

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

Dec. 25th

1941

Hong Kong has fallen
O'er wire and radio,
The news is flashed
Our Hero Sons!
The shout resounds across earth's wide bounds,
Our Hero Sons are dead,
Wounded, prisoner to wild barbarian horde,
Bravely they fought,
Who knows how brave?
Can mute lips answer from the grave?
Can wounded answer from their board?
Can hopeless prisoner utter yet a word?
We know, they fought, and fought right well
Ground yielded, inch by inch,
And through a hell not of their choosing,
They did not flinch at death,
But grim and desperate battled on!
With every breath they gave, a toll they took,
Yet cursed with every upward look,
At skies o'erfilled with Rising Sun,
That high above the jagged rocks,
Sprayed death to every one.
Where then protection from the sky
We pledged ourselves to give?
Where then those planes, by friendly warriors manned?
Where that all-protective fire we boasted of
And failed to send to men like these!
With faith undimmed on this Christ's Birthday dawn
They fought and kept that fighting on,
Till at the last, weary and spent,
Shocked and worn from those long days at first,
Bloody and wounded, reeling weak from thirst,
Resistance ceased.
Ceased did they say,
Ah no, for we at home shall keep that fighting on,
Damning by printed word and tongue,
The blundering egoism of those who placed men there
Then left them doomed without protection
From either sea or air;
Exposed to hordes as ruthless and as grim
As ever hell conceived.
These men were doomed, as half the world believed,
Yet not in vain shall blood run o'er those rocks
Nor all the sweep of that majestic ocean
Wash those signs away;
Until we at home in righteous anger and in wrath
Demand that blundering cease
And from the path of good be swept aside
These human stumbling - blocks to everlasting peace

Norman L. Turnbull - Dec. 25th, 1941

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

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 The news is flashed !
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 The shout resounds 'cross earth's wide bounds,
 Our Hero Sons are dead,
 Wounded, prisoner to wild barbarian horde,
 Bravely they fought !
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 With every breath they gave, a toll they took,
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 At skies o'erfilled with Rising Sun,
 That high above the jagged rocks,
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 Where then protection from the sky
 We pledged ourselves to give ?
 Where then those planes, by friendly warriors manned ?
 Where that all-protective fire we boasted of
 And failed to send to men like these !
 With faith undimmed on this ~~last morning's~~ dawn, *Christ's Birthday dawn*
 They fought and kept that fighting on !
 Till at the last, weary and spent,
 Shocked and worn from those long days at first,
 Bloodied and wounded, reeling weak from thirst,
 Resistance ceased.
 Ceased did they say !
 Ah no, for we at home shall keep that fighting on,
 Damning by printed word and tongue,
 The blundering egoism of those who placed men there,
 Then left them doomed without protection
 From either sea or air;
 Exposed to hordes as ruthless and as grim
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 These men were doomed, as half the world believed,
 Yet not in vain shall blood run o'er those rocks,
 Nor all the sweep of that majestic ocean
 Wash those signs away;
 Until we at home in righteous anger and in wrath
 Demand that blundering cease
 And from the path of good be swept aside
 These stumbling-blocks
 To everlasting peace !

These human stumbling-blocks to everlasting peace

Christmas Night

Dec 25 - 1941

Hong Kong has fallen!
Per the wire and radio
The news is flashed
Our hero sons! The shout
Resounds round earth's
wide bounds! Our hero
sons are dead, wounded,
prisoner to wild barbarian
horde. Bravely they fought!
Who knows how brave? Can
mute lips answer from the
grave? Can wounded answer
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word? We know they fought
and fought right well! ~~They~~
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And through a hell hot of their
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Hong Kong

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 upward look! At skies
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 That over the rocks strayed
 death to every one.

Where then ^{the} protection
 from the sky ^{we were}
 pledged ^{ourselves} to give! Where ^{then} those
 planes by friendly warriors
 manned! Where that all-
 destructive fire we boasted of
 and failed to send to men
 like these; With faith undimmed
 and bravely fighting on. No
 hope of rescue ^{on this} last
 morning's dawn, they fought
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4

Hong Kong .

Those stumbling blocks } to (our)
(a) victorious day. } to a
victorious peace