

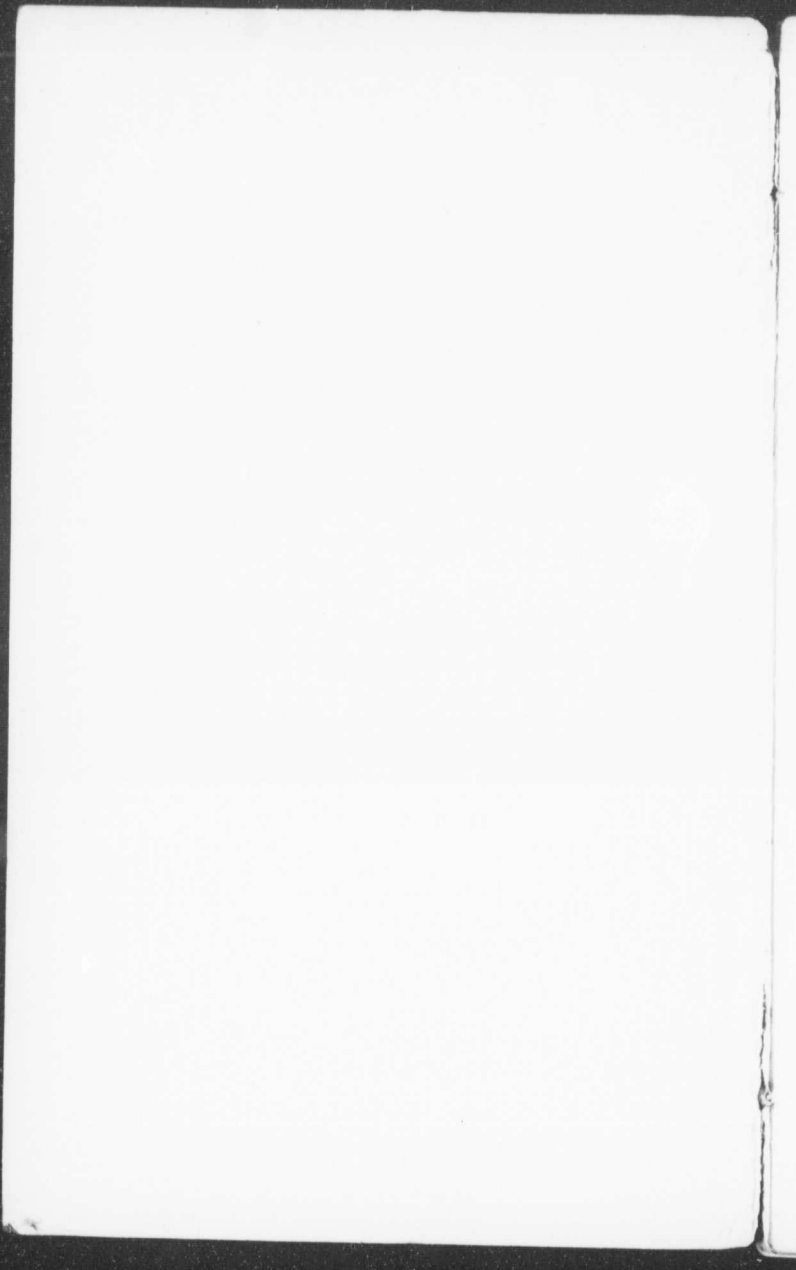
RHYMES OF A

HUT-DWELLER



By
PTE. ALBERT WM. DRUMMOND,
15th Canadian Field Ambulance.

