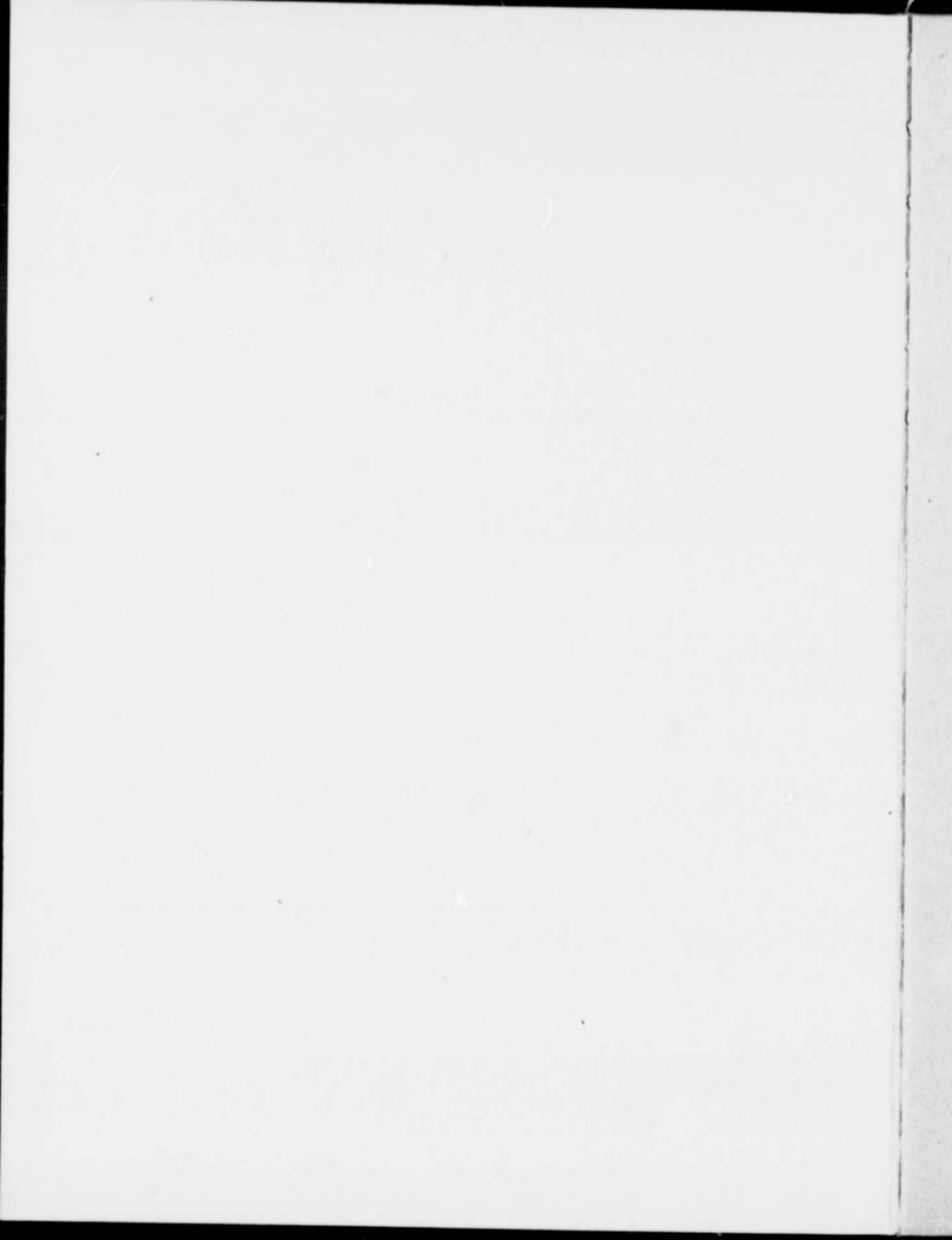


THE WAR
ON THE
WESTERN FRONT

EDITH LELEAN



Law, Jones,
Edith L.



