

# The Taking of Vimy Ridge by the Canadians

AN OFFICIAL REPORT IN RHYME.

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1.

I will tell you in rhyme, how the Vimy Ridge was taken;  
By divisions of Canadian Infantry the Cavalry helping too,  
They found no bed of clover while the strong hold they were breaking.  
Now in detail, I will tell you what our gallant boys went through;  
That our casualties were heavy, it goes without saying.  
Troops to the right, troops in the centre, troops on the left not far apart  
With British pluck-officers and men with their lives bravely paying;  
Fought as Canadians can, playing the game right from the start,  
While all the world looks on wondering.

2.

Easter Sunday, April the eighth, the Canadians kept well together;  
All the day they had been hindered by the stormy weather.  
Schedule orders for the ninth were, be the weather fine or wet;  
At five thirty sharp be ready to swarm over the parapet.  
Our Colonial said, keep cool my boys; for this is the time  
Our Commander has set apart for the smashing of Von Hindenburg line;  
You'll do your best everyone I know, the boys gave a ringing cheer,  
It must have reached our foes, resting in their dugouts near,  
Not one of the boys grumbling.

3.

Five twenty nine found the boys all in line, not one had that night slept;  
They had rested till dawn, talking of home, and not a few had wept.  
But t'was not for fear, but breathing a prayer for loved ones far away;  
Asking, (Our Father) above to protect in His love and bless our cause  
that day.  
Our engineers, had worked for a long time tunneling neath no man's land  
Till they were beneath Von Hindenburgs line, they had kept the secret  
grand.  
Their Officers and Bomb throwers crept through until level with the foe  
they got.  
The gunners will shell the other side, this side we will make it hot  
Now the Artillery will commence Thundering.

4.

To the minute five thirty, the artillery unmasked with true concentration  
The field guns with intensity, draw foes machine guns location;  
Then our direct fire from machine guns makes an increasing barrage,  
Oh God what must have been the result of such an awful carnage.  
Our officers had said, to-day we the Vimy Ridge must take;  
Great goodness how the cannons make the earth tremble and shake.  
As morning dawned we had to face, a gale of rain and sleet;  
Go forward boys, for once again the Germans must retreat,  
Our Artillery is now furiously Thundering