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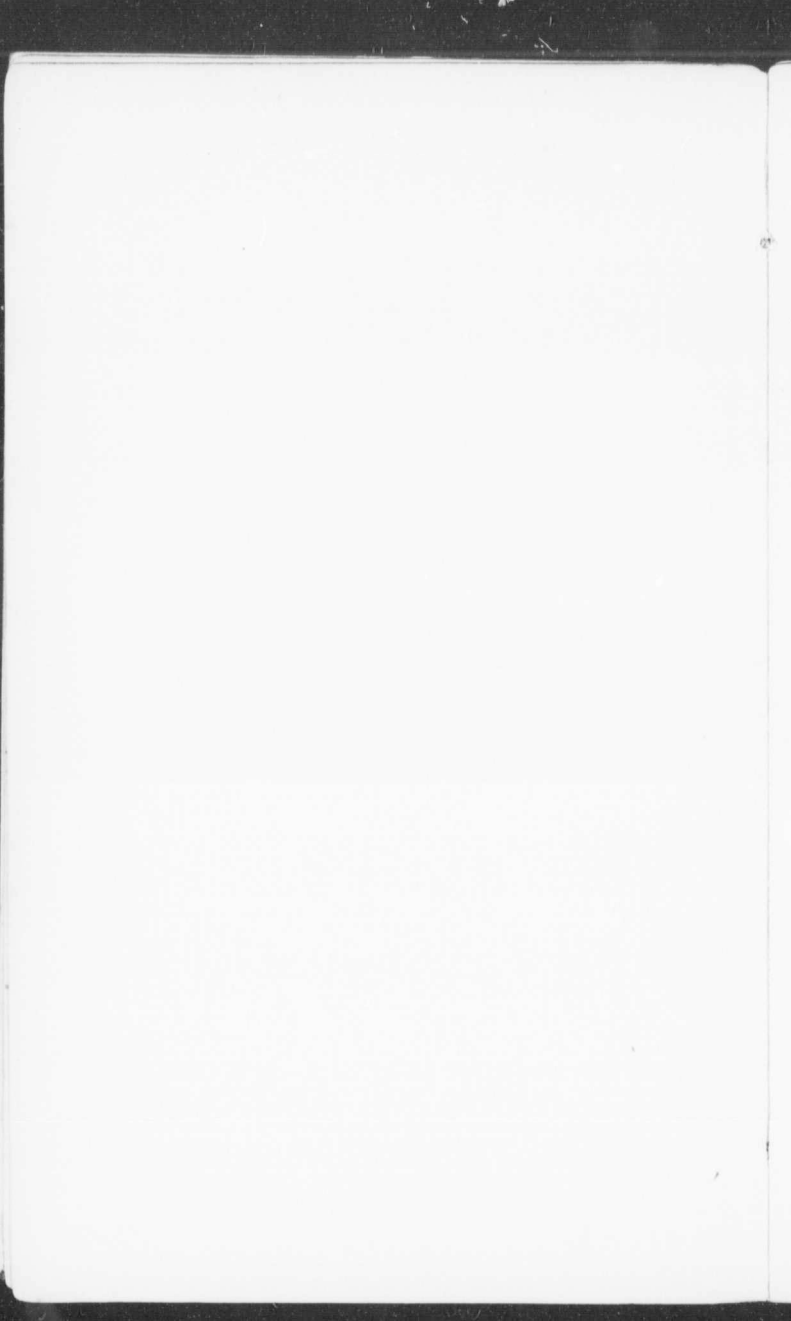
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RHYMES OF A HUT-DWELLER.

THE EMPIRE.

Albert Wm. Drummond.

What hast thou done, great Empire,
That bound thy sons to thee?
From North, from South, from East and West,
From lands far o'er the sea,
They rallied at thy bidding,
But not for thee alone,
But for ravaged lands despoiled by sword,
Did they make proud might atone.
Deeds hast thou done, great Empire,
And we blush to tell the tale;
Deeds hast thou done, great Empire,
And with pride our bosoms swell.
The noblest deed of the ages,
Recorded in years to be,
That thou drew thy sword for a land laid low,
And to set a people free.

RHYMES OF A HUT-DWELLER.

DEDICATION.

THIS little book I dedicate to all my comrades in arms—be they on land or sea—and to the men of the various Ambulance Units, and Stretcher-bearers.

For have we not played our part,
All one in the bloody fray,
Shoulder to shoulder, blade to blade,
Helping to gain the day?
Some lie beneath the sod,
Gallant and true they died,
All for the common cause,
Helping to stem the tide.
Never can we forget,
Never can we repay
The debt we owe to the lads below,
Who fell in the bloody fray.

We have shared each other's troubles, we have borne each other's burdens, we have shared each other's box of good things from the homeland, we have eaten each other's cake, we have read each other's books, we have argued, we have fought, we have made peace again, but never once did we deviate from the purpose to which the great Empire had called us.

We set our hand with a promise,
An oath that we ne'er could break.

To those that are spared, after the day of final reckoning, after our enemies are vanquished,

When the battle flags are furled,
And the drums have ceased to roll,

let us not drift apart but let us keep in touch with each other; let

war—the great leveller—also cement a bond of common friendship: friendship towards each other, and friendship towards those who have lost all that was near and dear to them. May our whole Empire, from ocean to ocean

Wear her "Weeds of Peace"
In gratitude and prayer,
Remembering all her gallant sons
Who did the burden bear.
Great Empire! wear thy "Weeds of Peace,"
For glorious is their name,
They died for thee and for a cause,
Do thou their worth proclaim.

A.W.D.



THE MOTHERLAND.

Hear, my sons, the drums of war !
 I am seeking you afar.
 Rally ! rally ! here to-day !
 Though blood-red the price we pay.

Hear, my sons, the calling pipe !
 'Tis a stain they seek to wipe,
 Calling, calling, from afar,
 Rolling drums and pipes of war.

Yours, my sons, a freeman's pride !
 Rally, rally to my side !
 Rally, rally round to-day !
 Though blood-red the price we pay.



CANADA.

We have come to thy side, our mother,
 We have rallied around to-day,
 We have claimed in our pride that birth-right,
 Though blood be the price we pay.
 We have come from the West, our mother,
 From the frozen land and the snow,
 We have rallied to-day at thy bidding,
 Lead on, and thy sons will go.

Rolling drums ! drums of war,
 Still I'm calling you afar.
 Rally, rally here to-day !
 Bloodier yet the price we pay.

AUSTRALIA.

We have rallied, and we're coming,
By thy side we stand to-day,
To help wipe the stain, though the price, we know,
May be blood that we have to pay.
We are by thy side, we are ready!
Lead on, that the foe may feel
The weight of thy hand and to know thy might,
When thy sons stand behind thy steel.

