

The Princess Pats.

While the band sent forth sweet music at the sound of
the coming train

That was bringing in our Princess Pats, returning home
again,

High rose the cheers of welcome, while I stood there sad
and lone,

For I could not cheer for those gallant boys and mine not
coming home.

I sadly looked in each one's face as they went marching
by;

It was hard, so hard, to smother back a heartfelt lonely
cry;

While the glad hearts all around me never heard a sigh
or moan,

I could not cheer for the famous Pats and mine not
coming home.

His comrades left him sleeping while all seasons come
and go

Where the lark soars high while singing and the Flanders
poppies grow;

But I'm sure they will forgive me when they read my
little poem,

For I could not cheer for the Princess Pats and mine not
coming home.