

# I wasn't there

I wasn't there on Flodden Field  
nor other sites where fates were sealed.

I didn't bring about the law  
that kept your nation weak and poor.

I took no part in brutal rout  
that stamped your native language out.

It wasn't me who gave your lands  
into your neighbour's bloody hands.

I didn't join in Cromwell's charge,  
I had no say in Rule or Raj.

When Balfour made his declaration  
it wasn't at my instigation.

I wasn't in the Black and Tans,  
I didn't steal your Krugerrands.

The ships transporting slaves out west  
I neither launched nor even blessed.

Someone else withheld your right,  
to live without potato blight.

Your tribe, your race, your ancestry  
I didn't touch; it wasn't me.

It wasn't me, it wasn't Mum,  
it wasn't Gran or Cousin John.  
It wasn't Grandpa or Aunt Peg,  
it wasn't mates from Further Ed.  
It wasn't Sid or Maud, I'm sure,  
for they both died of phossy jaw.  
But as for great, great, great, dear Uncle Bill  
God love him for his strength of will.  
He gave his best for worthy cause  
For Harry, England and St George.

