

I SAW

THE 48TH COME HOME

The story of the 48th Highlanders
told in verse and poetry.

Written by
Stanley Clark

156 Fitch St., Apt. 206,
Welland, On. L 3 C 5 R 7,
August 18/97.

Mr. Doug Chappell,
18 Concorde Place,
Suit 715,
Don Mills On. M 3 C 3 T 9.

Dear Doug,

First thank you for your interest in my project. I have written two books of poetry and a small novella, 100 plus pages. This project has been working in my mind for fifteen or more years. I borrowed Dave Goodall's copy sometime around 1980 for a weekend and crash read as much as I could at one sitting. I knew then I wanted to attempt an epic poem. This effort on my part does not have the traditional five stress iambic lines; at times I vary my meter. On one occasion a line sounded very prosaic, plodding. Then I realized that as I changed the rhythm of my reading, I was in fact imitating the burial of the dead. I have had to rehearse the reading of my own material.

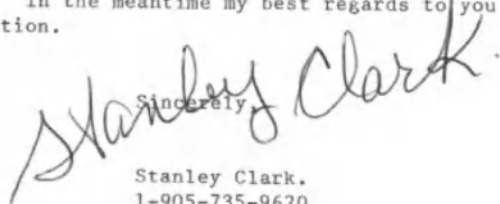
The whole work can be read in 30 or 40 minutes. That is the way to read it. Get a hot cup of your favorite blend of coffee and enjoy.

If either the Regiment or the Comrade's Association would like to undertake printing a run of the poem, I would be glad to make arrangements with executive personnel involved. I will include a second copy for the Colonel of the Regiment. I had 25 printed and Copy Man, a printing house in my area does a fairly acceptable temporary job of Ms. work. I have a relationship with a group called Essence Publishers in Bellville which do first rate professional work.

As mentioned on the phone Kim Beattie's work is a national treasure and should not be left out of print. I want to put in print, my thoughts: the work should be reprinted in two volumes, glossy paperback. And it should be in every school library in the country. Also I might add, a copy should be in the hand of every member of parliament.

I do readings of my work. I spent 24 years in the classroom and another 15 or 20 years in various small churches around Ontario. It has been good to get to know you on the phone and I do hope in the future we will be able to meet. In the meantime my best regards to you and the members of your association.

Sincerely,

Stanley Clark.

Stanley Clark.
1-905-735-9620.

Dedication Page

Private Gordon Booth, 1914-1918. Gassed at Ypres and wounded at Julien. The writer's maternal Uncle. He was a member of the 48th Battalion in the first German war.

R.Q.M.S. Dave Goodall, 1939-1945. Served in Italy during 1943-1944. A respected member of the 48th in the second German War. He was a maternal Uncle of the author's wife.

Others who also served from our combined families.

Sergeant Robert Strachan, 1914-1918 and 1939-1945. Father of author's wife.

Alexander Goodall, 1914-1918, and 1939-1945, British Naval officer. Uncle of the author's wife.

Private William Strachan, 1914- killed in the first German War. An Uncle of the author's wife.

Lieutenant Vincent Booth, 1914-1917, killed at Vimy. A cousin of the author.

Introduction

In my use of the term epic, I am not suggesting that my verse is in any manner exceptional. There are a few glowing passages that should be in print. They are true poetry. There are other lines to round out the story. These are merely verse.

An Epic is a story of a legendary character that plays a mythical role in the development of a people. The story of King Arthur is an example of an Epic. Dr. Ed. Pratt's story of the midland martyrs is an epic. In many cases the characters have superhuman ability.

In these verses the 48th war-time Battalion is the hero. I am indebted to Capt. Kim Beattie's Dileas for the details I have used. For a detailed history, I recommend reading his monumental work. It is a national treasure. I strongly recommend that it be reprinted, in perhaps a two volume paper-back. It should never be allowed to go out of print. There are several other books that I will list in my recommended reading.

