

Oh Passchendaele

Lee Kernaghan

Oh Passchendaele, what have you become
Your gentle fields of green, a scarred and bloody scene
Oh Passchendaele, our best and bravest sons
From far across the sea, lie fallen at your feet

Called to the firing line
Stumbled through the dead and dyin'
Shell holes and bitter, freezing rain tumbles down
Men of the 3rd Brigade
Huddled in the break of day
Rise from the mud and storm the guns on the ridge

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Our ruthless artillery
Fall short of the enemy
And those of us survived, ordered over the top
Hung up in tangled wire
Cut down in machine gun fire
Cries for the stretcher bearers, God help us all...

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Our officers have all been slain
Thousands lost and nothing gained
All I see is desolation...

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