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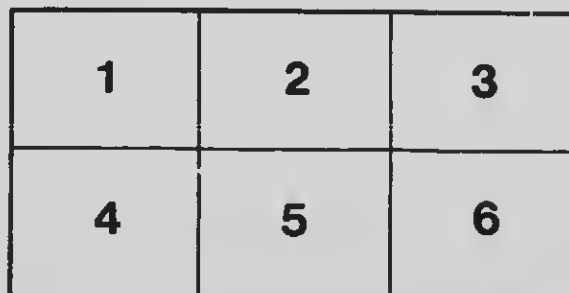
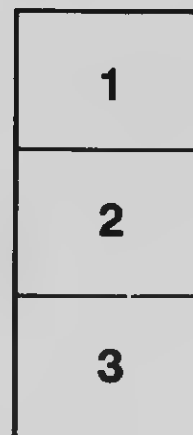
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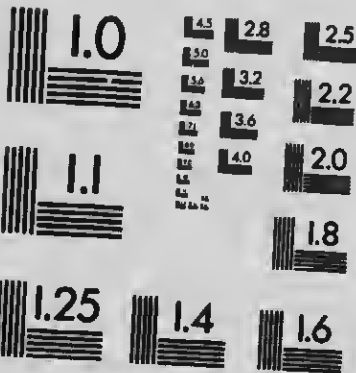
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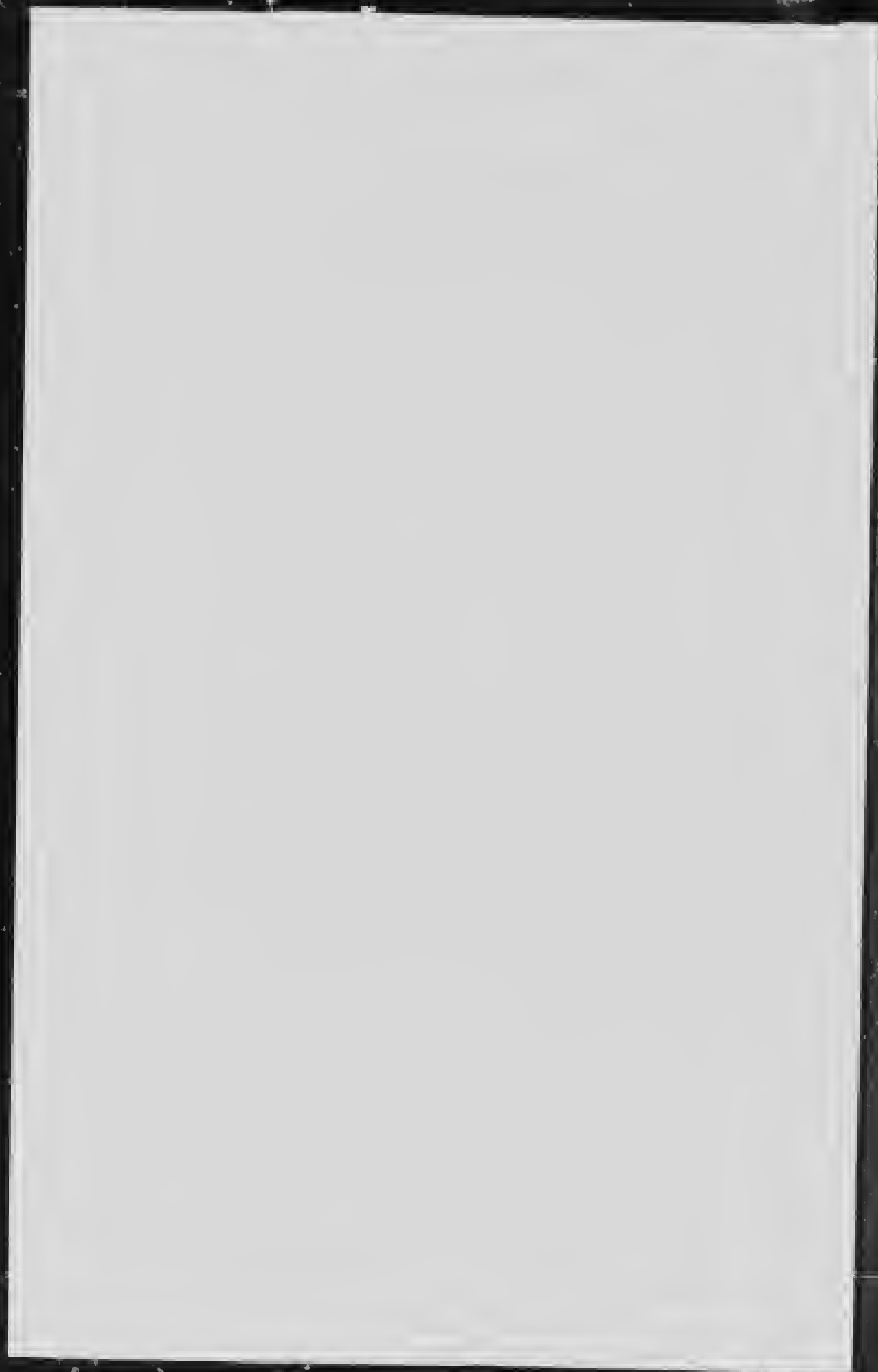
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# SITKA SPRUCE

THE SITKA SPRUCE COMPANY  
SITKA, ALASKA



# SITKA SPRUCE

*Songs of Queen Charlotte Islands*

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By D. E. HATT, M.A.

Secretary of Young Men's Christian Association at the  
Moresby Island Administration Camp of the Imperial  
Munitions Board, Department of Aeronautical Supplies,  
Thurston Harbor, Queen Charlotte Islands,  
British Columbia

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PRICE FIFTY CENTS

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R. P. LATTA & COMPANY  
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Vancouver, British Columbia

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**T**O the Aeroplane Spruce Loggers of Queen Charlotte Islands, with some of whom it was the writer's privilege to live and labor as "Y Man" during the summer and autumn of 1918, and for whom they were originally written, these Songs are now dedicated, as a humble tribute to the splendid part played by these men in a most important war industry



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1919



VANCOUVER NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY,  
VANCOUVER, B. C.

Vancouver, B. C.,  
January 4th, 1919.

D. E. Hatt, Esq., M.A.,  
National Council Y. M. C. A.,  
Vancouver, B. C.

Dear Mr. Hatt,—

Please accept my thanks for the copy of your "Sitka Spruce,  
Songs of Queen Charlotte Islands."

I was delighted to see that our native flora is at last coming  
to its own in the realm of poetry. Your selection of "*Picea sitchensis*"  
as the dominant note of these songs, is a happy one, when one  
considers the important part it has played in ending the tumult and  
bringing peace.

The music of Nature is evident throughout your description of  
the spruce country; the trees, the birds and the marine life, so  
abundant in these isles, contributing to the harmony; even the intro-  
duction of botanical detail in "The Patriarch's Farewell" produces  
no discordant note.

But alas! the noise of the European conflict breaks in. "The  
Cruisers" and "The Fallers," with axe and saw, bring *Farewells* and  
*Laments* from the denizens of Queen Charlotte Islands.

