

Greetings
from
The
Globe
Boy
1916



The Carry-On Boys

THREE hundred thousand Irish men who sailed across
the sea
Are leaving death on every side in the name of Liberty;
At Longemarek, Tyres and Verdun they hold the Colais road,
An Empire saved, 'gainst countless odds their dauntless
courage proved.

Three hundred thousand fighting men who sailed across the
waves
Proclaim that no who ever bled shall never more be slaves
To war and the injury until the work is done,
And French and Belgium will be freed from the blood-stain'd
pages of sin.

Three hundred thousand fighting men look back across the
main—
For none will sleep on foreign soil and ne'er return again—
They look to us who hide at home the work to carry on,
And never slacken in our pace until the light is won.

Three hundred thousand fighting men—have we no work at
hand
To keep the home fires burning bright in our beloved land?
We're neither here—ne'er small, 'tis true, our fighting has
yet set—
But we try our best to help the cause by doing well our "bit."