BE DAMNED

Though Nations fall and Empires wane
Though famine stalks and terror reign
Though death and hell and hunger call
From squalid hut to castle hall
While time her ceaseless course shall run
In deepest hell, Lord, sink the Huns.

Let demons laugh to hear his cry
Let Heaven eternal life deny
While vast eternity shall roll
Let every Hun from pole to pole
From Belgium coast to Darnelle
Forever sink to deepest hell.

Be damned in life, be damned in death,
Be damned each last despairing breath
Be damned on earth, be damned in heaven
Be damned at last to die in shrunken
From pole to pole and sun to sun
To death and hell damn every Hun.

May shades of all his murdered dead
Breathe dark damnation on his head
For all the blood his lust has cost
Be damned by all that martyred host
Be damned at every ruined shrine
Be damned by every right divine.

While yet the moon and sun shall roll,
Be damned by every human soul;
Be damned by every saint above,
Be damned by all the host of love,
As long as time her race shall run,
Forever damned be every Hun.

John Robert HUME
Soisson, France
July 28, 1918
THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE

The home of my kindred, the land of my birth
The fairest and dearest, the brightest on earth
My heart fondly turns as onward I roam,
To scenes of my childhood, my own happy home.

In the carnage of battle or moan of the sea
In the dreams of the night, I am thinking of thee.
Oh blessed be the loved ones far over the foam
Who are calling me back to my old childhood home.

The beautiful valleys I wandered among
The songs of my youth that in childhood I sung
The orchard, the meadow, the old village mill,
The spring that ran out from the foot of the hill.

They lovingly, longingly, cling to my heart
The far o'er the ocean we're sundered apart
The loved ones have passed forever away
And mouldered to dust in their own kindred clay.

The boom of the cannon, the cry of despair
The moan of the dying that's on mine ear
'Tis home and our loved ones we're fighting to save,
We dread not the foeman, we scorn not the grave.

John Robert HUME

SICK SOLDIER IN FRANCE

I sit at my grated window
And gaze on the hurrying street
And think of the starving children
That haven't enough to eat.
Wan faces I see in the shadows
That come with the fading light,
And there's one that perished in hunger
And he died in the street last night.
IN THE TRENCHES

The songs they sang in the trenches
Are the ones I want to hear
The dear old songs the soldiers sang
'Twas music to mine ear.

The songs they sang in the trenches
The songs of the brave and true
The songs of love and homeland
I'd hear the boys from you.

THE BATTLE RIM

'Twas sunset on the battle rim
The bending sun was low
In their vigil dark and grim
On their putrid dead below
The cannon's fiery breath was hushed
The weary warring sleep
In dreams they see the dear old home
Across the angry deep.

Nothing to do but to hunger and die
Turned out on the desert, God only knows why
I've tried to be true to the colors I love
I've prayed for the strength from heaven above
I fought on the plains of the Phillipine Isles
I've battled where Carabian waters smile
I followed each mandate, each order obeyed.

SWAT 'IM ONCE

Here's to Briton, here's to Frank
Here's to husky western Yank
Here's to every mother's son
Who loves to swat a brutal Hun.

OLD FRANCE

Land so olden, grand, and golden,
Home of sweet romance,
Rich in glory, song, and story,
Beauteous land of France.
THEM HUNS

Well them Huns may not be beaten,
But the bastards keep retreatin'
All night long ye see 'em crawlin'
On their lousey bellies sprawlin'.

Guess they hear them Southern legions
From them fur off western regions
Scrubbin' up their rusty sabers
Poppin' off among their nabers

Moulden bullits cuttin' patches
Keepin' all the kids a scratchin'
Gittin' ready fer the skinin'
Which I figger's jist beginnin'.

When the cock crows in the mornin'
Hun jist better take a warnin'
Cause them Huns of all creation
Couldn't whip that husky nation.

Ole Unkil Sam is gittin' in it
--Sorter hated to begin it.
But his dander keeps a risin'
And his eye is lookin' pizen.

Husky lads with home made rifels
Coon skin caps and all sitch trifles
On their shoulders shot pouch fashion
Gwine to give them Huns a thrashin'!

Beats the world how Sam is buyin'
Wallet's out and cash is flyin'
Tons and tons of ammernition.
Mad as hell and all creation.

Lots of cash fer hungry Frenchies
Men to fill the empty trenches.
Cause the devils risin' in 'em,
An' them Dutch in hell can't skin 'em.

An' his dander now is risin'
And his eye is green as pizen.
--Run, ye lousey sons of Bitches.
Ole Arkansaw is in the ditches.