Your record and description of the various operations, incidents  
and characters around the spruce camps emphasizes the wisdom of  
the I. M. B. in obtaining for the loggers such privileges and facili-  
ties as the "Y" provides; and both the I. M. B. and the Y. M. C. A.  
are to be congratulated on securing such a competent "scribe" to  
record events, at a time when the world looked to British Columbia  
to supply Sitka spruce.

You seem to have treated every phase of Sitka spruce from its  
origin in these northern isles to its ultimate destination as messen-  
gers of peace, and, in addition to the high tone of your "Songs," the  
volume is enhanced by its originality, and the fact that it constitutes  
an historic memento.

Again thanking you and wishing your work success,

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN DAVIDSON,

President,

Vancouver Natural History Society.

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IN INLET LAND

Oh, have you heard of Inlet land,  
That stretches towards the north and west,  
Where beauty lies on every hand,  
And generous Nature shows her best?  
For grandeur and utility  
Queen Charlotte's island group was planned,  
Nor will an artist paint for thee  
Such scenes as lie in Inlet land.

The strong tides flow in Inlet land,  
And, mirroring the heaven's blue,  
They lave an endless pebbly strand  
And wondrous forms of life renew.  
The eager seeker after gold  
Heaps up the gravel he has panned  
And dreams of wealth before untold  
Awaiting him in Inlet land.

Foregathering in Inlet land,  
Attracted by the lure of home,  
A countless and a leaping hand,  
The varied hreeds of salmon come;  
And some are torn by ruthless seals  
And myriads are caught and canned  
To make a million wholesome meals  
Prepared to taste in Inlet land.

Along the shores in Inlet land  
Gigantic trees lift high their tops,  
And in majestic beauty stand  
Above the close surrounding copse;  
These are the patriarchs whose life  
Four centuries and more have spanned,  
Secure through elemental strife—  
The Sitka spruce in Inlet land.

Through rain and shioe, in Inlet land,  
The smoke ascends from morn till eve  
From camps by sons of action manned,  
With will and power to achieve;

Sitka Spruce — Songs of Queen Charlotte Islands

Strong men who love the open air,  
Whom sun and wind have deeply tanned  
To look as they had aye lived there,  
And were at home in Inlet land.

The moonlight falls in Inlet land  
And silvers every peaceful bay,  
Wielding a subtler magic wand  
Than golden sunlight wields by day:  
The call of happy water-fowl  
Comes echoing across the sand,  
And, from afar, the deep-voiced owl  
Salutes his mate in Inlet land.

Huge reefs stand guard in Inlet land,  
And sandbars stretch athwart the tide  
That storm's wild fury may be banned,  
And peace forever reign inside  
What time the waves of Hecate Straits  
Are by the gales to fury fanned,  
And thunder at the solid gates  
That guard the peace in Inlet land.

The varied charms in Inlet land,  
Of hill, and bay, and lofty tree,  
Alike all bear the mystic brand  
That marks the wonders wrought by Thee.  
Forbid that man should still be vile  
Amid Thy handiwork so grand,  
And in the magic of Thy smile  
Let us grow fair in Inlet land.

SITKA SPRUCE

Sitka Spruce is fine of grain,  
And Sitka Spruce is tough,  
To carry weight and stand the strain  
There grows no better stuff;  
It thrives upon Queen Charlotte Isles  
And lifts its head on high,  
When summer's sun upon it smiles  
Or winter rages by.

Sitka Spruce is straight and clear,  
And Sitka Spruce is light,  
That aviator knows no fear.  
It girds into the fight;  
For borne on wings that tire not,  
He hurtles on the foe  
Until he finds a vital spot  
And sends him down below.

Sitka Spruce the Allies need,  
And Sitka Spruce must get;  
The loggers answer: "With all speed  
This need shall now be met."  
And when the logger speaks his mind  
It is not empty boast—  
The Allied nations soon shall find  
The thing they need the most.

## THE CRUISERS

Where the foot of man has never trod,  
Since the earth came new from the hand of God,  
Crossing the trail of wolf and bear,  
And the cougar's haunts with not a care,  
Loaded down with their heavy packs,  
Blazing their trail with the woodsman's axe,  
Making their bed 'neath the starlit dome;  
Mark where the tireless cruisers roam.

Hidden treasures are waiting there  
For the coming of some bold pioneer,  
But not the gleam of the precious gold  
Attracts the cruisers strong and bold;  
Wealth in the lofty forest trees  
Has cast the lure for men like these.  
Hearts will thrill to the subtle spell  
Of the tale the cruisers will have to tell.

Kindly fortune your footsteps lead  
To the source of the forest wealth we need.  
Men, and munitions, and food have we,  
Lack we only the forest tree,  
Light, and tough, and with perfect grain,  
To form the ribs of an aeroplane.  
If the war be won or lost in the sky,  
"Spruce, and more spruce," must be our cry.

A patriot's heart make light your pack  
And fill the place of the things you lack,  
Spread you a feast by the forest stream,  
Paint pictures for you in the fire's gleam,  
Give you dreams of sweet content,  
Rolled in your blankets wet and spent,  
Press you forward, till ye explore  
A land whose inhabitants know not war.

## SPRUCE TREE WHISPERS

Who planted you, great trees that grow  
So stately, in the long ago?  
I hear you whisper: "Ah, we know:  
"God."

Who nurtured you through shine and shower,  
And kept you for this crucial hour  
To help o'erthrow the tyrant's power?  
"God."

What do you see up there on high  
As you stand towering toward the sky,  
Where fleecy clouds go sailing by?  
"God."

Who hears the softly whispered vows  
That breathe among your needled boughs  
E'er boisterous winds begin to rouse?  
"God."

What sends that stir through all your form  
That thrills you to your very norm  
As you stand steadfast in the storm?  
"God."

What keeps you calm when lumberjacks  
Push nearer still their rough attacks  
Upon your trunks with saw and axe?  
"God."

Who will preserve your noble race  
When you are taken from your place  
To be the wings of some hold ace?  
"God."

I see you so majestic there,  
Untouched by worry or by care,  
Your wondrous secret let me share.  
"God."

---

*Silka Spruce — Songs of Queen Charlotte Islands*

---

Give yet one answer more to me:  
What lends so much calm dignity  
To you in death, oh noble tree?  
"God."

Help us small men to learn from you  
The truth you teach, and think it through,  
That we may know and reverence, too,  
God.



## THE PATRIARCH'S FAREWELL

Hear, all ye trees of the great Sitka Clan :  
Long had I lived e'er adventurous man  
Came to explore these fair islands of mine,  
From the land of the cedar, the fir, and the pine.

Centuries now have I flourished and seen  
All round about me these islands grow green  
With you, my descendants; but now I shall fall,  
I hear and must answer to duty's stern call.

When I am down men will number my rings,  
Four hundred and fifty fair autumns and springs;  
The seasons of moisture and seasons of drought,  
The years of the fires, will carefully note.

Proud may ye be of my length and my girth  
When I go reeling and crashing to earth.  
Yet did I know I should never repine  
If some of your tops towered higher than mine.

