

# POEMS

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HIS LAST DUG-OUT  
OVER THE TOP  
A BROKEN HEART  
HALIFAX IN RUINS

BY SGT. S. B. FULLERTON  
RETURNED SOLDIER

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**HIS LAST DUG-OUT  
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A BROKEN HEART  
HALIFAX IN RUINS**

By Sgt. STANLEY B. FULLERTON,  
Returned Soldier

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1918

## His Last Dug-Out

While lying in my dug-out  
With the ground for my bed;  
A bag of sand for a pillow  
It was there I laid my head.

And, thinking of the town I left  
Far, far across the foam  
I was dreaming of the loved ones  
In my own Canadian home.

When I was suddenly awakened  
By the roaring overhead  
The earth came tumbling down on me  
And left me there half dead.

For a moment I was full of thought  
And being burried there alive  
I prayed to God for freedom  
Which came to me at last

My comrades soon came to my relief  
And commenced to dig about  
And they worked like brave heroes,  
Till the dug-out was shoveled out

They put me on that stretcher  
And carried me back of the lines  
Where I could lie in safety  
'Til my wounds were bound and tied

My wounds were safely bandaged  
And across the Channel I was sent  
To a hospital in Blighty,  
Where many weary days I spent.

Twelve weary months I lay in bed,  
Wasting and pining away  
Until one day I heard the Sister say  
He will soon be numbered with the dead

The Sister came to my bedside  
With tears that filled her eyes;  
She says "you must part on earth  
To meet your loved ones in the skies.

Sister, will you write a letter  
To my folks across the foam?  
Tell them I would like to see them  
And my own Canadian home.

Tell my mother that I loved her  
Tell her I long to see her once again,  
Tell her that in Heaven I will meet her  
But on earth we'll ne'er meet again

Then I heard him softly whisper  
But I could not make out what he said  
Then he gave one long sigh for breath  
And I knew that he was dead.

## Over the Top

Ypres, July 31st 1917

Calm was the morning, not a Hun to be seen,  
As I peeped o'er the land which at one time was green  
There in the distance, with a tangle and twine  
Lay the broken barbed wire of the German first line  
Peacefull it looks now, but, ah, they don't know  
That our Boys will be over, we have not long to go.  
As I stood in the trench with my phone on my back,  
I looked at our boys who were soon to attack.

You could tell by their faces, they were deeply in thought  
As you'll always see them before the battle is fought  
I then heard a whisper, what's that I hear?  
It was passed by their Captain, is the signaller here.

Yes, I replied, sir, he answered, thank you  
Two minutes, sir, for zero. it was time to stand to  
In that two minutes, they filled the first line,  
Then a roll of great thunder and up went our mine.

Oh, what an explosion it made one feel shocked  
As we stooped 'til it settled, Lord, how the ground rocked  
Then, with a spring, a jump and a hop,  
Like pulled with a string we were over the top.

Crash, bang, went our guns an unceasing clatter  
As the German first line we started to batter.  
It was like one long fire, with a bursting of shell  
Nothing could be worse for him, no, not even hell.

We reached their first line and were slashing them hard,  
Some called for mercy Oh, mercy comrad  
With terror stricken faces they were trembling with fright,  
When we get to close quarters they've no heart to fight.

Onward we went with a rush through the mud  
For our next objective which was, this time, a wood.  
At this we were cautious, they had so many runs,  
We knew it was fortified with many machine guns.

I spoke on my phone and warned my O. C.  
Fire on second target, sir, the big scraggy tree.  
I'm going to fire now, he said, so take a good sight  
That is just about it, sir, try two degrees, right  
Got them, that's perfect let them have fifty rounds;  
I knew that would get them, they are running like hounds.  
Now for a smoke as calmly I stood  
Watching my shells burst into the wood.

Then came a runner with a message that read  
Order all guns to lift, we will now go ahead.  
Onward they went, some at the double  
Taking the same wood without so much trouble.

Then came the report; our objectives are gained  
The advance was completed so there they remained  
It was now getting late and night drawing near  
So I found an old dug out, says I, I'll stop here.