John Robert HUME
Fontaine Notre Dame
Cambria Sector, Nov. 11, '17

Under training in the Canadian Black-Watch
where I was covered up in the trench at
2 o'clock a. m. in sick duty in the front
line. Had an explosion and killed 4 out of 5.
FOR FREEDOM and FRANCE

They've laid their young lives on the altar
To die for Freedom and France
Not a soul among them would falter
For the beautiful land of Romance.

Answer
We didn't come here to die old man,
Not even for freedom and France
We aint here to grace no funeral pyre--
For the beautiful land of Romance.

We're too busy with life, old man,
For here on the battle line
Life and its woes beats hell a mile
With me and those chums of mine.

There's lots of joy in life old man
There's lots of folly and fun.
When we don't have any thing else to do
We butcher a lousy Hun.

There's a feller that's here old man
He's here in the Boche's ditch
The Rebels are here in the trench old man
To boost the son of a Bitch.

By Captain John Robert HUME
In the Battle of Chateau Thierry
DOWN IN SOISSON

I wouldn't feel safe over there
An' I don't like the climate no how
So I guess I'll jist stay right here
With the winnin' and cripplers I 'low.

But then if my children should ask me
What part that I took in the right
Don't tell 'em I cornered provisions
And boosted the price out of sight.

Jist tell 'em I couldn't git over
No matter how hard that I tried
Jist that I volunteered often,
Perhaps they won't know that I lied.

Just say that their dad was a hero
And as handy as hell with a gun
Jist tell 'em I died fer my country
Tho I did all I could for the Huns.

AN OLD TOAST

We didn't come here old man
Not even fer freedom an' France
So please don't build no funeral pyre
To humor no fool romance.

The feller that's here to die, ole man,
He's there in the Boche's ditch,
But we're just waitin' around a spell
To butcher the son of a bitch.

Soisson, France, July 18

TOAST IN AFRICA

I fit the blasted heathens in the furrin Moro land
I rasseled with the Burghers on Africa's burnin' sand
I tusegueled with the Boxers on Chinney's ancient shores
But I'm doin' stunts at Verdun which I never seen before.

I've fit the cussed Dutchman in the Filerpiner land,
I barbycude them greasers in the land of sweet romance
I et a dousaning tagine in the ole Chicamaca shore.
But I'm doin' stunts at Verdun wich I never dun before.

In Verdun, Christmas 1817
FELL IN PICARDY

There's one of 'em fell in Picardy
An' one of 'em lost on the sea
There's nobody left of the children
To cheer the old mother and me.

Our Willie went off with the soldiers
So stately an noble an' grand
'Is blanket roll over his shoulder
'Is rifle an' bayonet in hand.

Then Jimmy went off to the speakin's
He 'listed the very next day
We knew all along 'e'd be comin'
As soon as our Will went away.

Our Jim 'ad a wife an' a baby
An' a neat little cot all 'is own
An' a smitney down yon in the village
It's empty since Jimmy is gone.

Mary came 'ome 'ith the baby
A poor little delicate thing;
We laid it away in the autumn
But Mary she lasted till spring.

They're sleepin' down yan in the medder
'Long' side o' our Charley 'at died
Jist Mary an' them two little babies
A sleepin' down there side by side.

Our little old home in Missouri
It's lonesome for mother an' me
Since Willie was killed in Picardie
An' Jimmy was lost in the sea.

Sometimes when we sit in the twilight
An' talk o' our children 'ats dead
They seem to come back thru the gloamin'
An' kneel at the old trundle bed.

Two little white forms on the pillars
Each locked in 'is brother's embrace
Our mischievous freckled faced Jimmy
An' Will with the curls 'round 'is face.

Some day we'll go home to the angels
By the side of the bright crystal sea
An' meet with our boy from Picardie
An' one that was lost on the sea.

John Robert HUME
Montdidier, France
I DON'T WANT NO GUN

Wot th'el do they care for the lads over there
A freecen to death in the trenches?
I don't want to fight an' I'm feeling alright
A settin' round on the benches.

Course I haint no slob, but I got a good job
A settin' political triggers
When 'lockshun times come I'll sorter held some
Round with the dagoes an' niggers.

I don't want to shirk and I don't want work
I find there's more comfort in sleepin'
I haint lost no Hun, an' I don't want no gun
So its right here at 'ome I'll be keepin'.

John Robert HUME
St. Amand Montroand
July 4, 1918

Of all the lands on earth to me
Where ever I may roam
No spot of earth is half so fair
As my old Missouri home.
I've wandered far across the sea
I've traveled o'er the main
My heart turns back to me
To my old home again.

Around me lies the battle plain
The constant boom that greets my ear
The cannons sullen roar
Will greet me never more
O heart of mine, why will ye weep
For loved ones gone to death's deep sleep?
Why will ye the tempest roar
For dear ones gone to heaven's shore?

John Robert HUME