

# SHOT, SHELL *and* SHRAPNEL



## *Tommy in the Trenches*

*By*

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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 com-  
rade'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.

## SHELLS.

### (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 king-  
pin 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 terrific 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 gun-  
ners 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,  
Were shattered and blown to pieces in the  
trenches where they stood;  
And when the Germans came over, after bombarding  
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  
jaws of hell,  
And hundreds of our gallant boys and officers  
with them fell,  
We had just old broken rifles and bits of en-  
trenching 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 High-  
land 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.