Men shall discern, though my outside is rough,  
Sound is my heart, and my fibres are tough,  
Clear is my trunk, and straight is my grain,  
And know that your sire has not lived in vain.

Deeper and deeper the rough death-gash grows,  
Yet know I well these are friends and not foes:  
Now I depart, my descendants, but know  
Service is waiting the way I shall go.

Strike deeper root, for the tempests will lower,  
Nourish you well from the sunshine and shower,  
Keep all your heart and each fibre from blame,  
Bearing and honoring Sitka's great name.

Then if the future again shall disclose  
To Britain her own and humanity's foes,  
Ye shall help sound the next tyrant's death-knell—  
I fall, I am dying, my children farewell!

## THE FALLERS

Carefully noting the lean of the tree,  
Marking the push of the breeze,  
Choosing the place for the giant to fall  
Among the surrounding trees,  
These are the fallers, with saw and axe,  
And iron wedge and mall,  
Bringing to earth the mighty trunks,  
No matter how huge and tall.

Perched on their spring-boards, swaying there  
To the grating swish of the saw  
Eating its way through the heart of the tree  
Like the teeth of a tireless jaw,  
Swinging the axe on the undercut,  
Chopping with echoing blow,  
Carefully placing the falling wedge,  
They are laying the monster low.

Trembling seizes the lofty tree  
To the tip of its topmost branch,  
With a mighty crack it reels and falls  
Through the air like an avalanche,  
Crashing down through the lesser trees,  
Thundering on the earth,  
Lying, a giant babe in arms  
Of the Mother who gave it birth.

Would that the towering wrongs of earth  
That lift tall heads on high,  
Conquered, as was this mighty tree,  
Might totter, and fall, and die;  
Find us the fallers with axe of truth,  
And saw of a dauntless will,  
To undercut and bring them down  
And send them along to the mill.

## THE DEAD TREE'S LAMENT

A blasted and a whitened trunk,  
A ghost and not a tree,  
A nesting place for noisy rooks,  
I stand here, woe is me!

Blighted before my early prime  
And to disease a prey,  
I stand a blot upon the earth,  
A victim of decay.

Had I but come to that full growth  
Which to my years belongs  
And fallen to fill a noble need  
And helped to right men's wrongs!

But here I stand a dotting stick,  
A ghost and not a tree,  
While others fall to noble death  
I stand, ah, woe is me!

Kindness it were if thunderbolt  
Should strike my heart to flame,  
Riving me to my lowest root,  
And end my open shame.

## CONKEY

Sometimes you cut a noble tree,  
At least that's what it seems to be—  
But after it is down you see  
It's conkey.

'Twas not the kind of tree you thought,  
For all its heart had gone to rot,  
You saw your labour come to nought,  
'Twas conkey.

A hollow and a worthless trunk,  
Fit only to be used as junk,  
What others have sometimes called "punk,"  
That's conkey.

A man who has an evil heart  
And yet pretends to play the part  
Of gentleman, is never smart,  
He's conkey.

So watch yourself my logger friend,  
The way you live and how you spend,  
Lest Peter tell you at the end  
"You're conkey!"

## BREAK OUT THE FLAG

Break out the Flag, let it flaunt to the breeze,  
Floating aloft 'mid the tall forest trees;  
Full, to the skies, let the British cheers ring,  
Peal the loud anthem forth, God Save the King!

Break out the symbol of Britain's great night,  
Cheer that it floats in the van of the right—  
Pride of our hearts and defence of our homes,  
Glory of Briton wherever he roams.

Break out the colours of red, white, and blue—  
Red, from the veins of the men who are true,  
White, like the stainless Ideals of the Free,  
Blue, from God's sky and encompassing sea.

Break out the Crosses the Patron Saints bore,  
Like the Great Crossbearer carried before;  
Britishers, purged in war's furnace from dross,  
Shrink not to take up a Britisher's cross.

Break out the Ensign to float o'er our camp  
From early morn until evening's first lamp,  
Mentor and Monitor morning and eve,  
While, to the full, we attempt and achieve.

Break out the Banner to float while around  
Lofty trees tremble and crash to the ground,  
Waking an echo in France's far sky  
As enemy aeroplanes crash from on high.

Break out the Flag that all coming may see  
True British subjects and loyal are we,  
From honest hearts let the British cheers ring,  
Peal the loud anthem forth, God Save the King.

## SPRUCE UP!

Oh rough and ready's very well  
When working with the logs,  
Things would not slip along so well  
Without your greasy togs,  
But though all week at work you feel  
You do not care a tup,  
When Sunday comes and you lay off  
Improve your chance—Spruce up!

When you have made a good big stake  
And beat it for the town,  
Your brand new suit a brilliant blue,  
Your face a healthy brown,  
If some nice little girl invites  
You to her house to sup,  
Don't leave a week's growth on your chin,  
Go get a shave—Spruce up!

And when you're seated at the board  
Just try to catch the style,  
Join in the fire of small talk—  
Don't only sit and smile;  
And, most of all, my boy, beware  
You don't upset your cup,  
For that would spoil your chances, sure,  
So mind your eye—Spruce up!

With supper over it may be,  
If you are lucky, that  
The old folks will leave you alone  
To sit with her and chat;  
Look out you don't go acting then  
Just like a silly pup,  
If you would ever be a man  
There is your chance—Spruce up!

Before the little girl appears  
As your fond, blushing bride,  
She likes to take long walks with you,  
And now and then a ride.

Sitka Spruce — Songs of Queen Charlotte Islands

Go get a car, any old make,  
McLaughlin, Ford or Hup,  
And he a good sport for her sake,  
She's worth it all,—Spruce up.

And you will find the kind of thing  
That wins the little wife  
Is what you need to follow out  
Clear to the end of life,  
So if you then expect to sit  
With all the good to sup,  
The only way you'll make the grade  
Is this, in brief,—Spruce up.

## THE TRIANGLE'S JINGLE

Work give a man an appetite  
And hunger like a horse,  
When meal time comes it finds him there  
Prepared for every course,  
He hangs around the cook-house door  
With all his nerves a-tingle  
And leaps the moment that he hears  
The old triangle jingle.

There is a fellowship of toil,  
And work-mates soon are chums  
Unless they quarrel from the start  
And think each other hums,  
But there's no place in all the camp  
Where men so freely mingle  
As in the cook-house when they hear  
The big triangle jingle.

They polish off the bill of fare  
From soup clear through to pie,  
And when they can't eat any more  
They often sit and sigh;  
And some would find it safer far  
To get a good sureingle  
To huckle round them when they hear  
The cook's triangle jingle.

"No place like home," not on your life,  
With wife and little kiddie,  
Not even though you sometimes have  
To play the part of "Biddie";  
But if you're so unfortunate  
As to be living single  
You know no sweeter music than  
The old triangle's jingle.



## THE MAN IN THE BUNK

The man in the bunk is not a bohunk,  
If you think so your thinking is wrong,  
And with half of a show he'll convince you I know,  
And the argument will not be long;  
A day or so after you have the dispute  
You will wake up and think you've been drunk,  
'Til you remember the little debate  
You had with the man in the bunk.

