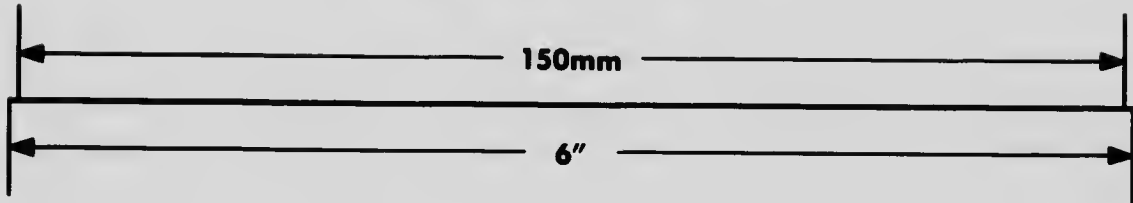
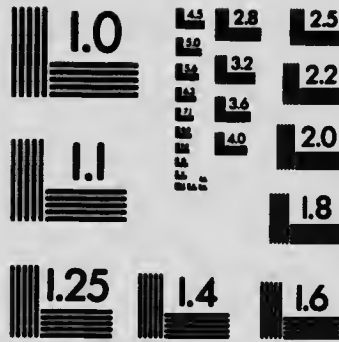
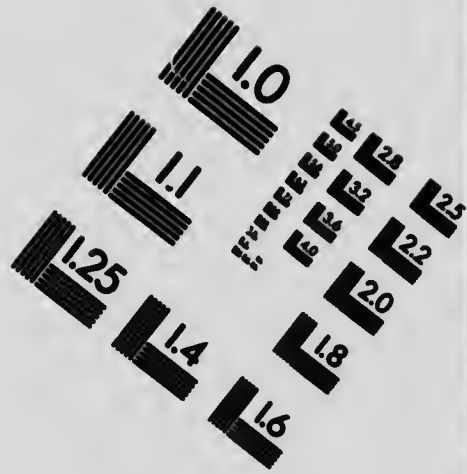
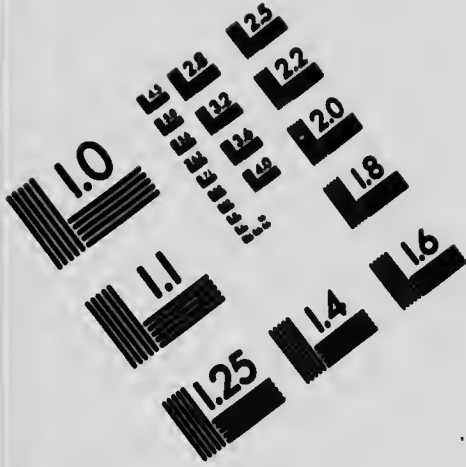


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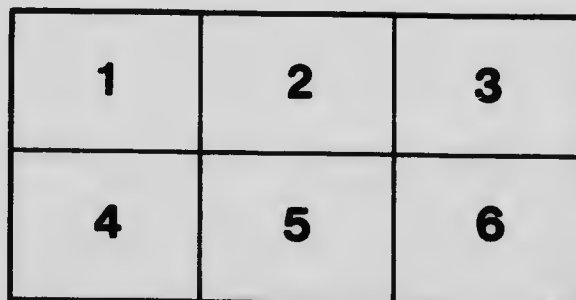
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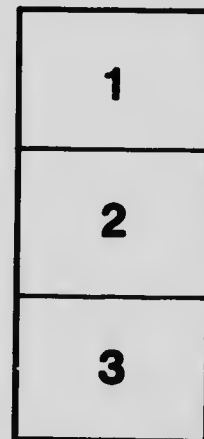
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Inga L. Rafuse

SIX POEMS.



- (1) "Canada's Volunteers"
- (2) "Life aboard a Troopship"
- (3) "Sons Awake"
- (4) "Life on Bramshott Plain"
(under canvas).
- (5) "Life in the Trenches"
- (6) "The Answered Call"

Portraying

Canadians' stand, Ypres, April 22nd—24th, 1915



Written by

PRIVATE A. CRONIE

B Company, 4th Battalion, 1st Brigade
1st Canadian Expeditionary Force.

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1910 Z

CANADA'S VOLUNTEERS.

Composed September 28th, 1914.

