

At last the welcome darkness came along our line of fire;
Brave Odium with reluctance spoke: "To the hospital retire."
So we left our dear old comrades who had joked the day before
Who fell in the glorious cause—fell to rise no more.

And when we left that awful scene, each one with bated breath
Thinking of the hundreds of heroes enwrapped in the folds of death.
That night the pale moon shone on the hill top
And kissed the cold lips of the poor lads that fell on 60 kop.

Hill 60, I hate that dreadful name, there is moaning in its sound.
Is not the pride of Canada buried beneath your ground?
"Echo Special. thank you, sir," as he runs along,
The little Echo lad shouts amid the busy throng.

"Terrible Slaughter in the West!" what is this we hear?
Is death among our gallant lads who came from Canada?
Nobody can read it yet for the headline on the top
Is enough to tell us that our poor lads lost heavy on Hill 60 top.

Alas! those gallant regiments who sailed from Canadian shores
To go and join the conflict twixt British versus Boche.
See them marching through the quay, with smiling face I vow;
No better soldiers could there be. O God, where are they now?

How many of that gallant band who sailed away that day
Will see their dear old native land; how many, who can say?
They gave their heart's blood for that land—that land they loved so
well,
They fought like British lions and nobly fighting fell;
They climbed up the mountain side and it's very hard to say
The hell those poor lads were in; the Germans had their day.

There are fair young wives at home and grey-haired mothers too,
Weeping for their bonny boys, whom the Germans slew;
They look into a list of killed, there names are printed there,
They bowed their heads and gazed upon their dear one's vacant
chair.

Yes, Canada has shed a tear and over it hangs a cloud;
But for all the losses we have had, yet Canada is proud,
For after all our sorrows we are sure to have our joys,
We will never let the Germans beat us, my bonny boys.

"Echo Special. Thank you, sir." Now then, Canadier
Just put a smile upon your face and dry that fallen tear,
The turning point has come at last and this can be believed
That Haig drove the Germans back and Vimy was relieved.

Who was it done this glorious deed? It was a noble charge they
made;
It was the 13th and 16th Battalions and Currie's old Brigade.
They rushed at them like madmen, the Germans flew away
And left their trenches full of dead; now Canada has its day.

And Canada has been avenged; so let the Union Jack float high
And sing your songs of praises for the Canadian boys.
Hurrah for the 13th and 16th, who nobly met their death,
And one loud ringing cheer for the boys that are fighting yet.