

Private Fred DAVIES

Kings Shropshire Light Infantry

This wonderful collection of postcards, letters and documents was given to us by a family in Gobowen.

We realised that we didn't have the correct conditions for keeping this collection and have donated them to the Kings Shropshire Regimental Museum in Shrewsbury.

In Memory of

Private

F Davies

16100, 1st Bn., King's Shropshire Light Infantry who died on 29 September 1917 Age 27

Son of Mrs. Ann Davies, of Greenfield Cottage, Gobowen, Oswestry.

Remembered with Honour

Loos British Cemetery



Commemorated in perpetuity by
the Commonwealth War Graves Commission

WORDS OF
SEED-TIME
— AND —
HARVEST.

(CURWEN EDITION, 3406.)

A Sacred Cantata.

THE WORDS COMPILED AND THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

MYLES B. FOSTER.

Music and Words complete :

Staff, 1/6 ; Sol-fa, 1/-

LONDON :

J. Curwen & Sons Ltd., 24 Berners Street, W.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.



1.—WHILE THE EARTH REMAINETH.

Choral Recit. (T. and B.).

While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest shall not cease.

2.—O LORD, HOW MANIFOLD.

Chorus.

O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches!

3.—PRAISE, O PRAISE OUR GOD AND KING.

Hymn.

- 1 Praise, O praise our God and King,
Hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 Glory to our bounteous King;
Glory let creation sing;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And Blest Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

4.—BLESSED BE THE LORD.

Recit. and Air (SOPRANO).

Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits,
 even the God of our salvation. Thou crownest the year
 with Thy goodness; and Thy paths drop fatness. They
 drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the little
 hills rejoice on every side. The valleys also are covered
 over with corn; they shout for joy, they shout and sing.

5.—THE EYES OF ALL WAIT UPON THEE.

Chorus.

The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord, and Thou givest
 them their meat in due season. Thou openest Thine hand,
 and fillest all things living with plenteousness.

6.—PRAISE THE LORD!

Hymn.

- 1 Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him,
 Praise Him, angels in the height;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
 Praise Him, all ye stars and light;
 Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken,
 Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
 Laws, which never shall be broken,
 For their guidance He hath made.
- 2 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
 Never shall His promise fail;
 God hath made His saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
 Praise the God of our salvation;
 Hosts on high His power proclaim;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Laud and magnify His name! Amen.

7.—YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER KNOWETH

Recit. and Air (TENOR).

Recit.—Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things ; I therefore say unto you :

Air.—Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, but seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

8.—UNTO WHAT IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD LIKE?

Choral Recit.

Unto what is the kingdom of God like? And whereunto shall we resemble it?

9.—IT IS LIKENED UNTO A MAN.

Solo (BASS) and Chorus.

Solo.—It is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field.

Chorus.—He that sowed the good seed is the Son of Man !

Solo.—It is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field.

Chorus.—The field is the world, the good seed are the children of the kingdom !

Solo.—But while men slept, the enemy came, and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.

Chorus.—The tares are the children of the wicked one ; the enemy that sowed them is the Devil.

Solo.—When the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit,

Chorus.—Then appeared the tares also ! The servants say, " Wilt Thou that we go and gather them up? "

Solo.—But He said, " Nay ! lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up the wheat with them ! "

10.—LET BOTH GROW TOGETHER.

Solo (Bass) and Chorus.

Solo.—Let both grow together until the harvest, and in the time of harvest I will say unto the reapers, Gather ye together, first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them !

Chorus.—The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels ! They shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire !

Solo.—Let both grow together until the harvest, and in the time of harvest I will say unto the reapers, Gather the wheat into My barn !

11.—HE SHALL MAKE THY RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Chorus.

He shall make thy righteousness as clear as the light, and thy just dealing as the noonday, as clear as the light.

12.—WHEN THE HARVEST OF EACH NATION.

Hymn.

- 1 When the harvest of each nation
Severs righteousness from sin,
And archangel-proclamation
Bids to put the sickle in,
And each age and generation
Sink to woe, or glory win ;
- 2 Grant that we, or young, or hoary,
Lengthened be our span, or brief,
Whatsoever the life-long story
Of our joy or of our grief,
May be garnered up in glory
As Thine own elected sheaf. Amen.

13.—BE NOT DECEIVED !

Recit. (Bass).

Be not deceived ! God is not mocked ! For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap.

14.—HE THAT NOW GOETH ON HIS WAY
WEEPING.

Quartet.

He that now goeth on his way weeping, and beareth
forth good seed, shall doubtless come again, shall come
with joy, and bring his sheaves with him. Let us not be
weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we
faint not.

15.—PUT THOU THY TRUST.

Solo (CONTRALTO).

Put thou thy trust in the Lord, and be doing good. Fret
not thyself because of the ungodly, neither be thou envious
against the evil-doers; for they shall soon be cut down like
the grass, and be withered even as the green herb.

16.—O SOLEMN THOUGHT

Hymn.

- 1 O solemn thought! that day by day
Some seed we still are sowing;
And while the seasons roll away,
The plant is ever growing;
Until at last the fruit appears,
The bane or blessing of our years.
- 2 O may a wisdom not our own,
By love divine be granted,
That pure and precious things alone
By us may e'er be planted;
Then fruits of righteousness and peace
Shall in our hearts and lives increase. Amen.

17.—THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S.

Final Chorus.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the
world, and they that dwell therein! Hallelujah! Amen!

OLD HERE.