This is not intended to be a detailed history. Its purpose is to capture in verse, and occasionally poetry, some of the bright as well as the dark moments of war. War is man made hell. If ever there was a just war that had to be fought, it was the second German war, 1939-1945.

The young men that fought and died were all heroes, everyone of them. Men that had been wounded, others who were suffering battle fatigue, were often sent back to the front. This was short of criminal. For units reduced to half strength to be given tasks that required a unit to be up to full fighting strength was too close to murder for this arm-chair commentator. In some manner the 48th always rose above the difficulties that it faced.

However, there were moments of great humanity. There were times when even the enemy rose above the stench of war and showed his finer qualities. This unfortunately was rare. A couple of cantos on the beloved Padre of the 48th symbolizes the dozens of first-aid men, and ordinary fighting men, who risked their lives for the wounded. In telling his story I am attempting to tell theirs.

It is the writer's purpose to leave some lines of simple verse that the ordinary person will be able to read and understand. Hopefully, to avoid the arty language usually associated with verse. Perhaps some of the cantos will be read on memorial days, honoring our fallen.

The biased view point, quite evident at times, is my own. To send the flower of our youth to be slaughtered every thirty or forty years is a social and cultural obscenity. This bias in no way detracts from the Canadian soldier's incredible courage. We had 92,757 men in Italy. Killed were 5,399, while 19,486 were wounded. Not to be forgotten were the 1,004 that were taken prisoner. The total casualties add up to an appalling 26,254. All of us need to be reminded that we were a nation of just twelve million people.

Cantos in Order of their Appearance

1. The Raw Recruit.
2. The Early Days.
3. The Old Sweats.
4. War Profiteers.
5. The Battle Begins.
6. The Infantry Soldier.
7. War Rations.
8. Italy 1943.
9. The River Moro.

10. Christmas 1943.
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12. The Bora Winds.
13. The Killing Fields.
14. Burial Party.
15. Canadian Mother: 1939-1945.
16. The Corporal.
17. No Enlisted Men Please.
18. The Padre.
19. That Closing Prayer.

20. European Finale.
21. The 48th Came Home.
22. The Last Command.
23. Canadian War Cemeteries of Europe.
24. Let There Be Peace: a hymn for peace.

The Raw Recruit

In September of nineteen-thirty-nine
Parade square soldiers heard command,
The first of many a stern demand.
"Form into columns, march in line."
History's hour had finally come.
Pacifist's excuse had empty run.
There now was no more time.

Raw recruits from the parade square,
Innocent youth with dreams so fair,
One day they would become
A battle hardened battalion.
They would breach the Hitler line.

Finished was the narcotic-like,
The twenty years of sleep.
Boys would give their lives,
For a word, that diplomats won't keep.
A government's lack of readiness
Caused soldiers great distress,
Would cost many lives,
Made it deadly difficult
For freedom to survive.

For twenty years of foolish waste,
We had to mobilize in haste.
Like David with his sling, his stone, his faith,
He faced the giant where he stood,
And battled for his race.
He fought for Israel's good,
For freedom's living place,
To establish once for all,
In history's hallowed hall,
For faith a sacred space.

The Early Days

Their numbers were complete by September.
Citizen soldiers were ready for war.
They took a train in December,
For a ship to leave Canadian shores.
They went north to cross the dangerous sea,
Submarine, and Raider infested.
There's a cost for the world to be free.
Their Pipers played Hielan' Laddie;
They piped the young men aboard.
They were packed as tight as a slaver.
No one spoke of death or danger,
But the thought brought a common accord.

Christmas day they were on the water.
They seemed a long way from home.
It was only step one on their journey.
Across the brine and the foam.
Then safe in Glasgow's harbor,
Hogmanay was the next day's decree.
They were hungry;
They were cold;
They were cramped;
Tired from days on the sea.

By train to Aldershot's Barracks,
They endured the English damp.
They had to adapt to the climate,
With kippers, warm beer and the cramps.
The phony war was soon over.
The days of ease were done.
No more living in clover,
Norway had been overrun.
France fell without fighting a battle.
She surrendered her soul to the Hun.
Training could now start in earnest.
Gone were the days of pure fun.
Heart breaking thirty mile route marches.
There was a battle with fatigue to be won.