The man in the bunk, it may be, is sunk  
In sin just as deep as they go;  
As a matter of fact, not many men act  
As if they were "Whiter than snow":  
And when you get down to the bones of a man  
There is many a snivelling skunk  
Who, with all his fine phrases and tailor-made clothes,  
Can't compare with the man in the bunk.

The man in the bunk may only be junk  
To the men who pretend to be good,  
But the chances are slim that they won't call for him  
When they're needing someone to saw wood;  
If they had to go at it and do it themselves  
They would soon quit the job in a funk,  
So they stick to their collars and dainty kid gloves  
And wait for the man in the bunk.

The man in the bunk will bite off a chunk  
Of tobacco, or hit up the snuff,  
And if you say "Swear," the logger is there  
With a terrible line of the stuff,  
But know if his species should perish from earth  
All business would quickly go punk,  
So off with your topper and join in a cheer  
For his honour, the man in the bunk.

## WHEN THE BOAT COMES IN

Living on the frontier afar from home and kin  
You can feel most mighty lonesome if you ever once  
begin,

But you have a happy moment when you show your double  
chin

At the prospect of a letter when the boat comes in.

Papers from the city and supplies for every bin,

All we need from wire cable to a needle or a pin,

Everybody is good-natured and the cook begins to grin

When he hears the whistle blowing as the boat comes in.

There are always some a-going, and as aboard they shin

There are others disembarking to push the quest for  
"tin,"

All the waterfront is happy and the grayfish bares his fin

To wave congratulations when the boat comes in.

If your duty's on the frontier, though you hate to stay  
like sin,

You must keep on hanging to it when your courage  
waxes thin,

For a great determination is the only thing will win

Till it's time to buy your ticket when the boat comes in.

DOC.

It's hard to find a person  
That no one wants to knock,  
For men are mostly human  
And a fellow has to talk,  
But there is one among us  
In whom we all take stock,  
And everybody speaks of him  
Familiarly as Doc.

Suppose a man starts boozing  
And puts his health in hoek,  
And lands back in the bunk-house  
With noodles in his block,  
Fears he is going bug-house,  
And wobbles in his walk,  
The only hope for such a case  
Lies in the hands of Doc.

Or someone cuts a flipper,  
Or jams it with a rock,  
And all his nervous system  
Goes to pieces with the shock;  
They bring him on a stretcher,  
Perhaps as white as chalk,  
And have his wounds attended to  
In proper style by Doc.

Our fine new camp hospital  
Runs smoothly as a clock,  
And looks so interesting  
The bunch stand round and gawk,  
And often you will see them  
Assemble in a flock,  
To hang about the doorway  
And have a chat with Doc.

If by some chance a fellow  
Should feel inclined to moek,  
Experience soon teaches him  
And makes his heart unlock;

Beyond all doubt or question  
Every man in camp would balk  
If anybody undertook  
To interfere with Doc.

---

## SHORTY

The subject of this little spiel  
Is broad of beam and short of keel,  
And sporty;  
He never fails to play the game,  
And always answers to the name  
Of Shorty.

Now his fond heart went pit-a-pat  
About a pretty girl fair, fat  
And forty;  
But she, proud thing, would not be wooed,  
And left our hero for a dude—  
Poor Shorty.

When next he tries to win a wife  
She will be homely, on your life,  
And warty;  
Then nobody will queer his game  
By trying to abduct the dame  
Of Shorty.

The only other word there is  
To rhyme with such a name as his  
Is "sortie";  
A word which all the school books say  
Means "Sally"—that's the bunch to play,  
Hey Shorty?

### THE CAMP "Y"

'There's a very neat triangle  
And it's color is bright red,  
When you pass into the building  
It is just above your head,  
It's the symbol of the service  
All the fellows now swear by,  
And you couldn't separate us  
With a donkey from the "Y."

We knew we needed something  
But we couldn't tell just what  
'Til the red triangle fellow  
Became "Johnnie on the spot,"  
But we didn't understand him  
At the first, and so fought shy  
Of the very thing we wanted  
When we understood the "Y."

We used to talk about it  
In the bunk house every night,  
There were two or three among us  
Who seemed to have a spite,  
But one night we talked it over  
More than common, and says I  
"You can take it or can leave it,  
As for me I'm for the 'Y'."

Some others sided with me,  
So the next night saw us there,  
And beneath the red triangle  
We found everything was square,  
So we kept on staying with it  
And the others, bye and bye,  
Saw that they were all mistaken,  
So they joined us at the "Y."

We had football games and baseball,  
And a set of quoits to pitch,  
And our evening performances  
Passed off without a hitch;

We had crokinole and checkers  
And a raft of things to try  
That made the evenings seem too short  
That we spent at the "Y."

We used to don the boxing gloves  
And have a little go,  
But mostly we were winded  
In about a round or so,  
And then we'd make excuses  
About "Other fish to fry",—  
Oh but we had the high old jinks  
Some evenings at the "Y."

Then we had a fine Victrola  
And a dandy line of discs,  
And anyone could run it  
While the "Y" man took the risks,  
We had lots of reading matter,  
And any grouching guy  
Must be pretty blamed particular  
Who didn't like the "Y."

Then you would see the fellows,  
Most likely, now and then,  
Slide over to the table  
With the paper, ink and pen,  
And before they closed their letters  
You would sometimes hear a sigh,  
For the dear ones they were writing to,  
And home, seemed near the "Y."

And say, the moving pictures  
That they put on twice a week—  
Why the fellow who was absent  
Would be rated as a freak.  
I haven't time to tell you  
Half the things we had, but my,  
We had all good things a-plenty,  
Free as sunlight, at the "Y."

So the fellows who had knocked it  
When the "Y" man first came round  
Changed their tune and used to call it  
"The best thing on top the ground."  
And when they had a half a chance  
They'd laud it to the sky,  
And wonder how they got along  
Before we had the "Y."

I've told you my experience  
The best that I knew how,  
And you know all about it  
Just as well as I do now,  
But I have this remark to add,  
Until the day I die  
I hope I'll never have to live  
Where I can't have the "Y."

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### THE LADIES

The Ladies! God bless them, the Ladies! of course;  
We cannot help feeling a bit of remorse,  
Sincerely we trust that nobody is sore  
That we have not 'oasted the Ladies! before.

As a matter of fact we are proud of our boast  
That we always have looked to the ladies for toast,  
But if we must toast them the best way would be  
By a good cheerful blaze, one by one, on our knee.

The Ladies! God bless them, what haven't they done  
From breaking our hearts to increasing our fun.  
We reckon them right in whatever they do  
And our only complaint is that they are so few.

The Ladies! God bless them! the pride of our camp,  
Our joy in the light and in darkness our lamp;  
That man is as dull as a half-rotted post  
Who is not prepared to respond to this toast.

## DON'T SWEAR

If anyone should leave the town  
To sojourn in the woods  
Among the sturdy men and rough  
Out there to get the goods,  
To learn from his experience  
Just how the loggers fare,  
He'd find the men in logging camps  
Are awful chaps to swear.

The logger rolls profanity  
Just like he rolls a pill,  
And if he's talking in his sleep  
He keeps on swearing still;  
He strings the oaths out by the yard  
And never turns a hair,—  
Whatever else he may forget  
He always thinks to swear.