To **LI** Mrs Ann Davies



Greenfield Cottage

Gobowen

Oswestry

SHROPSHIRE

FOLD HERE.

IN THE EVENT OF NON-DELIVERY
RETURN TO
OFFICER IN CHARGE RECORD OFFICE No 1
No. 4 DISTRICT
SHREWSBURY.

(12)

No. _____
(If replying, please quote
above No.)

Army Form B. 104-121.

Record Office,



191

~~SIR~~ OR MADAM,

In continuation of the notification sent to you
regarding the death of the late (No. 76100 (Rank) Pte

Name Frederick Davies

Regiment 1st Kings Shrop. L. Infy

I beg to inform you that an official report has now been
received that the late soldier is buried at

Corkscrew British Cemetery

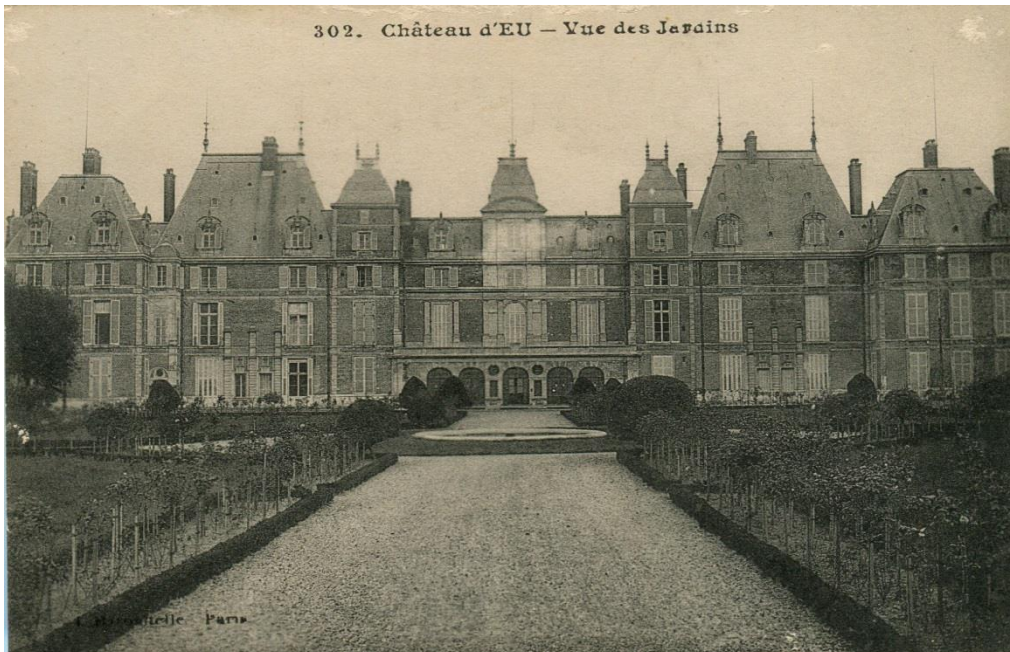
Lieven, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles W.N.W. of Lens

Yours faithfully,

R. J. M. D. Capt.
for Colonel, i/c Infantry
No. 1 Records, No. 4 District.

Officer in charge of Records.

302. Château d'EU — Vue des Jardins



POST CARD

THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE

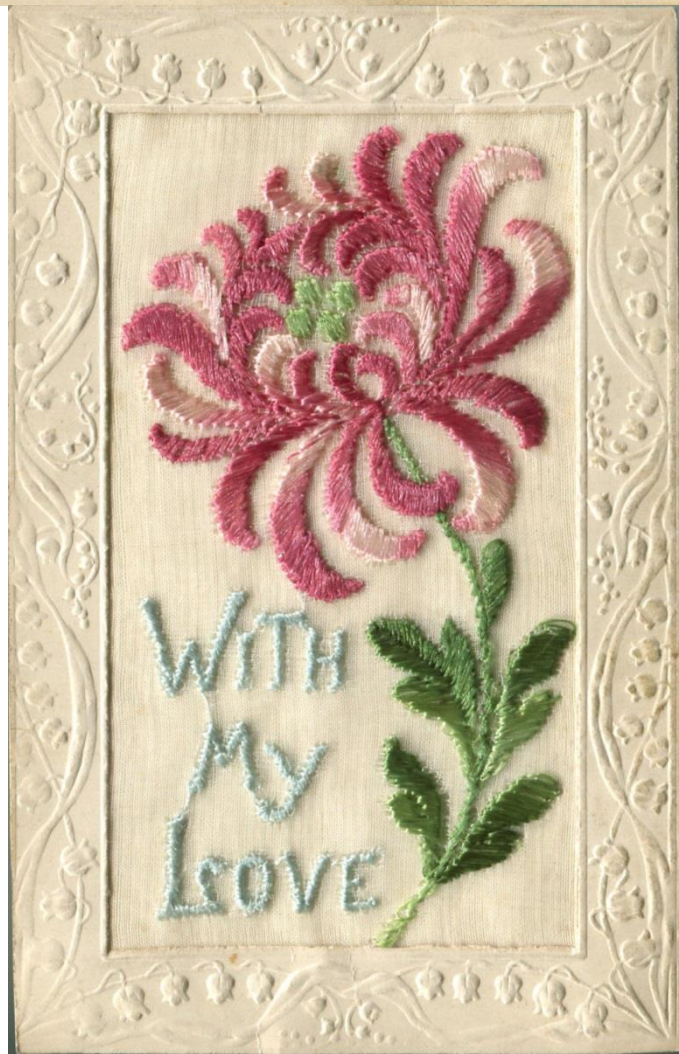


Mrs. et. Davies,
Greenfield Cottage
Gobowen
Salop.



