

Whilst the vegetables (that we seldom got)  
You'd need opera glasses to see the lot,  
But the thing most of all that puzzled me  
Was: was the tea coffee or the coffee tea?

5

After we have had our dinner  
And all are feeling fine,  
We again get on the parade deck  
And of course get into line,  
Then the Sergeants put us through it,  
But not without a curse,  
Which makes us all feel awkward  
That we often act quite worse,  
But still "we dae no sae badly,"  
And know we them must please,  
As nearly every half-hour  
They yell out "Stand at ease!"

6

Around again came supper time,  
And as sure as my name's "Cronie,"  
We broke our fast with a nice repast  
Of "cheese and macaroni";  
The last post blew, to our bunks we flew,  
And started to undress,  
Then after bidding each "Good-night"  
We'd fall asleep in bed and dream  
Of this as punishment  
For the wicked life we'd led.



## SONS AWAKE!

*Composed on Salisbury Plains, January 2nd, 1915*

1

Another year's now with us,  
But what a change has took place,  
In home here and there the vacant chair,  
The absent smiling face;  
Many a heart is heavy, many a tear-dimmed eye,  
With thoughts of the boys in the trenches,  
Where sodden and wet they lie,  
Still they're pegging away by night and by day.

2

Pegging away by night and by day,  
Our Dear Soldier Boys in the fight,  
Taking their stand, "Nobly" and "Grand,"  
For "Freedom," "Cause," and "Right."  
Ne'er lacking in nerve, as bravely they serve  
"Mother Country," "Home," and "King,"  
Of which later on, for ever anon,  
Their praises throughout will ring.