CANADIAN PATRIOTISM

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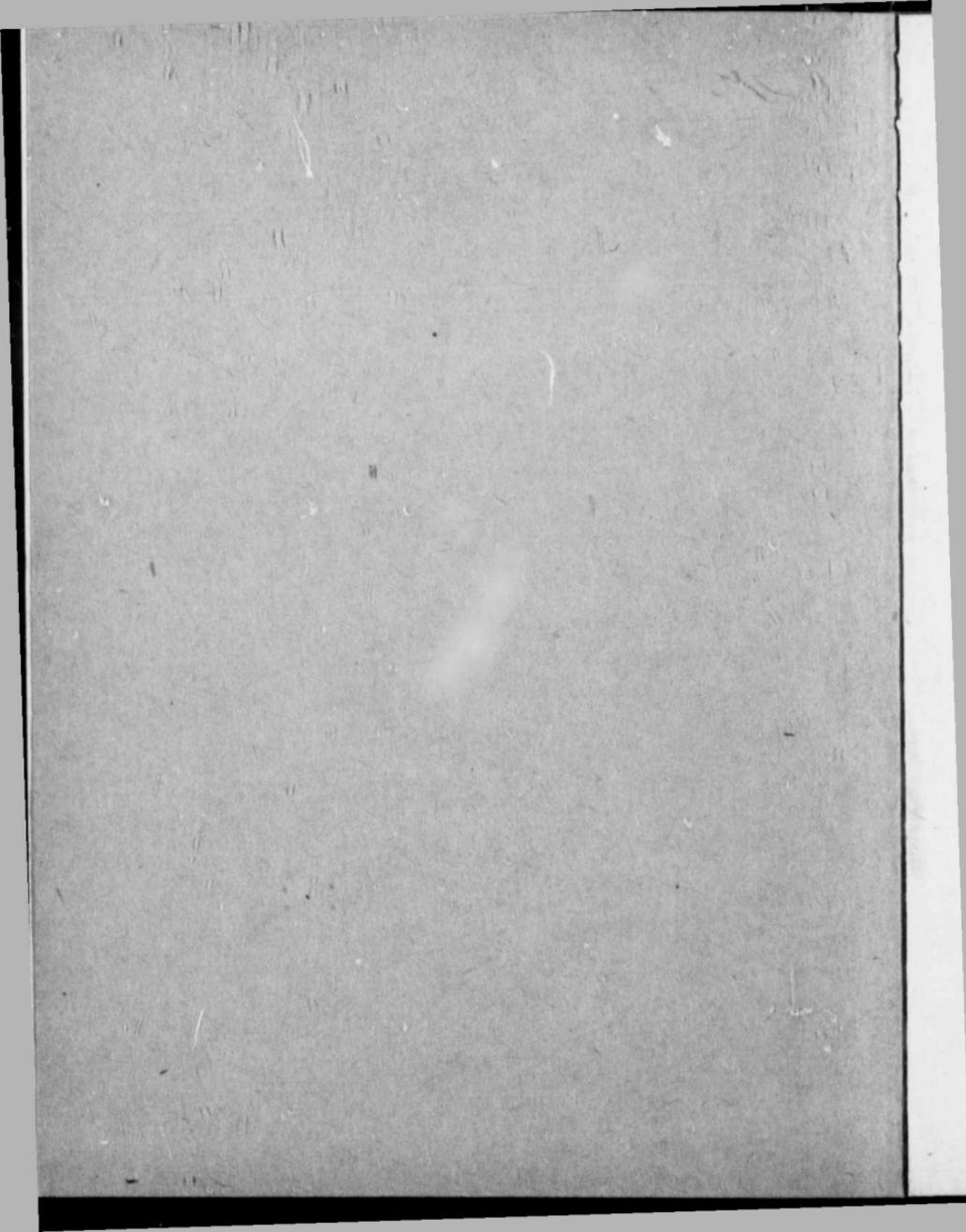
(A PATRIOTIC PLAY)

BY
EDITH LELEAN



PRICE 25 CENTS

WILLIAM BRIGGS
TORONTO ONTARIO



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The War on the Western Front

DESCRIPTIVE

AS many children as the platform will accommodate may take part in this play. If the platform be very small, it may be given as a series of recitations, each child being dressed in the colors of the country she represents.

DRESSES

BELGIAN.—A white dress with alternating stripes of black, yellow and red from the waist to the hem. A Belgian flag draped over the waist.

FRENCH.—Blue, white and red stripes, alternating over white skirt, French flag draped over the waist.

BRITISH.—White dress trimmed with small Union Jacks. Union Jack draped over the waist.

CANADIAN.—White dress trimmed with maple leaves. Canadian flag draped over the waist.