Fabrication française — R. R. Paris.

From Fred
to my
Dear Mother.





Post Card

For Correspondence

Address Only

To Tommy

with best love.

From Olive.



Jesus, Lord of dead and living,
Let Thy mercy rest on me ;
Grant me too, when life is finished,
Rest in Paradise with Thee.

IN
LOVING MEMORY OF

Ann Bowyer,

GOBOWEN,

WHO DIED SEPTEMBER 7th,
1908,

AGED 64 YEARS.



AND WAS INTERRED IN WHITTINGTON
CHURCHYARD, SEPT. 10TH.

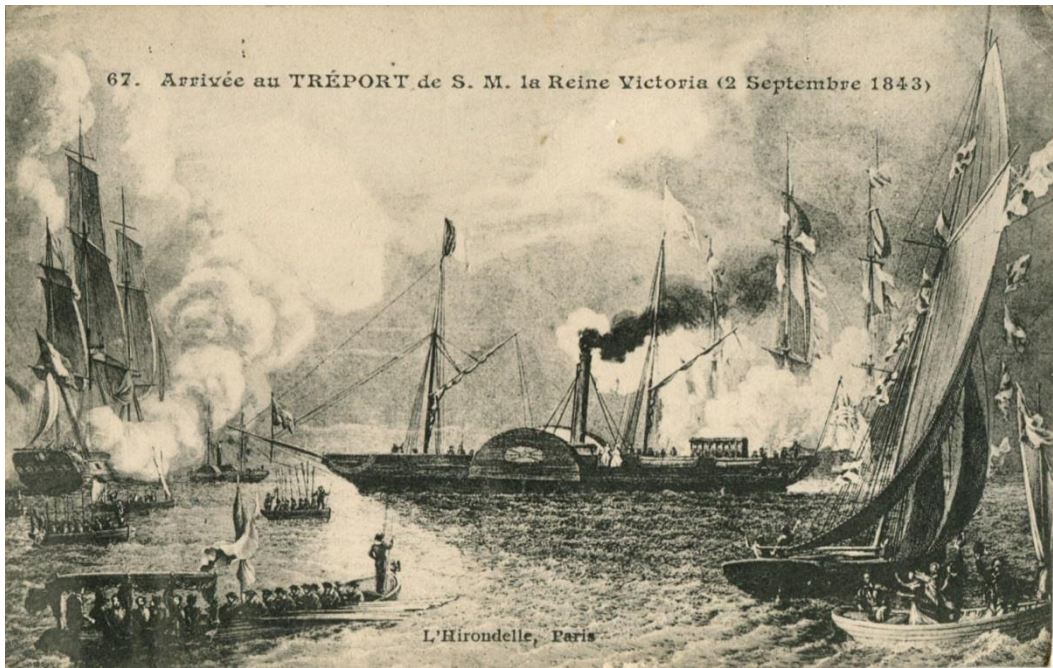


The King commands me to assure you
of the true sympathy of His Majesty and
The Queen in your sorrow.

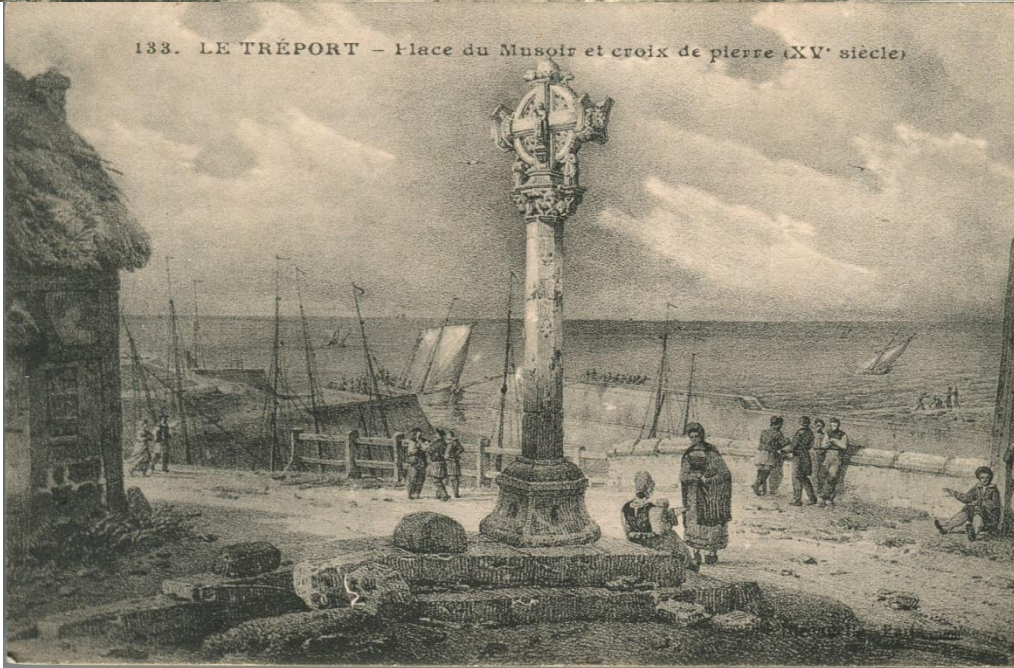
Dirby.

Secretary of State for War.