Rolling drums! drums of war!
Calling, calling, calling far.
Rally round me here to-day!
Bloody is the price we pay.



SOUTH AFRICA.

We have heard the call and the drum-beat—
For part of the Empire are we—
Cleaving the waves of the ocean,
We are coming to-day o'er the sea.
Lead on! thy freedom we've tasted,
Lead on! we are here by thy side,
We're marching along 'neath thy standard,
No Hun could e'er trample our pride.

Drums a-calling! calling far!
Calling stalwart men to war,
Rally round me here to-day!
Bloodier yet becomes the fray.

INDIA.

Hark to the call of the great white King!

Calling his sons to-day!

Stand we aside in his hour of need?

For blood is the price they pay.

We come to thy side, great Sahib,

Millions of men for the fray.

We stand 'neath the flag, lead on! lead on!

Though blood be the price we pay.

Still the drums go calling far,

Rolling drums and pipes of war!

We, thy sons, are by thy side,

Rallying round thee in our pride.

Marching men and tramp of feet,

Up and down each village street,

Here to-day from lands afar,

Answering drum and call to war.



MOTHER.

He sees her standing as he left
 That day he went away ;
 He sees the tear that dimmed her eye,
 He seems to hear her say,
 " My boy ! my boy ! my soldier lad !
 My own across the sea !
 I pray to God that He may send
 Thee safely back to me."

He sees her kneeling by her bed,
 With hands clasped and in prayer.
 A prayer for him, far, far from home,
 That God may keep and spare.
 'Tis then he once again becomes
 A child upon her breast,
 His head close to her bosom lies,
 With gentle arms he's pressed.

He hears her singing soft and low,
 That old sweet lullaby,
 It soothes him there amid the screech
 Of shells that pass on high.
 Could he but from his dream pass on
 To childhood's happy hours,
 And live again one happy day,
 With mother 'mid the flowers !

Ah, mother ! wheresoe'er thou art,
 Ne'er cease that earnest prayer,
 God knows, he, nurtured at thy breast,
 May need it over there—
 May need thy prayer amid the roar
 Of battle, and the pain
 May lighter seem if he but hear
 That dear sweet voice again.

When on the field of death he lies,
What name steals to his mind?
No one can stop his anguished cry,
His wounds they only bind,
Then his poor soul with anguish torn
Can find no word, no other
Name half so sweet as that one word,
My Mother ! God, my Mother !



THE DEFENCE OF PARIS.

Crossing the sea to France,
 Boldly we did advance,
 Snatching the barest chance,
 Never surrender.
 Back to Paris we came,
 Back to the bank of Seine,
 With all our warlike train,
 All our provender.

Gone was poor Belgium's court,
 Fallen had many a fort,
 All for a Kaiser's sport
 Nations did quiver.
 Skirmishing day by day,
 Try to oppose the way,
 Men on the field did die,
 Capture them never.

Near La Belle France's pride,
 Teutons we did deride,
 No ransom to provide,
 Joffre commanding,
 Throw the base tyrant back,
 Let but one man e'er slack,
 Turn, turn within your track,
 Paris defending.

Turn, turn, my gallant men!
 Sir John did say to them,
 Tho' we be one to ten,
 Be not amazed.
 We have not yet begun,
 Battles are to be won,
 Unfurl before the sun
 Our flag be raised.

“ Victory or death,” said he,
Capture Von Kluck for me,
Let yours the honour be,
 Britain esteem me.
Victors we must remain,
Or on the earth be slain,
Never would she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

Mons and the Marne tell
When most our pride did swell,
Before our charge they fell
 Wounded and dying.
Glorious the victory great,
Ah! 'twas a warlike feat,
When we the Teutons met,
 Leaving them lying.

Bayonet we found they dread,
Lancers our vanguard led,
Routed they broke and fled,
 Before our gunning.
Teutons did shake with fear,
Men bringing up the rear
Saw that the end was near,
 Von Kluck was running.

Cannon for cannon groaned,
The very earth it moaned,
As Teuton might atoned,
 Did the world wonder.
Hear that loud noise they make,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
As their proud spirits quake,
 Thunder to thunder.

RHYMES OF A HUT-DWELLER.

Charge! charge! my Highland men,
Cut through their right a lane,
Up! up! at them again,
Strike through their forces.
Forward the Greys did dash,
Men hung to stirrup lash,
Passing just like a flash,
Flew men and horses.

Bayonets did flash and bend,
Was there to be no end,
Could not Von Kluck e'er send
Men to deliver?
Straight thrust to body went,
Failing their hearts were rent,
Down! down! the tyrants went,
Strong men did quiver.

The battle is not won,
'Tis only but begun,
Ah, now they break and run,
Did we o'erwhelm it?
Forward our forces throw,
Give them that final blow,
Strike! strike! and lay them low,
Pierced through the helmet.

Men through their blood did wade,
Treading high o'er their dead,
Why did this foe invade,
Who lit the taper?
Ours is a righteous cause,
Now is and always was,
Teach Huns to mind the laws,
That scrap of paper!

