

Oh, the enemy search for her night and day,  
And they batter an old estaminet  
Or the church by the square where our cables run,  
But they never come nigh to the crouching gun!  
For she sits secure by the battered wall,  
And she bides her time while the stray shells fall--  
Yes, she waits and waits till the last one rips,  
With a sneering laugh on her cruel lips,  
Then she wakes to life with a shattering roar,  
And we feed her the shells, and she calls for more,  
And she hurls them North and East and South  
Like bitter oaths from her blackened mouth--  
Oh, well do the enemy know their path,  
And they fear our gun when she roars her wrath!

So she works for us, and we work for her,  
And together we swing from ridge to spur,  
And our trail lies plain to the shuddering skies  
In the sanguine stream of our sacrifice;  
For we stride the length of the lonely land,  
And we scatter death with an open hand  
To the foe as they crouch in their den-ouls deep--  
Be they wide awake, be they fast asleep,  
Still we search them out and we mark them well,  
And we leave their fate to the screaming shell  
That our big gun speeds on its hellish way . . . . .  
Till over the town the dawn breaks grey,  
And the darkness drives from the far hill-crest;  
Then we leave our gun for a well-earned rest.