67. Arrivée au TRÉPORT de S. M. la Reine Victoria (2 Septembre 1843)



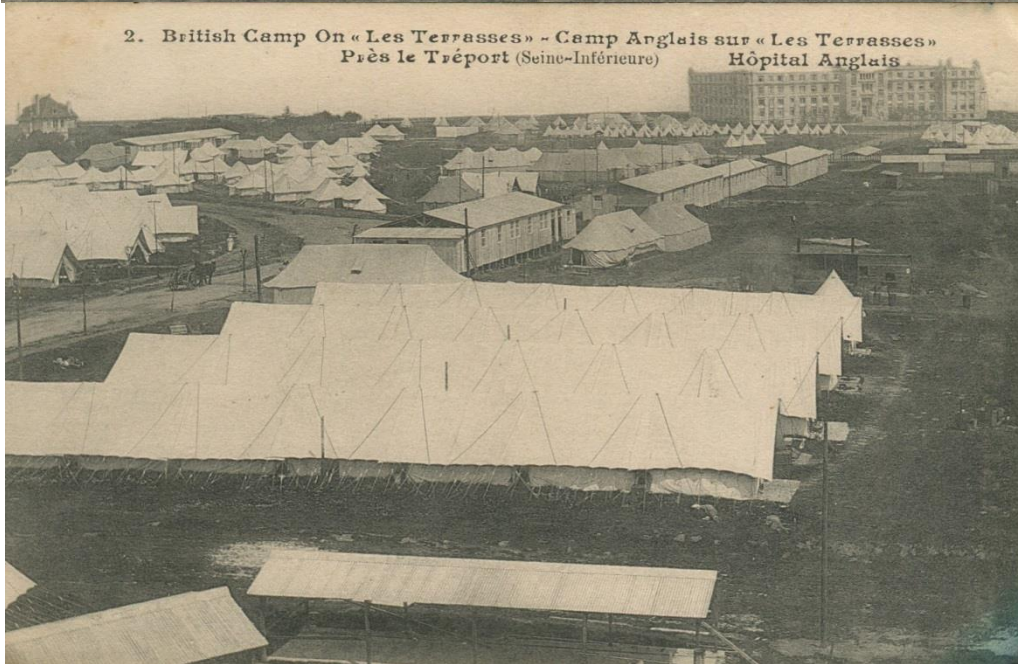
133. LE TRÉPORT — Place du Musoir et croix de pierre (XV^e siècle)



4. British Général Hospital N° 3 On « Les Terrasses »
Hôpital Général Anglais N° 3 sur « Les Terrasses »
Près le Tréport (Seine-Inférieure)



2. British Camp On « Les Terrasses » - Camp Anglais sur « Les Terrasses »
Près le Tréport (Seine-Inférieure) Hôpital Anglais



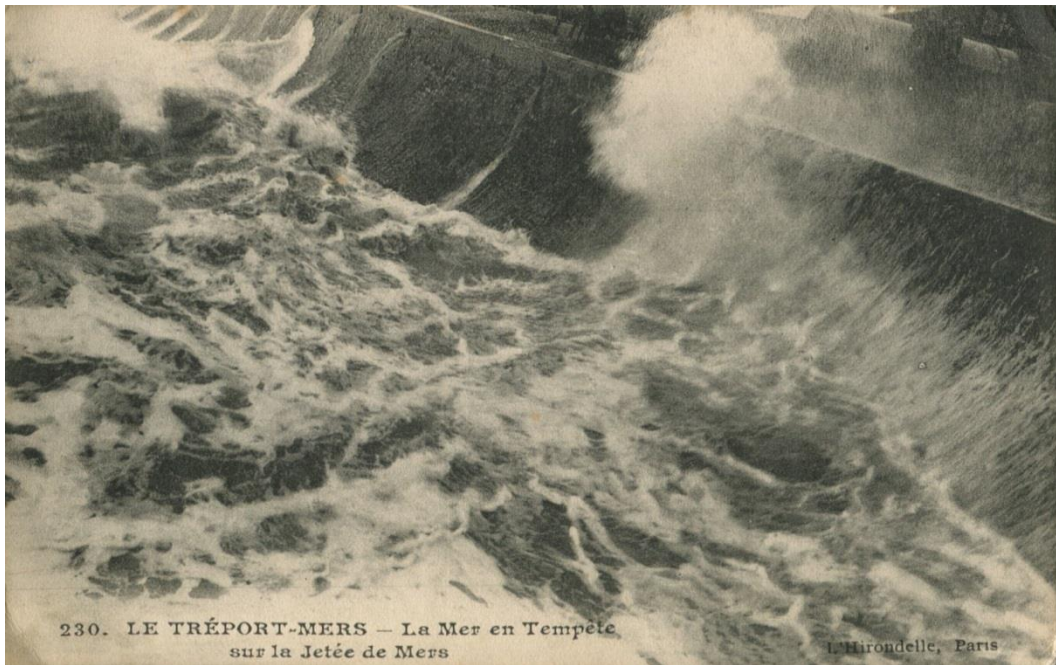
10. La Plage et le Casino du TRÉPORT (S.-Inf.)
Vue prise du premier Belvédère aux Terrasses



L. Hironde, Paris

9. British Camp On «Les Terrasses» - Camp Anglais sur «Les Terrasses»
Près le Tréport (Seine-Inférieure)





Monday, July 3rd, 1911

Dear Mother. I received parcel
sent safe. So pleased you
received the cards. Glad to
hear you are well. I am
quite well, myself. The
weather is getting better
now. Have you heard anything
about J. Foster. I am
going to have the cake
for my tea, it will be quite
a delight, knowing it has
come from my dear old
home. How is little Mary
now. Is she going on. I hope
she is quite well. Give my
love to every body. From
your loving son Fred
Mother & Sister

I remain your loving son

I need with love
your all

x x x x x x x x

The 21/6/16

My Dear Mother I am pleased
to tell you that I got the things
all right and that I enjoyed
them very much I hope you are
all well at home I am in the
best of health and I am going
on fine I hope I shall hear from
you again soon I am pleased to
hear that Ern has been home
I hope he enjoyed himself
I am pleased to know that
all the others are well I think
I must close now hoping you
will get this card safe and
I hope you will like them
right away soon.

