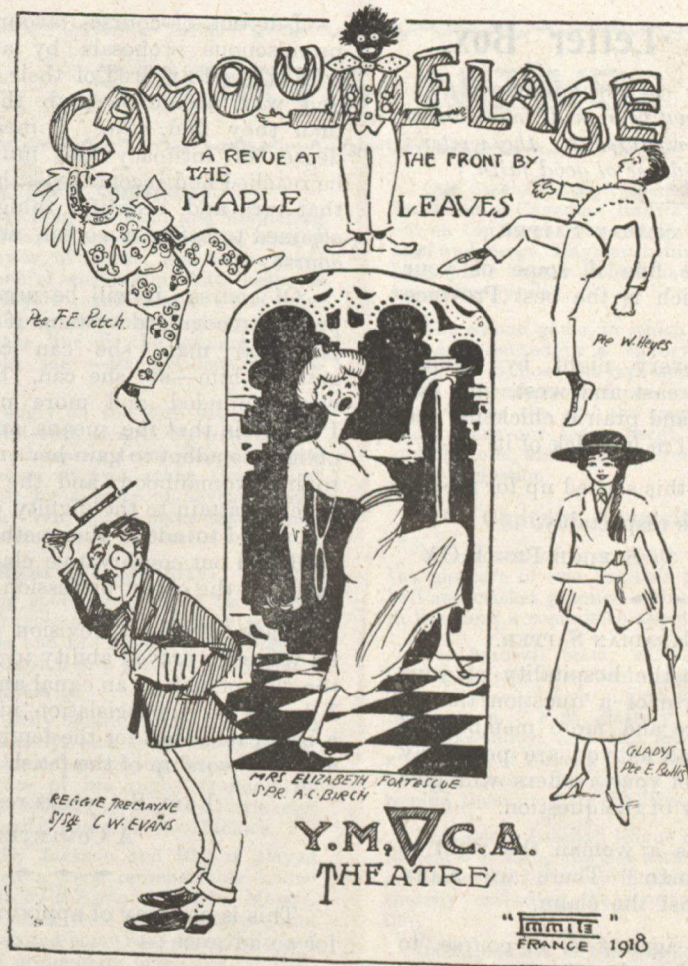


The
"Maple Leaves"
Revue.

See
Opposite
Page.



The Engineers.

When we talk about the regiments of our Army of to-day,
(And we're proud of all the gallant deeds they've done)
How they with dauntless daring in the thickest of the fray,
Pressed the charge against the foe and glory won,
We are proud of our Artillery, the foe has often met,
Of our Cavalry, the Guards, and Fusiliers.
When we toast them, and we boast them, then let us not forget
A Corps that's "everywhere," the Engineers.
They used to wear a scarlet coat in days before the war,
But when they'd sterner work on hand to do.
They changed the scarlet coat at the Quartermaster's store,
For a business uniform of khaki hue.
Off duty they were dandies, who were always spic and span,
Who would flirt with winsome maids with half a chance;

But now they're done with comedy, they're going out to play the man,
They are flirting with grim death at Satan's dance.
The Sappers are the handy men, they're up and down the line,
They build the bridge, the road, the parapet;
They sap and bore a tunnel, and lay the deadly mine,
And touch it off when everything is set.
To danger they are wedded, often working under fire,
And to the shrieking shrapnel's tone,
They go on digging trenches and rigging up barbed wire,
Or sending down a message o'er the 'phone.
When the history is written, after victory is won,
When the Dove of Peace flies o'er the battlefield,
When the clash of steel is silent, and no more is heard the gun,
Then the glory of these men will be revealed.
It will tell of deeds heroic, which will never, never fade;
It will move all British hearts to pride and tears,
When they read the thrilling story of the sacrifices made
By the Sappers of the Corps of Engineers.

G.D.D.