

Tho' their comrade's warning saved them
From a death of shame and dread,
When the Hun attack was shattered
Sentry Anderson lay dead.

Now he sleeps beside the tower,
Where no more the whizbangs fall,
Never more to hear the bugle,
Or to heed his comrades' call.

Though his grave has been forgotten,
Yet his name is known to fame,
And his memory lives forever
In the land from whence he came.

TOMMY'S REWARD

When war's mighty bellow was heard in the land,
And all we held dear was at stake,
Then Tommy the soldier at once took his stand
The Hun's threatened inroad to break.

He fought like a hero, with bombs and grenades,
With rifle and bayonet, too;
He swore that the Kaiser he'd blow clear to Hades,
He'd run the old Boche through and through.

And Tommy has done it, he made a clean job
Of Bill and his murderous crew.
He put little Willie and Bill on the hob
And then he came home for his due.

He'd lived upon tombstones, and bully, and hash,
Slumgullion or government stew;
He'd hobnobbed with rats, and he'd spent all his cash
To eke out his rations—would you?

Now he is home with his kiddies and wife,
He's up against poverty's grip.
For he lost his right arm in the heart of the strife—
But he's keeping a stiff upper lip.