THE DUEL OF THE TRENCHES.

Under the glare of summer,
 Deadlocked through the winter snow,
'Mid poison gas and liquid fire,
 Each for the overthrow.
They have tasted blood and they like it,
 They have jested with death and live,
Weary and willing as ever,
 Strength unto strength they give.

Under the glare of summer,
 Deadlocked through the winter snow,
But few shall part where the many have met,
 After the overthrow.
After the guns are silenced,
 After the war-god's din.
After the battles are fought and won,
 Death in itself will win.

Under the glare of summer,
 Deadlocked through the winter snow,
'Mid bullet, and steel, and the crash of shell,
 Waiting the overthrow.
Then, when the dawn shall brighten,
 Maimed and bleeding and torn,
Creep out from the cold bare trenches,
 To welcome a peace new born.

THE ATTACK.

Up and at 'em! over the top!
Faltering not, though the lead be hot,
Giving it to 'em with cold bare steel,
On! though your head and your body reel,
Charge! with a rush and a rousing cheer,
Charge! till the trench of the foe looms clear.
Then when your hair stands stiff on end,
When the twitching muscles jerk and bend,
When your eyes are set with a rigid stare,
While hate from your inmost soul doth glare,
When machine guns bark and a loud tattoo
Seems to say, "Look out, for the next is you."
There the wail of a man rises up to God,
Begging one more chance at the narrow road,
While the star-shells, aiding the early morn,
Flash out but to show the dying torn.
Mangled and dead, in that bloody rush,
Trampled and kicked in the awful crush.
Kill or be killed. Yes! give 'em hell,
See that your work is done and well.
Eighteen inch of the coldest steel,
A sob, a prayer, and a gurgling squeal,
Pinning your man through the breast or neck,
Here it is either give or take,
Lunging and ripping a way through hell,
Cleaving the path with a fearsome yell.
Should madness and hate combined compel
This worship of Mars through death to hell?

THE BATTLEFIELD.

I stood one day amid the dead,
'Twas on a batt'e plain
Somewhere in France, on No Man's Land,
Forget it I would fain.
But ah! the poignant memory hangs
Forbidding o'er my soul,
For death was present everywhere,
Red blood the battle toll.

I saw the dewy earth, God's own,
Created by His might,
Churned up in heaps and twisted mounds,
Could I forget the sight!
The stench of death was in the air,
For dead lay all around—
Grotesque and awesome in their sleep—
Half buried in the ground.

I stepped so warily along,
Lest by mischance I tread
Upon some shrunken scalp or skull,
Alone amid the dead.
The cold wind rustled as it swept,
I felt its icy breath,
I heard it whisper as it flew,
To me it whispered death.

A deadly faintness seized my soul,
I tried to throw aside,
Where'er I gazed lay ghastly sights,
All scattered far and wide.
A clenched fist from earthy mound,
A grinning skull close by,
The noblest work of God lay still
With gaping sightless eye.

I saw corruption everywhere,
 I gazed on bloated face,
 The yielding body of a man
 Amid this bloody maze—
 A man that once did laugh and love,
 Yea! live the same as I.
 Now lay legs crossed with arms wide flung,
 Dead, staring to the sky.

Some lay alone so stark and stiff,
 Struck down in manhood's flush,
 While here and there a motley crowd
 Had fallen in that rush.
 One lay alone amid the mud,
 A mangled form and dead,
 A letter clutched with icy hand,
 "My darling wife,"—I read.

But was that all? No! charred and burned—
 His rifle by his side—
 Lay one who'd made the sacrifice,
 Lay one who'd nobly died.
 Had died a sacrifice that we
 Serene in peace might dwell,
 God! could I e'er forget that sight—
 Forget that awful hell.

Let all who live go swear by God
 That ne'er again shall man
 Go forth to war, intent to shed
 Blood of his fellow-man.
 Let not that blood be on our souls,
 Let war for ever cease,
 That man to man the whole world o'er,
 May brothers live in peace.

Say not our loved ones died in vain
Upon that battle plain,
They died that we might live, achieve
That prize they sought to gain.
A noble purpose spurred them on,
To dare, to do, to die,
The grandest monument to build,
World-peace, the strongest tie.



ON THE BANKS OF THE SOMME.

Come, gather around, friends! a story I'll tell,
Yes, a story of action of shot and of shell—
Well, it happened out yonder, I shud'der to think
How near I came, lads, to go over the brink.

We were lying entrenched, knee-deep in the mire,
My God! how we suffered from gas and from fire!
Each morning and night we stared death in the face,
But boys, believe me, we set him the pace.

The message from Headquarters came up the line,
It said to be ready, all to be steady,
Fritz's big guns were making things hum,
Over there, boys--on the banks of the Somme.

The message was read, and our faces grew grim,
I nudges my pal, my pal's name was Jim.
Zero hour, it was set for six-thirty a.m.,
Yes, that was the time, boys, we gave it to them.