The Old Sweats

Old sweats were called to the colors.
The old fighting spirit revived.
Men that stood at Ypres,
And stormed Vimy's height,
Shared their warrior spirit;
Young sons they taught to fight.
They brought truth to the darkened shadows,
They took care to turn on the light.
Old loyalties began to stir,
The Battalion was now alive.

Platoons need that quiet old soldier,
Confident, sure of himself,
Who can nurture the lad just beginning,
And share the old warrior's wealth.

The Colors had been bloodied,
In the first great German war.
"Should they lead us to battle?
Should they go on before?
Are they the jingoist's symbol?
Empty and void of life?
Should our Colors stir our passions,
As we enter the storm and strife?"

Sacred symbols are precious.
Symbols must go before.
Recruits transformed into family,
Moulded into brothers that care.
Fashioned into a nation's hammer,
Forged in the furnace's core.
Lean and tough as leather,
Without an ounce to spare.
With body, with mind and with spirit,
They were trained to serve everywhere.

War Profiteers

Forty dollars a month,
That's the magnificent sum,
Canada pays to her heroes,
Canada pay to her sons.
"Now laddie, please understand,
Understand if you will,
That's a heap o' money for a hero,
A bundle o' pay to be killed.

We'll just hold half your pay in trust.
Temptation will come, and it must.
Interest free, of course understand.
Go out and face death like a man.

The Depression has lasted ten years.
War brings sorrow, brings pain and brings tears.
But you've pay in your pack;
You've clothes on your back;
There's beer on the rack;
There's girls at the bar;
And you'll travel real far;
What more do you lack?

Sign here for the fight of your life.
We'll take care of the kids;
We'll take care of your wife.
Join in the conflict, enter the strife."

The Battle Begins

The Brass had big decisions
Of Who entered What-Place first.
While the Padre was very concerned,
About the Sicilian thirst,
After miles of forced march,
Through the Sicilian dust,
A number had lost their starch.
But the cook had hot food ready,
The Battalion's well being came first.

With Khaki handkerchief for head gear,
Clothes ripped by the rugged terrain,
They rapidly made their objective.
The defeat of the Hun was the game.

"What's the speed," was the question.

"What's the bloody hurry," time and again.

"To move an army quickly takes brilliance,
To move an army with speed takes brains.
War's lessons can't be learned at War College.
It is only under fire one gains,
Only from the furnace War Knowledge."

The Hastings had tasted early death.
The Highlanders had felt its breath.
The 48th would soon taste blood,
In the Italian winter mud.

The Generals may make their plan,
Engineers may rivers span,
Battles are won by the fighting man.

The Infantry Soldier

He climbed the mountain of conflict,
Endured the valleys of despair,
The deadly fire of careless thought,
Where error meant, death on the spot,
As groans of wounded filled the air.

Every foot of ground from Italy to the Rhine
Was taken yard by yard,
By soldiers of the line.
It was difficult and hard.

Our Enemy with vaunted boast had sung,
The World and its wealth is ours.
Only sacrifice could restore freedom's stars,
Could purchase back the stolen land,
Stolen wealth greedy hands had clung,
Restore once more, to its people grand,
Establish again God's sovereign plan.

Across darkened rivers, through the dead of night,
Death and destruction turned out the light,
Left school boys sleeping, on the frozen ground,
To be buried by their comrades, when they were found.

"Flowers of the forest," seed of a world to come,
When men will live as brothers, under a glowing sun,
Where sacrifice and honor will speak of deeds well done,
Where love of God eternal, will flow as rivers run.

War Rations

They remembered hearing about rations,
And how the folks at home,
Endured their hardships,
Across the ocean's foam.
Gas rations, and short trips,
With a lack of meat and butter.
The constant murmur and complaint,
The citizen's sacrificial mutter;
The homefront's whining moan.

