

Tenpence a Day.

Yes, sir, I'm a Canadian Soldier,
And proud of it? Well, guess I am,
And you'd like me to tell you a story,
What about, sir? The War or the Jam?
Why, yes, I was over in Flanders,
One of the first, I might say,
Oh! the field pay's all right, what they
hand us,
And runs about—Tenpence a day.

However, you asked for a story,
To publish as true, in the news,
If its truth you want, ask Max Aitken,
Or, better still, "Gallant Sam Hughes."
Don't we like Sam? I won't say we
don't, sir,
Old Sam was all right in his way,
And proud of his boys was Old Sam, sir,
So we loved him on—Tenpence a day.

You say that has nothing to do with the
story?

Perhaps not, but it makes a chap think,
And thinking is mighty dry work, sir,
But, if you press me,—I will have a
drink.

Here's jolly good health; Ah! that's bet-
ter,

My throat was as dry as—as clay.
I would like to buy a return drink,
But, can't sir, on—Tenpence a day.

But before I go on with my story,
I'd like first to tell you a tale,
You see, I'm a little Black Devil,
So, quite natural, I should have a tail,
Yes, sir, I'm a little Black Devil,
When roused, there's the devil to pay,
But I think Old Nick would quit business,
If he only got—Tenpence a day.

You see, there's a rule in our Army,
And, maybe, they've more rules than
men,
So no wonder a fellow goes balmy,
Or drinks—thanks, I will, same again.
This rule reads—that if any soldier,
Overstays leave, or absents anyway,
They will stop your Dollar and hold yer,
To soldier on—Tenpence a day.

Things were fine, sir, when first we en-
listed,

We could pay our way and our chums,
But now, well I'm sorry to tell you,
We can't pay—we're more or less,
Bums.

I tell you a fellow feels rotten,
And I ask, do you think it's fair play,
When we signed for a dollar and ten
cents,

To make us take—Tenpence a day.

I know times are hard, and quite likely,
Still harder times maybe to come,
But tenpence a day here in England,
That don't keep a fellow in Gum.

What of Fags, shoe Polish, and Laundry,
And a hundred of things you've to pay,
Why, the yarn of the "Five Loaves and
Fishes,"

Ain't in it with—Tenpence a day.

I'm sorry but I've got to go, sir,
And my story p'raps better unsaid,
But it don't seem quite right, sir, now
does it?

Why Canadians by Canadians are bled.
When this War's over we'll corner the
Blighter,

So good night, sir, I really can't stay,
But you can't expect much of a story,
From a guy getting—Tenpence a day.