

Monte Battaglia

**Shall e'er forgotten be Battaglia's height
"Gainst which the trait'rous Hun cast all his might?
Where many a noble Yank now sleeps at rest
With Coldstream too, upon that castled crest.**

**Shall be forgot the Valmaggione Trail -
That path of sticky mud and glutinous shine
Winding its treacherous way o'er hill and vale -
Shall we forget it ever in our time?**

**Full many a tiring mile we toiled and fell,
But ever up and onward to this Hill,
For Hill it was when Jerry let things fly
And many a cherished son marched there - to die.**

**Many a Hun attack was launched in vain,
And on the ground was left his bloody stain,
For Coldstream Guards, the Scots and Welsh Guards too
Defended to the death - and saw it through.**

**Noble and proud the Castle stood on high;
That undefeated Watchtower, 'gainst the sky.
Stern by day, but somehow changed at night,
"Twas almost human in the waning light.**

**Could it but speak, a wondrous tale 'twould tell,
How on Battaglia's slopes men fought and fell
In grim defence against th'attacking Hun;
And many a grave was there when it was done.**

**American, Coldstream, Welsh - aye, German too,
Lie scattered round the Castle, 'neath the blue.
And in our memories the Guards still keep
The Castle, and Battaglia's massive steep.**

Samuel Brodie Hill was called up for National Service during World War 2 and served in the Scots Guards in campaigns in North Africa and Italy (Monte Cassino). He had a dual role and was trained as both an army cook and a sniper.

A book of Samuel Brodie Hill's poems were discovered by his sons in 1999 in an old shoe box when their mother was clearing her house of 46 years, in Roughmussel, Glasgow. On December 12, 2006 Gordon Hill contributed this poem to MtMestas.com "in the hope that it may be of some interest to you." Thank you for sharing it Gordon. It's a beautiful poem.

