

# Walter



*I wish I'd met this handsome man  
Who seem's to know my name.  
What is he thinking standing there,  
Will life ever be the same?*

*Think I have met him in my dad, uncles and my neighbour's  
son  
and all the men who went to war  
A war that can't be won.*

*In vibrant red, his tunic bright  
A busby raised high, a glorious sight.  
Salford, where time itself was spun,  
A place of pride, where battles were won.*

*Let us celebrate the fusilier's birth, his steadfast place,  
His spirit still flies, a symbol of courage beneath northern  
skies.*

*In 1905 he took his place, long gone are those Salford  
times,  
Yet his legacy lives on in the rhythm of rhymes.*

*\*Written by the AFS Salford 100 Group in response to the statue, The Shouting Fusilier in  
Salford Museum and Art Gallery*