

## 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 defended

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 proved 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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