Pte. H. Davies 16100

10. Ward. B

3rd Western Gen. Hospital

Albany. N^y

Barcliff

My Dear Parents

Just a line in answer
to your welcome letter. I hope you are
all doing well. as for myself of course
I am gaining quietly. Dear Mother &
sister you asked me if I want anything
well if its not to much expence
I will be very glad of a cake and
some stamps as we get neither
here. I had the luck of seeing
the 6th Shrop's out the front and
I knew quite a lot of the boys.
will you let me know Sgt. Bayliss
sent you a watch as I give him
one to send home well I will
draw my short note to a close
as I have not much to say this
time more next Love to all
Fred

While bewailing our loss on earth
we may thank God that Fred
has not lost anything by it but
rather gained.

May God help you to realize this
and give you all the strength you
need to bear the trouble.

Yours sincerely

Mr. Hatfield Wright

O.E. No 1 Platoon

Wednesday Aug. 16th 1916

My dear Mother, I received parcel & contents quite safe. thanks very much for razor, Cakes & etc. & thank little Mary Jane. for Cigarettes quite a treat. to eat a bit of Gobown Cake & Smoke Blitty Cigarettes, well dear Mother. I hope you are in the best of health. I am allright myself, still smiling as the boys say here, we have been having very nice wheather over here. there seems abundance of corn in this country, all the fields looks so well. but the fields in this country are quite different to those in England. they have no Edges to divide the fields, all open country & the Soil is so rich, very large crops, it is very cruel of the old Kaiser. that he should upset things like he as done. & to make so many Happy Homes. Sad.

but never mind my dear mother, God knows all about the cruel things He has done, & God will reckon with him sooner or latter, what so ever he is, sowing, he will sure. to reap, for there is not a sparrow, that falls to the earth, but what He. no? about, & God no? all about me & watches over me, & I hope it will be his will to spare me, to come home back safe, to work for you again & to be happy once more. I no you are praying & watching & waiting for us, but cheer up dear mother, it cannot last for ever, & I am sure we shall win the glorious Victory for God is on our side, so it don't matter what the cruel

old Gien. brings up against us,
we are fighting for a righteous
Cause, & old dear England will
be much better for it, & God as been
very good to me since I have been
out here, brought me safe out of
many dangers, & I am sure He will
carry me through, the dark Valley
into the Sunshine once again,
you need not send me a strop
out, as I can use my belt, for
razor, I see by your kind letter
that all my pals. have come
out here to do a bit well there
is plenty of room here, it is a
good large Country, the more
out here, the better sooner it
will be over.

Give my love to little Mary Jane
Sister & Brother, & may God Bless
You all, until we meet again
Give my love to all enquiring
friends, & tell them that I
am still in the land of the
living & not down hearted yet
So be good

& always remember
that your loving son
is always thinking about
Home Sweet Home.
May God Bless you all
I your loving son x x x
Fred Mother & all x
x x x x x x

Greenfield Pott
Gobowen

Dear Fred just a few
lines to you in answer
to your letter very glad
to hear you are still
getting better and that
we are all well at
home as the weather
as been very bad here
and very cold Well Fred

we are very glad you
are safe now but i am
wondering what is
keeping you there is
it anything bad it seem
such a long time since
you were at home
Tom says your photo
is very good and thanks
you for it and hopes
to see you soon Jane
had a letter Ern and
he say he wrote to

you but could not
say much he say he is
back from the Somme
and is going to Arras
for 3 month. as he
thought you would ^{no} were
that was I am sending
you a parcel hoping
you will get it thus
Xmas time and enjoy
it and we hope you
will have a good time.
So we will draw these
few lines to a close hoping

to hear from you soon
again with best love
and wishes for the
Xmas

I Remain
your loving
Mother

W S
look out for money in
the little Box

France

Dear Mr Davis

Just a line to let you know your son
passed away last Thursday Oct 4th. His end was peaceful.
Excuse such a short note

Yours truly
M. Coombs.

Sept. 30th 1914

B. E. F. France, Sunday

Dear Mrs Davis, I am now
writing you these few lines
to you, but this time I am
not writing for your dear son
Fred but to convey the sad
news to you that he fell in
action last night & I thought
it best to write to you as
soon as I could & inform you.
I was writing to you for Fred
in a day or so. I am indeed
very sorry for your loss. He
showed so well & for me, as he
was a real pal & firm friend
to me & I shall miss him
immensely as we get nearer
to each other than brothers
can be. I am pleased to

his section & all of his men miss
him very much & he was well liked
& respected by officers & men alike
& was a brave soldier to boot one
thing he was killed instantly & he
suffered no pain except what was another
blessing. Well by no Davis I hope
that they got the little chief shot
Fred got me to send about 10
days ago for your little granddaughters
I shall remember you each day
in prayer & that God will send &
give you sufficient strength to bear
your loss & comfort you in
your times of sorrow & our earthly
disappointments are Gods appointments
& if as it has pleased him to call him
to rest we must be assured that it
is for the best but we in our present
state do not see it but one day we

