

A SOLDIER BOY WRITING TO HIS FATHER.

I am writing you dear father,
To tell you of my fun,
We are piling the Germans heavy,
You ought to see them run.
You ought to see them in the trap
That they had set for us;
They are something like the Indian,
They fight better in ambush.

They are always scheming and planning,
And throwing out insults,
But I tell you dad, we are the boys
Who make the doctors feel their pulse.
And I also have to tell you,
We are the boys to make them squeal,
When we present them with a lump of lead
Or with the point of steel.

The mud is something terrible
That we tramp through every day,
And for that sum one dollar ten
I'd rather put up hay.
My bed it is my blanket,
With my knapsack by my side,
I always feel so happy
When I am making the Germans stride.

I guess dear Pa, you'll miss me
When your following up the plow,
More especially in the evening
When you go to milk the cow.
But I hope that God will spare us
Until we meet on earth once more,
And then we'll try and live a life
So we will walk on the golden shore.

Now to conclude and make an end,
I am sorry for all my fun.
For there was many a Hun laid low