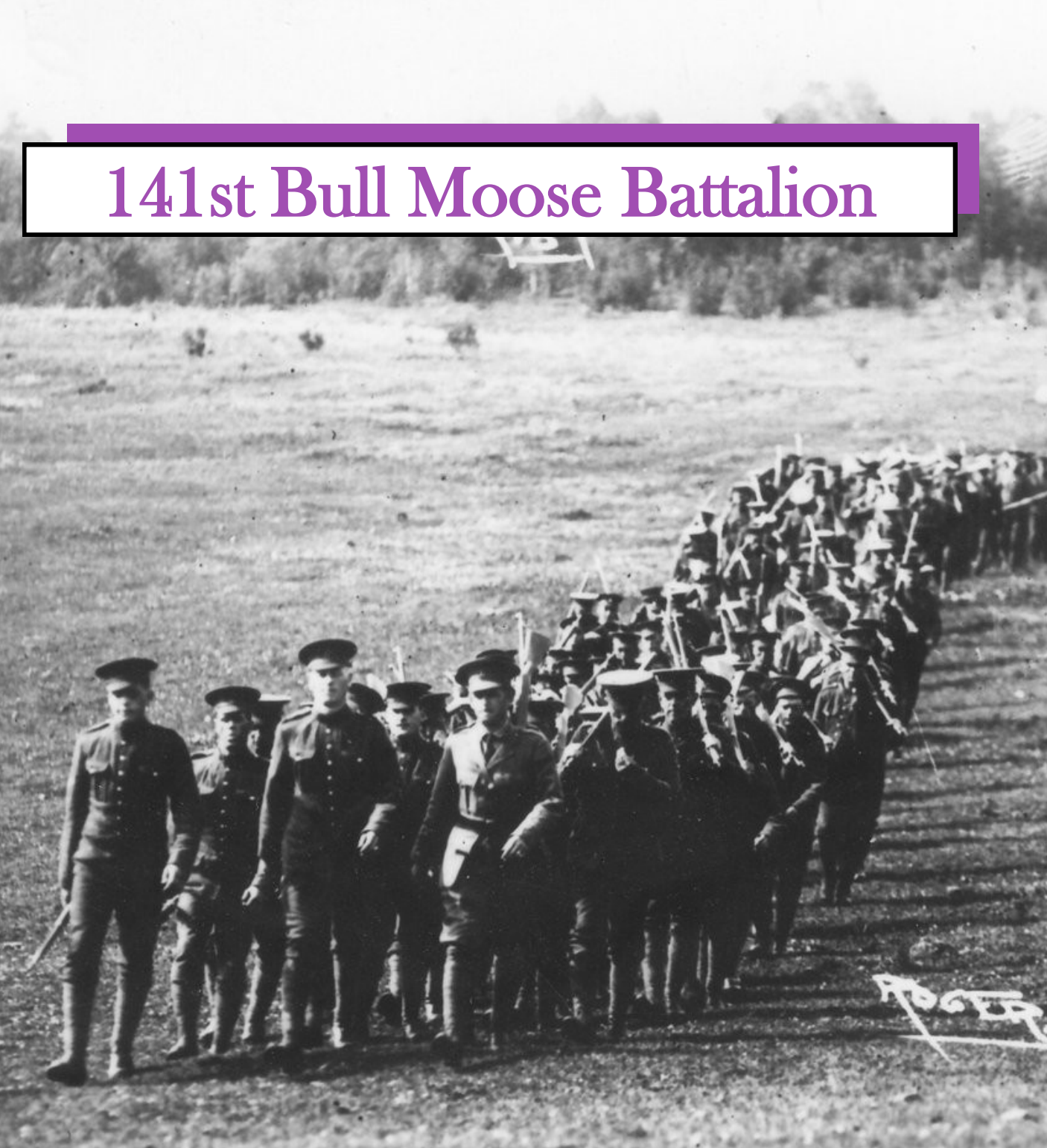


141st Bull Moose Battalion



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.