

## The Crest (P. Simmonds)

When your eyes behold this letter, Ill be deep within my grave  
I've nothing left to give you, but for one last thing I've saved  
In the corner of the cellar look inside the iron chest  
Bearing seven silver medals there lies wrapped a wooden crest

From the father to the son  
Like a bullet from a gun  
Seven silver crosses hammered on a wooden one

The name on the last medal is a man I never knew  
Though I bore his name and nature and his conscience as I grew  
When they shipped him back from Passchendaele it was raining in his head  
Not caused by any bullet but by the faces of the dead

From the father to the son  
Like a bullet from a gun  
Seven silver crosses hammered on a wooden one

When the boys came home from Dunkirk Beach, the crest came down to me  
And I served as stretcher bearer up the back of Italy  
But I didn't slow a bullet or blow any flesh apart  
My medal was a red cross that was strapped across my heart

From the father to the son  
Like a bullet from a gun  
Seven silver crosses hammered on a wooden one

Many decades later I have seen the bounty drop  
We scattered those generations now we reap a ruined crop  
The brains, the brawn, the beauty each in turn were sacrificed  
And marked up with a plain cross like the suffering Jesus Christ

From the father to the son  
Like a bullet from a gun  
Seven silver cases hammered on a wooden one

From the father to the son  
Like a bullet from a gun  
Seven silver crosses hammered on a wooden one

I wish that I could give you something fine and something proud  
A history of struggle to emancipate the crowd  
But all I give's a blessing take the shield down to the sea  
Sacrifice tradition and save your family

From the father to the son  
Like a bullet from a gun  
Seven silver crosses hammered on a wooden one

(repeat)