The newspaper headlines were big and bold; our country was going to war, To fight for the freedom of nationhood, to defend us from invading hordes, The general pointed with steely glare, delivered the rallying call, We signed off our lives with a stroke of a pen, joined our pals in the line We took the King's shilling with pride. From the towns and the cities we came, from the fields and the countryside, the mines and the factories Volunteers on the square, labourers and unemployed, clerks and delivery boys Skirling pipes charge the air, raising the cheering crowd, casting out any doubts Victory will soon be assured, we know God's on our side at the heart of the gathering Farewell to our homes and our families, Farewell to the lives we once knew Farewell to our youth and our innocence We marched off with the band to the promise of a brave new world And I'll write you a letter each passing day and I'll cherish your every reply I'll tie them with ribbons and Flanders lace; hold them close to my heart in a sweet embrace Tell the children that I shall return laden with medals and dripping with garlands We'll sit by the banks of the Tyne and I'll regale you with stories of honour and glory We'll make up for all the lost time, jig to the fiddles, and weave the White Willow In the evening like ferns we'll entwine, our bodies surrender we give to the gathering I'll long for my home and my family, I will long for the life I once knew I'll long for my youth and my innocence I'll long for a brave new world. In the holds of the ships out of training camps From the railheads to trudge open roads Shouldered rifles on heavy souls Our fears will add to our load Farewell to our homes and our families, Farewell to the lives we once knew Farewell to our youth and our innocence We marched off with the band, pals in battalions to the promise of a brave new world Joining the gathering, pals in battalions to fight for a brave new world Pals in battalions, we took the King's shilling and paid for a brave new world