1

Thirty-three stately troopships sailed for Plymouth town,
A human freight—'twas Canada's best—no better could
be found;

Their mission was a noble one, for Country, Home and
King,

To rally round that dear old flag of which we British sing.
Unto this peaceful nation a challenge has been hurled
By ambitious Germany! our standard to unfurl.

2

How nobly the "Call's" been answered 'tis only now
we see

As in our thousands we've mobilised to numbers thirty-
three;

They come from Valley, Dale and Dell, from City, Town
and Farm,

Determined to fight for a country's right that ne'er shall
come to harm,

Whilst amongst this lot you can easily spot several
types of men

Of the very best from the far far West to the city clerk
with pen;

The lawyer, student and doctor are all represented here,
And, along with the humble labourer, rub shoulders and
know no fear.

3

So our Home, Dear Canada, we're leaving you,

Now that thy shores have sunk from view;

We're leaving lov'd ones in thy care,

Knowing you'll look after their welfare.

So good-bye, Mother---keep up thy heart,

For though these clouds tear us apart,

'Tis only that God's Will be done

That Thou hast sacrificed me, thy Son.

4

We go to aid a human cause

And uphold Britain's noble laws;

Those laws through countless ages past

That's stood the test from first to last;

Those laws to which we'd ne'er say nay

When upheld by Sir Edward Grey

Upon that day in Parliament

When German policies he did resent.

5

First and foremost, why should we fear

When at our head—we've Kitchener,

"Leader," "Soldier," and "Gentleman."

That you'll find true if history you scan :
" Kitchener of Khartoum " fame,
Always " Ready," always " Game,"
A man who plans before the fight
To see his men are laid out right,
And while he's sitting busily mapping
There's none so far have caught him napping.

6

Another one, his right hand man,
And name a better if you can,
Who at the game could ere him beat,
When to save his men makes a " Noble Retreat,"
A man who knows how to entrench—
Boys, off with your hats to General French !
While another we greatly herald,
Dashing, slashing, Woods Fitzgerald,
Often pressed hard but still gets through,
Which ever shows that he's " True Blue."

7

No doubt you've all read of this great Game,
And no doubt you know who is to blame
For this awful carnage, and misery, and strife,
And heavy toll in Human Life,
Ambitious, Cunning, Luring Kaiser,
We probed thy depths, and found thee baser ;
Thy eyes were blinded with their lust
To crush our Home Land into dust.

8

But now you find you are mistaken,
Yet still must finish what you've partaken ;
You asked for War—you're getting it
Not just to your taste,
But served up by our Soldier Boys, with each pill
Marked " Deliver in Haste."

9

You thought for sure your time had come
Upon that fatal day
When the Irish Home Rule question
'Mongst the people held full sway.
You started trouble and made the plunge
Upon Weak Belgium ;
But, though six to one, she made you run
Till a cropper you did come.

10

Then France to dread, you boastfully said
" I'm off to Gay Paree,"
But what a fright you got that night
When Joffre jumped on thee !
He scattered you both left and right,
Till half your army was lost in fright,

While all your hopes have gone to the skies
Since Britain came to aid the Allies ;
She's in the fight, she'll see it through,
And when she's finished then God help You !



LIFE ABOARD A TROOPSHIP.

Composed aboard ship October 3rd, 1914

1

We rise each morning sharp at six
Then our bunks we start to fix
After we've finished tidying up
We make for the dining hall
And sit down to sup ;
For breakfast this morning
We'd hard boiled eggs,
Some had grew whiskers, some had legs,
Whilst others started to " croak and sing,"
And on our plates done a " Hielan Fling."

2

After we have had our fill
We go up on deck to have some drill,
There some funny sights you'll see
Watching the antics of Sections A & B,
As they try to do the tango whirl,
But they look more like a bear
Than a dancing girl,
For everyone is so round and fat,
Like a barrel of beer straight from the vat.

3

The next parade is the game of " House " where
Everyone sits as quiet as a mouse
Listening to hear of the number 7
Or that son of a gun " Legs 11 " ;
O'er your card a sweating came,
And you'r almost sure you'd win the game
Till Irish would call out " 29,"
That a voice hollars " House in the middle line "
And lo another dime you'd lost,
But we should worry about the cost.