When things are going "Galley West,"  
And wrath begins to rise,  
Don't act as if you hated God,  
And rail against the skies;  
Spit out the cuss words, if you must,  
And start to rip and tear,  
Until your wrath is satisfied,  
But, hang it, man, don't swear.



## MOSQUITOES

There's a breed of big mosquitoes  
Living in Queen Charlotte Isles  
That can buzz a fancy chorus  
You could hear for many miles,  
They pack a red-hot needle  
Like the kind the doctors use  
And play the mischief with you  
When you want to take a snooze.

They buzz outside your window  
And they buzz as well inside,  
They bore right through your blankets  
And perforate your hide,  
They are champion blood-suckers  
And they always seem to choose  
That time to take their supper  
When you want to take a snooze.

They have a great capacity  
For drinking human gore  
The more they get the more they want  
To drink a little more,  
It takes a real professional  
To speak a layman's views  
Of these blood-thirsty pirates  
When they will not let him snooze.

The more you try to get to sleep  
The wider you're awake  
And more mosquitoes tackle you  
For every slap you make;  
It certainly is bad enough  
To drive a man to hooze  
The way the villains bite him  
When he tries to take a snooze.

You may rise and light your candle  
And go at them with a swat,  
But as soon as you are back in bed  
They start again red-hot;

Sitka Spruce — Songs of Queen Charlotte Islands

To conquer these infernal pests  
Just try this little ruse,  
According to directions,  
When you want to take a snooze.

Four ply of wire netting  
Should be put around your bed,  
A canvas bag tied tightly  
Around your neck and head,  
Put on two suits of oilskins  
A pair of thick gum shoes,  
Roll up in four thick blankets,  
Shut your eyes and take your snooze.

**CURLEY**

There was a bold gas engineer,  
Nnt very big nor burly,  
Presiding in an engine room  
And known to all as Curley.

I cannot vouch for what is said  
About his being surly  
And n confirmed old bachelor,  
I've not talked much with Curley.

But I am told he met at last  
A most delightful girlie  
Who busted up the bach idea  
That had laid hold of Curley.

Her eyes were just the proper shade,  
Her teeth, of course, were pearly,  
She was a perfect specimen,  
At least she was to Curley.

They both agreed the wedding day  
Could not be set too early,  
And wedding bells are ringing now,  
So I am told, for Curley.

If she can make the grain run straight  
That once was crossed and knurly,  
And make n hach a pleasant man,  
Hooray for Mrs. Curley.

BUT—

Perhaps you haven't noticed a man about the camp  
Who claims to be a logger, but really is a tramp,  
The fellows in the bunk-house call him "The Champeen  
Nut,"

If you ask *him* about it he says he isn't, but—

When he sits down to poker he nims to win the stakes,  
The greatest expectation is in every play he makes,  
The vigor of his shuffle, the action of his cut,  
Point him out as the winner of all on the table, but—

He's quite a noisy talker on almost any theme  
And every night he's running with a full head of steam,  
His tongue is always wagging, his mouth is never shut,  
He thinks his talk amusing and interesting, but—

He had a disappointment a year or two ago,  
He may have been too hasty or he may have been too slow;  
When every thing was ready in his vine-covered hut  
He asked the girl to marry him immediately, but—

A gentleman who knew him when he lived in the South  
Declares he put his foot in each time he oped his mouth,  
To cap the dreary climax he called a Judge a "Mutt,"  
And thought that he would take it without resentment,  
but—

The foily of this fellow is nature now to him,  
The chances of his changing his ways are very slim,  
For when a man continues for years in one old rut  
He may change for the better, and some have done it,  
but—

If we have got you guessing as to the man we mean,  
Is he smooth-faced, or whiskered, tall, short, or fat, or  
lean,

And you ask us to name him, no, no, good friend, tut,  
tut,

We'd like to gratify you with his name and number, but—

## AS YOU WERE!

When a sergeant is drilling a squad of his men,  
If by chance a mistake should occur,  
He brings them to book with a word of command,  
And his language is this, "As you were!"

If you keep this in mind you will soon understand  
The matters to which I refer  
When I preach you a sermon that's straight to the point  
And take for my text, "As you were."

If you hail from Land's End and pretend you are Scotch  
And get tripped when you tackle the "burr,"  
Go back to the tongue you were first taught to speak,  
Be content to remain "As you were."

When you've trusted a man who appeared to be straight  
But found him a skunk and a cur,  
Get rid of his friendship as soon as you can,  
You are far hetter off "As you were."

If you meet with a girl who seems decent enough  
But you find her beginning to purr,  
As you value your life and your bank-roll say "Scat,"  
Or, what means the same thing, "As you were."

For, unless you can love her as long as you live,  
And can get the same treatment from her,  
You will wish, but the wishing will do you no good,  
You could wake up again "As you were."

Let me say in conclusion, and stiek to my text,  
Don't make the mistake, my dear sir,  
Of thinking that you can do just as you please  
And be ever the same "As you were."

For your life in the future, whatever it be,  
Will resemble this life, I aver,  
And in Heaven or Hell you will perfect the type  
Of just such a man "As you were."

**THE BULL COOK**

The bull cook bucks and splits the wood  
And kindles all the fires,  
From early morn till late at night  
He labors and perspires,  
And sometimes at the dead of night  
He rises in his sleep  
And opens all the dampers up  
And puts the tea to steep.

He fills the lamps and trims the wicks  
And sweeps the kitchen floor,  
He peels the spuds and washes up  
The dishes evermore;  
Oh all the jobs he has to do  
Would fill up quite a book—  
If the busy is the happy man  
We envy the bull cook.

## 'FRISCO JACK

You can mention no adventure that he hasn't sometime  
had,

You can't speak of an affliction but he's had one just  
as had,

You cannot name a country but he has been there and  
back,

For few have had experience as broad as Frisco Jack.

You mightn't think, to see him, he was very great or wise,  
For he's getting quite stoop-shouldered and has wrinkles  
round his eyes,

His overalls are greasy and his face and hands are black,  
But it's when you get down under you discover Frisco  
Jack.

He has travelled through the mountains where the grizz-  
lies were thick

And he saved his ammunition, killing game with just  
a stick,

For he didn't know the moment when his Savage rifle's  
crack

Would decide the vital question, life or death, for Frisco  
Jack.

He has been an old prospector, North and South and  
East and West,

And has made and lost a fortune, like so many of the  
rest,

For he had no great ambition and his home was in  
his pack,

"Easy come and go as easy" was the rule with Frisco  
Jack.

He has companied with sharpers of the shell-game, dice  
and cards,

Has had burglars for bed-fellows and murderers for  
pards,

Sitka Spruce — Songs of Queen Charlotte Islands

But with all their evil wisdom they could never learn the  
knaek,  
Though a lot of bad men tried it, of fleecing Frisco  
Jack.

But a certain wily damsel cast her charms about his heart  
'Til he vowed he loved her truly and they nevermore  
should part,  
But when she got his money all piled up in one big staek  
She departed without saying "By your leave," to  
Frisco Jack.

