

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