Exactly at five the bombardment began,
Slow and continuous, then hurricane,
Machine guns did crackle and rifles did bark,
On the banks of the Somme 'twixt the daylight and dark.

We looked at each other, and some of us swore,
But you could not hear it because of the roar;
Fritz shelled us on right, then shifted to left,
The ground all around us was torn and cleft.

Yes, we conversed, 'twas something like this—
" Did Joe get a letter from that little Miss?"
" Leave next week "—" My God! that was near."
" If Fritzie continues he'll get us in here."

Then Zero hour came, lads, we over the brink,
We charged o'er that open before you could wink.
We gained our objective, and held it that day,
For the blood that was spilt old Fritzie did pay.

But what was the cost?
Well now, boys, I think—
Blood was the cost—
Ain't it time for a drink?



KAMARAD ! MY KAMARAD !

I wonder, yes, I wonder if the Kaiser in Berlin,
When the Allies march triumphant through his gates with martial
din

Will throw his arms toward Heaven, eyes rolling and fear mad,
As he prays and shrieks for mercy—

Kamarad ! my Kamarad !

I wonder, yes, I wonder if his bosom pals will hear
The pleading of their War Lord? will they turn from him and
sneer?

Will they leave him to our mercy? broken, weary, and heart-sad,
As he prays and shrieks for mercy—

Kamarad ! my Kamarad !

When we cross the German border, when we march across the line,
With the tyrants falling backward far beyond their mighty Rhine,
Will they rally 'round their Kaiser? knowing that his heart is bad,
Shrieking, praying, begging mercy—

Kamarad ! my Kamarad !

Kaiser! when you whine for mercy, think of child from mother
torn,

Think of all the bloody slaughter—better thou wer't never born!
For on that great day of reckoning when thy final doom is met,
When the heavens roll asunder—

Kamarad ! will God forget?

Let our hearts with steel be hardened to their hypocritic plea,
Hark! our dead they cry for vengeance! hear them calling from
the sea!

From the rolling deep it echoes, 'tis the babes who met their fate
When they sank the Lusitania—

Comrades! hark! lest we forget!

THE SOLDIER'S TALE.

Why at Suvla Bay we lay,
 Waitin' for the dawn of day,
 Reinforcements—
 God!—they promised us would come
 When our Ghurkas spied their lair,
 From the 'eights of Chunik Baer,
 To retire at once, the order came from 'ome.

Then at Koja Chemin Tepe,
 Did we rush and stem the steppe,
 But retreat.
 'Eil never was no bloomin' use to try
 Near the ridge of Sari Baer.
 Only found another snare
 Lor! thousands of our dead behind did lie.

We attacked at Achi Baba,
 As we did at the Seraba,
 With a will.
 An' I'll always say the same, could 'ave won.
 We never meant to yield,
 Saw our dead upon the field,
 Bugle blowed, we turned, and left 'em on the run.

Again at the Lone Pine,
 We up an' at 'em fine,
 Was a go!
 Why to left and right they fell,
 When "Cease firin!" came the cry,
 Leave your comrades there to die,
 Lor! each sodjer looked an' swore like bloody 'ell.

Without water, an' no food,
 Why a sodger ain't no good,
 'arf a pint!
 We'd lick the trickle from the bag,
 Still they think we ought to ha' won,
 'ad no powder, ball, or gun,
 And our uniform it hung a bloomin' rag.

THE GLORIOUS FAILURE.

(In memory of the brave men who fell at the Dardanelles, who died in a "glorious failure").

Home from the Dardanelles
All that is left of 'em,
 Banners a-wavin';
Twelve thousand stalwart men
Left there beneath that plain,
Nay, not on them the stain—
 Heroic failure.

Landin' at Suvla Bay,
Chargin' the Heights that day,
 Turkish guns roarin'.
Ridges of Chunik Baer,
Findin' that death lay there,
Did but one man despair?
 Did they surrender?

Shells crashin' o'er their head,
Chargin' o'er heaps of dead,
 Nations did wonder,
How could they hold their own?
Half of their ranks were gone,
Waitin' for help from home,
 Had someone blundered?

Live long their gallant name,
Be there on them no shame,
 Briton or Ally.
But, as the ages fly,
Men who did death defy,
To be remembered by
 The Glorious Failure.

THE TRANSPORT.

Lifting her anchor as twilight was deep'ning,
Crossing the ocean to Britain's green strand,
Crowded her rigging and bulwark with brave lads,
Eager to dare for the old Motherland.

Stealing at dusk from the basin that hid her,
Pointing her prow toward a distant shore,
Cheers from her main deck, her stern, and her fo'castle,
Cheers for the land they may see never more.

Passing yon headland she heaved to the motion,
Rose like a steed as the hurdle he grazed,
Hearts beating proudly with hope for the future,
Eyes all aglow—yet with tears slightly glazed.

Onward, still onward, she sped through the ocean,
Bucking a pathway through storm and through shine,
On till the cliffs of old England loomed clearer,
Daring torpedo and treacherous mine.

Eager eyes straining for sight of the old land,
Echoing songs from afar o'er the sea,
Memories of Nelson a-surgin' around them,
Heroic Colonials, British and free.

