

1 Among the fancies pure and warm,  
 That crowd my lovely heart  
 And sometimes in the still hours  
 Bid <sup>quite</sup> copious tear-drops start,  
 Come none more deep or holier  
 Than those which homeward flit,  
 When gazing at those woolen socks  
~~My~~ <sup>My</sup> careful Mary knit

2 When morning sends his early beams  
 To roll night's curtain back  
 And screaming fire and rattling drums  
 Alarm the bivouac,  
 What is it brings that vision up  
 So full of life and wit  
 With sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks?  
 Those socks ~~My~~ <sup>My</sup> Mary knit

And when upon the weary march  
 Our roads reverse of pleasant  
 56 <sup>up</sup> Through rain or shine, <sup>in</sup> through mud or snow

With danger ever present, 40  
What guards from chilblains, blisters, corns,  
Those enemies of "grit"  
And comforts <sup>see</sup> my pedal parts,  
The socks by Mary Knit.

And when beside the chilly stream  
I act the washer woman  
And blistered knuckles vex my soul  
(For volunteers are humans)  
What is it drives the blues away  
And brings a laughing fit  
And tunes my voice to homeward glee?  
— Those socks <sup>my</sup> by Mary Knit.

Those socks, they often bring to mind  
The past with all its gladness  
And from the future take away  
Each particle of sadness.  
So while they're very often "blessed"  
And sometimes "darned" a bit  
57 My heart and toes at once they warm, — Those Socks

"Within my Kitapsack stored with care 41  
A little packet neat  
Contains another brand new pair  
Like those upon my feet;  
And I believe of all the "duds"  
That constitute my "kit"  
I prize most highly those warm socks  
My careful Mary knit.

Now may my Mary's life be filled  
With bliss in scripture measure  
For giving to her soldier lad  
This moticum of pleasure  
And when beside the camp fire at night  
No foot sore comrades sit  
Each soldier's heart shall bless the hand  
That Army stockings knit.

(Kind Hearers, I hope that with me you'll not quarrel  
If I point not this tale, with the sting of a moral.)

The Acks my Mary Knit -  
By a Soldier

56<sup>th</sup> Series

B - 8

T - 9

P - 9 1/2

B - 20

L.S. - 21

W.S. - 18 1/2

R - 7

S. to R - 5 -

## The Socks My Mary Knit.

Among the fancies pure and warm  
That crowd my lonely heart  
And sometimes in the still hours  
But gentle tear-drops start  
Come none more sweet or holier  
Than those which homeward flit  
While gazing on those woollen socks  
My careful Mary knit.

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When morning sends his early beams  
To roll night's curtain back,  
And screaming life and rattling drum  
Alarm the bivouac  
What is it brings that vision up  
So full of life and wit  
With sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks?  
— Those socks my Mary knit.

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And when upon the weary march  
Our roads reverse of pleasant,  
Through rain or shine, in mud or snow  
With dangers ever present

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What guards from chilblains, "blisters", "corns",  
Those enemies of "grit"  
And comforts in my "pedal" parts?  
— The socks my "Mury" knit.

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And when beside the chilly stream  
I act the washerwoman  
And blistered knuckles vex my soul  
For volunteers are human  
What is it drives the "blues" away  
And brings a laughing fit  
And turns my voice to "Home-sung" glad?  
— Those socks my "Mury" knit.

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Those socks — they often bring to mind  
The Past with all its gladness  
And from the Future take away  
Each particle of sadness  
So while they're very often "blessed"  
And sometimes "darned" a bit  
My heart and toes at once they warm  
— Those socks my "Mury" knit.

Within my knapsack stored with care  
A little packet neat  
Contains another "brown new" pair  
Like those upon my feet  
And I believe, of all the "clods"  
That constitute my "kit"  
I prize most highly those warm socks  
My careful "Mum" knit.

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May then my "Mum's" life be filled  
With bliss in Scripture measure  
For giving to her soldier lad  
This "medicuum of pleasure"  
And when beside the camp-fire bright  
No fort-worn comrade sits  
Each soldier's heart shall bless the hands  
That comely stockings knit.

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