

And then again at Festubert,  
Fritz minds the place full well;  
'Twas there we gave the Allemands  
A little taste of hell.

In the mud and blood of Plugstreet,  
Where the summer passed away,  
And the cold and rain of winter  
Turned the country dull and gray.

We made monkies of the Bosches,  
Bombing sprees 'mid falling flares,  
Giving Fritz the dope he needed  
To forget his earthly cares.

And then we had a little rest  
At good old Bollezeele,  
Where we practised standing gun drill,  
And the booze was almost real.

Now St. Eloi may have been good,  
And kind, and true, and brave;  
But from the village of his name,  
All good Canadians save.

Its street of hell has evil fame,  
'Tis known in song and story;  
Our rations there were cut in half,  
But not the mud or glory.

Old Fritzie tried both night and day  
To gain an inch or two,  
And while we took some nasty jars,  
We handed him a few.

The craters, where we first went in,  
Were full of smoke and flame;  
But after we'd been there a while  
Old Fritz again was tame.

And then we moved to Sixty Hill,  
We started mining here;  
"How long, O Lord," the sappers cried,  
With many a bitter tear.