THE COLONIAL'S CHALLENGE.

We have heard the call of the battle
 From a land across the sea,
 That dear old land of our fathers,
 The land of the true and free.
 We have crossed the sea by the thousand,
 To fight 'neath the Union Jack.
 We have promised to do our utmost—
 To conquer or ne'er go back.

We fight and we die in the trenches,
 We drown 'mid the North Sea's roll,
 By fever, frost, and tempest,
 And reck not of the toll.

We heard the call of our Empire,
 We face the fire and steel,
 For a land laid low by a tyrant foe.
 To save from the "iron heel."

We have reckoned the cost in the dimness
 That came with the battle's haze,
 As we prayed and longed for the homeland
 And for England's primrose ways.
 But we set our hand with a promise,
 An oath that we ne'er could break,
 And the call came loud as thunder,
 These were the words it spake:—

"To my sons, who have crossed the ocean,
 "My whelps of the bulldog breed,
 "Your freedom, your birthright is challenged,
 "Come forth! 'tis my hour of need."

We heard, we came at the bidding,
 We answered the call of the blood,
 But not for the law of Empire*
 But to save by the help of God.

* Conscription.

To save a nation downtrodden,
Our honour—that was our bond,
And we ne'er shall cease from the struggle
Till we know that by blood they atoned.
Then in that day of our reck'ning,
When the nations they crushed shall be free,
With vengeance and just retribution,
For innocents lost in the sea.

'Tis not for the love of battle
We throw our young lives away,
And not for the cause of conquest,
But for land once free—but to-day
Despoiled, yea, ravished and bleeding
'Neath the might of a Nero's hand.
God! how can thou e'er misjudge our cause?
Why, that babe awash on the strand
Looks up to our face, cries vengeance—
Eyes staring, but the stain—
It crimsons the locks and that forehead.
Were their lives to be taken in vain?



THE COLONIAL'S PRAYER.

We come from land of ice and snow,
From land of rolling veldt,
From India's jungle, Queensland's plain,
To fight, to conquer once again,
 Until the foe be quelled.

We crossed the sea in argosies,
Protected by our might,
We saw our comrade's crimson blood,
We tread that ground where they have trod,
To battle for the right.

We fight to save a nation's name,
To lay a tyrant low,
We struggle on 'gainst mighty odds,
Give us the strength, we pray, O God!
To strike that final blow.

Then in the hour of darkest peril,
Lest we forget Thy name,
Uphold our banner, save our land,
Lead us to victory by Thy hand,
For Thee alone, not fame.

WHERE?

Where the prairies meet with the clear blue sky,
Where the gray veldt watches the clouds scud by,
Where the sun glares down on the sandy plain,
Where the monsoon sweeps through the torrid rain—
We have left behind all we loved the best,
Be they North or South, be they East or West.

Where the mines lie deep 'neath the lashing wave,
Where torpedoes strike with no chance to save,
Where the sea gales sweep and the thousands die,
Where shifting trade winds sob and sigh,
As the billows plunge with their crests a-foam,
To bear us afar from our loved and home.

Where the air-fleets rise through the mists of morn,
Where the shrapnel shrieks and the flesh is torn,
Where a strong man's game is to kill—to kill,
Where the guns belch fire and are never still—
There the shades of the past leave you ne'er alone,
There you only dream of your loved and home.

THE COLONIAL'S MESSAGE.

'Neath the star-shells' gleam on torn No Man's Land, a Canadian
soldier lay,

While a comrade brave knelt by his side, as the life-blood ebbed
away.

He heard a whisper soft and low as a tear stole to his eye,

"Just take a message, Jack, for me; just listen ere I die.

"There's a homestead fair and a mother there, that waits for her
soldier boy,

"I was an only child, I was her only joy.

"I have no sweetheart to mourn for me, when I lie beneath the
sod,

"But I've got a mother, Jack," he said, "I've got a mother—
God.

"She'll stand to-night by the little gate, where she stood when I
went away,

"She'll stand and wait for her boy's return, she'll stand and wait—
but say—

"Break it gently, just tell her her boy lies dead in a far-off foreign
land,

"You tell her, you know what to say, just tell her you held my
hand.

"Jack, pillow my head on your arm and feel in that pocket o'er
my heart,

"There's a letter there you can give to her, and say that I did
my part;

"Say that I fought for the Union Jack, say that my heart was
true,

"Kiss her for me as you break the news, kiss her for me, won't
you?

"Now, Jack, unfasten my blouse just so, until my chest lies bare,

"Then place your hand inside—don't you feel a picture lying there?

"Jack! when they lay me beneath the sod, when I take my last
long rest,

"Just cross my arms o'er my bosom thus, with the picture o'er my
breast."

RHYMES OF A HUT-DWELLER.

Slowly the comrade lowered that head, gently he closed those eyes,
For the comrade knew that a n-other wept, o'er each soldier boy
that dies :

So he laid the arms across the breast, the picture o'er the heart,
While he muttered a prayer for a soul that had flown from a lad
who had done his part.



HELL'S HALF ACRE.

