

# 141st Bull Moose Battalion



Photograph: TBPL P234(9) ; Article: Port Arthur News Chronicle April 22, 1916

## WITH THE BULL-MOOSE TO BERLIN

By Ida Hayes, of Barwick, Ont.

On the road in stricken Flanders  
There's a place that's vacant still;  
There's a rifle lying silent,  
There's a uniform to fill;  
Those at home will hate to lose you,  
But the march will soon begin  
On the road through stricken Belgium  
With the Bull-Moose to Berlin.

In your home securely resting,  
Are you there content to stay  
While the others guard your honor—  
While the Germans toast 'The Day'?  
For your King and country need you,  
And we want to count you in,  
On the road through stricken Belgium  
With the Bull-Moose to Berlin.

In the lonely wayside graveyard  
Sleep the boys whose day is done;  
Don't you hear their voices calling  
To complete the work begun?  
There are ghostly fingers beck'ning,  
There are battles yet to win  
On the road through stricken Belgium  
Lies your way to crush Berlin.

When from Mons they fought each  
footstep—  
When their lips with pain were  
dumb—  
'Twas their hope which held the  
trenches,  
Always thinking you would  
Through the frozen hell of winter,  
Through the shrapnel's racking din,  
They have waited, never doubting  
That you'd join them to Berlin.