4

We take a stroll around the deck
Or sit and smoke or stare,
Awaiting the sound of the dinner call,
'Twas the sweetest music there ;
For dinner to-day we'd some lovely beef
Served up rough to test our teeth,

Whilst the vegetables (that we seldom got)
You'd need opera glasses to see the lot,
But the thing most of all that puzzled me
Was: was the tea coffee or the coffee tea?

5

After we have had our dinner
And all are feeling fine,
We again get on the parade deck
And of course get into line,
Then the Sergeants put us through it,
But not without a curse,
Which makes us all feel awkward
That we often act quite worse,
But still "we dae no sae badly,"
And know we them must please,
As nearly every half-hour
They yell out "Stand at ease!"

6

Around again came supper time,
And as sure as my name's "Cronie,"
We broke our fast with a nice repast
Of "cheese and macaroni";
The last post blew, to our bunks we flew,
And started to undress,
Then after bidding each "Good-night"
We'd fall asleep in bed and dream
Of this as punishment
For the wicked life we'd led.



SONS AWAKE!

Composed on Salisbury Plains, January 2nd, 1915

1

Another year's now with us,
But what a change has took place,
In home here and there the vacant chair,
The absent smiling face;
Many a heart is heavy, many a tear-dimmed eye,
With thoughts of the boys in the trenches,
Where sodden and wet they lie,
Still they're pegging away by night and by day.

2

Pegging away by night and by day,
Our Dear Soldier Boys in the fight,
Taking their stand, "Nobly" and "Grand,"
For "Freedom," "Cause," and "Right."
Ne'er lacking in nerve, as bravely they serve
"Mother Country," "Home," and "King,"
Of which later on, for ever anon,
Their praises throughout will ring.

3

And what of You, what do You do,
 To aid your Country—Now?
 Shirking the call, that beckons all,
 And harrows many a brow.
 You stand aside, 'midst this awful tide,
 And see the destruction wrought,
 Not caring a Damn, "but let me live as I am,"
 Though the Country's brought to naught.

4

You cheer our boys, they used to share your joys,
 But "thank God" they've proved themselves men
 By offering their life, in this terrible strife,
 Their Home-land to defend.
 They stand the test, while you take your rest,
 That denotes the "Coward" from the "Man,"
 And while he's in the fight, you sleep well at night,
 But each morning talk of him "Grand."

5

Your evenings you pass with a winsome young lass,
 Whom you surely—can't understand,
 Or her young womanhood could never have stood
 The company of such a man.
 As we're pleased to say, their sex of To-day
 Love a man by his actions—fine,
 While it's easy to guess, that each do possess
 A Boy in the "Firing Line."

6

To-day I've just read, and I nearly dropped dead,
 Thirty thousand watching a Game
 Of twenty-two in all, chasing a ball—
 God! but you surely are tame.
 Would it not have been manly, and seemingly more
 grandly,
 This crowd on the Battle-field,
 Chasing the foe, and with bayonet them mow—
 Mow them until they would yield?

7

With perfume rare you oil your hair,
 Stroked with hands so soft and white,
 But better 'twould been, if service they'd seen,
 Grasping rifle, firm and tight.
 Just take the train to Salisbury Plain,
 And see our Canadian Boys,
 Who from o'er the foam, leaving Loved Ones at Home
 As "War" each of them now employs.

8

They're now on parade, without scarlet or braid,
For they're not here for show,
But to take their place, with your fighting race,
Ever ready to face the foe.
Before they succeed they'll . equire your need
To come and toe the line ;
Foreach left a Mother, Sister, Sweetheart, or Brother
So surely you can leave thine.

9

Go, take the King's shilling, you'll find it enthrilling
To doff your Civilian garb,
And follow the tread of your mighty dead,
E'en though the path be hard.
Then shoulder to shoulder, we'll fight the more
bolder,
Stronger in " Trust " and in " Will,"
To know that you, Chum, your Duty have done
And proved that you are " British Still."

10

Hark, the Bugle call is sounding,
Duty ne'er shall know a fear ;
File away then into muster,
Tell your Country that you hear.
Rally 'neath the good Old Standard,
Long unfurled for equal Laws ;
Show the World how British Valour
Ever aids a righteous cause.

11

Never since we were united
Did your Country need you more,
To uphold the old Tradition
Of our Arms beyond our shore.
Let the Huns' vile sense of Honour
Flush the veins of manly pride,
And the wail of Belgium's sorrow
Gird your weldons at your side.

