

**THE CROSS AT THE
FRONT; FRAGMENTS
FROM THE TRENCHES**

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The cross at the front; fragments from the trenches by Thomas Tiplady

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THOMAS TIPLADY

**THE CROSS AT THE
FRONT; FRAGMENTS
FROM THE TRENCHES**

The Cross at the Front



yours faithfully
Thomas Liplady

The Cross at the Front

Fragments from the Trenches

BY

THOMAS TIPLADY

Chaplain to the Forces



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DEDICATED

with gratitude and admiration to the officers and men of the gallant 56th Division of London Territorials, who, with a courage unsurpassed in history, attacked the strong position of Gommécourt in the Battle of July the First, and for several hours held the third line of German trenches, accomplishing what Mr. Beach Thomas described as '*The Feat of the Battle,*' and thereby helping their brave comrades farther south to break through on a wide front—a front to which, some weeks later, the Division was itself transferred, and had the great but dearly bought honour of taking part in the attacks culminating in the capture of Combles.

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THE STARS AND STRIPES

Republic of the western world
Where Freedom's flag was never furled,
Now shine with thy resplendent light
Upon the Old World's darkest night,
And Freedom's battle fight once more,
As fought thy gallant sires of yore.

Thy Stars and Stripes, how proud they wave
Above thy people strong and brave!
More proudly still above each crew
Who kinsmen seek, old faith renew,
And Freedom's battle fight once more,
As fought their gallant sires of yore.

Where flags of white and blue and red
Show England's soul with France's wed,
There shall "Old Glory" proudly fly,
As with their sons thine own shall die—
Who Freedom's battle fight once more,
As fought their gallant sires of yore.

Republic free, thy Stars shall shine
Where Freedom forms her battle-line,
And light with hope the midnight sky,
Till all shall see the dawn draw nigh
Who Freedom's battle fight once more,
As fought their gallant sires of yore.

O, broad thy Stripes and bright thy Stars,
And sweet thy life when prison bars
Are gone, with tyrants overthrown,
And nations come into their own;
And Freedom needs her friends no more
To fight as fought their sires of yore.

THOMAS TIPLADY, C. F.

PREFACE

THE letters on life and thought at the Front contained in this volume were all written in tents and billets within range, or sound, of the guns. They were written quickly in odd moments and at the bidding of passing impulses. Under such circumstances literary finish was impossible, but it is hoped that they have captured something of the freshness of feeling which one has while passing through unusual experiences, and which is apt to evaporate with the lapse of time. I have attempted no battle picture nor description of military operations, well knowing that such things are beyond me. I have merely gathered up some of the fragments that remained—fragments which might have been lost if not picked up at once. These I have attempted to sketch for the benefit of those at home. I trust they will reveal something of the spirit in which our soldiers lived and fought, suffered and died.

THOMAS TIPLADY.

B. E. F., FRANCE.