They remembered Sicily,
In the summer heat,
With the sun-scorched sores,
And the blistered feet.
They remembered the generous rations
From British Army Stores,
That made a Private overjoyed
To fight Britain's wars.

The tasty hard-tack biscuits,
Sent in lieu of bread.
The yellow wax called margarine,
With which to serve as spread.
Generous tins of M and V.
Scraps of fat and gristle,
Which one washed down with tea.
Vegetables mashed with it;
It's called the soldier's mess.
Something called strawberry
Was really turnip jam.
To round out the rations,
Seven Victory cigarettes
Was sent for each fighting man.
They were made in India
From dried cattle dung.
These were the awesome treasures,
To which the Good Cook clung.
But to show they considered comfort
For each soldier of the line,
Each man had six squares of tissue,
When his private job was done.
It was regulation issue.
It was great for tracing maps,
Or as official note when a currency lack.
But never under a merciful heaven,
For what it was really sent.
Never, never, never for what it was really meant.

Italy 1943

Their fathers looked down from heaven,
Killed in the first German war.
They cheered their children onwards.
A road they had travelled before.

Gone were the War Games with Jerry,
Gone the pretense and the fun,
The sea, the surf, where 'twas merry;
Gone were the days in the sun.
The struggle was dire and deadly,
They now were at war with The Hun.

Their elders watched from ramparts of glory.
Civilization's battle begun.
All Highlanders knew their story,
The heroes of Ypres, of Julien, the Somme;
And watching over their children,
Were the glorious Angels of Mons.

The River Moro

No one on the Avenue remembered the river Moro.
No one there remembered the death and bitter sorrow.
No one lining the street in the fall drenched air,
No one remembered that fateful day,
And certainly, no one cared.

However, their sister regiment did.
It was they who shared,
Death on that river bank,
Where every soldier hid,
From enemy fire pouring down,
From machine guns on the ridge.
The Plough-boys, the Hastings,
Their sister regiment fared,
Death on a muddy slope,
Where it was easy to lose one's life,
And it was easy to lose one's hope.

There was no rest from the battle.
Hot food there was a lack.
But surely common soldiers can survive
On rations of hard-tack.
Units were under-strength;
Some were only half.
Men were needed for home defense.
And an Admiral claimed all landing craft.

Do not fight an all out war,
With a hand behind your back.
Fight a vicious enemy,
With skill, that has no lack.
Do not send young men to die.
In the rain drenched mud,
Of a cold, wet winter sky.
Do not ask young boys to do,
To swear allegiance, to be true,
To a cause, where leaders fail to try.
Do not ask young men to bleed;
Do not ask mere boys to die.

Christmas 1943

Christmas did arrive that year.
It just came two weeks late.
In spite of the calender,
No one saw the date.

They remembered as they marched,
In victory that day,
Their comrades' tragic fate.
Bloody December, a memory to hate.

That year the tardy mail from home,
Joy from the very start.
Warmed each lonely heart.
While hot food with the trimmings,
Warmed each rain chilled bone.

Rest camp was created,
For the weary broken men.
New spirits were elated,
By comforts once again.

The Sally Ann were always there.
Their love and kindness healed the air.
Locals were hired to form the service crew.
With tired lives restored,
The Italian winter blew.

Five days of rest was quite enough.
Canadian fighting men were tough.
In the dead of winter new men were trained.
Because of jaundice and wounds,
Valiant men were maimed.
Sickness, wounds and weariness,
And war's constant, dire distress.

To prepare for Spring,
To assault and finally bring,
One day peace at home,
They planned a Spring offensive,
That would one day lead to Rome.

The Enemy

As the 48th marched by,
On that wet fall day,
They remembered each proud face,
Conquerors of Europe,
Sons of the master race.
They had fought tenaciously,
Never giving ground,
Through the battle's din,
Through the battle's sound.

They were proud and fearless,
For a cause we didn't know.
They served their colors bravely,
Through the battles ebb and flow.
When they fought, they fought as men.