He has been a constant worker, though he hasn't struck  
it rich  
Since the day he lost his fortune to that fascinating  
witeh,  
But if his friends were needy he would soon supply the  
laek,  
If it took his bottom dollar they could count on Frisco  
Jack.

He is not a bright example of what you might call a  
saint,  
And his blemishes of character are not obscured by  
paint,  
But though he climbs the mountain hy a very erooked  
track  
We hope St. Peter won't refuse a place to Frisco Jack.



**SYD'S SEA SAW**

Syd had a saw that went to sea,  
A tool without a flaw,  
It sawed the sea but couldn't see  
Beneath the sea to saw.

Syd thought that he could see the saw  
Just where the saw should be,  
But what he saw was not his saw,  
He only saw the sea.

How could a man express himself  
And keep within the law  
To see his saw saw through the sea,  
And no more see the saw.

And when the saw-fish took the saw  
To make an extra jaw  
No human being saw the scene,  
Nor has one seen the saw.

The saw-fish with the extra jaw  
A glad saw-fish was he  
To see the way that he could saw  
All saw-fish in the sea.

## IT'S ALL THE SAME TO SAM

Some men there are who love to grouse  
And find unecasing fault,  
If anybody starts a smile  
These jiggers call a halt,  
But there is one who lives his life  
As happy as a elam,  
No matter how the jiggers grouch  
It's all the same to Sam.

Unecommon versatility  
This happy mortal shows,  
And almost every day reveals  
Some added thing he knows;  
Each call of duty finds him there  
As gentle as a lamb—  
Mate, engineer, deek-hand or cook,  
It's all the same to Sam.

As mate he walks the quarter deek  
With firm and steady tread,  
Calls up the erew to serub the paints  
Or heave the dipsy lead;  
As engineer he oils her up,  
Adjusts each bolt and cam,—  
Full speed ahead or back her up,  
It's all the same to Sam.

And if the deek hand's job is his  
He clears up fore and aft,  
And nobody could ask to see  
A neater little craft;  
As eook he serves you in a jiff  
Your two fried eggs and ham,  
For mugging-up or banquetting,  
It's all the same to Sam.

This sketch of one well-known in camp  
Must now be quickly elosed,  
It's hero can do violenee  
When he is so disposed,

But let us hope our genial friend  
Won't take this as a slam,  
So we will smile together if  
It's all the same to Sam.

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### THE TALE OF THE WHISKERS WATCH

A man called Whiskers had a watch  
And dropped it in the drink,  
As near as we could understand,  
To see if it would sink.

The watch was in a hunting case,  
So couldn't raise a hand,  
Had it been in a fishing case  
It might have swam to land.

Some very fancy diving stunts  
The experts then put on,  
But still the watch was down below  
And Whiskers thought it gone.

Then Captain Kando took a can  
And tied it to a stick  
And quickly saved the Whiskers watch,  
But couldn't save the tick.

This is a Thurston Harbor tale,  
And it is very true,  
And illustrates completely what  
A Kando can can do.

## A FISHING SMACK

I used to know a girlie,  
A dandy little one,  
The finest of good-lookers  
And full of life and fun;  
It was her nineteenth birthday  
And I was on the rack  
Until I, somehow, got the hunch  
She'd like a fishing smack.

She raved about the present,  
Like the sporting girl she was,  
So next day we went fishing,  
As most everybody does;  
The wind was dead against us,  
And every time we'd tack  
I'd wish that I could give her  
Another fishing smack.

I always liked trout fishing,  
And knew the choicest runs  
And pools where you could capture  
The large and gamey ones.  
One day out in the forest  
I came upon her track,  
And vowed if I discovered her  
She'd get that fishing smack.

I hunted 'til I found her  
With a bunch of maiden hair  
And some lilies of the valley,  
And I quit the trout right there.  
I slipped my arm around her  
As we slowly sauntered back,  
And with my heart upon my lips  
Gave her a fishing smack.

Next day we went together  
To fish a lovely pool,  
For fishing and love-making  
Go together, as a rule;

*Sitka Spruce — Songs of Queen Charlotte Islands*

She took fudge and mapie sugar,  
And some peaches in a sack,  
But the sweetest thing she gave me  
Was another fishing smack.

The day was simply perfect,  
But we weren't fishing much;  
I could feel a thrill of pleasure  
Every time our hands would touch.  
We were finishing our luncheon  
When she whispered to me "Jack  
If you think you'd like to have it  
I'll return your fishing smack."

Don't you think that I objected  
To the food the gods had sent,  
And before we realized it  
The long afternoon was spent;  
I proved an adept pupil  
And soon perfected the knack  
Of giving and receiving,  
Both at once, a fishing smack.

I spent many happy hours,  
After that, beside the stream,  
And whenever she was with me  
Life was like a pleasant dream,  
There we laid our plans together  
For a Parson and a hack  
And sealed the vows we uttered  
With a hearty fishing smack.

She and I have been house-keeping  
Now for nearly forty years,  
And we neither yet have spoken  
What would give the other tears;  
We have little of earth's riches,  
But whatever else we lack  
We can still enjoy together  
The same old fishing smack.

The forms are getting feeble  
That were once so full of life,  
And the Parson is in Heaven  
Who pronounced us man and wife,  
There is silver on our temples  
Where there once was only black,  
But 'til death, and, maybe, after,  
We'll keep up our fishing smack.

---

### THE FOOL HEN

The fool hen is, admittedly,  
A very silly bird,  
Its natural stupidity  
Is really most absurd,  
It doesn't seem to understand  
A single clever trick,  
And anyone can come along  
And kill it with a stick.

The husband of the fool hen is  
As stupid as his wife,  
And neither one has sense enough  
To take care of its life,  
A breed of birds so very dull,  
Without a shade of doubt,  
Must soon become extinct if there  
Are many men about.

And yet it doesn't seem the thing  
To rail at the fool hen,  
And pass the same behavior up  
When it appears in men;  
What better does a fellow do,  
When, stupefied with booze,  
He lets a sharp walk up to him  
And strip him to his shoes.

*Sitko Spruce — Songs of Queen Charlotte Islands*

A hunter always likes to go  
Where there is lots of game,  
And feathered fools or human ones  
Will tempt him just the same;  
It doesn't take him long to learn  
The way to do the trick—  
Walk right up to the fool and knock  
It over with a stick.

The fool hen's great stupidity  
Will readily appeal  
To anyone desiring  
To get an easy meal,  
But when an individual  
Of our wise human race  
Behaves himself so foolishly  
He merits his disgrace.

The duty is incumbent on  
A bird as on a man  
To hold sweet life and liberty  
Secure as each best can,  
But if the fool hen still persists  
In foolishness let men  
Show that they savey self-defence  
More than an old fool hen.

RAIN.

The joys of Charlotte Islands are of the choicest sort,  
All through the sunny summer we laugh and hold the fort,  
But as the fall advances our bliss is turned to bane,  
For only those among us know just how hard it can rain.

We like a little moisture to irrigate the soil,  
And now and then a rain-storm, that we may rest from  
toil,

But when the wet is constant it goes against the grain,  
And even the most cheerful will grouch about the rain.

To linger in the bunk-house four days in every week  
While heavy clouds are o'er us and still the heavens leak,  
Is very far from pleasant and does not conduce to gain,  
For the logger knows his bank-roll doesn't swell up in the  
rain.

