

Recitation on the European War

A little bit of France by one of the Boys.

On Tuesday night, the 20th, the official order came
To march away and attack at night with McHarg of great fame.
We marched from Langemarck to a hill called 60 top
To try to catch the Germans asleep to catch them on the hop.

It was the 1st Division who carried a glorious name,
Likewise the 7th Battalion, the boys of Mindon's fame,
Who charged and took that terrible Hill with three Canadian cheers
With General Turner and his troops, though only volunteers.

And when we left that sugarloaf kop, 'twas darkest hour of night,
Alas, the same old story—not a German was there in sight.
The little dream't that morn, little dream't what was in
store,
Little dream't of the treacherous trick that day to be played by the
wily Boche.

At nine o'clock that dewy morn, ere the mist had cleared away,
And disclosed the opening chapter of that never to be forgotten day.
Then soon the cry of "Water," and water there was none,
And the lips of our Canadian heroes was parched by a terrible sun.

Brave Burchall, he was calm and cool in the midst of a perfect hell;
'Twas not for long, for he was struck by a piece of a 6-inch shell,
And then poor Capt. Harvey was sent to a far-off land.
It was here our gallant Col. Odium took command.

I never shall forget our Capt. Holmes, so gentle and so brave,
Long ere the golden sun had set he slept in a soldier's grave.
No finer type from Canada had ever drawn a sword,
A bullet pierced his brain and he fell dying on the sward.

At last our ammunition gave out—it could not last forever—
The cry was "Surrender, boys." No never, never, never.
We still kept on a losing fight, their forces were so large,
But we kept them back with our maddened cries—fix bayonets!
charge!

Look! Look! the reinforcements come. Thank God; they are just
in time,
Like so many hungry wolves let loose, up that fearful Hill they
climbed;
And when they reached the firing line they soon are at it hot
And many a Scottish laddie fell before he fired a shot.

And then the famous Middlesex, with their officers in the fore,
Saying, "don't forget the 'diehards," remember the good old corps.
I always will remember, as through that zone they press'd,
For many a bullet had found its billet in a London hero's breast.

I shall not forget the anguish all through that awful day,
The groans of the wounded soldiers—"will no one take me away?"
Their cry was "Lord deliver me out of this living Hell;"
Only to be finally dispatched by a merciless 6-inch shell.