What a miserable feeling as I sat there alone  
And smoked up my woodbine with my ear to the phone  
Then laid my head on a dirty old sack  
Waiting, in case of a counter attack.

It poured, Heavens hard, rained all through the night,  
Wet through and slashed up, I did look a sight;  
Moreover than that I was feeling half dead  
Being forced to partake of some German black bread.

Then came the next morning I was pleased to see light,  
Thanking God to myself for his guard through the night  
On my phone came a call so I answered hello;  
A Battery, signaller, you may pick up and go.

I then disconnected, put the phone on my back  
Then took a glimpse around to make sure of my track.  
I braced myself up after picking my trace,  
Then set off in excitement, you bet, a good pace

Firmly I walked beneath the Hun's bursting shell  
I am in for a hot time, I know it quite well  
Then eventually I reached my old battery once more  
I was pleased to sit down by my old dug out door

I sat there thinking of what would come next  
I thought of the trenches so badly wrecked.  
I have been in some battles but proved this the worst  
I will never forget YPRES on july thirty first

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"What would the Kaiser look like with his mustache cut off?"

"He would look like the Devil shaved."

"What will he look like when the Allies get through with him, if he looks like the Devil when he is shaved."

# A Broken Heart

—o:(x):o—

In a quiet little village  
That stood on yonder hill  
I lived for nearly forty years  
Until the Germans came to kill.

Many weary hours I spent.  
With only my baby son  
Thinking of his father  
Who had gone to fight the Hun.

Twelve dreary months I've sat alone  
Watching the old log burn  
Picturing, as the ashes fell  
The day of his dad's return.

My boy was only three years' old,  
Quite a tiny little tot,  
He was worth the world of gold to me  
Both he and his little cot.

At night, when feeling lonely  
The cradle I would rock  
Until everything was silent  
But the ticking of the clock.

One morning I felt uneasy,  
My heart was feeling sore  
As I took a letter handed  
From the postman at the door.

For a moment I was full of thought,  
Whatever can this be?  
It is not my husband's writing  
The man so dear to me.

The letter, I then opened  
And trembled while I read  
He did his duty nobly.  
My God, I'm told he's dead.

May Heaven bless you, wherever you may lie  
It almost drives me mad  
To think I have lost my dear beloved  
And my baby has lost its dad.

That very night at twelve o'clock  
I awoke with awful fright,  
With the roaring of the cannon  
And their flashes through the night.

Just then someone shouted  
And rattled at my door.  
Make haste in there and fly for your life  
And then I heard no more.

In excitement I thundered down the stairs  
With my baby on my breast  
A shell came crashing through the roof  
And shattered baby's chest.

Half dressed and heart broken  
I ran across the way  
My baby moaned for half an hour  
Then quietly passed away.

From across the way I watched the flames  
    Growing higher and higher  
It made me almost mad with rage  
    To see my house on fire.

Then, along the road I stumbled  
    A little to the west  
Stood a shell swept little churchyard  
    And there I laid my babe to rest.

Into this world I am alone,  
    I know not where to roam,  
Husband and baby taken from me  
    Through the Germans that wrecked my home.

Back to the ruins I went that night  
    And searching through the wreck  
**I found my baby's cot**  
    **Which the Germans. they had wrecked**

Turning towards the window  
    There, lying on the floor  
Was my darling's photograph  
    In a dozen bits or more

There is our arm chair  
    I had for many years  
On which I have sat for many a night  
    And shed so many tears

There is mother's picture  
    She left when I was small,  
Splintered with a shrapnel,  
    With it's face towards the wall.

Even the little stockings  
    In pieces, everywhere.  
And the dainty little slippers  
    That my baby used to wear.

I cannot stand this trouble  
    The strain is far too much  
My heart is almost stopping  
    As the table here I clutch.

Is there a God in Heaven?  
    And will He hear me say  
Make those cruel Germans answer  
    For what they've done this day.

Farewell to loving Belgium  
    I leave this world to-night,  
Slay those cruel Germans  
    And may God defend the right

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Crown Prince:—"What do you think about America but-  
ting in?"

