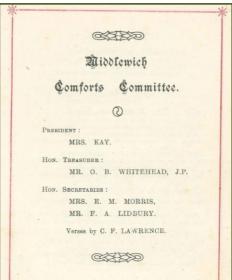
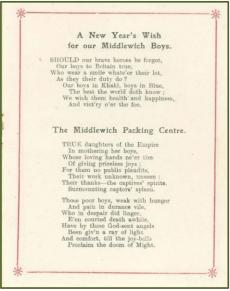
Christmas poems for the Middlewich boys 1918

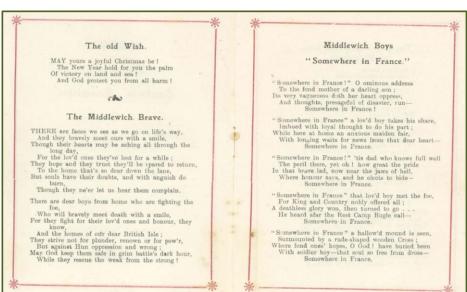


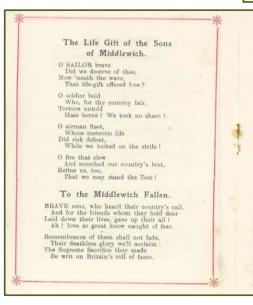












To the Relatives of the Middlewich
Fallen.

The Debt Unpayable.

Oh! to repay
The debt of life we owe—
Give back the boy
Who met and fought the foe!

Oh! to restore
The lov'd one dear and fond,
Who died to keep
(Poor widow'd heart!) our bond!

Oh! to bring home
The daddy big and strong,
Who gave his life
Helping to right the wrong!

Oh! to recall
The laddie lov'd so well;
The sweetheart who—
His duy doing, fell!

Oh! could we heal
The sister's aching heart
Por one "gone West!"
Having fuffilled his part!

Oh! that we could
A healing balm bestow
On those lone souls
Who bravely mourn below!

"The Profiteer's Song."

"Of National Importance."

My lot is clear,
To "earry on" with vigour here—
And pockets fill!

Such National work
None but unpatriotic shirk—
Hun trade to kill!

Would that I could
Do val'rous deeds in Flander's mud—
And yet not die!

But life is dear,
And it would not be safe, I fear,
For me to try.

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