

***ELLA WHEELER  
WILCOX***



***HELLO,  
BOYS!***

**Ella Wheeler Wilcox**

# **Hello, Boys!**

EAN 8596547233923

DigiCat, 2022

Contact: [DigiCat@okpublishing.info](mailto:DigiCat@okpublishing.info)



# TABLE OF CONTENTS

THANKSGIVING

THE BRAVE HIGHLAND LADDIES

MEN OF THE SEA

ODE TO THE BRITISH FLEET

THE GERMAN FLEET

DEEP UNTO DEEP WAS CALLING

THE SONG OF THE ALLIES

TEN THOUSAND MEN A DAY

'AMERICA WILL NOT TURN BACK'

WAR

I

II

III

THE HOUR

THE MESSAGE

'FLOWERS OF FRANCE'

OUR ATLAS

CAMP FOLLOWERS

COME BACK CLEAN

CAMOUFLAGE

THE AWAKENING

THE KHAKI BOYS WHO WERE NOT AT THE FRONT

TIME'S HYMN OF HATE

DEAR MOTHERLAND OF FRANCE

THE SPIRIT OF GREAT JOAN

SPEAK

THE GIRL OF THE U.S.A.  
PASSING THE BUCK  
SONG OF THE AVIATOR  
THE STEVEDORES  
A SONG OF HOME  
THE SWAN OF DIJON  
VEILS  
IN FRANCE I SAW A HILL  
AMERICAN BOYS, HELLO!  
DE ROCHAMBEAU  
AFTER  
THE BLASPHEMY OF GUNS  
THE CRIMES OF PEACE  
IT MAY BE  
THEN AND NOW  
WIDOWS  
CONVERSATION  
I, TOO  
HE THAT HATH EARS  
ANSWERS  
HOW IS IT?  
'LET US GIVE THANKS'  
THE BLACK SHEEP  
ONE BY ONE  
PRAYER  
BE NOT DISMAYED  
ASCENSION  
THE DEADLIEST SIN  
THE RAINBOW OF PROMISE

THEY SHALL NOT WIN

# THANKSGIVING

## Table of Contents

Thanksgiving for the strong armed day,  
That lifted war's red curse,  
When Peace, that lordly little word,  
Was uttered in a voice that stirred—  
Yea, shook the Universe.

Thanksgiving for the Mighty Hour  
That brimmed the Victor's cup,  
When England signalled to the foe,  
'The German flag must be brought low  
And not again hauled up!'

Thanksgiving for the sea and air  
Free from the Devil's might!  
Thanksgiving that the human race  
Can lift once more a rev'rent face,  
And say, 'God helps the Right.'

Thanksgiving for our men who came  
In Heaven-protected ships,  
The waning tide of hope to swell,  
With 'Lusitania' and 'Cavell'  
As watchwords on their lips.

Thanksgiving that our splendid dead,  
All radiant with youth,  
Dwell near to us—there is no death.  
Thanksgiving for the broad new faith  
That helps us know this truth.

## THE BRAVE HIGHLAND LADDIES

## Table of Contents

I had seen our splendid soldiers in their khaki uniforms,  
And their leaders with a Sam Brown belt;  
I had seen the fighting Britons and Colonials in swarms,  
I had seen the blue-clad Frenchmen, and I felt  
That the mighty martial show  
Had no new sight to bestow,  
Till I walked on Piccadilly, and my word!  
By the bonnie Highland laddies  
In their kilts and their plaidies,  
To a wholly new sensation I was stirred.

They were like some old-time picture, or a scene from out  
a play,  
They were stalwart, they were young, and debonnair;  
Their jaunty little caps they wore in such a fetching way,  
And they showed their handsome legs, and didn't care—  
And they seemed to own the town  
As they strode on up and down—  
Oh, they surely were a sight for tired eyes!  
Those braw, bonnie laddies  
In their kilts and their plaidies,  
And I stared at them with pleasure and surprise.

I had read about the valour of old Scotland's warrior sons  
—  
How they fought to a finish, or else fell;  
I had heard the name bestowed on them by agitated Huns,  
Who called these skirted soldiers 'Dames of Hell';  
And I gave them right of way  
On their London holiday,  
As I met them swinging down the street and Strand,