

LEST WE FORGET.

They say that I'm psysho,
Maybe so, I'll admit;
But I got it in France while doing my bit.
At Wilson's call I was ready to go,
I was one of the first to see the big show.
Oh, it was my duty and that I'll agree,
But the guns and the "flu" made a wreck out of me.
From Mihiel to Argonne in the thick of the fight,
We fought all day, with forced marches at night.
Battered and homesick in drizzling rain;
It was enough to drive us insane,
But we carried on in Democrarcy's name.
With visions of glory and welcome back home,
We caught the boat that meant no more we'd roam
From mother and dad and friends ever true,
Back in the land of the Red, White and Blue.
They say I'm a "goldbrick" and I've lost my "tripe,"
But I lost them somewhere in the thick of the fight.
Oh, I know the war's over, but lest we forget,
There's disabled men in our hospitals yet.
Don't prate about compensation but just give us our due,
And treat us as men the same as you;
And if war comes again-God forbid that it will,
Why you can't keep us out though we've had our fill!