

# His Last Dug-Out

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While lying in my dug-out  
With the ground for my bed;  
A bag of sand for a pillow  
It was there I laid my head.

And, thinking of the town I left  
Far, far across the foam  
I was dreaming of the loved ones  
In my own Canadian home.

When I was suddenly awakened  
By the roaring overhead  
The earth came tumbling down on me  
And left me there half dead.

For a moment I was full of thought  
And being burried there alive  
I prayed to God for freedom  
Which came to me at last

My comrades soon came to my relief  
And commenced to dig about  
And they worked like brave heroes,  
Till the dug-out was shoveled out

They put me on that stretcher  
And carried me back of the lines  
Where I could lie in safety  
'Til my wounds were bound and tied