenings
	looking for a fight
	Now he's in bed, at "Lichts Ause"
	every night
	For Big Bad Bill, is Sweet Willi
	now.

### *The Little Wooden Cross*

1.

It was first behind the line  
In an old disused mine  
That a soldier lay there dying,  
by his mate,  
I, was his mate who wrote this  
note  
And I cried too, as I wrote,  
Of that little wooden cross made  
from a crate

2.

Sure that soldier passed away,  
on a day early in May,  
For attention for his wounds,  
came rather late,  
And for all that, he was brave,  
Now all that decorates his grave  
Is a little wooden cross made  
from a crate.

3.

He was laid there in the ground,  
'Neath a little earthen mound  
Sure it must have been that  
Aussie diggers fate  
To be left alone in Greece,  
After fighting in the East,  
'Neath a little wooden cross  
made from a crate.

4.

Now his wife across the sea,  
Waits with much anxiety  
For her man, cause her love for  
his is great  
But the fates were, that, instead  
He lay in Athens dead,  
'Neath a little wooden cross  
made from a crate.

5.

But that black - edged envelope,  
Didn't break that woman's hope  
For she promised that, for him,  
she'd ever wait,  
And she knows there'll come a  
day  
When they'll carry her away,  
To that little wooden cross,  
made from a crate

### *The Milky Way*

1.

At Hilburghausen things were  
bad,  
The boys looked glum and far  
from glad.  
They could only from the  
blues be saved,  
By the issue of milk, for  
which they craved.

2.

They said there's plenty of milk  
we think,  
But we have not a thing to  
drink.  
Save milkless tea and strong  
black coffee,  
That looks like stout, but tastes  
like toffee.

3.

The Sergeant - Major got the  
blame,

4.

Then on of the boys, known as  
"Pop --Eye"

But hung he not, his head with shame.  
 Sternly the charges he denied,  
 And carried on with manly pride.

5.  
 The boss looked sour, and rather hurt,  
 And then at once became alert.  
 He said now listen to me my son,  
 And I'll tell you why it can't be done.

7.  
 Four hundred parcels aren't enough,  
 To feed the Serbs and French with stuff  
 To give them health and happiness,  
 Is worth some trouble that I guess.

9.  
 An application then was sent,  
 To the German government  
 For a cow, a bovine creature  
 To give a pint, perhaps a litre

11.  
 The goat arrived, was met by Mick,  
 Who had it home in just a tick.  
 The boys delighted, christened it "Milly"  
 Then found the goat to be a "Billy".

13.  
 And now my story has been told,  
 Without the problem being solved,  
 And the story just related,  
 Is of Hilburghausen, fated.

Decided on action, do or die.  
 He bearded the lion in his den,  
 And asked him straight, "why not, and when?"

6.  
 Watered custard and milkless tea,  
 Are most unpleasant, I agree.  
 But I find it necessary now,  
 To save the product of the cow.

8.  
 The Hilburghausen boys were glum,  
 And said that something should be done  
 They were all of one accord,  
 But how? To get the miser's hoard

10.  
 Hitler received the application,  
 And forthwith gave his approbation  
 There being no place to keep a cow in,  
 A goat was sent to Hilburghausen

12.  
 Thus it seems to be our cross to bear  
 Is to go milkless, and not to share.  
 Like the Serbs and French who drink hot milk,  
 While all we get is tea like silt.

*This place they call -----?*

1.  
There's places that I've been in  
I didn't like to well  
Scotland's far to blooming cold,  
And Cairo's hot as hell  
The Pilshener beer is always  
warm,  
In each there's something crook  
But each and all are perfect, to,  
This place they call -----?

3.  
I've seen the dust storms back at  
home,  
They made the housewives work  
Here there's enough inside our  
shirts,  
To smother all of Bourke  
When two diggers cleaned their  
dug out out  
And their blankeds out they  
shook  
Two Colonels perished in the  
dust,  
In this place they call -----?

5.  
There's centipedes like pythons,  
And there's countless hordes of  
fleas,  
As big as poodle dogs they come,  
A snapping at your knees  
And scorpions large as AFC's  
COME out to have a look.  
There's surely lots of live-stock,  
in,  
This place they call -----?

7.  
Sometimes you go in swimming,  
And float about at ease  
The waters clear as chrystal  
With a nice clean salty breeze  
Then down comes bloody  
Hermann  
And we've got to sling our hook  
We dive clean to the bottom  
In this place they call -----?

2.  
We reckoned El Agheila  
Was none to flash a place  
El Abiar, and Beda Tomm,  
Weren't in the bloody race  
At the towns this side of  
Benghazi,  
We hadn't time to look  
But I'll take my oath they're  
better than,  
This place they call -----?

4.  
There's militant teetotallers,  
Who abhor all kinds of drink.  
There's wives who break good  
bottles,  
And pour them down in sink  
This place would suit them to  
the ground,  
We've searched in every nook,  
But booze is rare as hens teeth  
in,  
This place they call -----?

6.  
The shellings nice and frequent  
And they whistle overhead  
You go into your dugout  
And find shrapnel in your bed  
And when the Stukas dive on us  
I never pause to look  
We're down our holes like  
rabbits, in  
This place they call -----?

8.  
I really do not think this place  
Was meant for you and me  
Lets return it to the Arab  
He knows what he can do.  
We'll leave the God forsaken  
place,  
Without a backward look.  
we've called it lots of other  
names  
In this place they call -----?

