



THE LOVE OF THE SONS

WHEN the singing bullet finds its mark
In a gallant British breast,
When the yellow cloud of poison gas
Bears death on its wavering crest,
When the blue-grey hordes in a steel-tipped line
Sweep on like a living flood,
When the deadly bayonets slash and rip,
And the trenches run with blood,
And we bear it all for thy sake alone,
England! Mother! Our love is shown.

When the big guns speed o'er an angry sea,
In the teeth of sleet and spray,
Their message of death to the tossing foe
Scarce a storm-swept league away,
When the life-blood creeps o'er the glistening decks
In sullen spurts and red,
When glazing eyes stare sightless up
At the heavens overhead,
And the black shark slinks to the riven side,
England! Mother? Our love is tried.

So we come, Mother England, thy loyal sons,
Ready to do our share,
For behold, we have writ in the blood of our best
The proof of the love we bear;
We have staggered blindly through choking gas,
Reeling with ev'ry breath—
Shrill, whistling shrapnel, screaming shell,
Agony, sudden death,
All for thee we can face unmoved—
England! Mother! Our love is proved.