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RECITATION
ON THE
EUROPEAN WAR

About the Canadian Boys in France



JAMES O'HARA

AND

20th Century Battle Song
"DOWN GOES THE KAISER"

BY

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RETURNED SOLDIER

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Recitation on the European War

A little bit of France by one of the Boys.

On Tuesday night, the 20th, the official order came
To march away and attack at night with McHarg of great fame.
We marched from Langemarck to a hill called 60 top
To try to catch the Germans asleep to catch them on the hop.

It was the 1st Division who carried a glorious name,
Likewise the 7th Battalion, the boys of Mindon's fame,
Who charged and took that terrible Hill with three Canadian cheers
With General Turner and his troops, though only volunteers.

And when we left that sugarloaf kop, 'twas darkest hour of night,
Alas, the same old story—not a German was there in sight.
The little dream'th entrenched that morn, little dream'th what was in
store,
Little dream'th of the treacherous trick that day to be played by the
wily Boche.

At nine o'clock that dewy morn, ere the mist had cleared away,
And disclosed the opening chapter of that never to be forgotten day.
Then soon the cry of "Water," and water there was none,
And the lips of our Canadian heroes was parched by a terrible sun.

Brave Burchall, he was calm and cool in the midst of a perfect hell;
'Twas not for long, for he was struck by a piece of a 6-inch shell,
And then poor Capt. Harvey was sent to a far-off land.
It was here our gallant Col. Odium took command.

I never shall forget our Capt. Holmes, so gentle and so brave,
Long ere the golden sun had set he slept in a soldier's grave.
No finer type from Canada had ever drawn a sword,
A bullet pierced his brain and he fell dying on the sward.

At last our ammunition gave out—it could not last forever—
The cry was "Surrender, boys." No never, never, never.
We still kept on a losing fight, their forces were so large,
But we kept them back with our maddened cries—fix bayonets!
charge!

Look! Look! the reinforcements come. Thank God; they are just
in time,
Like so many hungry wolves let loose, up that fearful Hill they
climbed;
And when they reached the firing line they soon are at it hot
And many a Scottish laddie fell before he fired a shot.

And then the famous Middlesex, with their officers in the fore,
Saying, "don't forget the 'diehards," remember the good old corps.
I always will remember, as through that zone they press'd,
For many a bullet had found its billet in a London hero's breast.

I shall not forget the anguish all through that awful day,
The groans of the wounded soldiers—"will no one take me away?"
Their cry was "Lord deliver me out of this living Hell;"
Only to be finally dispatched by a merciless 6-inch shell.

At last the welcome darkness came along our line of fire;
Brave Odium with reluctance spoke: "To the hospital retire."
So we left our dear old comrades who had joked the day before
Who fell in the glorious cause—fell to rise no more.

And when we left that awful scene, each one with bated breath
Thinking of the hundreds of heroes enwrapped in the folds of death.
That night the pale moon shone on the hill top
And kissed the cold lips of the poor lads that fell on 60 kop.

Hill 60, I hate that dreadful name, there is moaning in its sound.
Is not the pride of Canada buried beneath your ground?
"Echo Special. thank you, sir," as he runs along,
The little Echo lad shouts amid the busy throng.

"Terrible Slaughter in the West!" what is this we hear?
Is death among our gallant lads who came from Canada?
Nobody can read it yet for the headline on the top
Is enough to tell us that our poor lads lost heavy on Hill 60 top.

Alas! those gallant regiments who sailed from Canadian shores
To go and join the conflict twixt British versus Boche.
See them marching through the quay, with smiling face I vow;
No better soldiers could there be. O God, where are they now?

How many of that gallant band who sailed away that day
Will see their dear old native land; how many, who can say?
They gave their heart's blood for that land—that land they loved so
well,
They fought like British lions and nobly fighting fell;
They climbed up the mountain side and it's very hard to say
The hell those poor lads were in; the Germans had their day.

There are fair young wives at home and grey-haired mothers too,
Weeping for their bonny boys, whom the Germans slew;
They look into a list of killed, there names are printed there,
They bowed their heads and gazed upon their dear one's vacant
chair.

Yes, Canada has shed a tear and over it hangs a cloud;
But for all the losses we have had, yet Canada is proud,
For after all our sorrows we are sure to have our joys,
We will never let the Germans beat us, my bonny boys.

"Echo Special. Thank you, sir." Now then, Canadier
Just put a smile upon your face and dry that fallen tear,
The turning point has come at last and this can be believed
That Haig drove the Germans back and Vimy was relieved.

Who was it done this glorious deed? It was a noble charge they
made;
It was the 13th and 16th Battalions and Currie's old Brigade.
They rushed at them like madmen, the Germans flew away
And left their trenches full of dead; now Canada has its day.

And Canada has been avenged; so let the Union Jack float high
And sing your songs of praises for the Canadian boys.
Hurrah for the 13th and 16th, who nobly met their death,
And one loud ringing cheer for the boys that are fighting yet.

The 20th Century Battle Song, entitled

"DOWN GOES THE KAISER"

Tune: "John Brown's Body."

John Bull is angry and the Kaiser raises his ire,
Now the British are advancing without orders to retire,
You can bet your bottom dollar that we will never cease fire,
As our troops go marching on.

CHORUS

Down goes the Kaiser like a sour apple tree
(Repeat three times).
As our troops go marching on.

With the courage that is fervent in each noble-hearted breast,
For the honour of Old England we will do our level best,
The brave sons of old Britannia put the Kaiser to the test
As our troops go marching on.

CHORUS

There is a hill called Vimy, on the Western Front, you know;
They thought we could not take it, so we had to let them know,
That nothing is impossible when the Canadian makes a vow,
As our troops go marching on.

CHORUS

So we tamped it on top and we sapped it down below,
And we made it just so hot, so they thought they'd better go;
Then we made one final charge, then Vimy Ridge was ours,
As our troops go marching on.

CHORUS

And we'll never, never tarry, till we've conquered every foe,
With our Allies and Sir Douglas Haig, on to Berlin we will go;
And the Kaiser will go crazy when we strike the final blow,
As our troops go marching on.

CHORUS

Good luck to the boys who came from Canadian shores
To fight for old England as they did in days of yore;
With their glory and their pluck they have made the Kaiser sore,
As our troops go marching on.

CHORUS

When the cruel war is over we will sit around the hearth,
Mid the ties that always bind us to our loved ones on this earth,
And we hope grim war in future for old Britannia proves a dearth,
As our troops go marching on.