Voices of the Norley Fallen
By Lynn Pegler

Our ghosts walk the Norley lanes,
Flaxmere, Hatchmere, down Hambletts Hollow,
woods echo with our boyhood games,
young lovers who were never loved,
our children who were never born.

Balls bowled in carefree fun,
barely flipped and touched the darkening clouds,
before flying to our hands as bombs and guns.
Not heroes, no, not really brave, we marched away
with trembling hearts to play our part.

Just cruel chance etched our list of names,
chose widows, orphans, grieving kin
and marked our card for the loser's game.
Our bones lie scattered by the winds of war,
our place now marked by plaques and stones.

Remember your sons, your Samuel, your John,
Alfred, Jesse, Arthur, your Edward and Sam,
Christopher, Heber, Roly, Wilfred and Tom.
A century of dawns warmed Cheshire's clay
but missed our corps and left us cold.

Yes, mourn our loss as you stroll the lanes
and smell the poppies red with blood
Give thanks for your lives, the peace
we brought and fight each day
with warrior words for war to cease.