

Vimy Ridge (In Memory Of Filip Konowal)

1914

Things didn't go down as expected
Hill 145, ill-fated Vimy Ridge
We are entrenched in mud as wild hogs, my 47th Battalion
A small wooded knoll we called "the Pimple" 2 miles in front of
us
We need to capture the machine gun nests, each was heavily defe
nded

Thousands of wounded, thousands of dead
We're pinned down by the machine guns
Millions of shells were fired had not done damage
But Vimy Ridge will be in Canadian hands

We've got straight orders:
Follow your lieutenant and if he dies follow your corporal
Prepare to use grenades and bayonets
Don't lose contact with the fellow next to you
And for crying out loud, try not to die

A freak snowstorm struck just as we started, but blizzard prove
d fortunate
Snow blinded heinies lost their courage, we captured trench by
trench
We killed them as rats in the pit, some begging for help to the
skies
More of the war now could be seen than from any other place in
France

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