KNITTERS

Let each group consist of as many girls as the platform with accommodate, four, six or eight. Each knitter in each group marches onto the platform knit-

ting a grey or a khaki sock, the ball of yarn being carried in a bag on the left arm. Chairs to accommodate the knitters have been previously arranged in a semi-circle. Each girl marches behind her own chair, slowly performs a half circle, which brings her into position.

All sit down together, still knitting. The knitting recitation, in each case, may be given by one of the knitters or by more than one, each taking a stanza. After the knitting recitation choose the very best reciter to give the story of each country's part in the war, and as she finishes, have her raise that country's flag.

After the girls who represent Belgium have finished, let them rise and march to the rear of the platform, the one girl still carrying the flag. She should stand in front of the knitters, who form one line across the rear of the platform; then the French knitters march on, take the same chairs vacated by the Belgians, and go through their part in the same manner. The French vacate the chairs, march to the rear of the platform, stand in front of the Belgians with the single girl in front of the line holding the French flag. The British and Canadians proceed in the same manner. As they stand thus grouped, have a tiny little girl come forward and give the next recitation.

For the final recitation choose a Boy Scout in uniform with a good clear voice. When he tells Belgium to lead the way, the lines should part in the centre by each girl stepping to left or right and leaving a clear passage way for the Belgians.

The girl with the Belgian flag leads and the others fall in by two's. Then the girl with the French flag and the French girls in two's follow, and so on until all are in line. All march to the front of the platform. If the chairs can be removed, so much the better; if not, see that there is a space left in the centre of the platform. Upon reaching the front of the platform, the lines part, the flag-bearers and the right hand girls going to the right, and the left hand girls to the left, and the tiny girl and the Boy Scout taking their places in line as partners, one going to the right and one to the left. All may march once around the stage, then off to left and right.

MUSIC

Most of the musical selections used in this little play may be found in "National Songs of the Allies," and may be obtained from the T. Eaton Co., Limited, Toronto.

Belgian Knitters march on to the stage to the music of the National Hymn of Belgium, page 8, N.S.A.

French Knitters, "La Marseillaise," page 4, N.S.A.

British Knitters, any rousing British march, such as "Keep the Home Fires Burning," or "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall."

Canadian Knitters, "O Canada," page 14, N.S.A.

The Closing March, a medley of the patriotic airs, ending with "The Maple Leaf Forever," page 12, N.S.A.

BELGIAN KNITTERS

From early morn, as it is fitting,
Till dewy eve, you'll find us knitting
 Khaki sock or sock of grey;
The clicking needles tell of battle,
Shrieking shrapnel, roar and rattle,
 Hear what their clicking has to say.

For as they click they tell a story,
Of undying fame and glory,
 That to little Belgium came,
A land that saw her people scattered,
And her flag all torn and tattered,
 Guarding safe her honored name.

A land that saw her buildings burning,
Churches, schools and halls of learning
 Set on fire by ruthless hand;
Yet refused her rights to barter,
Though the blood of many a martyr
 Dyed the soil of that fair land.

When names of nations of all ages
Shall have vanished from the pages
 Of the records—all effaced—
“Belgium!” it will stand out ever,
Writ in flaming letters, never
 By Time's hand to be erased.

THE PART BELGIUM HAS PLAYED IN THE WAR

One summer eve a peaceful nation,
With its work all laid aside,
As the sun was slowly setting,
Gazed around about with pride.

And each farmer, well contented,
Smiled to see the golden grain
Waving in the fading sunlight,
On the hillside and the plain.

And the tired workman, happy
In the sense of task well done,
Saw his children all around him,
Heard their laughter and their fun.

While the women, eager, anxious,
With the sunlight ran a race
To finish, ere the darkness gathered,
Some dainty, filmy bit of lace.

All was peace in little Belgium
In those happy, gladsome days,
And its vast cathedral arches
Echoed prayer and echoed praise.

Suddenly the calm was broken,
And although the hour was late,
Came a burly, neighboring nation
Thundering loud at Belgium's gate.

There was shouting of harsh voices,
There was clamoring and din,
And loud tramping of the soldiers
And hoarse cries of, "Let us in!"

And as Belgium, breathless, questioned
Why in such mad haste they came,
"Step aside!" the angry answer
"Right-of-way is all we claim!

"For beyond your peaceful borders
Lies a land we've hated long;
Step aside, let Germans enter!
To Belgium we will do no wrong."

News spreads fast; and every Belgian
Angry, desperate, took his stand
And cried, "No foreign foe shall ever
Make a highway of our land.