They told us we were not worth a damn,
We from afar o'er the sea,
That had left our homes and our kin behind,
To fight and die in a foreign land,
And to set a people free.

The slurs flew fast, and they cut like knives,
They lashed like a whip our pride
Have we proved our worth? Well, I guess we have,
For we gave the Tommies the bitter laugh;
"Till they rallied to our side

On the fields of France where we held our own,
Until nothing was left to hold;
Where we stuck to guns, and our trenches, too,
Where the foe knelt down on his knees to sue,
"Yet we weren't worth a damn," they told.

Need we to have left our snowy shore,
To die in that foreign land!
We came, did we wait? did we shirk? did we fail?
The day of reck'ning will tell the tale,
Among heroes let us stand.

They told us we were not worth a damn,
Even shouted "Canadian fakir,"
We threw the slur right back in their face,
When we waded knee-deep in our blood, to race
To the charge of "Hell's Half Acre."

DID SCOTLAND FAIL?

March! march! Cameron an' Gordon,
 Forward in order tae live or tae dee.
 March on! King's Scottish Borderer,
 The empire is sendin' ye ower the sea.
 Unfurl yer banners! spread,
 Wavin' high ower yer head.
 Regiments a' that are famous in story,
 Say when yer ready, men!
 Sons o' the mountain glen,
 Ficht for yer King, an' the auld Empire's glory.

Doon frae the Bens whar the mountain deer's grazin',
 Young men o' speerit come forward wi' pride!
 Up frae the glen, yer number's amazin',
 Marchin' awa tae sail ower the tide.
 Pipers a-skirlin'!
 Columns a-whirlin'!
 Gettin' a' ready tae sail ower the sea!
 Let history tell the tale!
 If Scotland now doth fail,
 Sendin' her sons for the Empire tae dee.

THE STRETCHER-BEARERS.

Bloody 'tis, the work we do,
 But we do it well ;
 Staggering out o'er No Man's Land,
 Some will never tell
 How they cheered a wounded pal
 Hovering near the brink,
 Eased his pain and cheered hi n there,
 Only with a drink

Bloody 'tis, the work we do,
 But we do it well ;
 Snatching back some poor doomed soul,
 From the brink of hell.
 Lift him up so tenderly,
 Carry him with care,
 Hear him groan and murmur, lad '
 'Tis his mother's prayer.

Bloody 'tis, the work we do,
 But we do it well,
 Gathering up the fragments left,
 Torn by shot and shell.
 Ease that crimson bandage, lad,
 Ah! he suffers pain !
 Some mother s son—he's only one
 Among the many slain.

Bloody 'tis, the work we've done,
 Have we done it well?
 Have we done our duty there
 'Mid the shot and shell?
 Did we ever stop to think,
 With no weapon near,
 When we stood defenceless—say,
 Did we ever fear?

THE VISION.

I was sitting in the trenches,
I was feeling mighty glum,
For my thought were far away,
Far away across the foam.
I was thinkin', thinkin', thinkin',
And I felt a kinder queer,
I cou'd see my dear old mother,
I could feel her presence near.

I could see her snow-white hair,
I could hear her gentle voice,
It sounded just like music,
But it made my heart rejoice.
'Twas as plain as day I heard it,
In my dream I saw her there—
Like the evening vesper chiming,
Came to me my Mother's prayer.

You may call it 'magination,
You can call it tommy rot,
Still I heard that gentle whisper
And the prayer my Mother taught.
I just down there in my dug-out,
With the shells a-whistling by,
Crouching knee-deep in the water,
"Gentle Jesus," was my cry!
Like a little child I cowered
In the mud on bended knee,
Blending with that prayer of Mother's
"Pity my simplicity."

Think she heard me, for a feeling
Kinder sweet came over me,
And her hand stole round my shoulder.
"Suffer me to come to Thee."
Then I saw that little pillow,
Where I once did lay my head,
By my side the fairest Mother
And we knelt before my bed.

Why, it filled my soul with rapture,
For a moment it was bliss,
Flinging wide my arms to clasp her
To my bosom with a kiss.
But the vision and my day-dream,
Seemed to fade in misty air,
For I saw the sodden trenches—
Dirty, muddy, bleak, and bare.



MEMORY OF EDITH CAVELL.

Brave lady! thou who fell by tyrant hand,
They knew by dying bed thou oft did stand
To soothe the pain of friend and foe the same,
To-day a world doth honour thy fair name.
Thy name—Cavell—is known to every tongue
Who seek to know the path of right and wrong.
Yet were those cursed souls by fury steeled,
Ay! doubly cursed by hearts that could not yield.
But thou did greatly think, and greatly die,
To-day a world bewails thee with a sigh.
How can we understand thy bosom gored?
How can we comprehend the might of sword?
Brave lady! could thou but return and tell
If crime thou did, it was to love too well.
Too tender and too gentle was thy heart;
Thy one reward to die, a Roman's part.
As thou did die, so may thy murderers fall,
If God there be to rule terrestrial ball.
Shot to the death on foreign soil thou laid,
'Twas not enough, swift bullet through the head.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy sacred limbs composed,
In humble grave to lie, and unadorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned,
But not without great monuments to tell,
The sacrifice thou made—BRAVE NURSE CAVELL.