12

For the love you bear the Home-land,
And the Friends that you hold dear,
Steel your courage for the Battle,
Hailing Victory with a cheer.
From the strife and shattered ruin
Will a new-born Peace arise,
Rooted deep within each bosom,
By your Noble Sacrifice.

LIFE ON BRAMSHOTT PLAIN

(under canvas).

Composed August 29th, 1916.

1

'Tis early morning, we're all lying snugly in bed,
With kit-bag as pillow below our head,
Dreaming of home, or a bonnie wee lass,
Of good times with her in days gone past ;
Till suddenly we're 'wakened from out our repose
By the sound of Reveille that everyone knows,
And thus another day is again ushered in,
That we jump at the call—our work to begin.

2

We wash and shave, then straighten our tent,
Anxious the Orderly Officer to please and content,
For be there anything untidy and he it should see,
We're up before the Colonel—and three days' C.B.
When we're washed and dressed, and look spic and span,
We answer the roll-call, we're there to a man ;
Then our tent orderly makes a bee-line for the cook,
Who fills his Dixie with goods not in Mother's Cook-book.

We sit around in Indian style, or squat upon the floor,
To try and ease our aching limbs, which often feel quite sore ;
We have for breakfast—bread, jam and cheese,
Washed down with—call it coffee if you please.
Sometimes we get a piece of bacon,
But usually the mice of this have partaken ;
As the size of our piece never does vary,
There's scarcely as much as would feed a canary,
But we're all Soldiers, fighting for Nations,
So never complain about our rations ;
For before this War's finished—'tis scarcely begun—
We'll wish for the feeding that often we've shun.

4

The Bugle calls for the "Lame" and the "Sick,"
Or those whose heads feel a little bit thick,
To visit the Doctor, who'll make them feel fine
By administering a famous "Number Nine."
The Newsboys arrive, and how they shout it,
All about it, All About It,
Selling their papers, left and right,
With all the news of our Boys in the fight,
Fighting and dying all for the "Cause"
Of that "Scrap of Paper" bearing our "Laws."

5

Our first Parade is sharp at nine,
And with Rifle and Bayonet all do look fine,
Fine as a battalion, steady and strong,
Proud of the "Country" to which we belong;
Proud of our "Canada," proud of our "King,"
Proud of the "Mother Country" of which we sing.

6

Into our morning parade we put all our will,
Determined to master the moves in our drill,
By fixing bayonets and learning to thrust,
With these we'll bring Germany to her knees in the dust.
Our rifles we watch and clean end to end,
For they'll be our Comfort, Hope and Friend.

7

About the defaulters I must now relate,
As they run at the Bugle-call, in case they be late;
They're sent to the Cook-house to fire our stew,
So, Boys, you'll now know why you often feel blue;
And of course there comes to your mind once again,
There's never no pleasure but what's followed with pain,
As digging trenches, or doing pack drill,
You get more than you bargained for and more than your fill.

8

We never think of the punishment we receive,
But keep our thoughts on the times we had while on leave,
As we sported our figure, and looked such a treat
Talking to the girls whom we met up the street.
So, Boys, when you've got any C.B. to do,
Put a stout heart to it and see the job through;
For we've had our fling, and enjoyed it quite great,
That we'll just take the consequences, whenever we're late.

9

In regards to our dinner 'tis always a treat,
For at the Y.M.C.A. there's plenty to eat,
And as prices are reasonable we've no cause to complain,
As often we shelter in here out the rain;
While in Lieut. Pequegnat we've a friend good and true,
Who to keep up our spirits his best he will do,
He comes in amongst us and helps us along,
Conducting our evenings in advice and by song;
And though rough and ready we always intend
'to respect him as "Soldier," "Gentleman," and "Friend."

10

In our afternoon parade here comes the test,
As we work hours together without thoughts of a rest,
Learning to Skirmish, Advance and Retreat,
All of which we perform with skill good and neat.

First advance at the crouch—then to lie low,
Waiting the whistle further orders to blow,
And as our enemies—imaginary—in sight
We see coming towards us away on the right.

11

We brace ourselves up and with rifle take aim,
As if we were in Germany playing the game,
For this is no joke or idle child's play,
But the solution and answer as to how we'll win the day.
When we go to the War and take our place
In this Human Cause for a Human Race,
And try and fight a noble fight,
Praying to God we'll come out right.

