

Laddie, soldier laddie, a call comes over the sea,
A call to the best and bravest in the land of liberty,
To shatter the despot's power, to lift up the weak that
fall.

Whistle a song as you go, laddie, to answer your
country's call.

Brother, soldier brother, the Spring has come back
again,

But her voice from the windy hilltops is calling your
name in vain;

For never shall we together 'mid the birds and the
blossoms roam

Over the hills of home, brother, over the hills of home.

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! "Somewhere in France"
you sleep,

Somewhere 'neath alien flowers and alien winds that
weep.

Bravely you marched to battle, nobly your life laid
down.

You unto death were faithful, laddie; yours is the
victor's crown.