

I was not far from our front line, and all was in its bloom,
When all at once a shell burst by, and I thought I met my doom;
But it happened mighty lucky, and to my heart's content,
When a piece came whizzing by me and through my leg it went;
I did not know for the moment that surely I was hit,
Just then I began a tumbling and fell as in a fit.

Up came the stretcher bearer and said lad, are you hit,
And I said to him, well, can't you see, I cannot walk a bit;
He said you'll have to stay there and be as patient as can be,
For there are thousands lying round you, just waiting here for me;
I laid there for five hours, suffering from the pain,
And the shells were bursting round me and it started then to rain.

Just then six husky Germans, as I had chance to spy,
Were coming with their hands up, merci, kamerad, was their cry;
I beckoned then to come my way, as I thought I'd get a hand,
But they could talk no English and could not understand;
Just then a forty-ninth chap came up, and could talk the allemange,
And he led us to our trenches and safely did we land.

Now as I conclude my story about that memorable day,
I want all you, my readers, respect to a Ridge man pay,
For I know a man was there that day has nobly done his share,
And on his return to Canada, give him a hearty welcome there;
I think I said just quite enough about that dreadful place,
It will never die throughout history, the battle of Vimy Ridge.