12

I've entitled this poem "Life on Bramshott Plain,"
So I guess it's all right if I mention the rain,
As we've had a sample this past week or two
By getting "half-drowned" and wet through and through
While the gales I needn't mention, for everyone knows
When the wind rises here it blows and it blows.

13

Our tents through the night seem to leak like a can,
And drip—drip—on the faces of every man :
But when we awaken each face bears a grin,
As if we'd returned from having a swim.
Still we all love the life and think that it's great,
And in home later on our tales we'll relate,
As we tell it to Wife, to Sweetheart and Daughter,
Of how it rains here like buckets of water.

14

My Poem's near an end, I must now confess,
So to have a good finish I'll give an address,
By saying that we Lads we know each quite well
When this War is finished there'll be plenty to tell :
Tales of great suffering and great sacrifice,
That'll live, aye, for ever of how Britain dies ;
Tales of how many, throughout this great strife,
For others to live have given their life.

15

So, Chums and Comrades, keep up your heart,
And go into battle and there take your part,
Determined to conquer, but still play the game—
We know for this carnage we ain't to blame :
And God will protect us throughout the whole fight,
He knows 'tis for Country, for Home, and for Right.

LIFE IN THE TRENCHES.

Composed June 9th, 1915.

1

Here we are in the trenches, right in the firing line,
'Midst shot and shell and the brink of Hell,
I'm feeling A 1 and fine,
Cigarette twixt my lips, I'm waiting on Fritz
Who, tho' only a stone throw away,
Won't pop up his head cause I'll plunk it with lead,
Under cover the beggar does stay ;

2

From sentry go I've come off guard,
Where I stood from one till three,
And only two hours by all the Powers,
It seemed like six to me,
As it ain't no joke standing there in the mud
With water up to your knees,
And objects you see moving to and fro
Turn out to be stumps of trees.

3

To my little Dug-Out I'm now going
To repose for an hour or two,
And dream of those who await at Home
With a love that is ever true.
To You it may seem a foolish dream,
But little can you understand
How the thoughts of a Mother bind one another
And encourage the Soldier Man ;
'Tis in them that our Victory's assured,
As we fight in this living Hell
In England's Name for England's Fame,
And never her Honour sell.

4

My little Dug-Out is six feet long,
Four deep, and almost four wide ;
A roof made of tin for the rain to come in
And drown the poor Tommies inside ;
Tho' it only holds six we're oft in a fix,
Not knowing how to lie right ;
Just picture Sardines and you'll know what it means
To be packed in a Dug-Out at night ;

The Day-work is not hard—do your turn at Guard,
 Or have a pot shot at Fritz,
 But mind your loop-hole, for he makes it his goal
 And seldom has any miss-hits ;
 For, to give him his due, he aims good and true,
 And knows how to handle his gun,
 But we Tommies are ready, alert, ever steady
 To conquer and subdue the Hun.

Behind an old rig we discovered a pig
 Riddled and peppered with shot,
 But good for the Cook whom his hind legs took
 And dumped him in a pot ;
 He's now on the boil, he's floating in oil,
 Whilst we sit around in glee,
 Led by a mouth organ, playing Molly O'Morgan,
 We're as happy as happy could be,

A pal—Jimmy Flynn—got up for to sing
 "O Alice, where art thou,"
 Till a chunk of wood bowled him o'er where he stood,
 One verse was all they'd allow,
 Then Sergeant KcKnight commenced to recite
 "A boy on the burning deck,"
 Which to suffer was hard, so we called in the guard.
 Who ran him out by the neck ;

My rhyme's now finished I can't write more,
 Just now I'm angry and glum,
 For whilst it was dark some Guy for a lark
 Has pinched my Issue of Rum.



was not my own. I saw it in an old Irish sportsman's book that I had of old age. I shot the stuff myself. I have written it for you.

"THE ANSWERED CALL."

Portraying—

Canadians' Stand, Ypres, April 22nd—24th, 1915.

Composed April 26th, 1915.

Introduction.