As the slugs would hit them,
We could hear their gentle cries.
We could hear above the noise.
They too were far from home.
Then they closed their eyes,
And died as sleeping boys.

The Bora Winds

As they marched north to their armories,
They remembered the Bora winds,
During Italy's two year stay.
They remembered the killing fields,
The valleys of the Liri and the Po,
Where the enemy rarely ran.
They fought for each foot of ground,
Down to the very last man.
For the Hun would rarely yield,
And only the brave dare go.

They remembered the spandaus,
The machine guns, and the bren.
Remembered the waves of machine gun fire,
That turned boys into men.
Many just in their twenties.
They were only at life's start.
The streaks of gray, the tired eyes,
Were enough to break one's heart.
I saw the 48th come home.
Thank God they're home to stay.
I saw the 48th come home,
On that wet fall day.

The Killing Fields

The killing fields, the killing fields
Of Italy and France,
Where Death laughed, long and loud,
Where Death did his deadly dance;

As he wrapped them, in rain's mud-shroud.

The raging streams with twelve foot banks,
Were deadly minefields, and a trap for tanks.
Hills in the distance would spit, swift death,
Would snatch life away, one's very last breath.

An enemy shell well placed would leave a tank on fire,
And become for its crew, a blazing funeral pyre.
Death dealing land mines leapt in the air.

A foe that couldn't be fought,
At times did not seem fair.
Perhaps their makers should be caught,
And before a Court of Law, be brought.

The killing fields, the killing fields,
Where the enemy rarely faltered,
And the Hun never yields.

Burial Party

They came in the dark of the night,
With spades and markers.
In the East they saw the light.
They saw the glow of dawn.
The day, it would be bright.
They buried them by roadside.
Souls were at the ebb-tide.
They were youths; they still were boys.

They hurried with their service.
Soon, they'd hear the cannon's noise.
Their Padre told of a gentle teacher,
With a message from the East,
Of God's eternal purpose,
And heaven's eternal peace.
A hurried prayer was said.
A Word of Hope to them was read.

Their Padre put his book away.
He would double as a first aid man
Throughout this battle day.
He would bring solace and comfort
To the wounded from the bitter fray.
They had to hurry now.
It would soon be light.
And they had to go.
Back to raging battle,
Where sacred blood would flow.

They left their friends sleeping
In Italy's blowing yield.
They left their souls in God's hand.
Comrades who took a bold stand.
Blood, a price for the victor's field.

Padre, Major The Rev. Stewart East, M.C., M.B.E.
Was the beloved Chaplain of the 48th.

The puns were intentional.

Canadian Mother: 1939-1945

"O where did the little boy go,
Who played with his sleigh,
And laughed in the snow?
Where is the music happy and gay?
Where are the hugs given each day?
Where sleeps my son, who serves far away?"

"He's resting still on Italy's soil,
Fighting for freedom, the victor's spoil.

He's waiting the trumpet, that final sound.
That will pierce the sky and open the ground.
He's waiting Gabriel's final call.
He's waiting for love and peace to fall.
God's love to fill and conquer all.
And peace to reign this world around."

The Corporal

The Corporal was sitting there,
Oblivious to the wet fall air,
Proud as punch in his new wheel chair.
His unit saw his new leg was on.
He couldn't stand too long right now.
The limb caused too much pain.
His unit remembered raw courage,
And the enemy ground he gained.

He had dreamed of being a doctor.
That dream would fade away.
A crippled Ex-Corporal
Had come home to stay.
His greatest battle for years to come
In shadow, darkness, or the sun,
Would be the battle to keep his trust,
In the cause for which he fought.

And keep that faith he must!

For a college degree was denied him now,
His health too frail to wield a plough.
He would learn to adapt to a different life,
To support his bairns and support his wife.

As his unit came to attention,
They also saw him stand,
To be dismissed as well,
For he was still a Battalion Man.

No Enlisted Men Please

In the cold and wet of Italy,
In the valley of the Po,
Rain drenched soldiers
Were soaked with sleet and snow.
In a season of rest,
A time of brief relief,
Highlanders went into town
To find some warmth and heat.

