

The Battle of Courcellette.

'Twas the fifteenth of September, and the day was
fine and clear;
And the village was quite peaceful as we drew quick-
ly near;
First came the Twenty-second A Co., then B of
Twenty-five,
And we opened up a fire and not many were left alive.
The Fritzies who were holding that town of Cour-
cellette
Were soon killed off and what were left we treated
to bayonet,
And when our company got relief after fighting
there all day
There were few of those poor Fritzies left for them
to scare away;
And so we recovered back our land and raised the
Union Jack.
And went forward with our machine guns for we
knew no turning back.

For Canadians don't lose trenches not let Fritzies
hold them long;
For we always get the best of them by using our
Mill's bomb.

Back in the town of Albert we rested there awhile,
Pride of our great victory was certain from our smile
For once before at Ypres we bravely stood the test
And once again we conquered and knew we'd done
our best;
On the twenty-seventh we got the word to back into
the fray
And we knew we'd have victory, and again we'd win
the day.