

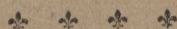
A Popular Parody

I'm not happy—no, not happy
I don't expect to be,
On bully beef and tea,
That's all they give to me,
My poor brother, he's another,
He don't think it fair,
For at the table, those who are able,
Fight to get their share.

At this camp by the sea,
That's where they've stationed me,
In mud up to the knee,
We work till we cant see.
When we get back at night,
If you smoke it isn't right.
Your clothes are wringing,
The Corporals singing:
"Hil put out that light,"
We sleep upon the floor,
We'd like one blanket more.
When some kind N. C. O.
Steps right upon your toe,
If you say much he'll beat you,
So you stick it—then he'll treat you
Then you get back
To your kit rack
And dream that you are free.

Where we're stationed, our relations
Ought to come and see:
There's sand and mud and sea,
And nice dry hash for tea.
Concrete blocks and holy socks,
They do our washing free;
They dip it twice in nice pea soup,
And rince it twice in tea.

At this camp by the sea,
The place for M U D;
From chills you're never free,
But still you'll get M D
And if you go out at night
They say it isn't right;
If you stop in to drown the din,
You stop your ears up tight;
You ought to hear them snore,
It is the Red Lion's roar.
At half past nine you know,
You hear some language flow.
After "Lights out" they'll treat you
To a salt bath just to greet you.
After warning—in the morning,
They got six days' C B.



Who said that spring was here?

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