From his Chum

—



Extra copies of this Photograph can be had from O. Jackson,
Wellington Studio, 38 High St. & Ennis Bazaar, Talgarth

POST CARD

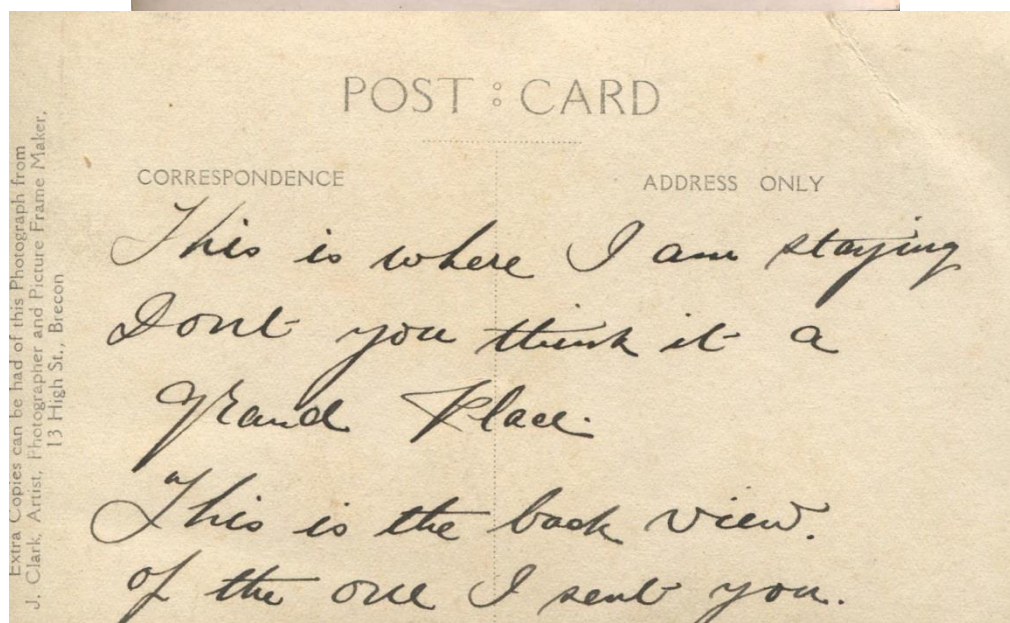
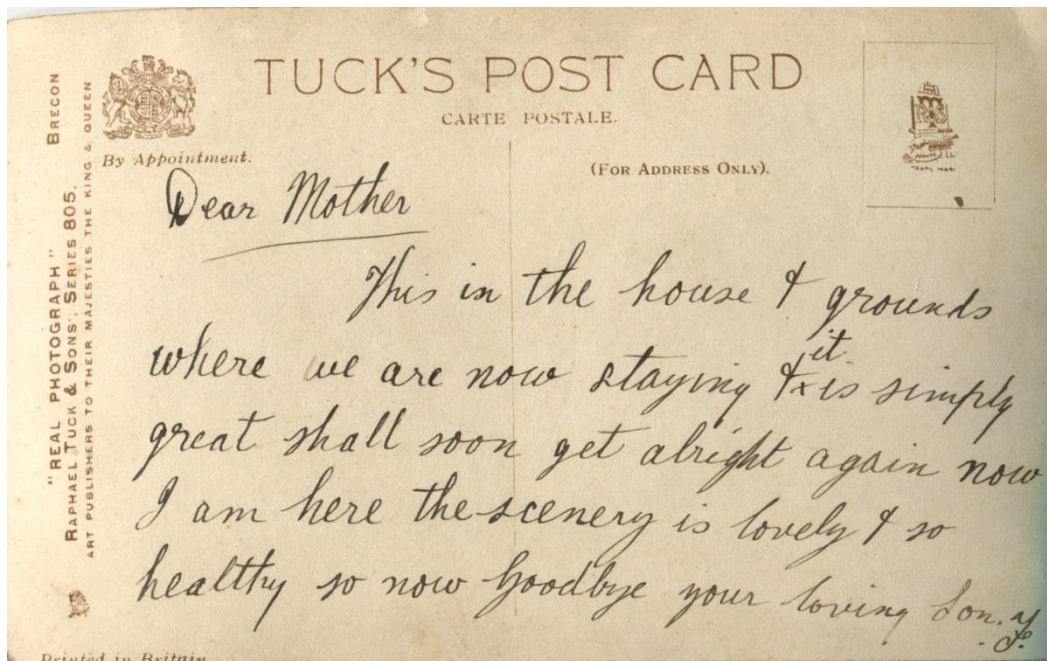
This Space for communication The Address to be written here

STAMP
*
HERE

*This is the view.
My Ward looks out
on this.*



1918 Pennyre.





A LITANY.

From evil and mischief; from sin, from the crafts and assaults of the devil; from Thy wrath and everlasting damnation.

Good Lord, deliver us.

By Thine Agony and bloody Sweat; by Thy Cross and Passion, by Thy precious Death and Burial; by Thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost.

Good Lord, deliver us.

In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth; in the hour of death, and in the Day of Judgment.

Good Lord, deliver us.

AN INVITATION.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My Breast."

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

★

★

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou biddest me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

AN ANSWER.

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that Life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

★

★

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,
and I will give you Rest."

★ ★ ★

"The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from
all sin."

★ ★ ★

"Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

Chester & Beemish, Ltd., Coventry.

