

IN LOVING MEMORY
of
PRIVATE THOMAS MACCULLOCH,
1/5th. Seaforth Highlanders,
who was killed in action at Beaumont-Hamel, on the
night of 13th.-14th. November 1916 aged 23 years.

THE LADS AT BEAUMONT-HAMEL.
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Here's to our noble Seaforth men,
From busy town and Heilan Glen,
Who for themselves have made a name,
At gory Beaumont-Hamel.

Upon a cold November morn,
before the sun it did adorn,
the fields that now do lie forlorn,
At gory Beaumont-Hamel.

The gallant " Fifths " they over went,
When shot and shell the air it rent,
And made the " Allemande " repent,
That morn at Beaumont-Hamel.

The foe he fell before their stroke,
And quick his chain in two they broke,
though almost blinded by the smoke,
That morn at Beaumont-Hamel

Their name will live on history's page,
be handed down to unborn age,
How fearless they did all engage,
That morn at Beaumont-Hamel.

At Mailly Wood those heroes brave,
That fell our country dear to save,
A wooden cross now marks their grave,
Who died at Beaumont-Hamel.

With glory crowned upon their brow,
In death's long sleep they slumber now,
Those noble lads who pledged a vow,
And captured Beaumont-Hamel.

The summer's flowers will bloom again,
the fragrant rose refreshed by rain,
But ne'er will they come back again,
Who fell at Beaumont-Hamel.

The grass will wave upon their bed,
For those in silence tears are shed,
The loved and honoured silent dead,
That fell at Beaumont-Hamel.