



ROLL UP

Rollup boys, the order is sounding,
 Enlist for we need you all,
 Will you sit at home by the fireside,
 Not heeding your country's call?

Have none of you any friends, boys,
 Who are at this time in France.
 Give in your names today, boys
 And join them with gun and lance.

In years and years from today, boys,
 Your little ones will say;
 "Were you in the terrible War, dad?"
 Now think, boys, could you say nay?

You would probably hang your heads, boys,
 And make an excuse so small;
 Then enlist and avoid that day, boys,
 For your country is needing you all.

But, boys, think how fast men are falling,
 Then hurry and fill up the post,
 Your friends and relations may want you,

But your poor country is needing you most.

Then again, when the war, boys, is over
 And the heroes return mid cries
 Of thanksgiving welcome and gladness,
 You'll look on with cowardly eyes.

So roll up and seek that great day, boys,
 And return home among the glad throng,
 With friends and relations around you,
 You'll forget that the time has been long.

Then drink to our friends at the front, boys,
 And toast them with laughter and song,
 And promise as you raise your glasses,
 That you will be with them e'er long.

Keep the flag of old England a'flying,
 And, boys, your dear country defend,
 Through it's hard for you out in the trenches,
 You'll get your reward in the end.

So roll up, boys, don't waste a minute,
 You are needed, every one.
 And if you return home as heroes,
 T'will be after your duty is done.

Westbury

Alice Hillman (A school girl)