

## On a Wooden Leg

Composed by Charles Millar, 1<sup>st</sup> Black Watch, awarded first prize at Old Mill Hospital Aberdeen

Here you will find if to read you're inclined,  
My views on a leg that is wooden,  
But don't think that mine, is a leg made of pine,  
It's a real ain, a long ain and a good ain.

The advantages of a wooden leg:-

If your leg's made of wood, and you liked, then you could,  
Find it useful at all times and seasons,  
So appended below, I am trying to show,  
A few of its numerous reasons.

Should you married be then, it will come in ye ken,  
To roll dough or stir up the porridge,  
For breaking up coal, or if the wife's up the pole,  
Just use it for cooling her courage.

When the man calls for rent, risk the leg being bent,  
By dotting him one on the scuppers  
And I think that it would keep the baby quite good,  
While you and your wife had your supper!

Should a mad dog give chase, you need not go the pace.  
You could just stand and let the dog chew it,  
Then just kick off his head, leave the beggar for dead,  
And there's only the bow-wow would rue it.

And the wooden leg too, would not bother you,  
With chilblains, or corns or bunions  
Then a great thing you know, you'll n'er have to go,  
Fe'r to France with a leg that would splinter.

In the darned Dardenelles, you will not hear the yells,  
And in Serbia you'll not spend the winter,  
But you'll stop here at home, and though out of the game,  
You'll be honoured and also respected.

And you'll not be called slack, for you've done your whack,  
And the thought shouldn't leave you dejected,  
So if any of you, for a wooden leg woo,  
Just wander down to the theatre,  
And the doctor will remove, the leg you don't love,  
Though given you by your Creator.

But I never shall beg, for a different leg,  
Or pine for a leg that is wooden,  
With the leg I was born, I shall not feel forlorn,  
It's a real ain, a long ain and a good ain.

So we'll think now and then of the wooden legged men,  
Who for his love of his homeland and beauty,  
All so willingly fought, and the cost counted nought.  
How nobly they've all done their duty.