You wake up in the morning and there upon the roof,  
Just as you had expected, you hear convincing proof,  
And floods of chilly moisture are running down each pane,  
You say, as you roll over, "Humph! Another day of rain."

Perhaps you try to labor out in the dripping bush,  
But feel your courage oozing however hard you push;  
At knock-off time you're wetter than salmon in a seine  
And all your high-born courage surrenders to the rain.

Most everyone remembers the good old days gone by  
When he was not particular if it was wet or dry,  
In fact, in stormy weather, he called on Mary Jane  
And in her sweet companionship forgot about the rain.

But do not be despondent because the rain still falls,  
Our labor lies before us, love prompts and duty calls;  
In spite of any weather we'll work with might and main  
To keep the saw-mills going, however hard the rain.

The conflict still continues, and our brave soldier boys  
Must overcome the Kaiser with something more than noise;  
If they should fail to whip him we all would hate like Cain  
To think they didn't do it because we feared the rain.



We like to work in comfort as well as any man,  
But if we have to rough it you bet your life we can,  
And English, Scotch or Irish, Norwegian, Swede or Dane,  
We'll keep the logs a-moving in spite of all the rain.

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### EVERYTHING IS JAKE.

I had a cheerful partner once, who never nursed a grouch,  
Who could bring you fresh tobacco out of an empty  
pouch;  
The first thing every morning, soon as we were awake,  
He'd start to tell the fellows that everything was jake.

To such a pleasant fellow it mattered not a mite  
If heavy rain was falling or the sun was shining bright;  
In any kind of weather, right through without a break,  
He still stuck to his motto that everything was jake.

He suffered with rheumatics, at times, in both his legs,  
So that he couldn't travel without the help of "pegs";  
But when it was severest he'd give himself a shake  
And smile a bit and tell us that everything was jake.

He had such poor digestion he nearly had to starve,  
And his poor mouth would water when the cook began  
to carve;  
He'd glance at the potatoes and sniff the juicy steak,  
Then munch a soda biscuit and say everything was jake.

I've seen him at a banquet with the table piled up high  
With everything that first-class cooks could make, or  
money buy;  
He'd skip the soups and heavies, pass up the pie and cake,  
Ask you to hand the toothpicks, please, for everything  
was jake.

Sometimes when he was hungry and didn't dare to eat,  
And pain was playing havoc with his crippled legs and  
feet,

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He'd say, when he got better he'd shoot a duck and drake  
And eat the whole kaboodle, until everything was jake.

He never liked to hear a man complain about hard luck,  
Declaring if you had the will you never need be stuck;  
This talk about "a lucky strike" was nothing but a fake;  
A fellow simply did his best and everything was jake.

One day he tried to travel upon a glare of ice;  
I saw him miss his footing and stagger once or twice,  
And then he fell so heavily he made the whole road quake,  
But told me, when I picked him up, that everything was  
jake.

He had a terrifying dream one very stormy night  
When it was raining cats and dogs and blowing like a  
fright:  
He thought the end had come, but woke and found it a  
mistake,  
So called me in to let me know that everything was jake.

At last his candle flickered out, and I was full of grief,  
Although I knew it meant for him a glorious relief,  
And when his loving friends all met to hold a little wake  
I thought I heard him whispering that everything was  
jake.

We buried him with honors, the highest that we knew,  
For everybody reckoned that it was his proper due;  
And when the parson asked me what text he'd better take,  
I said I guessed the one that said that everything was  
jake.

I thought so much about him when he was dead and gone  
It seemed, somehow or other, he must still be living on;  
And at last I was persuaded this firm resolve to make:  
I'd accept his cheerful theory that everything was jake.

This optimistic view of life has meant a lot to me,  
And anything I cannot help I try to let it be;  
So, whether it is freezing cold or hot enough to hake,  
I smile and tell the men I meet that everything is jake.

**WITH CORKS**

You'd take him for a clumsy guy  
When he goes slowly ambling by  
Lifting his feet up good and high,  
In your New Yorks,  
But sizzling yellow pollywogs,  
When it is raining cats and dogs,  
You ought to see him on the logs  
With corks.

At dinner time he takes his grub  
As if he had it in a tub,  
And uses fingers, the poor dub,  
Instead of forks,  
But whistling tin dust-pan and broom,  
Keep back and give him lots of room  
When he jumps out upon the boom  
With corks.

He'd rather face the wildest strife  
Than lead a soft domestic life  
With house and furniture and wife,  
And, maybe, storks,  
But fourteen black fox-trotting crows,  
Let's bring this jingle to a close,  
Or he'll be jumping on our toes  
With corks.

## PIKE POLE PETE

Pike Pole Pete has worn corked boots  
And swung a lengthy stick,  
In blue shirt and stagg'd overalls,  
Since he was just a chick.

Pike Pole Pete is always wet  
At least half to his neck,  
But only one thing worries him—  
The size of his pay check.

Pike Pole Pete the other day,  
At half past ten o'clock,  
Got tired standing on a log  
And jumped upoo a chock.

Pike Pole Pete, quite sad to say,  
For once was out of luck:  
The chick tried hard to check the chock  
But tumbled in the chuck.

Pike Pole Pete erawled on his log  
All soaking wet but game,  
And vowed he'd walk on saw-dust yet  
Or he would change his name.

But soon he'll throw his pike pole down  
And leave a job so wet,  
And Mrs. Pike Pole Pete will make  
Our Pike Pole Pete her pet.

## THE SCALER

After the trees are felled to earth,  
Bucked and dragged to the boom,  
Each log is measured for length and girth,  
Judged and marked for what it's worth—  
The scaler decides its doom.

Twisty grain or a conkey core,  
Stamp such a log with "S,"  
Common timber and nothing more  
A log like this is suited for  
Refuse, no more, no less.

Here is a log that is straight and clear,  
Sound in its every ring,  
Worthy the "M. B." stamp to bear,  
Send it along that "Over There"  
It may give a flier wing.

Common lumber, or fit to fly,  
Which is your class, my friend?  
Refuse timber to fall and lie,  
Or mighty pinions to mount the sky,  
Which shall it be at the end?

## WITH THE HAMMER

Follow the sealer over the logs,  
Be careful your feet do not stammer,  
The water is wet if you drop in the drink,  
And be lively there now with the hammer.

As soon as the sealer has finished his work  
On a log it's your time then to slam her,  
Be sure you are right and then run to the end  
And give her the mark with the hammer.

If you're not on the job at the critical time  
Other logs may roll round her and jam her,  
Thus giving you rather a difficult task  
To get in your work with the hammer.

And if she rolls over and tumbles you off  
In the water, my friend, mind your grammar,  
Tread water until you recover your breath  
Then hit her a swat with the hammer.

And what's good for the logs will be good for yourself.—  
Don't be a pretender or shammer,  
And some day the Sealer will measure you up  
And stamp you "M. B." with his hammer.

### THE DAVIS RAFT

Build us a raft that will stand the storm,  
Build us a Davis raft,  
Fashioned of logs of the Sitka Spruce,  
Wired well fore and aft,  
Wind and tide in the Hekate Straits  
Often prove treacherous foes  
And the tow-boat straining toward her port  
Must fight for the raft she tows.

