

The Battle of Vimy Ridge.

It was on an Easter Monday, when Vimy ridge was
stormed,
And the day was dark and dreary, but every one was
warned,
And the Huns they were so frightened, were waiting and
forlorned;
Our big guns they were playing, upon the German's
line,
When Fritz began retaliating, but they did not start in
time,
And before mid-day, well, I might say, we broke right
through their lines.

Now as I relate my story, I will tell you from the
start,
It was up to us Canadians, and each one did his part;
The French they tried to take the Ridge, about some two
years ago,
But were forced to make a quick retreat, and thousands
of them mowed;
The Imperials they were served the same, as we Cana-
dians know,
But when we took the reins in hand, we kept them on the
go.

It was about five o'clock in the morning when we left our
front line trench
And covered with mud from head to foot, and to our
skin were drenched;
But the rain and the mud we did not mind, for we had
our tot of rum,
And we knew when we got to Fritz's line we sure would
have some fun;
Our brigade machine guns opened up, and the bombers
they begun,
And it was not long before we saw the Germans on the
run.