

The Canadians at Courcelette.

SEPTEMBER 15th, 1916

Courcelette! red Courcelette!
Canadian sons shall ne'er forget,
Canadian fame shall never set
Upon the field of Courcelette.

From Pozières to Courcelette,
It seemed a road through hell to get,
But through it all they got there yet,
To Courcelette, red Courcelette.

Machine gun, shrapnel, hand grenade,
God! what infernal din they made;
Yet on, still on, their hearts were laid,
On Courcelette, red Courcelette.

Right through the German lines they smash
Their bayonets flash, their Mills bombs crash;
By mine, cross trench, they onward dash,
Determined to win Courcelette.

Canadians there their foes defied,
For Motherland they dared and died,
Canadians' sons shall tell with pride
Of how their sires took Courcelette

Then wreath the laurel, twine the bay,
For these who fought and died that day,
For these who won that bloody fray,
Upon the field of Courcelette.

Oh! tell it by the camp fire glow;
Tell it when lies the winter snow;
Tell it when Western breezes blow;
How Canada stormed Courcelette.

— *Written for Canadian Hospital News by*

JAMES CRAIG HARDING,
Bideford, N. Devon.