Sign after sign was posted.
They read them with chagrin.
Please find other lodging.
There's no room at This Inn.
Senior Officers only,
Reserved for General Staff.
There was no place for a Private,
Where he could rest his head.
He would have to dig a slit-trench,
And sleep out there instead.

"Do they know where the war is at?"
One angry sergeant spoke.
His face was red with rage.
One could almost see the smoke.
"They have trailers, caravans,
With which The Brass is blest."

"Now Lad, please understand,
Understand, if ye will:
You are here to fight.
Our enemies to kill.
After the hard conflict's over,
And you rest in ease and clover,
There are seats in Parliament,
That require great minds to fill.
While our valiant sleep
Each in his cold, wet, slit,
Toughing it in the snow
Will keep our soldiers fit.

Our caravans are not for General Comfort,
But to serve as mobile offices,
While we wage total war.
So the Staff must have their rest,
As they have always done before,
And guide to total victory,
In order that our World is free."

The Padre

The Padre stayed at the aid post,
No secure place for him.
Always at the side of the wounded,
There when they were brought in.
He would search the field for the injured,
Broken by the battle's din.
At times he was drained and sick,
But he was always at the thick,
Where action was at its worst;
And in the heat of Sicily
Where men would rage with thirst,
He was there with his bottles of water;
Their Kipling's Gunga Din.

He was a skilled first-aid man.
He would daily follow God's plan,
And look after others first.
He guided aid-men to dangerous places.
He knew all the Highlander's faces.
In this hell, they found it odd,
To walk with this saint of God.

There was a memorable Christmas in 1943,
When many were enslaved and very few were free.
Highlander's were under fire and things were in doubt.
The Padre stormed like a sergeant,
And visited each lonely dug-out.
He visited each unit in the bitter fight.
Does it surprise you reader,
If I rhyme these lines of mine,
With a spiritual word called LIGHT.

He took a service for a corporal,
Far too close to the front.
The Captain warned of the danger.
"You are within enemy range Sir."
The Corporal was deeply loved.
The men would take the risk.
They would trust their God above.
They buried his body in Italy's sod.
They committed his soul to God.

When finally wounded in battle,
He could no longer go on,
For a season was silenced God's music,
All knew that war is wrong.
They knew that war is hell.
For a season he brought a brief spell
Of REASON, and LIGHT, and TRUTH.
In hell God has his servant,
GOD'S MAN, GOD'S WITNESS, GOD'S SONG.

That Closing Prayer

In January of nineteen forty-five,
Scarred though they were,
They were glad to be alive.
Their beloved Padre said his final prayer.
Devotion such as his was very, very rare.
His Colonel had told him,
Time and time again.
To stay out of danger.
He constantly ignored the order
When he saw the men in pain.
But his health was breaking down
Under the constant strain.

His temperature was then 102.
His health was in peril.
Of course, that would not do.
He could still bury them,
His gallant Highland men,
If there were only three.
But his strength was limited,
If there were more, you see.

His Colonel and the Doctor
Ordered complete rest.
He finally obeyed the order
Under great duress.
As he walked off the field,
He stood ten feet tall.
A tough old Sergeant-Major
Said it for them all,

"There goes God."

European Finale

The new C.O. took over;
He took the last salute.
He was now the Battalion's head,
Because in the last battle,
Col. Don was dead.
Relieved from war's toil,
He rests on Dutch soil.
On a dyke he makes his bed.
He sleeps with the men he loved.
Souls kept in God's hand above.
There's no rank, nor office there,
In a land with peace that's fair.

A silhouette in the sunlight,
Gave that last salute.
Soldiers at attention,
Freedom's awful fruit.
They said, "good bye," to battle.
They said, "good bye," to death.
They said, "good morning sunrise,"
With every living breath.

They remembered the Liri valley,
The muddy rain washed Po.
They remembered fallen comrades,
With their courage that did flow.
They recalled their faces,
Lads that just were youth,
Their passionate search for freedom,
Their quest for eternal truth.