"We have sworn and signed a treaty,
And we'll prove by sword and lance
To you blustering, bullying Prussians,
Belgium lies 'twixt you and France."

Oh, the wrongs that Belgium suffered!
Oh, the bitter pain and woe!
Oh, the sufferings of her people!
Oh, that cruel, cruel foe!

For in overwhelming numbers
Rushed that savage, ruthless band,
Thrust aside the gallant Belgians
Seeking to defend their land.

Maddened, drunk, their vile hands ever
Stained with best of Belgian blood,
For they slaughtered women, children
With their young lives just in bud.

Vain the Belgians' protestations,
Vain the blood of martyred ones,
"Murder, Violence and Bloodshed"
Was the watchword of the Huns.

FRENCH KNITTERS

Like Belgian maids, we, too, are knitting
A soft warm sock, as it is fitting,
From the morn till close of day.
"Click, click, click, click!" the needles saying,
And as they click my thoughts are straying,
Straying, till they're far away.

In fancy, I can hear the rumble,
The long and dull and constant grumble
Of the distant German guns.
I see a Northland, waste and dreary,
And refugees, footsore and weary,
Fleeing from the savage Huns.

What sadness, woe and desolation
Has o'erwhelmed our cherished nation!
Vineyards, parks, each flowery dell,
Farms, churches, homes, in ruins lying,
While valiant sons of France are dying
For the land they love so well.

THE PART FRANCE HAS PLAYED IN THE WAR

When the news that neutral Belgium
Had been humbled in the dust,
And vile tales of wrong and suffering
Shocked the world, as such tales must,

France, in gratitude o'erwhelming,
Said, "This debt we ne'er can pay;
Unprepared, we had been vanquished
Had Liege not barred the way.

"You, our kindly Belgian neighbor,
You, who stopped the Hun's advance,
Thanks we give for the brief respite
That your bravery gave to France."

Then to every land and nation
France sent out a clarion cry:
"Come, ye sons, your Homeland's threatened,
Even now the foe is nigh!"

Oh, the haste with which they gathered,
Brave and valiant, Freedom's sons,
Ready—aye, to die if need be,
Fighting brutal, bestial Huns.

Eager to avenge the insults
Germans offered to Louvain,
And an old, old score to settle,
That of Alsace and Lorraine.

But, alas! when loyal Frenchmen
Saw their hated foe advance,
Saw the Prussians gain a footing
On the fair, free soil of France,

Frenchmen's hearts were almost broken,
For they feared, with anguish sore,
A triumphal march to Paris,—
This had happened once before.

How they fought! And unborn ages
Tales of bravery ne'er will lack,
History will tell how Frenchmen
Held the brutal Prussians back.

Never more will valiant Frenchmen
Prussians hold in awe and fear;
Never more will dread to fight them,
As they'd done for many a year.

For the wrongs of eighteen-seventy,
For their insults of the past,
For that entry into Paris,
Frenchmen will avenge at last.

BRITISH KNITTERS

We British maidens, too, are knitting
As round the fire at twilight sitting,
And our thoughts are far away.
"Somewhere in France!" pale lips are saying,
"For Britain's freedom, loved ones paying
With their lives, perhaps, to-day."

And in our eyes a tear will glisten
As knitting still we watch and listen
For news from the Western front;
Where many fond ones, loved so dearly,
Who saw their duty laid down clearly,
Are bearing the battle's brunt.

And as we watch, the firelight gleaming,
All laughter's stopped, as we sit dreaming,
Dreaming as we do our bit;
We're dreaming of a brighter morrow,
When honored peace shall end our sorrow,
And a warm grey sock we knit.

THE PART THAT BRITAIN HAS PLAYED IN THE WAR

Meanwhile, what was Britain doing
When she learned of Hun advance,
And that Prussian hordes were rushing
Through fair Belgium into France?

Did she say, "We signed a treaty
Years ago, that guaranteed
The neutrality of Belgium,
But to treaties, pay no heed,

"What are they but scraps of paper?
We have cares enough, 'tis clear,
Suffrage and the Irish question,—
Britain cannot interfere?"

Nay—not so—for Britain ever
Stood for justice and for right,
And to Prussia's consternation,
She declared she too would fight.

So with eager haste, Great Britain,
Unprepared and loving peace,
Sent a call, "Come, sons of Britain,
Let internal quarrels cease!"