SOLDIER'S POCKET-CARD FOR 1915.

AM I READY P



PRESS COMMUNIQUE No.213. ISSUED ADVANCED G.H.Q.10.30 pm, 23rd SEPT 1916.

"South of the ANCRE we have continued to improve our positions pushing detachments forward in places into the enemy's advanced trenches. During the bombardment by our artillery of one section of the enemy's front yesterday ten hostile gunpits were seen to be destroyed, fourteen others severely damaged, and five ammunition pits blown up. Today a big fire has been caused by our artillery in a village much used by the enemy transport for supply purposes.

There was very great aerial activity yesterday. A highly successful raid by about fifty of our machines was carried out on an important railway junction where much damage was done, two trains containing ammunition being destroyed, and many violent explosions caused. A number of other raids on enemy railway works and sidings, aerodromes, and other points of military importance were equally successful. In addition many fights took place in the air, in the course of which three hostile machines were destroyed, five others driven to earth in a damaged condition besides many others which broke off in the middle of the fight and were seen to be descending steeply but could not be watched to the ground owing to our machines being too busily engaged. Five of our machines are missing."

RE-ISSUED BY D.D.M.S., ETAPLES, 10 Oct, 1916.





PRESIDENT:
LADY GLANUSK.

RED CROSS HOSPITAL,
PENYOIRE,
BREGON.

Dear Mother, just a line to let you know I shall be at home on Friday. The weather, but cold. Hope all at home are well.
Your loving Son Fred. x x



PRESIDENT:
LADY GLANUSK.

RED CROSS HOSPITAL,
PENYOIRE,
BREGON.

Dear Mother, just a line to let you know I shall be at home on Friday. The weather, but cold. Hope all at home are well.
Your loving Son Fred. x x



PRESIDENT:
LADY GLANUSK.

Feb 14th

Matron
RED CROSS HOSPITAL,
PENYOIRE,
BREGON.

Dear Davies

I was very glad to hear from you & I hope you are getting on alright. I wonder where you are now. We missed you very much & all the kind help you gave the nurses. I have a very full home of patients now so we are all very busy. A lot of the new men are doing fancy work so we will be able to have another sale sometime. Let me know if there is anything particular you want if you ever want again. Have plenty of clothes. Yr. truly
M. Williams

POST CARD

THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE



Pl Davies 6100

Greenfield Cottage

Gobowen

N. to Oswestry



PRESIDENT:
LADY GLANUSK.

RED CROSS HOSPITAL,

PENOYRE,

BRECON.

Dear Mother.

Just a few lines to you hoping they will find you are all keeping well at home I am still improving. I am writing you now to let you know I should be very pleased if you could manage to try & send me a couple of shillings or so as I am just run short & it would help me to get a few smokes but dont trouble to send me any parcels as I want for nothing here in fact we get more than we want so you can tell I get plenty to eat but you know what it is to be with out a few copper in your pocket & especially when I am short of a smoke it helps to pass the time of day away. have you heard from France lately if so how is Ernie getting on say in your next letter so now I must be closing hoping to hear soon Believe me to remain

Your loving Son.
Fred.



RED CROSS HOSPITAL,

PENOYRE,

PRESIDENT:
LADY GLANUSK.

BRECON.

Thursday Oct 19th 1916

Dear Mother.

Many thanks for your parcel, which safely arrived today.

I am pleased with it, and think it very good of you.

I am still very comfortable here, and I am glad to say I am getting on well, and hope to see you very soon now. — On Thursday I had a splendid time. In fact, a better time I have never had, ~~and I am~~ ~~glad to say~~.

Myself, and eight others had an invitation out, for the day, to a lady's house. We had nearly a two hours motor ride to get there. We were in time for dinner.

A grand dinner too.
Then there was a Whist-drive,
for those who cared to play.
I played at a race game.
And much to my surprise,
I won a little money.
But not much. I quite
enjoyed myself. Then there
was tea. ~~My~~, there was a
tea. I never saw such a
spread. We had as much as
ever we could eat.

We were kept supplied with
cigarettes. There were several
officers there too. And one knew
my regiment well. And then
there was the ride back. And it
was so dark, that the car
ran into a ditch. But no
damage was done. But we
had to pull the thing out.

Well Goodbye Mother.
Thanks for the parcel.
Please give my Love to all.
Your Affectionate
son. Fred



HE whom this scroll commemorates
was numbered among those who,
at the call of King and Country, left all
that was dear to them, endured hardness,
faced danger, and finally passed out of
the sight of men by the path of duty
and self-sacrifice, giving up their own
lives that others might live in freedom.
Let those who come after see to it
that his name be not forgotten.

*Pte. Frederick Davies
Shropshire L.I.*



BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

I join with my grateful people
in sending you this memorial
of a brave life given for others
in the Great War.

George R.I.

Passed
by
Censor

POST CARD

Daily Mail BATTLE PICTURES

½d. Stamp
Inland.
1d. Stamp
Foreign.

For Address only

A way-side group of gallant Indian cavalry-
men, some of whom greatly enjoyed their
share in the charge through the cornfields
at High Wood on July 14th, 1916, with the
Dragoon Guards.

Official War Photographs.
CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED.
Series X No. 78.



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.
CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED.

78. AFTER THE FIRST CAVALRY CHARGE, JULY 1916.

"IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY FROM TIPPERARY."



