

DEDICATED WITH HUMBLE APOLOGIES TO
THE BLUE AND HUNGRY ORCHESTRA

It seems to me but yesterday,
That last we said good-bye,
Our parting might have been for years
Perhaps Eternity.

And to the wanderer o'er the sea,
Sweet memories of the past
Crowd in upon him thro' the tears
Which gather thick and fast.

The names of those I loved so well,
In happier days gone bye,
Are graven on my memory
In all sincerity.

Thro' silent watches of the night
They come in dreams to me,
Those shadowy forms of friends so dear
I left across the sea.

Could we recall those happy hours
We spent with mirth and song,
Our hearts would open like summer flowers
With joy, the whole day long.

Perhaps I helped to cheer your path
I know you brightened mine,
I would not if I could forget
The days of Auld Lang Syne

One last request I wish to make
Dear friends, before we part,
That you will always keep for me
A corner in your heart.

* * * *

THE CANTEEN MAJOR

The days hae been sae weary,
The toon has been sae dull,
Since ye left yer freen's at hame tae be a sodger
An' ye've had yer share o' fechtin'
In the trenches ower in France,
But I'm gled tae hear ye're safe, ye sonsy codger,