And they came, all feuds forgotten,
Rallied round the grand old flag,
That has ever stood for justice—
Dear old torn and tattered rag!

Then above the smoke of battle
Waved the glorious Union Jack,
While the flower of Britain's manhood
Fought to drive the Prussians back.

All this time, the British Navy,
Grand old fleet, patrolled the sea;
Guarded well the shores of Britain
From her ruthless enemy

Heeding not the arts of warfare,
That the world had long laid down,
Zeppelins raiding peaceful city,
Village or unguarded town.

While their submarines were active
Sinking many an unarmed ship;
Who forgets the "Lusitania"
On her last and fatal trip?

Oh the cries of women, children,
Victims of the Prussian hate!
Can we wonder British manhood
Swore they would avenge their fate?

CANADIAN KNITTERS

The day is done, the sun is sinking
In rosy west, and we are thinking,
As around the fire we sit.
The sparks leap up and aid our dreaming,
For dreams take shape in firelight gleaming,
And a khaki sock we knit.

And in the blaze we see quite clearly
The forms of those we love so dearly,
Somewhere in France, so they say.
Canadian boys, with hope abounding,
Who, when the call was sounding, sounding,
So cheerily marched away.

The firelight gleams on anxious faces
Where nights of grief have left their traces,
Yet our hearts are filled with joy,
Joy to think that never another
Was a braver sweetheart, son or brother,
Than each loved Canadian boy.

THE PART CANADA AND THE OTHER
COLONIES HAVE PLAYED IN
THE WAR

When the Motherland was calling
To her sons across the sea,
Telling them that danger threatened
Her, who stood for liberty;

When they knew that for an ideal
High and lofty, just and right,
This war had been forced upon her,
They replied, "We, too, will fight!"

Ere the echo of her calling
Had completely died away,
All her sons were making ready,
Making ready for the fray.

Where the waves of the Pacific,
Wash up on the sandy beach,
Of the Island of Australia,
Even there her call did reach.

And Australians quick responded,
"We are coming right away!"
And New Zealand cheered her soldiers
As they bravely sailed away.

India with her countless millions,
Loyal, spite of German plot,
Cried "Our gold is at your service,
Men and arms, we'll hold them not."

Never one that did not answer,
With response both clear and bright,
South Africa, loud proclaiming
She was on the side of right.

And her loyalty, though questioned,
Proved that it would stand the test;
She, in answer to the calling,
Sacrificed her very best.

Canada—what was her answer,
To the dear old mother's call?
Did she hesitate and question
If 'twas her war? Not at all.

"We are coming, Mother England,
Lift your head bowed low in grief,
Succour from our land we're bringing,
The land of the Maple Leaf."

Have ye heard of swifter answer
Given to a call for aid?
Heard of sterner preparation
Than our own Canadians made?

Have ye heard of braver heroes?
How our bosoms swelled with pride,
As we watched the boys in khaki,
Marching proudly side by side!

Cheerfully they marched to battle,
What a gallant stand they made!
St. Julien and Langemarck,
They are names that cannot fade.

There our own Canadian soldiers
Fought to drive the Prussians back,
That o'er us might still keep waving,
Grand and free, the Union Jack.

For the Prussians on our homeland
Long have gazed with envious eye;
If they won the fight in Europe,
For this homeland they would try.

To possess our vast resources,
That was part of Prussian thrust.
Thus humiliate Great Britain,
And thus drag her in the dust.

So our foremost line of trenches
Lay not on Canadian soil,
But our boys in far-off Europe
Did the wily Prussian foil.

Do we wonder at their bravery,
Wonder at their quick reply,
Wonder that for home and England,
Our brave boys would fight and die?

To the memory of the bravest,
Drink a toast, take off your hats,
Few are left to tell the story,
Of the deathless Princess Pats!

'Twas to keep the old flag flying
Over us, they marched away,
Torn and blood-stained, how they loved it,
Union Jack! 'tis here to stay.

RECITATION

By a Tiny Canadian Girl.

What can we do for our country,
British or Belgian or French?
We cannot help over in Flanders,
We cannot fight in a trench.

Canadian children can't handle
Bayonet, musket or gun;
What can we do in this struggle
To conquer the savage Hun?

Those things are out of the question,
But each can be doing a bit;
And we are helping our soldiers
When a warm grey sock we knit.

In France, so they tell the story,
The children are helping, each one;
They know they mustn't be naughty—
That would be aiding the Hun.

