

Fiddler's Green Poem

Halfway down the road to hell
In a shady meadow green
Are the souls of all dead troopers camped
Near a good old-time canteen
And this eternal resting place
Is known as Fiddler's Green.

Marching past, straight through to hell,
The infantry are seen
Accompanied by the engineers, artillery and marine
For none but the shades of cavalymen
Dismount at Fiddler's Green

Though some go curving down the trail
To seek a warmer scene,
No trooper ever gets to hell
Ere he's emptied his canteen,
And so ride back to drink again
With friends at Fiddler's Green.

And so when man and horse go down
Beneath a saber keen,
Or in a roaring charge or fierce melee
You stop a bullet clean,
And the hostiles come to get your scalp,
Just empty your canteen,
And put your pistol to your head
And go to Fiddler's Green.