



# John Henry Parr

By Evan Davies

The army knew his name,  
Although they knew not his age.  
“I’m twenty” he claimed,  
Only if he knew what would be staged.  
The death of John Henry Parr.

As a cycling scout,  
He stood strong and tall,  
With his biking buddy,  
The thrill of the war was exciting for all.  
A big thrill for John Henry Parr.

A musket was fired,  
A truly devastating pound,  
He was the first shot down,  
As his head hit the ground,  
The head of John Henry Parr.

On 21 August 1914,  
The horrifying deed was done,  
The shot that snuffed out a being,  
And then the battle for life could not be won.  
The life of John Henry Parr.

The blood that was shed,  
Saturated the land,  
Near the village of Obourg.  
Litres of blood spilled on his hand.  
The hand of John Henry Parr.

After his body fell down,  
An excited voice yelled out,  
“We got him, after his friend!”  
As a body lay rotting.  
The body of John Henry Parr.



