52nd
PIONEER
INFANTRY
FRANCE
1918-1919
Frank F. Farrell
The Fifty-Second Pioneers

We're called the fifty-second Pioneers, to this you will agree,
If it wasn't for the Pioneers, where would our Army be?
We cannot brag about our fights, or going o'er the top,
But little things like flying shells our good work failed to stop.

We did our bit along the front, together with the rest,
Tours first upon the Argonne front that we were put to rest;
That little road from Avencourt, that leads to Montfaucon,
First got it's taste of Pioneers, for there our work began.

The trucks were piled along the roads, you hadn't room to pass;
The men ahead needed supplies, they used them up quite fast;
Who was it that they shouted for? I know you'll think it queer,
But I was there, this was the cry, < Send on your Pioneer >.

The General looked all 'round him, to send men good and true,
To open up the muddy roads, and let Artillery through;
To push the ammunition on, and feed the boys up front,
So he called the fifty-second men, to try their little stunt.

We didn't have to strain our eyes to count the flying shells,
As each one hit the muddy ground, just like a thousand hills;
We had no guns to fire back, and couldn't if we had,
For we were there to Pioneer, and not to fight, began.

So o'er the roads we worked and walked, and strived hard all the day,
From Melancourt to Recourt-Bazancourt and Grand Pre,
And then we jumped to Landres, from there to Apremont,
We picked our way along the roads, (The picks were made to count)

We followed on to Sommets, and things were going nice,
Until one day we got the news they'd signed the Armistice.
They cited us in orders, for work that was well done,
< Exposed ourselves with courage, to the fire of the Huu >

And so the grand citation reads, straight from the Fifth A. C.
The boys are mighty proud of that, and well now might they be;
But try to praise a single man, he'll redden to the ears,
And bless the day they put him in the Fifty-second Pioneers.

Our daughters get the credit, and our Artillery too,
But don't forget the Pioneers, for they had work to do;
Now that the War is over, there's no need for us to stay,
So send us to our loved ones, back to the U. S. A.

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American E. F.
Gold, Chevron, Day
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