

## **"ON WITH THE KHAKI."**

On with the khaki, lad, shoulder the gun,  
Yours is a claim to Empire's soldier stock,  
Who face to-day the hatred of the Hun,  
Who bend but never break against the rock.

England expects that every man this day  
Will give his honour and his strength to hold  
The glory of her records in the fray,  
The splendour of her victories untold.

How must the blood course white-hot through your veins.  
As hour by hour your brothers rise to fame,  
Men who have fought on battlefields and plains,  
True to the land that gave them birth and name.

Now is the option yours, to emulate  
The deeds of men who one short year ago  
Walked by your side, 'ere Huns stood at the gate,  
See Belgium perished in its overthrow.

On with the khaki, lad, that he your friend,  
May know your friendliness to him was true,  
Show him and all the world that victory's trend,  
Lies on the road pursued by him and you.

Then when the day is here that Freedom's foe,  
Has fled before the Allies bayonet,  
The "Kultured" beast shall have just cause to know,  
Another "culture" he may not forget.

When the last German foot has left fair France,  
When Belgium lives in peace beneath the sun,  
When the Great Bear has stayed his last advance,  
Then shall your heart rejoice, in duty done.

Fail not nor linger in this urgent need,  
On with the khaki, strike the winning stroke,  
See that the world from Prussia's toils is freed,  
For your broad shoulders fit no Teuton yoke.

On with the khaki, lad, shoulder the gun,  
Brace up the sword for all the heart holds dear.  
Soon you shall claim your part in battles won,  
And live in peace with soul and conscience clear.

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