

TRUTHFUL POEM
BY AN
EX - SERVICE MAN



Written by
UNEMPLOYED
Ex-Soldier

This poem printed on a folded sheet reminds us of the plight of the ordinary soldier on his return home after the war to 'a land fit for heroes', and epitomises Henry's own thoughts.

T'w as in the month of August, in the year Nineteen-Fourteen,
Our land was Plunged in horror, the greatest ever seen,
It came quite unexpected, we were startled with dismay,
To learn old England was at war with cruel Germany.

"England expects" the call had come to every honest man,
To guard her from invasion we answered her command,
To fight the cause of justice, of freedom and of Right,
We rallied round the Union Jack, opposed to German might.

Our Mothers, Wives, and Sweethearts bade us their last good-bye,
And sent us forth to distant lands to conquer or to die,
Their hearts were full of sadness, their eyes with tears of sorrow,
And prayed to the Almighty to protect us on the morrow.

We gave up all our happiness, we left our peaceful homes and
All the friends we loved so dear to sail across the foam,
Good occupations cast aside our country to defend,
With hope and courage in our hearts, fought to the bitter end.

Thro' all those long and weary days we suffered, aye, with pain
To keep you safe within your shores we'd do the same again,
We were heroes while it lasted, but now the battle's o'er
For the "Services we rendered" we beg from door to door.

If war broke out to-morrow you would say "Here is your gun"
"Go back and shed your blood for us till victory is won"
Oh! "why are ye so selfish" give us this day our daily bread
Or the situations promised us before our blood was shed.

What of our poor old mothers, our sisters, and our wives
Who gave us up to battle for their freedom and their lives,
To-day they are in misery and their hearts and minds are sore
Depending on we creatures to keep the wolf away from the door,

If we were yet to fight for you and keep you safe and sound
Nestling in your feather bed while we lay on the ground,
With shot and shell around us along the bloody front,
Now the tide of war is o'er—Will you help us bear the brunt?

To-day our hearts are full of woe our heads are bent in shame,
We are lying in the gutter with nothing but a name,
Drawing pictures on the pavement and the organ also grind
To earn an honest penny from the sympathetic kind.

What of the little children, shall they suffer in vain;
Will ye help to feed and clothe them, their Daddies now are slain,
You surely cant deny us "according to the creed"
We appeal for some assistance for those who are in need.

A word to you Employers "give us something we can do,"
Stretch forth your helping hand, situations now are few,
Bannish all the "slackers" who then didn't care a "jot"
They hid in "safety while we—the Heroes fought."

Our pensions have been taken on what we can depend
Remember the old adage "It is ne'er too late to mend"
Give it small, but often, you will earn a just reward
Blessings good will come your way, we will thank the Lord.

Don't be selfish or hard-hearted, open up your heart to-day,
Answer now a call of mercy, help a wanderer on his way,
Lift us out of our misfortune now the roar of cannon cease
And the Saviour He will guide you to His Heavenly peace.