The Canadian Contingent was criticised
And unkind things were said
That whilst in training in England
They amongst the People caused great dread
By their rough and ready manners,
Their lack of discipline,
Their rioting and their craving
For "Whisky," "Beer," and "Gin."
They under-rated the Officers
As only critics can,
Denouncing them as men unfit
To lead the Soldier Man.
After three months at Salisbury,
Where a training severe they stood.
The Contingent went into Action
Determined to try and make good;
April 28th they come out of Action
From Ypres—but, sad to tell,
Greatly reduced in numbers,
As many fought and fell,
Fell where they fought for Country,
The Guardian of Womanhood,
Fell in that last endeavour
To conquer and try and make good.

The Answered Call.

1

List to the Stand by Canadians "Grand,"
Fifteen thousand and four,
Who blocked the way that led to Calais,
The outlet to England's shore;

2

We were lying at ease six miles from Ypres,
Laughing and joking quite gay,
Discussing if ever a blow we'd deliver
At the enemy 'cross the way ;
Night time came down, there wasn't a sound
As we slept 'neath a starless sky,
Till at two a.m. a message came,
" Canadians ! Stand by ! "

3

We up and dressed prepared for the test,
Knowing our chance had come
To avenge the dead who fought and bled
On the Plains of Belgium ;
Eyes quite clear, devoid of fear,
We marched to the Battle-field,
That " Living Hell " where " Poisonous Shell "
Had made our Allies yield ;

4

We took our " Stand," the sight was grand,
Trained Soldiers every one,
" Alert " and " Ready," " Calm " yet " Steady,
For Duty to be done ;
Way on our right away out of sight
We traced the Enemy's line,
Where countless Huns with well-trained Guns
Were massed as One to Nine.

5

Canadians fix bayonets, prepare to advance,
This Order silently passed :
Be British: Remember your Country's Trust,
Let each man fight to the last ;
A murmured Prayer, a passing thought
Of those we loved the best,
A " Good-bye Chum, the best of Luck,"
We were ready for the test.

6

Morning broke, the cannons spoke—
A hundred or so, not less—
Shot and shell around us fell,
And mowed us down like grass ;

"Onward, Canadians!" the Colonel cried,
"Forward to Victory!
And show these Huns how Canada's Sons
Are ready for the day."

7

Through fields we swept, o'er furrows leapt,
Whilst maxims hissed and rained;
Comrades fell but none could tell
If they were killed or maimed;
Still on we sped, our Colonel led
With but a riding cane,
Urging his men—"Boys at 'em again,
Victory we're sure to attain";

8

The Cannons roared, the Bullets poured,
Ten yards he kept ahead,
Through Shrapnel and Shell and a very "Hell"
Strewn with the dead.
He was wounded twice, though some say thrice,
But to the end was game,
A Soldier Brave his Best he gave,
And died with a Soldier's fame;

9

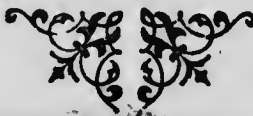
Even amidst the Battle's din
A tear we couldn't stay,
Shed in respect for Him so beloved
Who just had passed away,
For wasn't it his grand example
That had set our Hearts afire,
'Twill always be said Colonel Burchell led
A Battalion that would never Retire.

10

'Twas terrible now, but we made a Vow,
We'd stick till the last man fell,
All true to the creed of your English Breed
Who fought at Neuve Chapelle,
For each one thought of the havoc wrought
Should we let loose those Fiends of Hell
To Loot and Destroy, Ravage, Kill and Decoy
In a way their past deeds tell,

No shelter had we, not a bush or a tree,
 Only that vast open Plain,
 A target to kill for them on a hill
 From where their Artillery did rain.
 They tried to break through but we did subdue,
 Driving them back to their line,
 Where we held them at bay sixteen hours of the day,
 Tho' in numbers they did us outshine,
 For we stood side by side 'gainst that o'erwhelming
 tide
 Till darkness again had come lown,
 And re-inforcements strong were brought along
 To hold our well-won ground.

We left many dead in that sea of red,
 "Poor Souls," they'd played their part,
 Giving their lives, leaving their Wives
 At Home with a broken Heart.
 Their Country's best, they stood the test,
 A Hero every one;
 Not a Soul was bought, but in Honor fought,
 That duty might be done;
 They fought as men, and died like men,
 Men of a fighting race,
 Who'll take their "Stand" for a "Cause" so "Grand"
 And NEVER the Flag disgrace.



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