This was then the battle,
The battle to be strong.
To defeat the darkness,
To correct and heal the wrong.
To return to men their sunshine,
To restore to man his song.

The 48th Came Home

I saw the 48th come home.
They breached the Hitler line;
They opened the road to Rome.
They opened the door; they made the way,
For the brass to boast and earn their pay.
With only a single battalion attack,
They drove a wedge; they opened a crack.
The enemy broke; the Nazi fled,
While Highlanders suffered, while Canadians bled.

In the Union Station Concourse,
I saw them form in line.
They marched east on Front street.
The pipes kept them in time.
Then north on Yonge street,
The ticker-tape it fell.
Welcomed home our heroes,
Heroes returned from hell.

Thousands roared their praise
For steel-eyed young soldiers,
Who remembered battle days.
They remembered the killing fields,
Where Grenadiers and Panzers
Would fight and rarely yield,
Without an awful flood,
A price of human blood.

The Last Command

Outside the armories in the pelting rain,
No one felt the turmoil, no one sensed the pain.
Family and friends were there,
Children never seen,
Their cries filled the air.

This was their last battle.
They had to say good bye,
Part with battle comrades.
Soldiers never cry.

"Wait for it."
The silence fell on all,
Like a temple's hallowed hall;
There was a holy hush.
Somehow the crowd understood;
This was a battalion's brotherhood.

Men would miss the love of comrades,
Men they'd learned to trust,
Trust with their very lives.
The rain beat on their faces.
"Big boys never cry."
Their hearts were torn to pieces,
For those who had to die.
The silence almost thundered.
Tears poured from the sky.

The Colonel gave the order,
In the rain and mist.
"Battalion attention;
Battalion dismiss."

I saw the 48th come home,
From the deliverance of Holland,
From victory at Rome.

The Canadian War Cemeteries of Europe

Mile after mile of orderly graves.
Neat precise soldiers still on parade.
Stiff at attention was each soldier laid,
 Row by row and rank by rank,
Without air cover, a field without tanks,
Waiting silently that last call to arms,
 Safe for the moment from war's alarms,
Cradled by nature and safe from all harm.

I saw how we honoured and cared for our dead,
And tried to make sense as each name I read.
 From village and city, county and town,
Our nation's history had been written down,
 Not on parchment with paper and pen,
 But the lives of her youth
 And the blood of her men.

Let There Be Peace

One lonely soldier sang,
Let there be peace.
Then a loud chorus ran,
Stay war's increase.
Then friend and foe began,
Joined heaven's voice at hand,
Bless God our native land,
Let there be peace.

Death's guns ceased hellish clang;
Let there be peace.
Fearful bomb's deaf'ning bang,
Let all hate cease.
Medics with dead lads groaned,
Give to each hearth and home,
Joy, love, and peace alone;
God give us peace.

Grizzled old veterans sang,
Let there be peace.
May death knell's ring now cease;
Let love increase.
High Command prayed; each man
Asked God's almighty hand,
Would touch each lane and strand.
Lord send us peace.

Silver Cross Mothers sobbed,
Let there be peace.
Then Gold Star Mothers rang,
Let all war cease.
Lord give peace to our land,
May your sure healing joy
Touch each hurt soldier boy.
We plead for peace.

This may be sung to the tune of "Teach Me Thy Way, O Lord," tune Camacha; tune by B. Mansell Ramsey. See also Bethany; tune for, "Nearer My God to Thee." Metrical Index, 64,64,666,44.

Recommended Reading

Beattie, Capt. Kim, Dileas, Published by the 48th Highlanders of Canada.
Publishing office, 591 Church St., Toronto, Ontario.

Granatstein, J.L., and Morton, Desmond, A Nation Forged in Fire, Lester
and Orpen Dennys Ltd., 78 Sullivan St., Toronto, Ontario.

McAndrew, Bill, Canadians and the Italian Campaign, Editions Art Global,
Publishers, 284 Laurier Ave., West, Montreal, Quebec.