

F R A N C E A N D F L A N D E R S

The silent hour of midnight came,
And found them most asleep,
The watchful sisters, round the ward,
Like timid mice did creep.

They felt secure, beneath the cross,
So plainly printed on
The roof of every single hut,
In red, white ground upon.

A sound was heard which chilled the blood
Of every person there.
The sound was made by falling bombs,
A-crashing through the air.

"Keep quiet, boys," the nurses said,
"And don't excited get,
We'll have you in the dugout,
They won't be here just yet."

Alas! a bomb crashed through the roof,
Those timid sisters then,
Stood by the sick, and fully proved,
God gave them hearts of men.

And morning light an awful sight
Reveals to mortal eye,
The nurses, doctors, patients all,
In blazing ruin lie.

What awful reckoning must be faced,
Now this great war is won,
By men who do such deeds as these,
Oh, cruel cultured Hun!