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A 1915     ::  
WINTER SONG.

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Stacey Bros., Printers, Water Street, Neath.

D.53(1916).

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## A 1915 WINTER SONG.

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(TORIEL.)

*(Williams  
John)*

The soldiers in the trenches  
Are fighting for their King,  
The soldiers in the trenches  
For Britain's honour cling.

The soldiers in the trenches  
This winter at their gun,  
To keep their little wenches  
And children from the Hun.

The soldiers in the trenches  
Beneath the coming snow,  
For "dear sweet home" in England.  
To keep its hearth aglow.

The wife at home a-knitting  
Her pretty boy in glee,  
With pussy playing, singing,  
My daddy fights for me.

His daddy cold and bitten  
Where frost and fire kill,  
Then, fighting for his baby  
Like death on yonder hill.

Who blames the little children,  
That dig their trench, at play,  
When their daddies, yonder  
Are shell'd at in the fray.

Who blames their pretty singing—  
A "Tipperary song,"  
For dreaming but of fighting  
And soldiers the day long.

The soldiers in the trenches,  
The children small in bed ;  
The soldiers in the trenches  
Where fathers brave are bled.

The soldiers in the trenches,—  
The snow upon the ground ;  
The blizzard in the ~~trenches~~ *rushes* =  
Where death springs howling round.

The soldiers in the trenches,—  
How faithful there they stand,  
The soldiers in the trenches,—  
The flower of the land !

The soldiers in the trenches,  
Their trials who can tell ?  
Our soldiers, O, our soldiers !  
Who will not love them well.

Ah ! winter in the trenches,  
Beneath the tearful stars !  
Beneath the shivering branches,  
Beneath the sway of Mars.

The groaning of the wounded !  
The wailing of the wind ;  
Where Odin,—scorpion-footed,  
Strikes terror in the mind.

O ! mothers kind and tender,  
And damsels fare of form,  
Knit something for the winter  
To keep the soldier warm.

If it is just a trifling,  
You have to give away,—  
Give it,—you'll find a blessing  
For helping in your way.

If Tommy likes a "Daily,"  
Or just a verse in praise,  
We must send all for Tommy,  
That winters neath the skies.

If Tommy likes his *Franklyn*,  
Or likes his Cigarette,  
He must have these for comfort  
*Behind* ~~Beneath~~ the parapet.

You men that cannot wonder  
To fight the alien there,  
Do your little here  
At home, and play your share.

Each one must be a warrior,  
The way he can afford ;  
One fighting with his riches,  
Another with the sword.

The bard with moral weapons,  
And shafts from out the soul ;  
(What influence and power  
Bud in the poet-scroll)

But O ! our dear soldiers,  
Face to face with the foe,  
Their praise I'll touch with music  
Where ever I may go.

The soldiers in the trenches,  
There faithful at their gun,  
To keep their little wenches  
And children from the Hun.

The soldiers in the trenches,—  
To each all honour be,  
God bless their homes and efforts,  
*England* ~~And Land~~ and Liberty.

Seven Sisters,  
Nov., 1915.