A proclamation has gone forth
To the little ones of France,
This is the way it is worded
(You may have read it perchance):

“Mother is tending the wounded,
Father has gone far away,
To fight for his little children,
So we must be good to-day.”

FINAL RECITATION

By a Boy Scout.

Each one of the allied nations
Is fighting for God and Right,
Aiming to crush the Evil,
Blustering at large in his might.

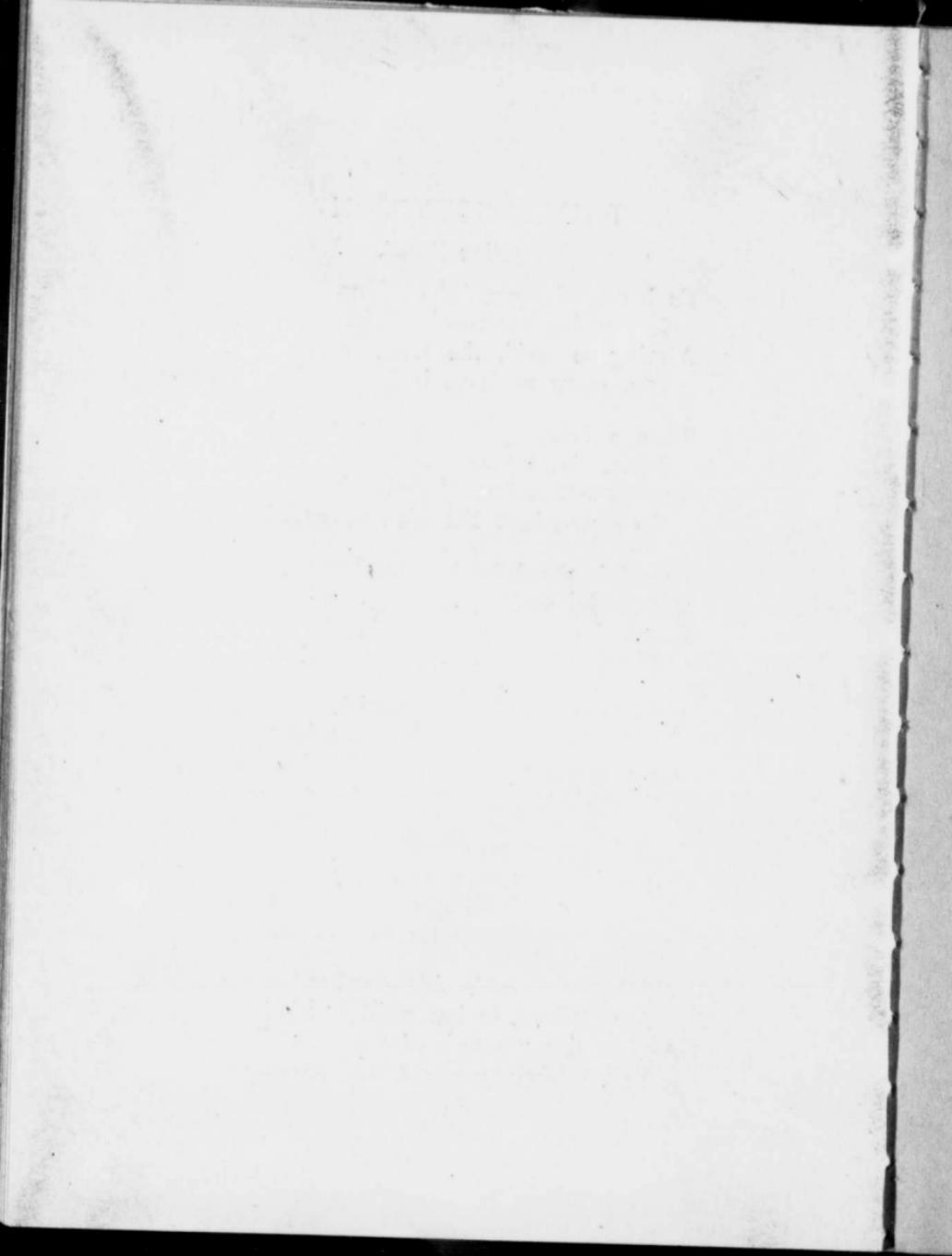
Then a hearty cheer for Russia,
Italy, Britain and France,
Bravely and valiantly striving
To thrust back Prussian advance!