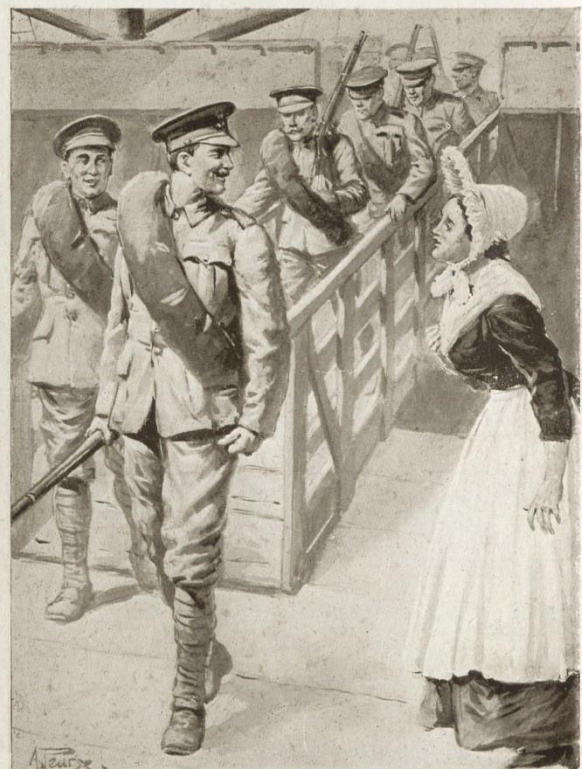
IN ACTION—DRIVING BACK THE HUNS.

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O',
Saying, "Mike Maloney wants to marry me, and so
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame,
For love has fairly drove me silly—hoping you're the same!"

"It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest girl I know!
Good-bye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary, but my heart's right there!"

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"IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY FROM TIPPERARY."



THE DEBARKATION—CALAIS.

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,
As the streets are paved with gold, sure ev'ryone was gay,
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square,
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:—

"It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest girl I know!
Good-bye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary, but my heart's right there!"

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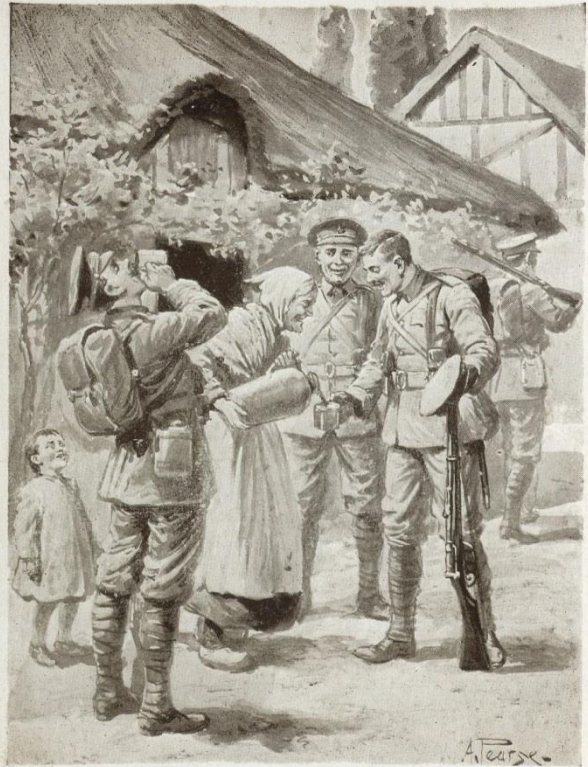
SURRENDER—ON THE RHINE.

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O',
Saying, "Should you not receive it, write and let me know!
If I make mistakes in 'spelling,' Molly, dear," said he,
"Remember it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on me."

"It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest girl I know!
Good-bye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester Square,
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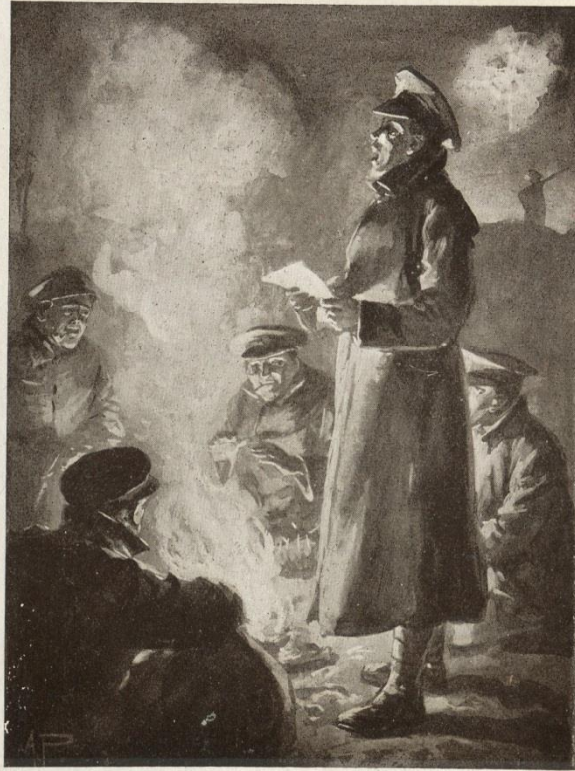


A REFRESHER—ON THE WAY TO YPRES.

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,
As the streets are paved with gold, sure ev'ryone was gay,
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square,
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:—

"It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest girl I know!
Good-bye Piccadilly, farewell, Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary, but my heart's right there!"

"IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY FROM TIPPERARY."



ROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O',
Saying "Mike Maloney wants to marry me, and so
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly or you'll be to blame,
For love has fairly drove me silly - hoping you're the same!"

"It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest girl I know,
Good-bye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary, but my heart's right there!"

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