

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

Where are the lads of yesterday
 We knew and we loved so well
Oh, they left their homes at the break of day
To the fifes and the drums they marched away
Into that Cockpit where war held sway,
 Somewhere in France.

By the pale dim light in the ingle nook
 A mother sits weary and worn,
Her tired eyes scan the family book,
And they gleam anew with a loving look
As she thinks of the son whom duty took
 Somewhere in France.

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts and wives
 What are you thinking now?
You are thinking, I trow, of the galant lives
That have sacrificed been to the German knives
In the great Armageddon that still survives
 Somewhere in France.

You slackers at home on Easy Street,
 What are you thinking now?
Are the shackles so strong on your hands and feet
That you idly stand while the war drums beat?
And you know the enemy's still to defeat
 Somewhere in France.

Friends and Countrymen left behind,
 What are you thinking now?
Are you perfectly satisfied in your mind
That your duty is done to all mankind.
And that you could no greater glory find
 Somewhere in France?

Gallant lads of the day that's gone,
 What are you thinking now?
That some day you'll meet us when all is done,
And by grace of God the victory's won,
You'll tell us you've buried the sword and gun
 Somewhere in France.