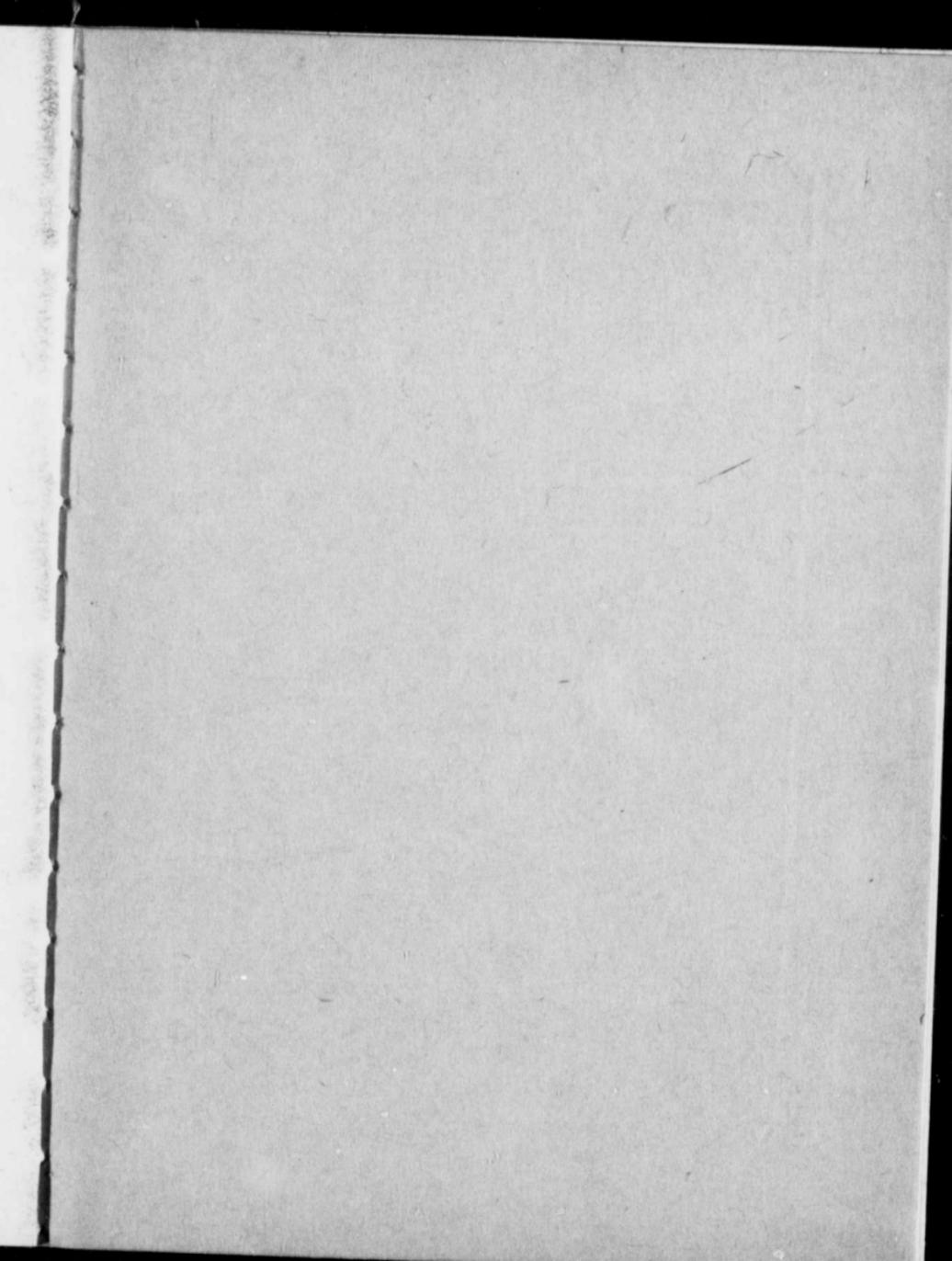
Canada's stood by her mother,
Faithful and loyal and true,
Given the best of her manhood,
Three cheers for Canada too!

Poland and Serbia lie ruined,
Crushed by this vile, wicked foe;
Some day their wrongs will be righted,
That day is coming, I know.

And Belgium, poor little Belgium!
Sad is her sorrow and plight,
Tongue cannot tell what's she suffered,
Just standing up for the Right.

We'll all step aside this evening,
And tribute to her we'll pay,
And in this "March of the Allies,"
Brave Belgium, please lead the way!





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