SHOT, SHELL and SHRAPNEL

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Tommy in the Trenches

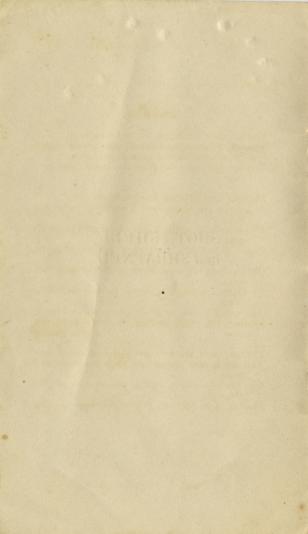
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SHOT, SHELL and SHRAPNEL



MOTHER.

Mother, dear mother, I see you tonight; Your dear face is with me all through the fight; I see your sweet smiles as in days of yore, You are with me tonight as the dread cannon roar.

Mother, dear Mother, is my solitary cry, As here on the battle field I with my comrades lie;

My wounds would not give me nearly so much pain

Could I but kiss your dear lips once again.

Oh, mother, my dear Mother, if you were but here,

To bring a draught of water from a shell hole near,

And sprinkle some so gently on my fevered brow, Mother, my dear Mother, I sorely need you now.

Mother, dear Mother, the end is drawing near The angels now are calling, their voices sweet I hear;

My battle's nearly ended, my worries all but through,

Mother, dear Mother, I'm coming home to you.

MEMORIES OF HOME.

(1)

When you're standing in the trenches, amid the shot and shell,

And your thoughts are turning homeward to those you love so well.

Oh, how you long to see them and caress them just once more!

From your heart there comes a sigh, as the mighty cannon roar.

(2)

You think of the day you marched away in khaki suit so new,

You remember how you said good-bye—that you'd be good and true;

You think if you should go back, what a great day that would be

You'd find your loved ones waiting, when you've sailed across the sea.

(3).

When you see a comrade falling, it shatters all your joy.

For you know that stricken soldier is someone's darling boy;

You clasp your rifle tightly, with a fierce look on your face

And getting on the firing step you take that comrade's place.

(4)

With fervent prayer upon your lips and a rifle in your hand

You eagerly cast your eyes across the barren "No Man's Land;"

E'er watching and e'er waiting till those guns shall no more roar,

And you again shall join your loved ones on your own Canadian Shore.

(1)

You may talk about the sailor, and the stories that he tells,

But you should listen to the soldier talk about the mighty shells!

The kind they use in Flanders (and they're both large and small)

And the one we call "Jack Johnston," the kingpin of them all.

(2)

It sounds just like a freight train a-roaring through the air.

And when it hits a dugout, it's not healthy to be there.

Then there is the "Wiz-bang,"—in its name you have the sound;

It comes with teriffic swiftness, and throws shrapnel all around.

(3)

The "Silent Lizzie" is another that Fritzie likes to use;

It is a savage little shell, with just a short time fuse.

The "Cold Box" is a mighty shell, with lots of steel and smoke,

And when you see them tear the ground, it really is no joke.

(4)

The one we call the "Rum Jar," they use the most of all,

But the British Tommy doesn't care how they may come or fall;

For we also have some good ones and our gunners are the best;

And if they overlook some,—why, the bayonet gets the rest!

THE THIRD BATTLE OF YPRES.

Twas on the second day of June, and the day was clear and fine,

When the Germans opened their attack by blowing up a mine;

The C. M. R's. who were holding what is known as Sanctuary Wood.

as Sanctuary Wood,
Were shattered and blown to pieces in the
trenches where they stood:

And when the Germans came over, after bom-

barding them all day,
There were few of those brave fellows left to
stop them on their way.

So they took those lines of trenches on that second day of June,

And in them placed machine guns, for they knew we'd come back soon.

For Canadians don't lose trenches, nor let Fritzies hold them long,

For "We'll never let the old Flag fall" is their constant battle song!

Back in Popringie were the 14th standing too.
The good old Royal Montreals, who have ever
proven true:

Once before at Ypres, they had bravely stood the test.

And once again we'd do it, and we swore we'd do our best.

At eight o'clock we got the word we were going into the fray.

And we started off with singing,—we were happy—we were gay.

And as we neared the firing line and the shot and shell did fly,

"Are we downhearted,?" called out some; "No, No!" arose the cry;

At seven in the morning we made that fatal charge.

With the Germans cutting us to bits with guns both small and large,

We advanced right up that morning to the very iaws of hell.

And hundreds of our gallant boys and officers with them fell.

We had just old broken rifles and bits of entrenching tools.

But we made the Kaiser's Prussian Guards look like a lot of fools.

We got into the trenches; yes, we got in there to stay!

We were tired, we were hungry, but we held the Huns at bay:

Then up came the Highland laddies, all eager for the fight.

And what was left of the brave 14th were taken out that night.

Now we've got back those trenches, for which we dearly paid;

But it took the good old R. M. R's and the Highland 3rd Brigade,

And hundreds of our boys lie sleeping, 'neath those silent Belgium stars.

But they wrote their name in the hall of fame for the 14th R. M. R's.

