

Back to the ruins I went that night
And searching through the wreck
I found my baby's cot
Which the Germans, they had wrecked

Turning towards the window
There, lying on the floor
Was my darling's photograph
In a dozen bits or more.

There is our arm chair
I had for many years
On which I sat for many a night
And shed so many tears

There is mother's picture
She left when I was small,
Splintered with a shrapnel,
With its face towards the wall.

Even the little stockings
In pieces, everywhere,
And the dainty little slippers
That my baby used to wear

I cannot stand this trouble
The strain is far too much
My heart is almost stopping
As the table here I clutch.

Is there a God in Heaven?
And will He hear me say
Make those cruel Germans answer
For what they've done that day.

Farewell to loving Belgium
I leave this world to-night,
Slay those cruel Germans
And may God defend the right!