

# 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  
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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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