THE BATTLE OF THE DOGGER.

Stealin' along through the haze of the mornin',
 Out from Heligoland Bight they come.
 Orders, "To shell and to kill without warnin'!"
 But Beatty was watchin', for Britain his home.

Stealin' away under cover of darkness,
 Not like the brave, who have battled the breeze.
 Orders, "Destroy all the cities defenceless!"
 But Beatty was watchin', and guardin' the seas.

Darkened their lights, and as silent the sailin',
 E'en like the snake that darts down on its prey.
 Beatty has seen, and their hearts are a-quailin',
 "Back, back to the shelter of Heligoland Bay!"

Then through the deep came the "Tiger" a-roarin',
 Spittin' forth fire from her turret and side,
 Smoke like the night from her funnels a-pourin',
 Will they escape by the turn o' the tide?

On, on through the deep a-slashin' and lashin',
 Leavin' the rear to contend with the slow,
 Thunderous boomin', a-crashin' and smashin'—
 Turret and top-mast both overboard go.

"Have they escaped?" cried Beatty, in anger.
 "Dangers ahead! we dare not go through,
 "Submarines wait, 'tis useless to linger"
 "So near to their rathole," re-echoed the crew.

Ay! they escaped, for dread mines lie before us,
 Beatty commanded, "Bring wounded to Leith."
 Scorn in his voice as he spoke of their cowardice,
 "Let them escape by the skin of their teeth."

Ah! but not all, the "Blucher" was lyin'
Silent as night, but a-fire fore and aft.
Give her the blow that will silence her dyin',
Aim that torpedo a little abaft.

Rescue her crew! do not leave them a-sinkin'!
Rescue them, men, from the toll of the wave.
When high in the air came a menace a-slinkin',
Killin' their own and those tryin' to save.

Honour brave Beatty! ye shades of the ocean,
Spirits of heroes, asleep in the deep.
Honour his men! for their earnest devotion,
Ye, who do live by the watch they did keep.



TO BELGIUM.

O'er thy fair land the ravening horde
Like wolves broke in a day,
With fire and sword they laid thee waste,
Their lust, the lust to slay.
They glutted there their bloody thirst,
They drank of death their fill,
All sacred treaties torn to shreds,
None dared defy their will.

The war peal crashed, the lightning flashed,
While death struck swift and sure,
The old and young they trampled down,
World-conquest was their lure.
They gloried in thy pain and tears,
They stooped to rape thy wives ;
Who dared to utter for thy right
Paid dearly with their lives.

Havoc and flame, the fume of gas
Laid waste a blackened path,
Like blast from hell they cursed thy sward
To appease a War Lord's wrath.
They strode with haughty martial stride,
Those fiends in human form,
They slew thy mothers, caring naught
For babe as yet unborn.

Dark deeds of vengeance unrevealed
By this accursed band,
Their eagle, like a dragon vile,
Soared high o'er all thy land.
Yet thou didst rise to purge, defend
Thy homes against their might ;
Brave sons of peace they grasped the sword
To battle for thy right.

Still battle on until that day,
Ne'er heed the sacrifice.
'Till from thy blood-drenched tear-sown land
Sweet songs of victory rise.
Back! see them fall—not as they came,
But broken and in gloom
Strike, Belgium, strike! 'tis now thine Four,
Strike! seal their final doom!

Thus shalt thou rise, e'en as they fall,
To blossom in thy right,
While they a-curst, unclean, shall grope
In darkness for the light.
Sure as the sun from day to day
Sheds o'er this earth its ray,
So sure shalt thou rise and acclaim,
The truth! thy liberty!



THE WEEDS OF WAR.

A nation wears her weeds of war,
 In gratitude and prayer,
 Remem'ring all her gallant sons
 Who did the burden bear.
 In glory wear thy weeds of war,
 For glorious is their name,
 They died for thee, and for a cause,
 On them is ne'er a stain.

Proud Britain! wear thy weeds of war,
 Held sacred to the right,
 Remember, too, thy sons who live
 But for thy name did fight.
 In glory wear thy weeds of war,
 For glorious is their name,
 They live for thee and for a cause,
 Do thou their worth proclaim.

Great Empire! wear thy weeds of war,
 Remembering all who fought.
 Do not forget in years to come
 They with their life-blood bought
 Thy freedom from a tyrant's yoke,
 Restored a nation's pride,
 Left all for thee and for a cause,
 Went boldly forth and died.

Their widows wear the weeds of grief,
 Engraved upon their heart,
 Ay! more than thou canst ever feel—
 A bitter burning smart.
 While thou can wear thy weeds with joy,
 They wear their weeds in pain,
 Let not be said in years to come
 They gave their loved in vain.

Lend them a hand, a hand of love,
The halt, the maimed, the blind—
Proclaim the brotherhood of man,
And thus the Empire bind
With bands of love as strong as steel
To soothe the aching heart.
Great Empire! may thou ne'er forget
Thy sons who did their part.



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