

Lays and Lyrics

By THE BOYS

SUSSEX.

"God gives all men all Earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
Beloved of all.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice,
The lot has fallen to me,
In a fair ground—in a fair ground,
Yea, Sussex by the Sea!"

—Kipling.

God gives all men all Earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
We are ordered here to what will prove
The toughest camp of all.
Each to his choice, but we'd rejoice,
In another place to be,
Away from mud—such sticky mud
In Sussex by the Sea!

—Jock.

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THE GROUSE.

Of all the damfool implements a soldier has to "tote,"
The razor and the toothbrush are the ones that get your goat,
The razor won't cut butter and the tooth brush is a joke,
It's only fit for shining up the buttons on your coat.
I tried to use the razor once,
And after several "swipes,"
I threw the damned thing in the trench,
And put up two GOLD STRIPES.
I'll tackle "Fritz" at any time,
And never bat a lid,
But face an Army razor? No!
Not for a million "quid."
I only wish a law was passed to make the Q.M.G.
Just try his razors on himself, before they're passed to me.
For I am sure if this was done, we'd never have to shave,
And every day a new Q.M. would see an early grave.

—The Grouser.

ISLE DE LANGUEUR.

Carelessly sweet is the Isle of my Dreams,
Laughter of winds and wash of the sea,
White foam-tipped waves and silver moonbeams,
Joining in dancing, entrancingly free.
Mysteriously sweet is the Isle of my Dreams,
Shadows of palms and soft Southern Lore,
Lithe bodies a-swaying, music that seems
Born of dark caverns in surf-beaten shore.

Masterfully sweet is the Isle of my Dreams,
Hopeless the wanderer fast in her toils.
The Lotos once eaten, forgotten the schemes,
Of vaulting Ambition and Earth's mad turmoils.
Wonderful, langourous island that gleams,
Home of the colours, a fragment of dreams.

—T.J.W.

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THE O.C.

You have tried so hard to keep us, we know you have done your best,
You have fought for good old Clan Maclean from the far Canadian West,
To the training Camp in England it has ever been your aim,
To "go over the top" and there not stop until we gained our fame,
But fortune of War is not always kind and so we now must part,
And what you have said at leaving will sink deep in our heart.
We will be Maclean forever, though scattered far and wide,
And we will keep the old Flag flying whatever else betide.
Instead of being a Unit and staying in one place,

Where the skirl of the Pipes and the flash of the Kilt would tell them of our race,
We will spread along the whole front line and there we will sing the praise.
Of the O.C. who was a pal to us through all our training days.
We are willing and glad to go when called, each one will play the game,
Wherever we fit we will do our bit to respect our honour and name.
So cheer up Chieftian of the Clan, "Are we downhearted? No!"
The silver lining will peep out when the Kaiser we send below.

—J.F.L.

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OUR FRIEND (?) THE GENERAL.

Who was the friend of the boys in Quebec.
Who saved the Kilties from being a wreck,
Who was the ace of the training camp deck?
THE GENERAL.
Who was it taught us to lay out our kits,
Polish our buttons and also our wits,
Who used to have ninety-nine kinds of fits?

THE GENERAL.

Who was it stopped selling beer in the Mess,
Who was it checked us all up on our dress,
Who was it made the word "CLINK" a success?
THE GENERAL.

Who was it said "I hope always to be With you until you sail over the sea,"
Who was it heard some giggle, "Tee Hee?"

THE GENERAL.

Who is the "Pea Cracker's" pride and his boast,
Who taught us all save what we needed most.
Who damned the bugler for blowing Last Post?
THE GENERAL.