

Robert Ellwood

Words and Music: Nigel Harbron

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 4/4 time signature. The notes are: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. Above the staff are the chords Em, D, Em, and D. The lyrics are: "Ro bert Ell - wood was big and braw, As fine a man as e'er you saw." The second staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 4/4 time signature. The notes are: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. Above the staff are the chords G, D, Em, Bm, Em, and D. The lyrics are: "He joined the Bor - der Re - gi - ment, To fight for his King was". The third staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 4/4 time signature. The notes are: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. Above the staff are the chords Em, Am, G, D, and Em. The lyrics are: "his in - tent, To fight for his King was his in - tent."

Robert Ellwood was big and braw,
As fine a man as e'er you saw.
He joined the Border Regiment,
To fight for his King was his intent,
To fight for his King was his intent.

On June the sixth he left this shore,
His friends and family to see no more.
'Cross France's fields he made his way,
He fought by night and he fought by day,
He fought by night and he fought by day.

In trenches deep where the mud did flow,
Enduring months of rain and snow,
Young Robert strove to win the day,
And many an enemy he did slay,
And many an enemy he did slay.

Without a break he fought the foe,
His suffering no man may know.
As shells rained down - the troops did shout,
But Robert's luck at last ran out,
But Robert's luck at last ran out.

His parents waited for news in vain,
Their hopes for him not once did wane.
And then at last a letter came
To say that Robert had been slain,
To say that Robert had been slain.

Although the war came to an end,
His parents' grief did never mend.
Of Robert there was nought to save,
Just a wooden cross to mark his grave,
Just a wooden cross to mark his grave.



A Typical Trench



A Typical WWI Cemetery

*Robert Ellwood was the second poem I came across at an elderly relative's house in Penton, North Cumberland (see **Penton Grove**). I scribbled down the words; put this tune to them after I got back home, and started singing the song. As I could as a callow youth, I absorbed the words automatically after singing the song a few times.*

Many years later (and after a few years during which the guitar simply gathered dust), I had a reason for singing the song, but couldn't for the life of me remember the words - apart from the first two lines! A little later, I sat down and re-wrote the words, hopefully not having missed out any salient details contained in the original.