Kaiser:—"Uncle Sam told me when he was here that I  
could beat the world with my army and navy, when he  
saw them and I was damn fool enough to believe him.

"If the Kaiser's mind was a sea port, it would be some  
port."

# Halifax in Ruins

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It was on the sixth of December,  
The day I never forget.  
When steaming up our harbour,  
Came that dreadful Fatal Ship.

Then came the sound of fire,  
What ever can it be?  
It is on board that fatal ship,  
Loaded with that dangerous T. N. T.

O our City was in peace and quietness,  
And the people were going to and fro,  
Not thinking of the danger  
That they had to undergo.

Then came the roars like thunder,  
What ever can it be  
Some thought it was the Germans  
From far across the sea.

Then came a flash like lightning,  
That swept over our town,  
And crumbled up our buildings,  
And layed them to the ground.

Then came the sound of weeping,  
And groans from everywhere.  
My God! It is so dreadful to see  
Our loved ones perish there.

Then thousands came from everywhere,  
To help those loved ones in despair,  
My God, To see that dreadful sight,  
With bodies strewn along the streets that night.

Such sights that were seen, can never be told,  
From the ones that were rescuing those poor  
wounded souls.  
Weeping and crying came from everywhere,  
And mothers offered up to God their favorite prayer.

The lights went out, the streets were dark,  
And groans were heard from every part.  
Helping hands came from every where,  
To rescue those who were suffering there.

They toiled all night till break of morn,  
And then came down that dreadful storm.  
And willing hands that worked so fast,  
Rescued those poor souls at last.

Doctors and nurses came from everywhere  
Dressed the wounds of the sufferers there.  
In homes of comfort they were placed,  
With smiling courtesies on their faces.

The undertakers came in from everywhere,  
And washed and dressed those who perished there.  
Into their coffins they were laid,  
And taken to the resting place.

The tale of the rescuers can hardly be told,  
Of the brave ones, who worked in the storm and the  
cold.

They worked night and day, and never gave up,  
Till the bodies were taken from under the stuff.

Here's to Capt. Harrison, who was thoughtful in mind,  
He saw there was danger aboard the ship that was  
moored.

So he cut her adrift and steamed out in the bay,  
And sailed her to safety, where no danger lay.

Now we come to the Steamer, that was ruined that day,  
Her anchor stock was blown two and a half miles away  
Even box cars were blown across the wide waves,  
And her big guns were carried 'way out in the bay.



Now she is gone and will sail never more,  
Her big iron plates are all over our shores.  
The name will be remembered for long years to come,  
The great wreck and ruin and sadness she done.

Now our people are cared for in huts everywhere,  
And their homes that were ruined, will soon be  
repaired.  
And they will be placed in their homes once more,  
And dwell by the harbour in peace ever-more.

Thanks to our Government, who so thoughtfully responded  
Sending the needed with every-thing wanted.  
In money and food stuffs that hastily came,  
To those who were homeless and deserving of same.

Even Australia responded to the call,  
And sent us their gold, from that far off land.  
To those who were suffering from that dreadful day  
And helped to build up their homes that were blown  
away.

And even dear old England with all her troubles at hand,  
She sent us assistance to build up the land.  
We'll never forget what she has done,  
And always be true to her. As true as the Sun.

Here's to the Star Spangled Banner, that waves in the  
breeze.  
That stands for Liberty, over land and seas.  
For the help they gave in our great time of need,  
And binds tighter the friendship, for so noble a deed.

When the word was flashed across the line,  
That a helping hand was needed.  
How nobly the call was answered,  
From those true friends across the sea.

They sent us relief in abundance,  
It came from every-where.  
To comfort our homeless loved ones,  
That were so sadly in despair.

Half of our town is lying in ruins,  
And our buildings are badly smashed.  
But President Wilson says to build them up again  
And they will send over the cash.

Here's to that good old Union Jack,  
And to the Allies that are it's defenders.  
We thank the Star Spangled Banner  
For the help that they rendered.

The Union Jack and Stars and Stripes,  
I pray, will always wave together,  
God bless them both for evermore,  
And our Maple Leaf Forever.

