

## L'ENVOI.

Good-bye, little verses, away you go,  
Over the seas to a land I know,  
And you'll tell the folks that you find there  
We are thinking of them, in France, somewhere.

But first you must go to London town,  
Then take the first train north,  
With never a rest until you stop  
At the edge of the Firth of Forth.

And in Auld Reekie's narrow train  
You must seek and you must find  
And give my love to the dearest girl,  
The girl that I left behind.

And then you'll on to the dearest land,  
Over the ocean blue,  
Where the folks will know and understand  
The message I send with you

Away, little verses, adieu, adieu,  
Each night, in my dreams, I'll follow you.

Ypres Salient, May, 1916.