

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. There's a cottage and my wife and son Where the flowers bloom and fade That is where my heart is beating But tonight I'm far away. I know for sure that she is waiting Praying for my safe return While in Italy, sad and lonely For my darling, how I yearn. And I always yet remember How it was my lucky chance On that first night that I met her When I saw her at a dance. She was standing by the table Oh, thee angel of my dreams Just a rare sweet splash of beauty And as fair as any Queen. I knew then, that I loved her She looked as lovely as could be Flashing dimples like the sunshine As she sat across from me. Then we drove out through the gateway

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 And each time I knew I loved her When I looked into her eyes. Then one night I said I loved her And she answered with a kiss And each time we sat together It was more than happiness. Since that night, five years have passed But sweet memories linger on I still try to prove I love her In a letter or a song. To my darling, I've been truthful Through the long years, I have spent My thoughts are always with her And our babe whom God has sent. May God keep them from all danger And their hearts from cares and pain For when this wicked war is over I'll be back with them again. (c) Bernard Patrick Harty

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. 'Tis a soldier's prayer he's whispering For this boy, so true and brave Who has fought for king and country But his fate an early grave. Now, dear God, my pal is dying But he fought and did his best For the freedom of his loved ones Now he's tired and he wants rest. When we landed into Sicily The shots and shells hummed low How he fought and laughed so bravely It's too bad he has to go.

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" There's his Dad, so old and feeble Who is sharing in that prayer And he hangs his head in sadness As he sees her waiting there. Then the solider boy stops praying For his schoolmate who has died As he raises eyes to heaven They show plainly he has cried. Then he ducks low in the shell hole When he hears a mortar hum And a call comes from his Maker Saying, "Soldier, your works done."

© B.P. Harty—July 1944

PRIVATE BERNARD PATRICK HARTY (1916-1976)

WWII—SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN REGIMENT (1939-45)



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.

And then we came over the sea And have fought on to Victory We've shown the world how proud we are To be the Boys of the S.S.R.

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.

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

COMPOSITIONS—B.P. HARTY
COWBOYS IN KHAKI 1
UNTITLED 2
THE SOLDIER'S LAMENT 2
THE SOLDIER'S LAST LETTER 3
THE ANSWER TO THE SOLDIER'S LAST LETTER 3
MEMORIES 4
THE DYING SOLDIER'S MESSAGE 4

PRIVATE BERNARD PATRICK HARTY (1916-1976)

WWII—SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN REGIMENT (1939-45)



UNTITLED © B. P. HARTY

He 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

We 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.

© Composed by B.P. Harty

PRIVATE BERNARD PATRICK HARTY (1916-1976)

WWII—SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN REGIMENT (1939-45)



THE SOLDIER'S LAST LETTER

Tonight, 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.

© B.P. Harty, Composer—July 1, 1944

THE ANSWER TO THE SOLDIER'S LAST LETTER

Tonight, 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.

© B.P. Harty, Composer—July 3, 1944