

PRIVATE BERNARD PATRICK HARTY (1916-1976)

WWII—SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN REGIMENT (1939-45)



MEMORIES © B.P. HARTY—1944

There's a spot in old Vancouver
Where the stars and moon shine bright
Where the skies are always clearer
And the air is fresh and light.

And I looked and smiled so true
Then I said, "Let's get acquainted
Before the night is through".
To each dance I took my darling
It was to my great surprise

THE DYING SOLDIER'S MESSAGE

Hark! The noise of battle fading
But a dying boy lays low
With his pal so close beside him
On his knees, his head bowed low.

Now at home, his Mother's waiting
Watching through the window pane
While she sends a prayer to heaven
"Send my boy back home again"

(c) Bernard Patrick Harty

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THE REGIMENTAL MARCH

We're the boys who have gathered from near and far
To fight for our country and our King,
And if you're in doubt as to who we are
Just listen while we sing:
We're the boys of the S.S.R.
We're the boys of the S.S.R.
We left our homes and our loved ones true,
To fight for the Red, White, and Blue.

STRENGTH, SPIRIT AND RENOWN

S.SASK.R COAT OF ARMS 1
SSR REGIMENTAL MARCH 1
SSR SIGNATURE 1

COWBOYS IN KHAKI

There's many a man who's ridden the range,
Who's taken to soldiering, just for a change;
Ask him what for, he'll tell you with pride
There's a killer called Hitler they're wanting to ride.

COMPOSITIONS—B.P. HARTY

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There are cowboys in khaki; there are cowboys in blue;
Who've hung up their saddles, their riding all through;
With packs on their backs, and hats made of tin,
They're entering a contest they all mean to win.

They're tramping and training in boots with low heels
The range is a strange one, and full of new deals;
The bunkhouse is canvas, the corrals are the jails
And when you're inside, there's no chance for bail.

Old Silver and Satan, and Nigger and Knight
Are horses they've ridden, when days were more bright;
And now that they are, they'll break a new string
Their saddles on Hitler and Musso they'll sling.

In Dieppe and Pourville, that great rodeo,
They bulldogged and rode, and made a good show;
Next it's the round-up, way over the Rhine,
And back to their homelands, they'll drive all the swine.

And when it's all over, Old Nigger and Knight
And Silver and Satan they'll greet with delight;
Singing new songs, the main one will be,
No more soldiering for me. (c) Composed by B.P. Harty—July 1944

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UNTITLED © B. P. HARTY

**H**e made good friends, then  
deceived them  
In Italy he did the same thing  
He took all the loot  
Stole even their boots  
And also their wives' wedding rings.

They say the ranch that he lives on  
Is guarded by skunks full of fear  
He hasn't the luck  
So, he'd better duck  
For a cowboy is riding his rear.

If I get my ropes upon him  
I'll bet I have all the say  
I'll bet my Lees  
He'll beg on his knees  
And pay for his mud-crawling ways.

So, my blue-eyed, curly-haired sweetheart,  
I'll be back on the prairie once more  
And after this strife  
I'll take you for life  
And the locks off the old ranch house.

© B.P. Harty—July 1944

THE SOLDIER'S LAMENT © B.P. HARTY — JULY 10, 1944

**W**e landed into Sicily  
We heard the roar of guns  
We crawled the barren deserts  
Beneath the burning suns.  
I've seen my comrades fight and fall  
And I've heard the battle cry  
I've dragged them under cover  
And laid them down to die.  
I've hit my pal upon the head  
When he was crazed with pain  
To keep him under cover  
So, he'd get home again.  
You might think this sounds heartless  
But as the war goes on  
You do this for your comrades  
Or they wouldn't last as long.  
I've heard his Sobbing Sisters  
And his Whining Minnie moan  
I've watched his shells burst overhead  
I never beefed or groaned.  
I've watched him bomb my comrades  
And heard his Folk Wolfe whine  
I dodged his tracer bullets  
And laughed at him at times.

Then orders were to hold a tomb  
T' was a spearhead all its own  
We drank our water from a grave  
And slept on human bones.  
For just two weeks we held this point  
It was a rage in hell  
Eleven comrades died in there  
And I saw light as well.  
They smashed my Bren and rifle  
It was a bitter day;  
I prayed to God that I might live  
And for these lives he'd pay.  
Last night I met a trooper  
And had to fight for life;  
He slipped and lost his rifle  
And I stabbed him with a knife.  
Today I evened up the score  
But you'll never hear it told  
How an 88 burst over head  
Now I am sick and cold.  
This war for me is over  
But it will still go on;  
So, I'll say a prayer, dear Mother  
And I'll join the boys that are gone.

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**THE SOLDIER'S LAST LETTER**

**T**onight, as I sit in my slit trench  
alone  
I'm thinking of you, dear, and our  
happy home;  
Of your smiling face, and your eyes so blue,  
I'm wondering if you will be true.  
The night that I met you in your little home,  
I gave you my heart, dear, when we were  
alone;  
And then when I left you, my heart sang a  
song,  
For your promised to wait while I was gone.  
But, oh how I'd love to be with you tonight  
In our little home, by the fireside so brief;  
And I'd hold you so close in my arms,  
sweetheart,  
And whisper that we'd never part.  
But the day will soon come, when we'll meet  
once again,  
And we'll go for a stroll, down that old  
lover's lane  
Where we strolled in the night with the  
bright moon above,  
And you gave me your sweet lips of love.  
Then duty, it called me, far from you, love,  
T' was ordered from Heaven, the big Boss  
above  
So tonight, I am lonely, with tears in my  
eyes;  
As I'm now gazing up in the skies.  
Now Jerry is running and I'll soon be home  
To take you, my darling, all for my own;  
When I think of it, darling, my heart fills  
with joy,  
For I know you'll be true, to your own  
soldier boy.

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**THE ANSWER TO THE SOLDIER'S LAST LETTER**

**T**onight, as I sit here, I'm thinking of you,  
As I read your last letter, it makes me feel  
blue;  
And my love for you, darling, I cannot explain,  
As I'm writing, my heart's full of pain.

Now answering your letter, I'm yearning for you  
And God up in Heaven, knows it is true  
When you say you are lonely, it drives me insane,  
But I'm praying you'll come back again.

When you speak of the times that we had in our  
home  
And the love we exchanged when we were alone  
My soul I then gave you, and my heart  
If you keep it, we'll nevermore part.

But the day will soon pass, and you'll come back  
again  
We'll both stroll together, down life's shady lane  
The stars will be brighter, the mornings more clear  
I'll be true to our promise, my dear.

I'm proud of my soldier, I'm thanking you, dear,  
For fighting for freedom, and your country so fair;  
I feel for you, true love, and wish I was there,  
Or I'm wishing that you could be here.

I am glad we are winning, and this war is done,  
And I'll be so happy, when Victory is won;  
May God bless you, darling, and fill life with joy,  
As your sweetheart, will wait for her own soldier  
boy.

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