

A TRUE STORY

In the shadow of a tower,
Battered by the German shell,
Lies a lonely grave grass-covered,
Where a gallant soldier fell.

Do you want to hear the story
How this hero met his fate;
How he died to save his comrades,
Like Horatius at the gate?

At a shell-wrecked farm in Flanders,
In a gaping, shell-torn wall,
Stood a sentry, cold and weary,
As the night began to fall.

Right behind him, in a stable,
Lay his comrades, fast asleep,
Trusting to their brother comrade,
Sentry o'er their rest to keep.

It was raining, cold and dreary;
And the sentry, battle worn,
Little dreamed of deadly danger
Ere the coming of the morn.

O'er his mind the fancies flitted,
Thoughts of children, home and wife,
On his loved Alberta homestead,
Far removed from death and strife.

Hark! A sound from out the darkness
Drove these fancies from his brain;
And he listens, rifle ready,
For that sound to come again.

As the foe, to where the sentry
Stood like one of Britain's sons,
Charging came, with rifles flashing,
"Tumble up," he yelled, "The Huns!"

And his comrades, sleeping, resting,
In the stable heard his call,
Seized their arms and sprang to join him
At the shell-hole in the wall.