

To Major-General Sam Hughes

I.

I've read of ye'r often an' seen ye'r twice,
It looks as ye'r lives as ye'r ought to,
You 'ave battered away at ther' politic game,
And see where ye'r politics brought you.
You've got all the grit that a Britisher needs,
Though you've blundered a bit in some cases,
But you still keep a-goin' an' doin' ye'r best
In some wery tight corners an' places.

II.

It ain't the fust time at the Motherland's call
You have marshalled an army together,
You seem to shine brighter an' work all the more
When the enemy shouts "dirty weather,"
But the way you 'ave worked in this latest affair
If yer friends an' yer foes all speak truly
Has won fer yer, Sam, all the Empire's regard
Excuse Sam—fur it ain't meant unruly.

III.

Your lads take their place in the bitter cold
trench
An' better men never were born, sir
They're showin' they're equal to any I ween
Of their conduct I'm sure you'll not mourn, sir,
So go on, old war horse, an' gather 'em in,
Fur the cause they are fightin' is worthy,
Let politics fizzle—The Empire's at stake
Show 'em plain that no kultur is fur thee.

IV.

Let yer enemy's haggle an' noospapers shout
It won't make yer die any sooner
If you blunder at all, then ye're blunderin' well
You're heart's good an' true, you're no
"spooner"
You're duty seems plain, you're doin' it well
An' Canada's with yer fur ever.
Go hang with yer views, you're just Old Sam
Hughes
An' we'll never furget ye—no never.