Side boom-sticks of a giant growth  
End sticks will keep in place,  
Buoyant logs of the largest size  
Will fill in the open space,  
Cables woven above, below,  
Lashed to the sticks outside  
Will fashion a bottom to build a raft  
That will weather the wind and tide.

Roll each log to its proper place,  
Building them wide and high,  
Half a million feet or more  
'Til the raft is ready to tie.  
Fasten cables across the top  
To the cables that gird below,  
Then mark it plainly for all to see  
And the raft is ready to go.

Open booms for the placid bay,  
Rafts for the open sea,  
Greater the danger to be endured  
Stronger the raft must be.  
Fullest freedom for all in time  
Of peace is the best statecraft,  
But our nation to weather the war's fierce storm  
Must be built like a Davis Raft.

Compass'd round by majestic law,  
Bottomed by mighty men,  
Girded by cables of brotherhood,  
Round and around again,  
Towed by her people's energy  
With steady, untiring drive,  
Captained by worthy statesmanship,—  
God grant she may yet arrive.

IN TOW

Swing out the raft, well built and tied,  
Waft it with fervent prayer,  
Sitka Spruce, Queen Charlotte's pride,  
Help for our boys "out there."  
Hundreds are falling every day,  
Thousands are lying dead,  
Others will fall while you still delay,  
Ring for full speed ahead.

Steering their course through the murky night,  
Running it out by the log,  
Straining to catch the gleam of a light,  
Smelling the land through the fog,  
Bucking the tides of the Hecate Straits,  
Watching their ebb and flow,  
Through fiercest storms in spite of the fates  
Keeping the raft in tow.

These are the men of the towing fleet,  
Fearless, resourceful, cool,  
Knowing not how to acknowledge defeat,  
Bred in the British school,  
Holding the bridge 'til the fight is fought  
By knowledge and dauntless will,  
Keeping the towline always taut,  
Landing the logs at the mill.

Rising wind and a falling glass,  
Still out of sight of land,  
Storm clouds forming to charge en masse,  
Crowd her for all she'll stand.  
Chief, if our engines should fail us now  
Dire would be the loss;  
Steady, there's land on the starboard bow,  
Soon we'll be safe across.

These are the days of testing when  
Our Empire in her need  
Calls for the tow-boat type of men,  
Men who are men indeed;



Full of untiring energy  
Governed by iron will,  
Men who, whatever the odds may be,  
Will land the logs at the mill.

### THROUGH THE MILL

The loggers fall and buck the logs  
And snake them to the boom,  
The rafts are built and towed away  
And others take their room,  
But still our aim is unfulfilled  
And so remains until,  
With mighty music of the saw,  
The logs go through the mill.

The useless slabs are sawn away,  
The timber cut to size,  
The best of it picked out to make  
Airships for the Allies.  
The cry is more and ever more,  
The need we cannot fill,  
But greater numbers every day  
Are going through the mill.

The war has dragged its bloody length  
Through four distressing years,  
Few are the hearts untouched by grief,  
Few eyes are free from tears,  
And e'er the signs of victory  
Our ardent hopes fulfil  
We'll all know the significance  
Of going through the mill.

Our winged avengers press the fight  
Beyond the opposing lines  
And carry consternation far  
O'er Germany's confines;  
Some day, we hope it may be soon,  
They'll capture Kaiser Bill  
And all his Prussian murderers  
And run them through the mill.

EN ROUTE

What loads are these on the speeding trains  
Thundering swiftly by,  
Whence have they come and whither away,  
These loads piled wide and high?  
These are from logs of the Sitka Spruce,  
Grown in Queen Charlotte's Isles,  
On their way to the fighting front,  
Thousands and thousands of miles.

Centuries long was their peaceful life  
There in the virgin wood,  
What their mission on earth might be  
Nobody understood;  
But when mad war in sulphurous flames  
Wrapped earth and sea and sky  
Men remembered the Sitka Spruce,  
Then they understood why.

Thunder along through the dark and light,  
Hurry o'er land and sea,  
Out where the sons of Freedom fight  
Needed at once are ye.  
Yours be a safe and speedy voyage  
There where the pirates lurk  
And, hid from all but the eye of God,  
Follow their deadly work.

Men are waiting with skill to shape  
And wed you to mighty wings  
That will lift you into the sunlit sky  
Like the lark when he soars and sings;  
That will make you swoop from the dark storm cloud  
Like an eagle upon his prey.  
Huzza! Huzza! Oh, Sitka Spruce,  
God speed you on your way.

## THE FLIERS

When scarce have passed the shades of night,  
And daylight tarries still,  
The fearless bomber plumes for flight  
Far over vale and hill;  
Dawn gilds the highest mountain's crown  
As to Hunland he flies  
Prepared to turn hell upside down  
And pour it from the skies.

Scarce gone is he when, with a roar,  
Another leaves the field  
To note the batteries once more  
The foe has well concealed;  
He signals to the waiting guns  
And soon the shells reply,  
And swift destruction on the Huns  
Is raining from the sky.

And now the peerless fighting ace,  
Lone ranger of the sky,  
Crawls silently into his place  
And swiftly mounts on high;  
From out the dizzy fighting height  
He dives upon his foe,  
Who, e'er has fully dawned the light,  
Goes crashing down below.

Jove's mighty thunderbolts are ye  
Who battle in the sky  
And meet the foeman fearlessly,  
And fear not e'en to die.  
Ye ask, and shall not ask in vain,  
The best that experts know;  
We hear your plea across the main  
Where Sitka Spruces grow.

Our task is small compared with yours  
Who brave the icy air  
And dangers of this worst of wars  
For Freedom's cause "Out there,"

*Sitka Spruce — Songs of Queen Charlotte Islands*

But what we can we gladly do,  
And pledge our utmost powers  
To send the Sitka Spruce to you  
And make your warfare ours.

We glory in your mighty feats  
As war's slow years go by,  
God speed the day when your hold fleets  
Shall conquer in the sky;  
When war withdraws its sable shroud  
Loud shall we cheer for you,  
And in our heart of hearts be proud  
We helped a little too.

**WHEN THE EAGLE GIVES PLACE  
TO THE DOVE**

When the eagle of war is sated with flesh  
And soars to his eyrie again  
The sweet dove of peace will unfurl her fair wings  
And brood o'er the children of men,  
Refining their hearts from the passion of hate  
And winning them over to love;  
All men shall be peaceful and happy once more  
When the eagle gives place to the dove.

When the hurricane forces of terrible war  
No longer sweep earth, sea and sky,  
When horrors by day and terrors by night  
No more shall portend from on high,  
The bearers of tidings of peace and good will  
Shall sweep through the heavens above  
And bind all the nations securely in one,  
When the eagle gives place to the dove.

We'll back our brave boys to the limit to win  
This fight for humanity's sake,  
And never forget, to the end of our days,  
The great sacrifices they make,  
But we shall rejoice, and they more than we all,  
When they've made and have won the last shove,  
And the war shall be over, sweet peace be declared,  
And the eagle give place to the dove.

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