

Cheer Up

Boys! How is it with you, this last year
or two,

There are changes since then, we admit;
The food ain't so nice, and the sky ain't
so blue,

And your troubles too big for your kit.

There are days when it rains, and your
drenched to the hide,

And your chances to dry out are small;
It makes you wish yourself back in the
land of your pride,

To your old folks, wives, sweethearts
and all.

Your menu has changed and your heart-
sick of stew;

No more can you say: "Pass me the
cake."

Those sweetbreads of life are but mem-
ories to you,

Still, that's part of a good soldier's
make.

Then your liberty is curbed and your
time ain't your own

So much as it was once of yore.

C.B. and F.P. are four letters well-
known,

It matters not what be your corps.

Your letters are few and they mean
much to you

For they link you with home and those
dear,

But write often back boy, yours mean
much to them, too,

For they wonder how goes all with
you here.

For they gave you and you went, choos-
ing peril and stress,

Your home, land and country to save;
So you see they gave much, and let their
faithfulness

Brace and cheer up the soldier they
gave.

Your outlook on the future will yet
brighten my lad,

Your Colonel won't be such a bore;
Your kit bag can hold more than troubles
my lad,

And you wonder you had not seen
this before.

Cheer up then, my boys, why this war
cannot last,

Tho' some day you may share in the
fun,

And when 'tis our lot to share in it's
wild deadly blast

No one here shall flinch at the Hun.

Then, when it's all over and once more
you get back

To that old home and those waiting
there,

In the joys that await you, you'll forget
your old pack

Which weighed oh so heavy, just
there.

See the eyes you have brightened and
their hearts swell with pride,

Hear them say: "Let all do their
duty who can,

He, whom I gave away, has returned to
my side,

And I am proud he is a soldier and
man."

Boys, that reward waits for you for the
last year or two,

Of hardships you have had, I'll admit,
Yet, say 'tis worth while, now the sky's
again blue

And you keep as a souvenir, "your kit."

You look at it and smile as you think of
the past,

And a grin takes the place of a frown,
For you see troubles pass and joys only
last;

What a lesson my old kit bag has
shown.

J. H.