

That same night when all was darkness
Save a star shell's glimmering light,
Bill he scrambled o'er the parapet
And he vanished in the night,
Left us standing, blinking, thinking
What would happen out in front.
If he met up with that sniper
Things would happen out in front.

So we stood to as we listened,
Rifles loaded close at hand,
While our eyes they pierced the shadows
To the depths of no man's land.
Bill we felt was sure to tangle
With an outpost on ahead,
Hell we felt would soon be popping
And the sky would soon be red.

There we stood to hark and listen
Kind of sucking in our breath,
Waiting for old Fritz to open
With his messenger of death.
But the night grew silent, chilly
With a silence that felt queer.
Save the rumble of the heavies
To the front and in our rear.