

The Song Of The Overseas Soldier

I've been in here, for nigh a year,
In this far away training Camp,
Where all the days have a misty haze,
And the nights are cool and damp.

I rise in the morn to a life unborn
At the early hour of five,
And I'm glad at last, when the day has passed,
And I feel I'm still alive.

Through my toilless hours, a new life flowers,
I forget the daily drag,
So I lie around on the chilly ground
And smoke my 'issue' fag.

T'is tiresome work, but we must not shirk,
There are Battles to be fought,
And so we train with might and main,
For that's the way we're taught.

Though the day be hot, t'is still our lot,
To be on each parade,
We're kept at it, dressed in full kit,
That's how a soldiers' made.

But I'm tired of it all, and I'll welcome the call,
To proceed across the Sea,
To lend a hand, and make a stand,
With the boys who preceded me.

To go to France and take a chance,
For the land that gave me birth,
To help repay, in my humble way,
The « Debt », for all it's worth.

I may be shot, it matters not,
I know the cause is just,
My life I've sold — but not for gold,
You'd do the same — I trust.

Our Empire's Call should be heard by all,
No matter at what cost,
If we stayed at Home, Who'd rule the foam?
Our freedom would be lost.